

READINGS IN
English and American
LITERATURE

SECOND EDITION

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NEW YORK UNIVERSITY

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SECOND EDITION

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PREFACE

No matter how unbiassed an anthologist desires to be, he will almost unconsciously permit his judgment to be influenced by personal preferences. Certain circumstances at the time when he first discovered a piece of literature have made that work especially important or pleasing to him. Therefore, he is strongly inclined to include the selection in his compilation regardless of general opinion or critical standards. Although an anthology gathered in this fashion may be highly entertaining, it is likely to give an unfair idea of the work of the various authors. An anthologist should assume as his first task the determination of definite rules to guide him.

The selections in the present volume were chosen with the purpose of indicating the literary trends in the various periods of English and American literature from the beginnings to the end of the nineteenth century as shown in the works of the most prominent writers of those periods. Minor writers often produced prose or poetry which has earned a worthy place in literature, but they were usually followers of a definite movement and did not materially change its direction. To have included their works would have been merely to add further illustrations. The specialist in literature recognizes their importance, but the general reader has more interest in the contributions of the well-known names.

The second rule for the compiling of *Readings in English and American Literature* was to choose works which would be representative of the various authors. No attempt was made to include only masterpieces. What works revealed the author's chief ideas, his personality, his method, his style, and even his faults? In how far was he the spokesman for his generation? To what extent did his work influence public opinion or other writers? What qualities have gained him a leading place in literary history? It is hoped that the selections will help to answer these questions and will lead readers to acquaint themselves further with English and American literature.

Because of their length and because of the unsatisfactory result in giving excerpts, the novel and the drama have been omitted in this survey. Furthermore, most readers are naturally attracted to those fields and have explored them. Secondary education in literature has made known to them the chief novelists and dramatists. In the other fields of literature the compiler has endeavored to give as generous and as complete selections as possible. He has preferred boring the reader with dull passages to strewing the pages with dots indicating omissions.

The introductory essays are not intended to be detailed biographies or adequate critical discussions. They recount the events which had the most influence on the literary productions of the authors and give some indications of their characteristics and personalities. They aim to answer the question, "What sort of person wrote the following selections?"

The compiler also believes that the student and general reader should be distracted as little as possible by extensive notes. He has explained only those passages which demand elucidation for an appreciation of the thought of the author. To point out all references to the Bible by chapter and verse or the allusions to many other books seemed unnecessary for the general reader. A love of literature is killed in the great majority of the students in our colleges by such detailed critical paraphernalia.

Most of the students will become professional or business men and not specialists in literature. They will read for pleasure and not for critical analysis. To introduce them to the great names of literature without boring them by tracing sources and reviewing critical battles should be the aim of professors of literature with the hope of inspiring in their students a desire to read. A love of literature brings not only pleasure and consolation but also insures stimulation of the mental faculties and guidance toward cultural satisfaction.

The selections from Emerson, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, Thoreau, Lowell, and Bret Harte are used by permission of, and by arrangement with, Houghton Mifflin Company, the authorized publishers. The compiler wishes also to acknowledge the kindness of Charles Scribners' Sons for permission to include the selection from Stevenson's *Across the Plains* and to Harper and Brothers for the selection from Mark Twain's *The Innocents Abroad*, Hardy's *Three Strangers* from *Wessex Tales*, and James' Owen Wingrave from *The Wheel of Time*. The poems from *Leaves of Grass* by Walt Whitman are reprinted with permission from Doubleday, Doran and Company, Inc.

NOTE TO THE SECOND EDITION

In preparing this second edition of *Readings in English and American Literature*, the editor decided not to change any of the selections but to add some material in order to give a more representative picture of the work of several of the nineteenth-century poets. Accordingly, poems have been added to the selections from Wordsworth, Byron, Shelley, Tennyson, Browning, and Whitman. The sections from "Song of Myself" are reprinted with permission from *Leaves of Grass* by Walt Whitman, copyright 1902, by Doubleday, Doran and Company, Inc.

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*Readings in English
and American Literature*

BEOWULF

Before the Angles migrated to England from the Continent during the fifth and sixth centuries, their gleemen had commemorated in song and story the deeds of legendary and historical heroes. Selecting incidents from these tales some bard composed in the seventh century the epic poem, *Beowulf*. As the poem has been preserved, it is a combination of historical references, tribal myths, and Christian teachings. The lines containing these teachings were probably interpolated by the poet who recast the original material. He desired to point out that the fortunes of men were in the hands of "Holy God, the wise Lord." Thus he used the ancient stories to emphasize a lesson in religion. To this attitude we owe the preservation of *Beowulf*, for the monks, who copied it, would hardly have spared a purely pagan poem. Whenever possible, they introduced a religious note into the early poetry.

The epic is divided into two parts, Beowulf's fight with Grendel and Grendel's mother and his final struggle with a dragon. Between these events fifty years had elapsed. During this period Beowulf ruled the Geats well, proving himself a father to his people. The scene of the poem is the coast of the North Sea in Denmark and Sweden. In addition to the main narrative, the poet has included several popular tales and lays about national heroes. When Beowulf heard that for twelve years the monster Grendel had terrorized the country of the Danes, he determined to go to the aid of Hrothgar. With fourteen of his brave followers he set sail and after two days landed on the coast of Denmark. Welcomed by Hrothgar, he was joyfully received in Heorot, the famous mead-hall. During the feast Unferth, a thane of Hrothgar, disparaged the prowess of Beowulf by referring to an experience of the hero's youth. Beowulf then gave his account of the swimming match with Breca. This episode is one of the most vigorous and swiftly moving sections of the epic. It is a fitting introduction to Beowulf's struggle with Grendel, for it shows the courage, determination, and strength of the hero.

After the feast Hrothgar's men left, and the Geats awaited the coming of Grendel. In a

fierce fight Beowulf wrenched out the monster's arm from the socket. Grendel escaped to his home, a miry fen, where he bled to death. His mother avenged him by coming the next night to Heorot and carrying off one of the Danes. Beowulf then tracked her to her den and finally after a long and hard struggle beneath the waters beheaded her and the corpse of Grendel with a magic sword, which he found in the cave. Hrothgar gave his savior many gifts before the Geats departed.

The last part of the epic tells how Beowulf killed a dragon, the guardian of a treasure hoard. All his men fled but the young Wiglaf, who rushed to the aid of the warrior-king. This fight, however, was destined to be Beowulf's last service to his people. The poem closes with a description of his funeral pyre and the mound raised to commemorate his deeds.

The descriptions of the feasts, customs, gifts given to the heroes, and armor furnish us with an excellent idea of the life of the early English. Hospitality, liberality, loyalty, courage, and superhuman strength were the qualities most highly esteemed. Fighting was the chief occupation because rewards of prized treasures could be gained by victory over the foe. Yet fate determined the fortunes of men, for "Wyrd ever goeth her destined course." If she were on the hero's side, he could even overcome the magic of a Grendel. Otherwise he was powerless against his adversary. The victor was honored with gifts and lays composed by the minstrels to celebrate his glorious deeds. Beowulf is the representative hero of a vigorous race accustomed to the harshness of nature.

The style of the poem is direct and vigorous. By the use of epithets and descriptive phrases often repeated each person and object is definitely portrayed. The Old English poets were fond of compound words and suggestive details. They wrote in an alliterative metre with four accents in each line. At least two of these accented words began with the same letter. Although the main events of *Beowulf* occurred on the Continent, the tone of the epic reflects the spirit of the early English in their struggles against adverse conditions.

BEOWULF

THE SWIMMING MATCH WITH BRECA

Unferth, the son of Ecglaf, who sat at the feet of the lord of the Scyldings, spoke and began a quarrel. The undertaking of Beowulf,

the brave seafarer, was a great vexation to him because he did not wish that any other man under heaven should ever obtain more fame in the world than he himself.

"Art thou that Beowulf who strove with Breca on the wide sea and contended in swimming, when ye two rashly made trial of the

waves and for a foolish boast risked your lives? No one, either friend or foe, could dissuade you from the sorrowful adventure, which ye two swam in the sea. Then ye enfolded the water-streams with your arms, measured the sea-streets, brandished your hands, glided over the ocean. The ocean was boiling with waves, the winter's flood. Ye toiled seven nights in the power of the waters. He overcame thee in the swimming as he had greater strength. Then at the morning-tide the sea bore him up on the coast of the Heathoræmas, whence he, dear to his people, sought his loved native land, the country of the Brondings, and his own fair city, where he ruled over a nation, a fortress, and treasure. Truly the son of Beanstan fulfilled all his boast against thee. Therefore, although thou hast everywhere been brave in the rush of battle, I expect a grim fight and a worse fate if thou darest for one night long to abide near Grendel."

Beowulf, the son of Ecgtheow, spoke "What! thou, drunk with beer, hast said a great deal, Unferth my friend, about Breca, and hast spoken concerning his adventure. The truth I tell, that I had more sea strength, more hardship on the waves, than any other man. When we were boys, we spoke about that and boasted, while both were still in the days of youth, that we would risk our lives out on the ocean, and so we did. As we swam, we held our strong swords naked in our hands, for we thought to defend us against the whales. Never far from me through the waves could he swim more quickly on the sea, nor would I part from him. Then we were together in the sea for the space of five nights until the flood, the boiling waves, the coldest weather, and the darkening nights drove us asunder, and a grim north wind turned against us. Rough were the waves. The fierce anger of the sea-fish was aroused. Then my shirt of mail, hard and hand-wrought, brought me help against the foes, my woven war-dress with gold adorned lay on my breast. A hostile dire foe drew me to the bottom held fast in his grim grasp. Yet it was granted to me that I reached the monster with my sword, the rush of battle bore off the mighty sea monster by my hand."

"So frequently evil creatures pressed me hard I served them dearly with my sword as was fitting; they had no fill of joy there, the wicked destroyers, in eating me, as they sat

about their feast near the bottom of the sea. But on the morrow, wounded by my sword, put to sleep by my dagger, they lay up along the wave-path so that afterward they could never hinder the sea-farer on his way in the deep channel."

"Light came from the east, God's bright beacon, the billows subsided so that I could see the headlands, the windy cliffs. Fate often saveth the undoomed warrior if his courage endures. However, it chanced that I slew nine sea monsters with my sword. Never have I heard of a more hardy fight under the vault of heaven at night nor of a man more wretched on the ocean current. Weary of the adventure, I escaped, however, with my life from the grasp of my foes. Then the sea, the flood of the tide, the surging waves, bore me to the land of the Finns."

"Naught concerning such feats have I heard spoken of thee, nor of the terror of thy sword. Breca never yet, nor either of you, has performed such a deed so boldly at battle-play with blood-stained swords—I do not boast much about that—though thou wast also the slayer of thine own brethen, thy kinsmen, for that thou shalt suffer damnation in hell even though thy wit be good. I say to thee truly, son of Ecglaf, that Grendel, the fearful monster, would never have performed so many terrible deeds against thy lord, this humiliation in Heorot, if thy heart and mind were so fierce in battle as thou thyself tellest. But he has found that he need not greatly dread the hostility, the fearful attack, of thy people, the Victor-Scyldings. He takes forced toil, he spares none of the Danish people, but he fights, kills, and feasts with joy, he does not expect strife from the Spear-Danes. But I shall show him ere long the strength and courage of the Geats in war. Afterward let him who may, go proudly to the mead-drinking when the morning light of another day, the radiant sun, shines from the south over the children of men."

Then was the giver of treasure, gray-haired and war-famed, joyful, the prince of the Bright-Danes relied on him for help, the shepherd of the people heard from Beowulf his steadfast resolution. There arose the laughter of the men, the din resounded, and joyous were their words.

Wealhtheow, the queen of Hrothgar, went forth mindful of courtesies, gold-adorned she greeted the men in the hall. The noble lady

gave the cup first to the guardian of the country of the East-Danes, she bade him, dear to his people, be joyful at the beer-drinking. The victorious king with pleasure partook of the feast and the hall-cup. Then going about to the noble warriors and youths in every part of the hall, the lady of the Helmings gave the costly vessel until the time befell when the queen, adorned with diadems and distinguished in mind, bore the mead-cup to Beowulf. She greeted the lord of the Geats, and wise in her words thanked God that her desire had been fulfilled, that she on some warrior might rely for comfort from her troubles. The warrior, fierce in strife, took the cup from Wealhtheow, and then, ready for the fight, Beowulf, the son of Ecgtheow, spoke and said "I thus resolved when I went on the sea and sat in the sea-boat with the band of my men that I once for all would fulfil the desire of your people or would fall in the fight, fast in the grip of the fiend. I shall do noble deeds or await the day of my death in this mead-hall." The Lady was well pleased

with these words, the boasting of the Geat. The noble queen, golden arrayed, went to sit by her lord.

Then again as formerly the mighty word was spoken in that hall, joyful were the people—there was the noise of a victorious people—until suddenly the son of Healfdene wished to go to his evening rest. He knew that war was in store for the monster in the high-hall after they could see no more the light of the sun and, night darkening over all, the shadowy shapes came stalking forth, wan under the clouds. All the company arose, man greeted man, Hrothgar greeted Beowulf and wished him good luck, the power of the wine-hall, and spoke this word "Never have I trusted before to any man the noble hall of the Danes, except to thee now, since I could lift hand and shield. Have now and hold the best of houses, be mindful of thy famous deeds, show thy great courage, watch against the foe. Thou shalt not lack thy desires if thou survive with thy life the deed of courage."

THE SEAFARER

Among the few old English lyrical poems which have come down to us *The Seafarer* stands as an expression of the lure of the sea for the Anglo-Saxons. They were naturally a sea-going and a sea-loving people, for they had long lived on the coasts of the North Sea. They ventured for purposes of raiding their neighbors further and further over the ocean until they had explored all the surrounding lands. In spite of the hardships that they suffered, they were ever ready to listen to the call of the sea.

The poet describes in *The Seafarer* his ad-

ventures on the ocean during the wintry gales and compares his fate to that of the land-dweller. The sweep of the verses brings before us a vivid picture filled with illuminating details. Although he recalls all his trials, he cannot resist his fate, which summons him to return to the "path of the whale."

In the second part the poet moralizes upon the brevity of life and the passing of earthly power. He admonishes his readers to live so that they will be prepared for death. Both in inspiration and composition it falls below the standard of the first part.

THE SEAFARER

PART I

Of myself a true tale can I tell and speak
Of my journeyings far, how for days both
stern toil
And hardships oftwhile have I wearily suffered,
Sore aches of the heart have endured. In my
ship
Have explored through the terrible welter of
waves,
Many halls of care; oft the difficult night
watch

Hath found me there at the prow of my bark,
As it rocked near the cliffs. My feet with the
cold

Were bound, the cold grip of the frost held
them fast

There the sorrows were wailing hot round my
heart,

And hunger within did relentlessly smite
My courage, now weary of roaming the sea
That knows not he who by chance has his
home

On the land, how oppressed with dull care
I spent

On the ice-cold sea the winter in exile,
Deprived of all joy, of my kinsmen robbed,

With icicles hung About me the hail
 In showers flew, and there I heard nothing
 But the roar of the sea, the waves cold as ice,
 And sometimes the song of the lonely swan ²⁰
 For pleasure I had the cry of the gannet
 And the kitiwakes' sound for the laughter of
 men,
 For my mead-drink I knew the calls of the
 gulls
 There the storms on the rocky cliffs beat, the
 terns,
 Ice-feathered, gave answer, the eagle
 screamed ²⁵
 Full oft dewy feathered There none of my
 kin
 Might gladden my desolate heart, little of
 that
 Believes the man who possesses life's joys,
 Has endured in the cities some woeful ad-
 venture,
 Somewhat befogged in his wine and his
 pride ³⁰
 How weary I often must stay on the sea!
 The shades of the night grew dark, from the
 north
 Came the snow, while the world by the frost
 was bound
 Hail fell on the earth, the coldest of grain
 About this now the thoughts of my heart are
 beating, ³⁵
 That in the play I may test the high streams,
 the salt waves
 The desire of my heart ever urges my spirit
 To fare forth in search of the land of the
 stranger
 There is no one on earth so haughty in mind,

Nor so good in his gifts, nor in youth so
 brave, ⁴⁰
 Nor so bold in his deeds, nor to whom is so
 kind
 His lord, that he has not always a care
 For what on his journeys the Lord will him
 give
 His heart calls him not to the harp, nor to
 treasure,
 Nor to joy in a wife, nor to bliss in the
 world, ⁴⁵
 Nor to anything else but the welter of waves,
 For a longing hastens him forth to the sea
 The woodlands now capture the blossoms, and
 towns
 With the spring grow beautiful, meadows are
 fair,
 And the world once again doth hasten to
 life ⁵⁰
 All these stir the eager heart and the mind
 To adventure, to think of the path of the
 tides
 The cuckoo, besides, with his sorrowful note
 Doth warn, as the warden of summer he sings
 And proclaims bitter sorrow in store for the
 heart ⁵⁵
 The child doth not know or the fortunate man
 What some must endure who in exile lay
 To that now my heart ever turns in my
 breast,
 Over the home of the whale now wanders my
 spirit
 To all quarters of earth Returning to me, ⁶⁰
 With greed and eagerness cries the lone flier,
 Thus inciting my soul unawares to the sea,
 Over the ocean, the path of the whale

GEOFFREY CHAUCER

(1340?-1400)

For nearly thirty years Chaucer served his country as a member of various commissions or as an official appointed by the crown. From his boyhood he had been connected with the royal family in some capacity and had received with his wife, also a member of the royal household, several pensions. These gifts, however, were not large enough to enable him to accumulate a fortune, for in 1398 he asked for a hogshead of wine "for God's sake and as a work of charity." The next year after Henry IV had become king, Chaucer sent him a short poem *The Complaint to his Empty Purse*, which brought a grant of forty marks a year. Relieved of his financial difficulties, he leased a house at Westminster for fifty-three years but enjoyed his prosperity only for a year.

Chaucer's interest in poetry was first stimulated when he accompanied the army of Edward III to France in 1359. While he was in France, he became acquainted with the poetry of courtly love with its exaggerated symbolism and often extremely artificial tone. Later he translated *The Romaunt of the Rose*, one of the most popular of these love allegories. The original French poem was the work of Guillaume de Lorris and Jean de Meung, who may be considered Chaucer's masters for this first period. Although Chaucer borrowed ideas and phrases from French poetry during this time, he showed evidence of true poetic ability. He was more than a mere imitator of a literary fashion.

A more important influence in Chaucer's poetic development was that exerted by Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio. These poets freed him from his discipleship to the French school. He probably visited Italy for the first time in 1372, when he was sent to Genoa on a commission to negotiate about commercial affairs. About 1378 he was in Milan again on official business. Of the three Italian poets Petrarch had in his own day the greatest reputation beyond the borders of Italy, but his poetry did not appeal particularly to Chaucer because the English poet failed to appreciate fully the attitude of the first humanist. It was Boccaccio who furnished him with many stories and suggestions later used as material for his own poems. Although he was thoroughly acquainted with the poetry of Boccaccio, he seems unaccountably to have neglected the *Decameron*. The fame of this wonderful storehouse of tales has been much greater in succeeding ages than it was in the fourteenth century. Therefore, Chaucer was following the trend of the times when he gave his attention to Boccaccio's long, narrative poems. Boccaccio's *Il Filostrato* was the source for his

Troilus and Criseyde, a psychological study of character and a masterpiece of narrative art.

The great work of the last period, *The Canterbury Tales*, has been widely known to the average reader by reputation rather than by perusal because of the difficulties of the language. Chaucer wrote in the East Midland dialect, generally spoken in London. If a person is willing to exert a little effort to master the vocabulary, he will gain much enjoyment from reading the tales in the original middle English. In a modern translation they lose much of their medieval atmosphere and poetic beauty. But *The Canterbury Tales* are more than a series of entertaining narrative poems. As a comprehensive picture of fourteenth century England they are an invaluable source to the historian of manners and customs.

The short sketches in the Prologue give in a few lines the essential characteristics of the twenty-nine pilgrims, who had assembled at the Tabard Inn as a starting place for the spring pilgrimage to the Shrine of St. Thomas à Becket at Canterbury. Each pilgrim is a typical representative of his class and occupation from the worthy knight to the shrewd pardoner. Yet they all have individual peculiarities and prejudices acquired from their past experiences. They are a jolly crowd ready for a good time as well as a pious duty.

From the different tales we can learn what type of reading was popular in Chaucer's day among the various classes since each pilgrim tells a story suitable to his position or character. For instance, the Wife of Bath's romantic story of Arthurian days with its miraculous transformation is just the sort to appeal to one whose practical experience in the affairs of love had been woefully lacking in romance.

The plan of *The Canterbury Tales* offered Chaucer an opportunity for humorous and satirical touches. The quarrels of the pilgrims, the attempts of the host to control them, and the general holiday mood were productive of much lively conversation. The pilgrims rallied each other as they rode along and interrupted when the story bored them. The tales vary in value and interest, but the general level is high. Although Chaucer took some of them from classical, Italian, and French sources, he made them his own by his realization and treatment of their dramatic possibilities. He usually excluded all irrelevant material, concentrating on the main threads of his story. Thus he avoided the fault which makes so many medieval narrative poems tiresome to the modern reader.

Whether he was telling a love story, a beast fable, an allegory, a legend about a saint, or a

popular farcical tale, Chaucer enlivened his narrative with clever comments. From these remarks we receive the impression that he enjoyed thoroughly the life about him. He presented this life objectively as he observed it without attempting to analyze or interpret it. Chaucer's world is a robust, virile world inhabited by

clearly defined characters, whose words and actions reveal them. As Lowell said, "It is good to retreat now and then beyond the earshot of the introspective confidences of modern literature, and to lose ourselves in the gracious worldliness of Chaucer."

THE CANTERBURY TALES

THE PROLOGUE

Whan that Aprille with his shoures soote
The droghte of Marche hath perced to the
roote,
And bathed every veyne in swich licour,
Of which vertu engendred is the flour,
Whan Zephirus eek with his swete breeth 5
Inspired hath in every holt and heeth
The tendre croppes, and the yonge sonne
Hath in the Ram his halfe cours y-ronne,
And smale fowles maken melodye,
That slepen al the night with open ye, 10
So prinketh hem Nature in hir corages,—
Than longen folk to goon on pilgrimages,
And palmers for to seken straunge strondes,
To ferne halwes, couthe in sondry londes,
And specially, from every shires ende 15
Of Engelond, to Caunterbury they wende,
The holy blisful martir for to seke,
That hem hath holpen whan that they were
seke

Bifel that, in that sesoun on a day,
In Southwerk at the Tabard as I lay, 20
Redy to wenden on my pilgrimage
To Caunterbury with ful devout corage,
At night were come into that hostelrye
Wel nyne and twenty in a companye,
Of sondry folk, by aventure y-falle 25
In felawshipe, and pilgrims were they alle,
That toward Caunterbury wolden ryde
The chambres and the stables weren wyde,
And wel we weren esed atte beste
And shortly, whan the sonne was to reste, 30

So hadde I spoken with hem everichon,
That I was of hir felawshipe anon,
And made forward erly for to ryse,
To take our wey, ther as I yow devyse

But natheles, whyl I have tyme and space, 35
Er that I ferther in this tale pace,
Me thinketh it accordaunt to resoun
To telle yow al the condicioun
Of ech of hem, so as it semed me,
And whiche they weren, and of what degree, 40
And eek in what array that they were inne,
And at a Knight than wol I first biginne

A Knight ther was and that a worthy man,
That fro the tyme that he first bigan
To riden out, he loved chivalrye, 45
Trouthe and honour, fredom and curteisye
Ful worthy was he in his lordes werre,
And therto hadde he riden, no man ferre,
As wel in cristendom as in hethenesse,
And ever honoured for his worthnesse 50
At Alsandre he was, whan it was wonne,
Ful ofte tyme he hadde the bord bigonne
Aboven alle naciouns in Pruce
In Lettow hadde he reysed and in Ruce,
No cristen man so ofte of his degree 55
In Gernade at the sege eek hadde he be
Of Algezir, and riden in Belmarye
At Lyeys was he, and at Satalye,
Whan they were wonne, and in the Grete See
At many a noble aryve hadde he be 60
At mortal batailles hadde he been fiftene,
And foughten for our feith at Tramssene
In lystes thryes, and ay slayn his foo
This ilke worthy knight hadde been also
Somtyme with the lord of Palatye 65
Ageyn another hethen in Turkye,

1 shoures soote, *sweet showers*
2 licour, *moisture*
3 vertu, *quickening power*
4 eek, *also*
5 holt, *wood*
6 croppes, *shoots*
7 corages, *hearts*
8 strondes, *shores*
9 ferne halwes, *distant shrines*
10 couthe, *known*
11 wende, *go*
12 seke, *ill*
13 wel, *fully*
14 by aventure y-falle, *by chance fallen*
15 esed atte beste, *accommodated in the best way*

31 everichon, *every one*
32 forward, *agreement*
33 ther as I yow devyse, *where I tell you*
34 me thinketh, *it seems to me*
35 whiche, *what kind of persons*
36 werre, *war*
37 ferre, *farther*
38 hadde the bord bigonne, *sat at the head of the table*
39 Pruce, *Prussia*
40 Lettow, *Lithuania*
41 reysed, *gone on military expedition*
42 Ruce, *Russia*
43 Gernade, *Granada*
44 aryve, *landing*
45 ilke, *same*

And evermore he hadde a sovereyn prys
 And though that he were worthy, he was wys,
 And of his port as meek as is a mayde
 He never yet no vileinye ne sayde, 70
 In al his lyf, unto no maner wight
 He was a verray parfit, gentil knight
 But for to tellen yow of his array,
 His hors were goode, but he ne was nat gay,
 Of fustian he wered a gipoun 75
 Al bismotered with his habergoun,
 For he was late y-come from his viage,
 And wente for to doon his pilgrimage

With him there was his sone, a yong Squyer,
 A lover and a lusty bachelor, 80
 With lokkes crulle as they were leyd in presse
 Of twenty yeer of age he was, I gesse
 Of his stature he was of evene lengthe,
 And wonderly delivere, and greet of strengthe,
 And he hadde been somtyme in chivachye, 85
 In Flaundres, in Artoys and Picardye,
 And born him wel, as of so litel space,
 In hope to stonden in his lady grace
 Embrouded was he, as it were a mede
 Al ful of fresshe floures, whyte and rede, 90
 Singinge he was, or floytinge, al the day,
 He was as fresh as is the month of May
 Short was his gowne, with sleeves longe and
 wyde,

Wel coude he sitte on hors and faire ryde;
 He coude songes make and wel endyte, 95
 Juste and eek daunce and wel purtreie and
 wryte

So hote he lovede that by nightertale
 He sleep namore than doth a nightingale
 Curteys he was, lowly and servisable,
 And carf biforn his fader at the table 100

A Yeman hadde he and servaunts namo
 At that tyme, for him liste ryde so,
 And he was clad in cote and hood of grene
 A sheef of pecok arwes, bright and kene,
 Under his belt he bar ful thriftily— 105
 Wel coude he dresse his takel yemanly,
 His arwes drouped noght with fetheres lowe—
 And in his hand he bar a mighty bowe

A not-heed hadde he, with a broun visage
 Of wode-craft wel coude he al the usage 110
 Upon his arm he bar a gay bracer,
 And by his syde a swerd and a bokeler,
 And on that other syde a gay daggere,
 Harneised wel, and sharp as point of spere,
 A Cristofre on his brest of silver shene 115
 An horn he bar, the bawdrik was of grene
 A forster was he, soothly, as I gesse

Ther was also a Nonne, a Prioress,
 That of hir smyling was ful simple and coy,
 Hire gretteste ooth was but by seynt Loy, 120
 And she was cleped madame Eglentyne
 Ful wel she song the service divyne,
 Entuned in hir nose ful semely,
 And Frensh she spak ful faire and fetisly,
 After the scole of Stratford-atte-Bowe 125
 For Frensh of Paris was to hir unknowe
 At mete wel y-taught was she with alle,
 She leet no morsel from hir lippes falle,
 Ne wette hir fingres in hir sauce depe
 Wel coude she carie a morsel and wel kepe, 130
 That no drope ne fille upon hir brest,
 In curteisye was set ful moche hir lest
 Hir over-lippe wyped she so clene,
 That in hir coppe ther was no ferthing sene
 Of grece, whan she dronken hadde hir 135
 draughte

Ful semely after hir mete she raughte,
 And sikerly she was of greet disport,
 And ful plesaunt and amiable of port,
 And peyned hir to countrefete chere
 Of Court, and been estatlich of manere, 140
 And to ben holden digne of reverence
 But for to speken of hir conscience,
 She was so charitable and so pitous
 She wolde wepe, if that she sawe a mous
 Caught in a trappe, if it were deed or
 bledde 145

Of smale houndes hadde she that she fedde
 With rosted flesh, or milk and wastel breed,
 But sore weep she if oon of hem were deed,
 Or if men smoot it with a yerde smerte;

70 vileinye, vulgar language
 71 no maner wight, no sort of person
 72 parfit, perfect
 74 gay, elaborately dressed
 75 gipoun, doublet
 76 habergoun, coat of mail
 77 viage, journey
 81 crulle, curled
 83 evene lengthe, medium height
 84 delivere, active
 85 chivachye, military expedition
 91 floytinge, playing the flute
 96 purtreie, draw
 101 namo, no more
 102 him liste, it pleased him

106 takel, arrows
 107 lowe, bedraggled
 109 not-heed, head with hair cut short
 110 coude, knew
 111 bracer, a guard made of leather
 115 shene, bright
 124 fetisly, correctly
 132 lest, pleasure
 134 ferthing, bit
 136 raughte, reached
 137 sikerly, surely
 139 chere, manner
 147 wastel breed, bread made of fine flour
 149 men, some one
 149 yerde, stick

And al was conscience and tendre herte 150
 Ful semely hir wimpel pinched was,
 Hir nose tretys, hir eyen greye as glas,
 Hir mouth ful smal and ther-to softe and
 reed,

But sikerly she hadde a fair forheed
 It was almost a spanne brood, I trowe, 155
 For, hardily, she was nat undergrowe
 Ful fetis was hir cloke, as I was war,
 Of smal coral aboute hir arm she bar
 A peire of bedes, gauded al with grene,
 And ther-on heng a brooch of gold ful
 shene, 160

On which ther was first write a crowned A,
 And after *Amor vincit omnia*

Another Nonne with hire hadde she
 That was hir Chapeleyne, and Preestes thre

A Monk ther was, a fair for the maistr-
 trye, 165

An out-rydere, that lovede venerye,
 A manly man, to been an abbot able
 Ful many a deyntee hors hadde he in stable,
 And whan he rood, men mighte his bydel here 170
 Gnglen in a whistling wynd as clere,
 And eek as loude, as doth the chapel belle,
 Ther as thus lord was keper of the celle
 The reule of saint Maure or of saint Benet,
 By-cause that it was old and som-del streit,
 Thus ilke monk leet olde thinges pace, 175
 And held after the newe world the space
 He yaf nat of that text a pulled hen
 That seith that hunters been nat holy men,
 Ne that a monk whan he is cloisterlees
 Is likned til a fish that is waterlees, 180
 This is to seyn, a monk out of his cloistre
 But thilke text held he nat worth an oistre,
 And I seyde his opinoun was good
 What sholde he studie and make himselfen
 wood,

Upon a book in cloistre alwey to poure, 185
 Or swinken with his handes and laboure,
 As Austin bit? How shal the world be served?
 Lat Austin have his swink to him reserved
 Therefore he was a pricasour aught;

151 wimpel pinched, a pleated headdress covering the
 face and neck
 152 tretys, well formed
 156 hardily, certainly
 157 fetis, neat
 165 fair, a fair one
 166 venerye, hunting
 175 ilke, same
 176 space, course
 177 yaf, gave
 177 pulled, plucked
 182 thilke, that same
 184 what, why
 184 wood, insane

Grehoundes he hadde, as swifte as fowel in
 flight 190

Of priking and of hunting for the hare
 Was al his lust, for no cost wolde he spare
 I seigh his sleeves purfled at the hond,
 With grys, and that the fyneste of a lond,
 And, for to festne his hood under his chin, 195
 He hadde of gold y-wroght a ful curious pin,
 A love knotte in the gretter ende ther was
 His heed was balled, that shoon as any glas,
 And eek his face, as he hadde been anoint
 He was a lord ful fat and in good point, 200
 His eyen stepe and rollinge in his heed,
 That stemed as a forneys of a leed,
 His botes souple, his hors in greet estat
 Now certainly he was a fair prelat
 He was nat pale, as a for-pyned goost 205
 A fat swan loved he best of any roost
 His palfrey was as broun as is a berye

A Frere ther was, a wantown and a merye,
 A limitour, a ful solempne man
 In alle the ordres foure is noon that can 210
 So moche of dalaunce and fair langage,
 He hadde maad ful many a mariage
 Of yonge women at his owne cost
 Unto his ordre he was a noble post
 Ful wel biloved and famulier was he 215
 With frankeleyns over-al in his contree;
 And eek with worthy wommen of the toun,
 For he hadde power of confessioun,
 As seyde hum-self, more than a curat,
 For of his ordre he was licenciat 220
 Ful swetely herde he confessioun,
 And plesaunt was his absolucioun
 He was an esy man to yeve penaunce
 Ther as he wiste to have a good pitaunce,
 For unto a povre ordre for to yive 225
 Is signe that a man is wel y-shrive,
 For, if he yaf, he dorste make avaunt
 He wiste that a man was repentaunt
 For many a man so hard is of his herte
 He may not wepe al though him sore
 smerte. 230

Therefore, in stede of weping and preyeres

186 swinken, toil
 189 pricasour, hard rider
 193 purfled, trimmed
 194 grys, gray fur
 201 stepe, bright
 202 stemed, glowed
 202 leed, caldron
 205 for-pyned, tortured
 209 limitour, begging friar
 210 can, knows
 211 dalaunce, gossip
 216 frankeleyns, rich farmers
 224 wiste, knew
 227 avaunt, boast

Mea moot yeve silver to the povre freres
 His tipet was ay farsed full of knyves
 And pinnes, for to yeven yonge wyves,
 And certainly he hadde a mery note, ²³⁵
 Wel coude he singe and playen on a rote
 Of yeddinges he bar utterly the prys,
 His nekke whyt was as the flour-de-lys,
 Ther-to he strong was as a champioun
 He knew the tavernes well in all the toun, ²⁴⁰
 And everich hostiler and tappestere
 Bet than a lazar or a beggestere,
 For unto swich a worthy man as he
 Accorded nat, as by his facultee,
 To have with sicke lazars aqueyntaunce, ²⁴⁵
 It is nat honeste, it may nat avaunce
 For to delen with no swiche poraille,
 But al with riche and sellers of vitaille
 And over al, ther as profit sholde aryse,
 Curteys he was and lowly of servyse, ²⁵⁰
 Ther nas no man nowher so vertuous
 He was the beste beggere in his hous,
 For thogh a widwe hadde noght a sho,
 So plesaunt was his *In principio*,
 Yet wolde he have a ferthing, er he wente ²⁵⁵
 His purchas was wel bettre than his rente
 And rage he coude, as it were right a whelpe
 In love-dayes ther coude he mochel helpe,
 For there he was nat lyk a cloisterer
 With a thredbare cope, as is a povre scolere, ²⁶⁰
 But he was lyk a maister, or a pope
 Of double worsted was his semicope,
 That rounded as a belle out of the presse
 Somwhat he lipped, for his wantownesse,
 To make his English swete upon his tonge, ²⁶⁵
 And in his harping, whan that he hadde songe,
 His eyen twinkled in his heed aright
 As doon the sterres in the frosty night
 This worthy limitour was cleped Huberd

A Marchant was ther with a forked berd, ²⁷⁰
 In mottelee, and hye on horse he sat,
 Upon his heed a Flaundrish bever hat,
 His bootes clasped faire and fetisly,
 His resons he spak ful solempnely,

Sowninge alway thencrees of his winning ²⁷⁵
 He wolde the see were kept for any thing
 Bitwixe Middelburgh and Orewelle
 Wel coude he in eschaunge sheeldes selle
 This worthy man ful wel his wit bisette,
 Ther wiste no wight that he was in dette, ²⁸⁰
 So estatly was he of his governaunce
 With his bargaynes and with his chevisaunce
 For sothe he was a worthy man with-alle,
 But, sooth to seyn, I noot how men him calle

A Clerk ther was of Oxenford also, ²⁸⁵
 That unto logik hadde longe y-go
 As lene was his hors as is a rake,
 And he nas nat right fat, I undertake,
 But loked holwe, and ther-to soberly
 Ful thredbare was his overest courtury, ²⁹⁰
 For he hadde geten him yet no benefice,
 Ne was so worldly for to have office
 For him was levere have at his beddes heed
 Twenty bokes, clad in blak or reed,
 Of Aristotle and his philosophye, ²⁹⁵
 Than robes riche, or fithele, or gay sautrye
 But al be that he was a philosopre,
 Yet hadde he but litel gold in cofre,
 But al that he myghte of his frendes hente
 On bokes and on lerninge he it spent, ³⁰⁰
 And bisily gan for the soules preye
 Of hem that yaf him wher-with to scoleye
 Of studie took he most cure and most hede,
 Noght o word spake he more than was nede,
 And that was seyed in forme and reverence, ³⁰⁵
 And short and quik and ful of hy sentence
 Sowninge in moral vertu was his speche,
 And gladly wolde he lerne and gladly teche

A Sergeant of the Lawe, war and wys,
 That often hadde been at the parvyys, ³¹⁰
 Ther was also, ful riche of excellence
 Discreet he was, and of greet reverence,
 He semed swich, his wordes weren so wyse
 Justice he was ful often in assyse,
 By patente and by pleyn commissioun ³¹⁵
 For his science and for his heigh renoun

232 moot, should
 233 tipet, hood
 235 farsed, stuffed
 236 rote, fiddle
 237 yeddinges, songs
 242 lazar, leper
 247 poraille, poor people
 251 vertuous, efficient
 256 purchas, profit from begging
 257 whelpe, puppy
 260 cope, cloak
 264 wantownesse, peculiarity
 271 mottelee, dressed in various colors
 273 fetisly, neatly
 274 solempnely, very importantly
 275 Sowninge, tending always to the increase of his profits

276 kept for any thing, guarded at any cost
 278 sheeldes, crowns
 279 his wit bisette, used his knowledge
 280 wiste no wight, knew no person
 281 chevisaunce, agreement for borrowing money
 284 noot, do not know
 290 overest courtury, uppermost cloak
 293 levere, rather
 296 fithele, fiddle
 299 hente, obtain
 302 scoleye, to go to school
 306 sentence, meaning
 307 Sowninge in, tending to
 313 swich, such
 315 pleyn, full

Of fees and robes hadde he many oon,
 So greet a purchasour was nowher noon
 Al was fee simple to him in effect,
 His purchasing mighte nat been infect 320
 Nowher so busy a man as he ther nas,
 And yet he semed bisier than he was
 In termes hadde he caas and domes alle
 That from the tyme of king William were
 falle

Ther-to he coude endite and make a thing, 325
 Ther coude no wight pinche at his writing,
 And every statut coude he pleyn by rote
 He rood but hoonly in a medlee cote,
 Girt with a ceint of silk, with barres smale,
 Of his array telle I no lenger tale 330

A Frankeleyn was in his companye
 Whyt was his berd, as is a dayesye,
 Of his complexoun he was sangwyn
 Wel loved he by the morwe a sop in wyn
 To liven in delyt was ever his wone, 335
 For he was Epicurus owne sone,
 That held opinioun that pleyn delyt
 Was verraily felicitye parfyt
 An housholdere, and that a greet, was he
 Sent Iulian he was in his contree, 340
 His breed, his ale, was alwey after oon,
 A bettre envyned man was nowher noon
 Withoute bake mete was never his hous,
 Of fish and flesh, and that so plenteuous
 It snewed in his hous of mete and drinke 345
 Of alle deyntees that men coude thinke
 After the sondry sesons of the yeer,
 So chaunged he his mete and his soper
 Ful many a fat partrich hadde he in mewes,
 And many a breem and many a luce in
 stewe 350

Wo was his cook but if his sauce were
 Poynaunt and sharp, and redy al his gere
 His table dormant in his halle alway,
 Stood redy covered al the longe day

At sessionours ther was he lord and sire 355
 Ful ofte tyme he was knight of the shire
 An anlas, and a gipser al of silk,
 Heng at his girdel, whyt as morne milk
 A shirreve hadde he been, and a countour
 Was nowher such a worthy vavasour 360

An Haberdassher, and a Carpenter,
 A Webbe, a Dyere, and a Tapicer,—
 And they were clothed alle in o liverree
 Of a solempne and greet fraternitee,
 Ful fresh and newe hir gere apyked was, 365
 Hir knyves were y-chaped noght with bras,
 But al with silver, wrought ful clene and weel,
 Hir girdles and hir pouches everydeel
 Wel semed ech of hem a fair burgeys
 To sitten in a yeldhalle, on a deys 370
 Everich, for the wisdom that he can,
 Was shaply for to been an alderman
 For catel hadde they ynogh and rente,
 And eek hir wyves wolde it wel assente,
 And elles certeyn were they to blame 375
 It is ful fair to been y-clept *Madame*,
 And goon to viglyes al bifore,
 And have a mantel roialliche y-bore

A Cook they hadde with hem for the nones,
 To boille the chiknes with the mary-bones, 380
 And poudre-marchant tart and galingale,
 Wel coude he knowe a draughte of London ale,
 He coude roste and sethe and boille and frye,
 Maken mortreux and wel bake a pye
 But greet harm was it, as it thoughte me, 385
 That on his shine a mormal hadde he
 For blankmanger, that made he with the beste

A Shipman was ther, woning fer by weste,
 For aught I woot, he was of Dertemouthe
 He rood upon a rouncy as he couthe, 390
 In a gowne of falding to the knee,
 A daggere hanging on a laas hadde he

318 purchasour, conveyancer
 320 infect, not valid
 323 domes, judgments
 325 Therto, furthermore
 326 pinche, find fault
 327 coude, knew
 329 ceint, girdle
 334 morwe, morning
 335 wone, custom
 341 after oon, alike
 342 envyned, provided with wine
 349 mewes, coop
 350 stewe, fish-pond
 352 gere, cooking utensils
 357 anlas, short knife
 357 gipser, purse
 359 countour, accountant
 360 vavasour, chief tenant
 362 Webbe, weaver
 362 Tapicer, upholsterer
 364 fraternitee, guild

365 gere apyked, apparel trimmed
 366 y-chaped, furnished with caps
 368 everydeel, every bit
 370 yeldhalle, guild hall
 371 Everich, each one
 371 can, knows
 372 shaply, fit
 373 catel, property
 376 y-clept, called
 379 nones, occasion
 381 poudre-marchant, sharp powder for flavoring
 381 galingale, cyperus root
 384 mortreux, thick soup
 386 mormal, cancerous sore
 387 blankmanger, capon prepared with special sauce
 388 woning, dwelling
 389 woot, know
 390 rouncy, nag
 390 couthe, knew how
 391 falding, coarse cloth
 392 laas, cord

Aboute his nekke under his arm adoun
 The hote somer hadde maad his hewe al
 broun,
 And certainly he was a good felawe 395
 Ful many a draughte of wyn hadde he
 y-drawe
 From Burdeux-ward, whyl that the chapman
 sleep
 Of nyce conscience took he no keep
 If that he faught, and hadde the hyer hond,
 By water he sente hem hoom to every lond 400
 But of his craft to rekene wel his tydes,
 His stremes and his daungers him besydes,
 His herberwe and his mone, his lodemenage,
 Ther nas noon swich from Hulle to Cartage
 Hardy he was, and wys to undertake 405
 With many a tempest hadde his berd been
 shake
 He knew wel alle the havenes, as they were,
 From Gootland to the Cape of Finistere,
 And every cryke in Britayne and in Spayne
 His barge y-cleped was the Maudelayne 410

With us ther was a Doctour of Phisyk,
 In all this world ne was ther noon him lyk,
 To speke of phisyk and of surgerye,
 For he was grounded in astronomye
 He kepte his pacient a ful greet del 415
 In houres, by his magik naturel
 Wel coude he fortunen the ascendent
 Of his images for his pacient
 He knew the cause of everich maladye,
 Were it of hoot, or cold, or moyste, or
 drye, 420
 And where they engendred and of what hu-
 mour,
 He was a verray parfit practisour
 The cause y-knowe and of his harm the rote,
 Anon he yaf the seke man his bote
 Ful redy hadde he his apothecaries 425
 To sende him drogges and his letuaries,
 For ech of hem made other for to winne,
 Hir frendshipe nas nat newe to biginne
 Wel knew he the olde Esculapius
 And Deiscordes, and eek Rufus, 430
 Olde Ypocras, Haly and Galien,
 Serapion, Razis and Avicen,
 Averrois, Damascien and Constantyn,

Bernard and Gatesden and Gilbertyn
 Of his diete mesurable was he, 435
 For it was of no superflutee,
 But of greet norissing and digestible
 His studie was but litel on the Bible
 In sangwin and in pers he clad was al,
 Lyned with taffata and with sendal 440
 And yet he was but esy of dispence,
 He kepte that he wan in pestilence
 For gold in phisyk is a cordial,
 Therfor he lovede gold in special

A good Wyf was ther of busyde Bathe, 445
 But she was som-del deef, and that was
 scathe
 Of cloth-making she hadde swich an haunt
 She passed hem of Ypres and of Gaunt
 In al the parisshe wyf ne was ther noon
 That to the offring before hir sholde goon, 450
 And if ther dide, certeyn, so wrooth was she,
 That she was out of alle chartee
 Hir coverchiefs ful fyne were of ground,—
 I dorste swere they weyeden ten pound,—
 That on a Sonday were upon hir heed 455
 Hir hosen weren of fyn scarlet reed,
 Ful streite y-teyd, and shoes ful moiste and
 newe
 Bold was hir face, and fair, and reed of hewe
 She was a worthy womman all hir lyve,
 Housbondes at chirche dore she hadde 460
 fyve,
 Withouten other companye in youthe,—
 But ther of nedeth nat to speke as nouthe,—
 And thryes hadde she been at Ierusalem,
 She hadde passed many a straunge streem,
 At Rome she hadde been, and at Boloigne, 465
 In Galice at Saint Iame, and at Coloigne,
 She coude moche of wandring by the weye
 Gat-tothed was she, soothly for to seye
 Upon an amblere esily she sat,
 Y-wimpled wel, and on hir heed an hat 470
 As brood as is a bokeler or a targe,
 A foot mantel aboute hir hipes large,
 And on hir feet a paire of spores sharpe
 In felawshipe wel coude she laughe and
 carpe,
 Of remedies of love she knew per-chaunce, 475
 For she coude of that art the olde daunce

397 chapman, merchant
 398 nyce, foolish
 398 keep, heed
 402 stremes, currents
 403 lodemenage, steering
 415 kepte, watched
 424 bote, remedy
 426 letuaries, medicines
 439 pers, bluish gray cloth
 440 sendal, fine silk

441 dispence, expenditure
 446 scathe, misfortune
 447 haunt, skill
 453 ground, fabric
 457 moiste, soft
 461 Withouten, besides
 462 as nouthe, now
 468 Gat tothed, teeth far apart
 474 carpe, talk
 476 daunce, game or trick

A good man was ther of religioun,
 And was a povre Persoun of a toun,
 But riche he was of holy thought and werk,
 He was also a lerned man, a clerk, 480
 That Cristes Gospel trewely wolde preche
 His parissshens devoutly wolde he teche
 Benigne he was, and wonder diligent,
 And in adversitee ful pacient,
 And swich he was y-preved ofte sythes 485
 Ful looth were him to cursen for his tythes,
 But rather wolde he yeven, out of doute,
 Unto his povre parissshens aboute,
 Of his offring and eek of his substaunce
 He coude in litel thing have suffisaunce 490
 Wyd was his parisshe, and houses fer asonder,
 But he ne lafte nat, for reyn ne thonder,
 In siknesse nor in meschief to visyte
 The ferreste in his parisshe, moche and lyte,
 Upon his feet, and in his hand a staf 495
 This noble ensample to his sheep he yaf,
 That firste he wroghte and afterward he
 taughte.

Out of the gospel he tho wordes caughte,
 And this figure he added eek therto,
 That if gold ruste, what shal yren do? 500
 For if a preest be foul, on whom we truste,
 No wonder is a lewed man to ruste,
 And shame it is, if a preest take keep,
 A shiten shepherde and a clene sheep
 Wel oghte a preest ensample for to yive 505
 By his clenesse, how that his sheep shold
 live

He sette nat his benefice to hyre,
 And leet his sheep encombred in the myre,
 And ran to London, unto Seynt Poules,
 To seken him a chaunterie for soules, 510
 Or with a bretherhed to been withholde,
 But dwelte at hoom and kepte wel his folde,
 So that the wolf ne made it nat miscarie,—
 He was a shepherde, and noght a mercenarie
 And though he holy were and vertuous, 515
 He was to sinful man nat despitous,
 Ne of his speche daungerous ne digne,
 But in his teching discreet and benigne,
 To drawn folk to hevене by fairnesse,
 By good ensample, this was his bisynesse 520
 But it were any persone obstinat,
 What so he were, of heigh or lowe estat,

Him wolde he snibben sharply for the nones
 A bettre preest, I trowe that nowher non is
 He wayted after no pompe and reverence, 525
 Ne maked him a spyced conscience,
 But Cristes lore, and his Apostles twelve,
 He taughte, but first he folwed it himselve

With him ther was a Plowman, was his
 brother,
 That hadde y-lad of dong ful many a
 fother, 530
 A trewe swinkere and a good was he,
 Lavinge in pees and parfit charitee
 God loved he best, with al his hole herte,
 At alle tymes, thogh him gamed or smerte,
 And thanne his neighebour right as him-
 selve 535
 He wolde thresshe, and therto dyke and delve,
 For Cristes sake, for every povre wight,
 Withouten hyre, if it lay in his might
 His tythes payed he ful faire and wel,
 Bothe of his propre swink and his catel 540
 In a tabard he rood upon a mere

Ther was also a Reve and a Millere,
 A Somnour and a Pardoner also,
 A Maunciple and myself,—ther were namo
 The Miller was a stout carl, for the
 nones, 545

Ful big he was of braun and eek of bones,
 That proved wel, for over-al ther he cam,
 At wrastling he wolde have alwey the ram
 He was short-sholdred, brood, a thikke knarre,
 Ther nas no dore that he nolde heve of
 harre, 550

Or breke it, at a renning, with his heed
 His berd, as any sowe or fox, was reed,
 And therto brood, as though it were a spade
 Upon the cop right of his nose he hade
 A werte, and theron stood a toft of heres, 555
 Reed as the bristles of a sowes eres,
 His nose-thirles blake were and wyde
 A swerd and a bokeler bar he by his syde,
 His mouth as wyde was as a greet forneys
 He was a jangler and a golardeys, 560
 And that was most of sinne and harlotryes
 Wel coude he stelen corn and tollen thryes,
 And yet he hadde a thombe of gold, pardee

485 sythes, times
 502 lewed, ignorant
 503 keep, heed
 508 leet, left
 511 withholde, kept
 517 daungerous, sparing
 517 digne, lofty
 523 snibben, censure
 523 nones, occasion
 530 fother, load
 531 swinkere, worker

534 him gamed, it pleased him
 537 wight, person
 540 swink, labor
 540 catel, property
 541 tabard, short coat
 547 over al, everywhere
 549 knarre, heavy, muscular man
 550 harre, hinges
 554 cop, top
 560 golardeys, vulgar joker

A whyt cote and a blew hood wered he
 A baggepype wel coude he blowe and
 sowne, 565
 And therwithal he broghte us out of towne

A gentil Maunciple was ther of a temple,
 Of which achatours mighte take exemple,
 For to be wyse in bying of vitaille
 For, whether that he payde, or took by
 taille, 570

Algate he wayted so in his achat,
 That he was ay biforn and in good stat
 Now is nat that of God a ful fair grace
 That swich a lewed mannes wit shal pace
 The wisdom of an heep of lerned men? 575
 Of maistres hadde he mo than thryes ten,
 That weren of lawe expert and curious,
 Of which ther weren a doseyn in that hous,
 Worthy to been stwardes of rente and lond
 Of any lord that is in Engelond, 580
 To maken him live by his propre good
 In honour dettelees, but he were wood,
 Or live as scarsly as him list desre,
 And able for to helpen al a shire
 In any cas that mighte falle or happe, 585
 And yit this Maunciple sette hir aller cappe

The Reve was a splendre colerik man,
 His berd was shave as ny as ever he can
 His heer was by his eres round y-shorn
 His top was dokked lyk a preest biforn 590
 Ful longe were his legges and ful lene,
 Y-lak a staf, ther was no calf y-sene
 Wel coude he kepe a gerner and a binne,
 Ther was noon auditour coude on him winne
 Wel wiste he, by the droghte, and by the
 reyn, 595

The yelding of his seed and of his greyn
 His lordes sheep, his neet, his dayerye,
 His swyn, his hors, his stoor, and his pultrye,
 Was hoolly in this reves governing, 600
 And by his covenaut yaf the rekenyng,
 Sin that his lord was twenty yeer of age,
 Ther coude no man bringe him in arrerage
 There nas baillif, ne herde, nor other hyne,
 That he ne knew his sleighte and his covyne,

567 temple, inn of court
 568 achatours, purchasers
 570 taille, credit
 571 Algate, always
 574 lewed, ignorant
 574 pace, surpass
 577 curious, skillful
 581 propre good, own income
 582 wood, insane
 583 scarsly, economically
 586 sette hir aller cappe, outwint them all
 597 neet, cattle
 603 hyne, servant
 604 covyne, deceit

They were adrad of him as of the deeth 605
 His wonyng was ful fair upon an heeth,
 With grene trees shadwed was his place
 He coude better than his lorde purchase
 Ful nche he was a-stored prively,
 His lord wel coude he plesen subtilly 610
 To yeve and lene him of his owne good,
 And have a thank, and yet a cote and hood
 In youthe he lerned hadde a good mister,
 He was a wel good wrighte, a carpenter
 This reve sat upon a ful good stot, 615
 That was al pomely grey, and highte Scot
 A long surcote of pers upon he hade,
 And by his syde he bar a rusty blade
 Of Northfolk was this reve of which I telle,
 Bisyde a toun men clepen Baldeswelle 620
 Tukked he was, as is a frere, aboute,
 And ever he rood the hindreste of our route

A Somnour was ther with us in that place,
 That hadde a fyr-reed cherubynnes face,
 For sawceflem he was, with eyen narwe 625
 As hoot he was, and lecherous, as a sparwe,
 With scaled browes blake and piled berd,
 Of his visage children were aferd
 Ther nas quik-silver, litarge, ne brimston,
 Boras, ceruce, ne oille of Tartre noon, 630
 Ne oynement that wolde clense and byte,
 That him mighte helpen of the whelkes whyte,
 Nor of the knobbes sittinge on his chekes
 Wel loved he garleek, oynons, and eek lekes,
 And for to drincken strong wyn, reed as
 blood, 635
 Thanne woulde he speke, and crye as he were
 wood

And whan that he wel dronken hadde the
 wyn,
 Than wolde he speke no word but Latyn
 A fewe termes hadde he, two or thre,
 That he had lerned out of som decree, 640
 No wonder is, he herde it al the day,
 And eek ye knowen wel how that a lay
 Can clepen 'Watte' as wel as can the pope
 But whoso coude in other thing him grope,
 Thanne hadde he spent al his philosophye, 645
 Ay 'Questio quid juris' wolde he crye

605 deeth, plague
 606 wonyng, dwelling
 611 lene, lend
 613 mister, trade
 614 wrighte, workman
 616 pomely, dappled
 617 pers, blue cloth
 625 sawceflem, pimpled
 627 scaled, scabby
 627 piled, scraggly
 629 litarge, white lead
 632 whelkes, pimples
 643 'Watte', Walter
 644 grope, test

He was a gentil harlot and a kynde,
 A better felawe sholde men noght fynde
 He wolde suffre for a quart of wyn,
 A good felawe to have his concubyn 650
 A twelf-month, and excuse him atte fulle,
 And prively a finch eek coude he pulle
 And if he fond owher a good felawe,
 He wolde techen him to have non awe,
 In swich cas, of the erchedeknes curs, 655
 But-if a mannes soule were in his purs,
 For in his purs he sholde y-punissshed be
 'Purs is the erchedeknes helle,' seyde he
 But wel I woot he lyed right in dede,
 Of cursing oghte ech gilty man hum drede, 660
 For curs wol slee,—right as assoilling saveth,
 And also war him of a *significavit*
 In daunger hadde he at his owne gyse
 The yonge girles of the diocyse,
 And knew hir conseil, and was al hir reed 665
 A gerland hadde he set upon his heed,
 As greet as it were for an ale-stake,
 A bokeler hadde he maad him of a cake

With him ther rood a gentil Pardoner
 Of Rouncivale, his frend and his compeer, 670
 That strenght was comen for the court of
 Rome

Ful loude he song "Come hider, love, to me!"
 This Somnour bar to him a stif burdoun,
 Was nevere trompe of half so greet a soun
 This Pardoner hadde heer as yelow as wax, 675
 But smothe it heng, as doth a strike of flex,
 By ounces henge his lokkes that he hadde,
 And therewith he his shuldres overspradde
 But thinne it lay by colpons oon and oon,
 But hood, for joltee, ne wered he noon, 680
 For it was trussed up in his walet
 Him thoughte he rood al of the newe jet,
 Dischevele, save his cappe, he rood al bare
 Swiche glaringe eyen hadde he as an hare,
 A vernicle hadde he sowed upon his cappe 685
 His walet lay biforn him in his lappe,
 Bret-ful of pardoun, come from Rome al hoot
 A voys he hadde as smal as hath a goot,
 No berd hadde he, ne never sholde have,
 As smothe it was as it were late y-shave, 690

I trowe he were a gelding or a mare
 But of his craft, fro Berwik unto Ware
 Ne was ther swich another pardoner,
 For in his male he hadde a pilwe-beer,
 Which that, he seyde, was our lady veyl 695
 He seyde he hadde a gobet of the seyl
 That seynt Peter hadde, whan that he wente
 Upon the see, til Iesu Crist hum hente
 He hadde a croys of latoun, ful of stones,
 And in a glas he hadde pigges bones 700
 But with thise relikes, whan that he fond
 A povre person dwelling upon lond,
 Upon a day he gat him more moneye
 Than that the person gat in monthes tweye
 And thus with feyned flaterye and japes, 705
 He made the person and the peple his apes
 But, trewely to tellen, atte laste,
 He was in chirche a noble ecclesiaste
 Wel coude he rede a lessoun or a storie,
 But alderbest he song an offertorie, 710
 For wel he wiste, whan that song was songe,
 He moste preche, and wel affyle his tonge
 To winne silver, as he ful wel coude,
 Therefore he song so merely and loude

Now have I told you shortly, in a clause, 715
 The stat, tharray, the nombre, and eek the
 cause

Why that assembled was this companye
 In Southwerk, at this gentil hostelrye,
 That highte the Tabard, faste by the Belle
 But now is tyme to yow for to telle 720
 How that we baren us that ilke night,
 Whan we were in that hostelrye alight
 And after wol I telle of our viage
 And al the remenaunt of our pilgrimage

But first, I pray yow of your curteisye, 725
 That ye narette it nat my vileinye,
 Thogh that I pleynly speke in this matere
 To telle yow hir wordes and hir chere,
 Ne thogh I speke hir wordes proprely,
 For this ye knowen al-so wel as I, 730
 Whoso shal telle a tale after a man,
 He moot reherce, as ny as evere he can,
 Everich a word, if it be in his charge,
 Al speke he never so rudeliche or large,

647 harlot, rascal
 653 owher, anywhere
 656 But-if, unless
 659 woot, know
 661 assoilling, absolution
 662 war, let him beware
 663 daunger, control
 663 gyse, manner
 665 reed, adviser
 673 burdoun, bass
 677 ounces, small parts
 679 colpons, bunches
 682 jet, fashion

687 Bret-ful, brimful
 694 male, bag
 694 pilwe beer, pillow case
 696 gobet, small piece
 698 hente, seized
 705 japes, tricks
 710 alderbest, best of all
 712 affyle, file down
 721 baren, conducted
 726 narette, ascribe not
 726 vileinye, bad manners
 728 chere, behavior
 734 Al, although

Or elles he moot telle his tale untrewē, 735
 Or feyne thing, or fynde wordes newe
 He may nat spare, althogh he were his
 brother,

He moot as wel seye o word as another
 Crist spak himself ful brode in holy writ,
 And wel ye woot, no vileinye is it 740
 Eek Plato seith, whoso that can him rede,
 The wordes mote be cosin to the dede

Also I prey yow to foryeve it me
 Al have I nat set folk in hir degree
 Here in this tale, as that they sholde
 stonde, 745

My wit is short, ye may wel understonde
 Greet chere made our hoste us everichon,
 And to the soper sette he us anon,
 And served us with vitaille at the beste
 Strong was the wyn, and wel to drinke us
 leste 750

A semely man our hoste was with-alle
 For to han been a marshal in an halle
 A large man he was, with eyen stepe,
 A fairer burgeys is ther noon in Chepe,
 Bold of his speche, and wys and well
 y-taught, 755

And of manhod him lakkede right naught
 Eek therto he was right a mery man,
 And after soper pleyen he bigan,
 And spak of murthe amonges othere thinges,
 Whan that we hadde maad our rekeninges, 760
 And seyde thus "Now, lordinges, trewely,
 Ye ben to me right welcome, hertely,
 For by my trouthe, if that I shal nat lye,
 I ne saugh this yeer so mery a companye
 At ones in this herberwe as is now, 765

Fayn wolde I doon yow murthe, wiste I how.
 And of a murthe I am right now bithoght,
 To doon yow ese, and it shall coste noght

Ye goon to Caunterbury, God yow spede,
 The blisful martir quyte yow your mede 770
 And, wel I woot, as ye goon by the weye,
 Ye shapen yow to talen and to pleye,
 For trewely, confort ne murthe is noon
 To ryde by the weye dounb as a stoon,
 And therefore wol I maken yow disport, 775
 As I seyde erst, and doon yow som confort
 And if you lyketh alle, by oon assent,
 Now for to stonden at my jugement,
 And for to werken as I shal yow seye,
 To-morwe, whan ye ryden by the weye, 780

738 moot, must

753 stepe, bright

754 Chepe, *Cheapside, a district of London*

765 herberwe, inn

770 mede, reward

772 shapen, plan

772 talen, to tell tales

785 to make it wys, a matter for consideration

Now, by my fader soule, that is deed,
 But ye be merye, I wol yeve yow myn heed!
 Hold up your hond, withouten more speche"

Our conseil was nat longe for to seche,
 Us thoughte it was noght worth to make it
 wys, 785

And graunted him withouten more avys,
 And bad him seye his verdict, as him leste
 "Lordinges," quod he, "now herkneth for
 the beste,

But tak it not, I prey yow, in desdeyn,
 This is the poynt, to speken short and
 pleyne, 790

That ech of yow, to shorte with our weye,
 In this viage shal tellen tales tweye,—
 To Caunterbury-ward, I mean it so,
 And hom-ward he shal tellen othere two,—
 Of aventures that whylom han bifalle 795
 And which of yow that bereth him beste of
 alle,

That is to seyn, that telleth in this cas
 Tales of best sentence and most solas,
 Shal have a soper at our aller cost,
 Here in this place, sitting by this post, 800
 Whan that we come agayn fro Caunterbury.
 And, for to make yow the more mery,
 I wol myselfen gladly with yow ryde
 Right at myn owne cost, and be your gyde,
 And whoso wol my jugement withseye 805
 Shal paye al that we spenden by the weye
 And if ye vouche-sauf that it be so
 Tel me anon, withouten wordes mo,
 And I wol erly shape me therefore"

This thing was graunted, and our othes
 swore 810

With ful glad herte, and preyden him also
 That he would vouche-sauf for to do so,
 And that he wolde been our governour,
 And of our tales juge and reportour,
 And sette a soper at a certeyn prys, 815
 And we wol reuled been at his devys
 In heigh and lowe, and thus, by oon assent,
 We been acorded to his jugement
 And thereupon the wyn was fet anon,
 We dronken, and to reste wente echoon, 820
 Withouten any lenger tarynge

A-morwe, whan that day bigan to springe,
 Up roos our host, and was our aller cok,
 And gadrede us togidre, alle in a flok,
 And forth we riden, a litel more than pas, 825

794 whylom, formerly

798 sentence, meaning

798 solas, entertainment

799 our aller cost, cost of us all

809 shape, plan

816 devys, direction

819 fet anon, brought at once

825 pas, foot pace

Unto the watering of Seint Thomas,
 And there our host bigan his hors areste,
 And seyde, "Lordinges, herkneth, if yow leste
 Ye woot your forward and I it yow recorde
 If even-song and morwe-song accorde, ⁸³⁰
 Lat se now who shal telle the firste tale
 As ever mote I drinke wyn or ale,
 Whoso be rebel to my jugement
 Shal paye for al that by the weye is spent
 Now draweth cut, er that we ferrer twinne ⁸³⁵
 He which that hath the shortest shal
 biginne
 Sire Knight," quod he, "my maister and my
 lord,
 Now draweth cut, for that is myn accord
 Cometh neer," quod he, "my lady prioress,
 And ye, sire clerk, lat be your shamefast-
 nesse, ⁸⁴⁰
 Ne studeth noght, ley hond to, every man "

Anon to drawen every wight bigan,
 And, shortly for to tellen as it was,
 Were it by aventure, or sort, or cas,
 The sothe is this, the cut fil to the knight, ⁸⁴⁵
 Of which ful blythe and glad was every wight
 And telle he moste his tale, as was resoun,
 By forward and by composicioun,
 As ye han herd, what nedeth wordes mo?
 And when this goode man saugh that it was
 so, ⁸⁵⁰
 As he that wys was and obedient
 To kepe forward by his free assent,
 He seyde, "Sin I shal biginne the game,
 What, welcome be the cut, a Goddes name!
 Now lat us ryde, and herkneth what I
 seye " ⁸⁵⁵
 And with that word we ryden forth our weye,
 And he bigan with right a mery chere
 His tale anon, and seyde in this manere

THE TALE OF THE WYF OF BATHE

HERE BIGINNETH THE TALE OF THE WYF
 OF BATHE

In th'olde dayes of the king Arthour,
 Of which that Britons spoken greet honour,
 Al was this land fulfild of fayerie
 The elf-queen, with hir joly companye,

Daunced ful ofte in many a grene mede, ⁵
 This was the olde opinion, as I rede
 I speke of manye hundred yeres ago,
 But now can no man see none elves mo
 For now the grete charitee and prayers
 Of limitours and othere holy freres, ¹⁰
 That serchen every lond and every streem,
 As thikke as motes in the sonne-beem,
 Blessinge halles, chambres, kichenes, boures,
 Citees, burghes, castels, hye toures,
 Thropes, bernies, shipnes, dayveries, ¹⁵
 This maketh that ther been no fayeryes
 For ther as wont to walken was an elf,
 Ther walketh now the limitour himself
 In undermeles and in morweninges,
 And seyth his matins and his holy thinges ²⁰
 As he goth in his limitacioun
 Wommen may go saufly up and down,
 In every bush, or under every tree,
 Ther is noon other incubus but he,
 And he ne wol doon hem but dishonour ²⁵
 And so bifel it, that this king Arthour
 Hadde in his hous a lusty bachelor,
 That on a day cam rydinge fro river,
 And happed that, allone as she was born,
 He saugh a mayde walkinge him biforn, ³⁰
 Of whiche mayde anon, maugree hir heed,
 By verray force he rafte hir maydenheed,
 For which oppressioun was swich clamour
 And swich pursute un-to the king Arthour,
 That dampned was this knight for to be
 deed ³⁵
 By cours of lawe, and sholde han lost his heed
 Paraventure, swich was the statut tho,
 But that the quene and othere ladies mo
 So longe preyeden the king of grace,
 Til he his lyf him graunted in the place, ⁴⁰
 And yaf him to the quene al at hir wille,
 To chese, whether she wolde him save or spille
 The quene thanketh the king with al hir
 might,
 And after this thus spak she to the knight,
 Whan that she saugh hir tyme, up-on a
 day ⁴⁵
 "Thou standest yet," quod she, "in swich ar-
 ray,
 That of thy lyf yet hastow no suretee
 I grante thee lyf, if thou canst tellen me
 What thing is it that wommen most desyren?

828 leste, please
 829 woot, know
 835 twinne, depart
 844 sort, lot
 848 forward, agreement
 10 limitours, begging friars
 15 Thropes, villages
 15 shipnes, stables

19 undermeles, afternoons
 24 incubus, devil
 31 maugree, in spite of
 37 tho, then
 42 chese, choose
 42 spille, destroy
 47 hastow, hast thou

Be war, and keep thy nekke-boon from
yren ⁵⁰

And if thou canst nat tellen it anon,
Yet wol I yeve thee leve for to gon
A twelf-month and a day, to seche and lere
An answer suffisant in this matere
And suretee wol I han, er that thou pace, ⁵⁵
Thy body for to yelden in this place"

Wo was this knight and sorwefully he
syketh,

But what! he may nat do al as him lyketh
And at the laste, he chees him for to wende,
And come agayn, right at the yeres ende, ⁶⁰
With swich answer as god wolde him pur-
veye,

And taketh his leve, and wendeth forth his
weye

He seketh every hous and every place,
Wher-as he hopeth for to finde grace,
To lerne, what thing wommen loven most, ⁶⁵
But he ne coude arryven in no cost,
Wher-as he mighte finde in this matere
Two creatures accordinge in-fere

Somme seyde, wommen loven best richesse,
Somme seyde, honour, somme seyde, joly-
nesse, ⁷⁰

Somme, riche array, somme seyden, lust
abedde,

And ofte tyme to be widwe and wedde

Somme seyde, that our hertes been most
esed,

Whan that we been y-flatered and y-pled
He gooth ful ny the sothe, I wol nat lye, ⁷⁵
A man shal winne us best with flaterye,
And with attendance, and with bisnesse,
Been we y-lymed, bothe more and lesse

And somme seyn, how that we loven best
For to be free, and do right as us lest, ⁸⁰

And that no man repreve us of our vyce,
But seye that we be wyse, and no-thing nyce
For trewely, ther is noon of us alle,
If any wight wol clawe us on the galle,

That we nil kike, for he seith us sooth, ⁸⁵
Assay, and he shal finde it that so dooth
For be we never so vicious with-inne,

We wol been holden wyse, and clene of sinne

And somme seyn, that greet delyt han we
Foi to ben holden stable and eek secree, ⁹⁰

And in o purpos stedfastly to dwelle,
And nat biwreye thing that men us telle
But that tale is nat worth a rake-stele,
Pardee, we wommen conne no-thing hele,
Witnesse on Myda, wol ye here the tale? ⁹⁵

Ovyde, amonges othere thinges smale,
Seyde, Myda hadde, under his longe heres,
Growinge up-on his heed two asses eres,
The whiche vyce he hidde, as he best mighte,
Ful subtilly from every mannes sighte, ¹⁰⁰
That, save his wyf, ther wiste of it namo
He loved hir most, and trusted hir also,
He preyede hir, that to no creature
She sholde tellen of his disfigure

She swoor him "nay, for al this world to
winne, ¹⁰⁵

She nolde do that vileinye or sinne,
To make hir housbond han so foul a name,
She nolde nat telle it for hir owene shame"
But natheless, hir thoughte that she dyde,
That she so longe sholde a conseil hyde, ¹¹⁰
Hir thoughte it swal so sore aboute hir herte,
That nedely som word hir moste asterte,
And sith she dorste telle it to no man,
Doun to a mareys faste by she ran,
Til she came there, hir herte was a-fyre, ¹¹⁵
And, as a bitore bombleth in the myre,
She leyde hir mouth un-to the water doun.

"Biwreye me nat, thou water, with thy soun,"
Quod she, "to thee I telle it, and namo,
Myn housbond hath longe asses eres two! ¹²⁰
Now is myn herte all hool, now is it oute,
I mighte no lenger kepe it, out of doute"
Heer may ye se, thogh we a tyme abyde,
Yet out it moot, we can no conseil hyde,
The remenant of the tale if ye wol here, ¹²⁵
Redeth Ovyde, and ther ye may it lere

This knight, of which my tale is specially,
Whan that he saugh he mighte nat come
therby,

This is to seye, what wommen loven moost,
With-inne his brest ful sorweful was the
goost, ¹³⁰

But hoom he gooth, he mighte nat sojourne

53 lere, learn
55 pace, go
57 syketh, sighs
59 wende, go
61 purveye, provide
66 cost, place
68 in-fere, together
75 sothe, truth
78 y-lymed, caught
80 lest, please
82 nyse, foolish
84 wight, person
84 galle, sore place
92 biwreye, reveal or betray

93 rake stele, rake handle
94 hele, conceal
95 Myda, Midas
101 wiste, knew
101 namo, no one more
106 nolde, would not
111 swal, swelled
112 asterte, escape
114 mareys, marsh
116 bitore, bittern
121 hool, whole
124 moot, must
130 goost, spirit

The day was come, that hoomward moste he
 tourne,
 And in his way it happed him to ryde,
 In al this care, under a forest-syde,
 Wher-as he saugh up-on a daunce go ¹³⁵
 Of ladies foure and twenty, and yet mo,
 Toward the whiche daunce he drow ful yerne,
 In hope that som wisdom sholde he lerne
 But certainly, er he came fully there,
 Vanissshed was this daunce, he niste where ¹⁴⁰
 No creature saugh he that bar lyf,
 Save on the grene he saugh sittinge a wyf,
 A fouler wight ther may no man devyse
 Agayn the knight this olde wyf gan ryse,
 And seyde, "sir knight, heer-forth ne lyth
 no wey ¹⁴⁵
 Tel me, what that ye seken, by your fey?
 Paraventure it may the better be,
 Thuse olde folk can muchel thing," quod she
 "My leve mooder," quod this knight
 certeyn,
 "I nam but deed, but-if that I can seyn ¹⁵⁰
 What thing it is that wommen most desyre,
 Coude ye me wisse, I wolde wel quyte your
 hyre"
 "Plight me thy trouthe, heer in myn
 hand," quod she,
 "The nexte thing that I requere thee,
 Thou shalt it do, if it lye in thy might, ¹⁵⁵
 And I wol telle it yow er it be night"
 "Have heer my trouthe," quod the knight, "I
 grante"
 "Thanne," quod she, "I dar me wel avante,
 Thy lyf is sauf, for I wol stonde therby,
 Up-on my lyf, the queen wol seye as I ¹⁶⁰
 Lat see which is the proudeste of hem alle,
 That wereth on a coverchief or a calle,
 That dar seye nay, of that I shal thee teche,
 Lat us go forth with-uten lenger speche"
 Tho rouned she a pistel in his ere, ¹⁶⁵
 And bad him to be glad, and have no fere
 When they be comen to the court, this
 knight
 Seyde, "he had holde his day, as he hadde
 hught,
 And redy was his answer," as he sayde

Ful many a noble wyf, and many a mayde, ¹⁷⁰
 And many a widwe, for that they ben wyse,
 The quene hir-self sittinge as a justye,
 Assembled been, his answer for to here,
 And afterward this knight was bode appere.

To every wight comanded was silence, ¹⁷⁵
 And that the knight sholde telle in audience,
 What thing that worldly wommen loven best
 This knight ne stood nat stille as doth a best,
 But to his questioun anon answerde
 With manly voys, that al the court it
 herde ¹⁸⁰

"My lige lady, generally," quod he,
 "Wommen desyren to have sovereyntee
 As wel over hir housbond as hir love,
 And for to been in maistrie him above,
 This is your moste desyr, thogh ye me
 kille, ¹⁸⁵
 Doth as yow list, I am heer at your wille"

In al the court ne was ther wyf ne mayde,
 Ne widwe, that contraried that he sayde,
 But seyden, "he was worthy han his lyf"

And with that word up sturte the olde
 wyf, ¹⁹⁰
 Which that the knight saugh sittinge in the
 grene

"Mercy," quod she, "my sovereyn lady quene!
 Er that your court departe, do me right
 I taughte this answe un-to the knight,
 For which he pligte me his trouthe there, ¹⁹⁵
 The firste thing I wolde of him requere,
 He wolde it do, if it lay in his might
 Bfore the court than preye I thee, sir knight."
 Quod she, "that thou me take un-to thy wyf,
 For wel thou wost that I have kept thy
 lyf ²⁰⁰

If I sey fals, sey nay, up-on thy fey!"

This knight answerde, "allas! and wey-
 lawey!"

I woot right wel that swich was my biheste
 For goddes love, as chees a newe requeste,
 Tak al my good, and lat my body go" ²⁰⁵

"Nay than," quod she, "I shrewe us bothe
 two!"

For thogh that I be foul, and old, and pore,
 I nolde for al the metal, ne for ore,

137 drow ful yerne, *drew very eagerly*

140 niste, *knew not*

143 devyse, *tell about*

144 Agayn, *toward*

144 gan ryse, *began to rise*

146 fey, *faith*

148 can, *know*

149 leve, *dear*

150 but if, *unless*

152 wisse, *tell*

152 quyte your hyre, *repay you*

158 quod, *said*

158 avante, *boast*

162 calle, *tight fitting cap*

165 rouned, *whispered*

165 pistel, *lesson*

168 holde, *kept*

168 hight, *promised*

175 wight, *person*

178 best, *best*

190 sturte, *started*

200 wost, *knowest*

201 fey, *faith*

203 biheste, *promise*

204 chees, *choose*

206 shrewe, *curse*

208 nolde, *would not*

That under erthe is grave, or lyth above,
But-if thy wyf I were, and eek thy love" ²¹⁰
"My love?" quod he, "nay, my damp-
nacioun!"

Allas! that any of my nacioun
Sholde ever so foule disparaged be!"
But al for noght, the ende is this, that he
Constreyned was, he nedes moste hir
wedde, ²¹⁵

And taketh his olde wyf, and gooth to bedde

Now wolden som men seye, paraventure,
That, for my negligence, I do no cure
To tellen yow the joye and al th'array
That at the feste was that ilke day ²²⁰
To whiche thing shortly answer I shal,
I seye, ther nas no joye ne feste at al,
Ther nas but hevynesse and mucche sorwe,
For prively he wedded hir on a morwe,
And al day after hidde him as an oule, ²²⁵
So wo was him, his wyf looked so foule

Greet was the wo the knight hadde in his
thoght,

When he was with his wyf a-bedde y-brought,
He walweth, and he turneth to and fro
His olde wyf lay smylinge evermo, ²³⁰
And seyde, "o dere housbond, *ben'cite*!"
Fareth every knight thus with his wyf as ye?
Is this the lawe of king Arthoures hous?
Is every knight of his so dangerous?

I am your owene love and eek your wyf, ²³⁵
I am she, which that saved hath your lyf,
And certes, yet dide I yow never unright,
Why fare ye thus with me this firste night?
Ye faren lyk a man had lost his wit,
What is my gilt? for goddes love, tel me it, ²⁴⁰
And it shal been amended, if I may"

"Amended?" quod this knight, "allas! nay,
nay!"

It wol nat been amended never mo!
Thou art so loothly, and so old also,
And ther-to comen of so lowe a kinde, ²⁴⁵
That litel wonder is, thogh I walwe and winde
So wolde god myn herte wolde breste!"

"Is this," quod she, "the cause of your un-
rester?"

"Ye, certainly," quod he, "no wonder is"

"Now, sire," quod she, "I coude amende al
this, ²⁵⁰

If that me liste, er it were dayes thre,
So wel ye mighte bere yow un-to me

But for ye speken of swich gentillesse
As is descended out of old richesse,
That therfore sholden ye be gentil men, ²⁵⁵
Swich arrogance is nat worth an hen
Loke who that is most vertuous alway,
Privee and apert, and most entendeth ay
To do the gentil dedes that he can,
And tak him for the grettest gentil man ²⁶⁰
Crist wol, we clayme of hum our gentillesse,
Nat of our eldres for hir old richesse
For thogh they yeve us al hir heritage,
For which we clayme to been of heigh parage,
Yet may they nat biquethe, for no-thing, ²⁶⁵
To noon of us hir vertuous living,
That made hem gentil men y-called be,
And bad us folwen hem in swich degree

Wel can the wyse poete of Florence,
That highte Dant, speken in this sentence, ²⁷⁰
Lo in swich maner rym is Dantes tale
'Ful selde up ryseth by his branches smale
Prowesse of man, for god, of his goodnesse,
Wol that of him we clayme our gentillesse',
For of our eldres may we no-thing clayme ²⁷⁵
But temporel thing, that man may hurte and
mayme

Eek every wight wot this as wel as I,
If gentillesse were planted naturelly
Un-to a certeyn linage, down the lyne,
Privee ne apert, than wolde they never fyne ²⁸⁰
To doon of gentillesse the faire offyce;
They mighte do no vileinye or vyce

Tak fyr, and ber it in the derkeste hous
Bitwix this and the mount of Caucasus,
And lat men shette the dores and go thenne, ²⁸⁵
Yet wol the fyr as faire lye and brenne,
As twenty thousand men mighte it biholde,
His office naturel ay wol it holde,
Up peril of my lyf, til that it dye

Heer may ye see wel, how that genterye ²⁹⁰
Is nat annexed to possessioun,
Sith folk ne doon hir operacioun
Alwey, as dooth the fyr, lo! in his kinde.

209 grave, buried
210 But-if, unless
217 paraventure, perhaps
218 do no cure, take no care
222 nas, was not
225 oule, owl
229 walweth, rolls about
231 ben'cite, bless you
232 Fareth, behaveth
234 dangerous, reluctant
237 certes, surely
245 kinde, nature
247 breste, burst
251 liste, pleased

253 gentillesse, nobility
258 Privee and apert, privately and openly
261 wol, wishes
263 yeve, give
264 parage, parentage
266 noon, no one
270 highte, was named
277 wight wot, person knows
280 fyne, cease
285 thenne, thence
289 Up, on
290 genterye, noble birth
292 Sith, since
293 kinde, nature

For, god it woot, men may wel often finde
 A lordes sone do shame and vileyny, ²⁹⁵
 And he that wol han prys of his gentrye
 For he was boren of a gentil hous,
 And hadde hise eldres noble and vertuous,
 And nil hum-selven do no gentil dedis,
 Ne folwe his gentil auncestre that deed is, ³⁰⁰
 He nis nat gentil, be he duk or erl,
 For vileyns sinful dedes make a cherl
 For gentillesse nis but renomee
 Of thyne auncestres, for hir heigh bountee,
 Which is a strange thing to thy persone ³⁰⁵
 Thy gentillesse cometh fro god allone,
 Than comth our verray gentillesse of grace,
 It was no-thing biquethe us with our place

Thenketh how noble, as seith Valerius,
 Was thilke Tullius Hostilius, ³¹⁰
 That out of povert roos to heigh noblesse
 Redeth Senek, and redeth eek Boece,
 Ther shul ye seen expres that it no drede is,
 That he is gentil that doth gentil dedis,
 And therefore, leve housbond, I thus con-
 clude, ³¹⁵

Al were it that myne auncestres were rude,
 Yet may the hye god, and so hope I,
 Grante me grace to liven vertuously
 Thanne am I gentil, whan that I biginne
 To liven vertuously and weyve sinne ³²⁰

And ther-as ye of povert me repreve,
 The hye god, on whom that we hileve,
 In wilful povert chees to live his lyf
 And certes every man, mayden, or wyf,
 May understonde that Jesus, hevene king, ³²⁵
 Ne wolde nat chese a vicious living
 Glad povert is an honest thing, certeyn,
 This wol Senek and othere clerkes seyn
 Who-so that halt him payd of his povert,
 I holde him riche, al hadde he nat a sherte ³³⁰
 He that coveyteth is a povre wight,
 For he wolde han that is nat in his might
 But he that noght hath, ne coveyteth have,
 Is riche, al-though ye holde him but a
 knave

Verray povert, it singeth proprely; ³³⁵
 Juvenal seith of povert merily
 'The povre man, whan he goth by the weye,
 Bifore the theves he may sunge and pleye'

Povert is hateful good, and, as I gesse,
 A ful greet bringer out of bisnesse, ³⁴⁰
 A greet amender eek of sapience
 To hum that taketh it in pacience
 Povert is this, al-though it seme elenge
 Possessioun, that no wight wol chalenge
 Povert ful ofte, whan a man is lowe, ³⁴⁵
 Maketh his god and eek him-self to knowe
 Povert a spectacle is, as thinketh me,
 Thurgh which he may his verray frendes see
 And therefore, sire, sin that I noght yow greve,
 Of my povert na-more, ye me repreve ³⁵⁰

Now, sire, of elde ye repreve me,
 And certes, sire, thogh noon auctontee
 Were in no book, ye gentils of honour
 Seyn that men sholde an old wight doon
 favour,

And clepe him fader, for your gentillesse, ³⁵⁵
 And auctours shal I finden, as I gesse

Now ther ye seye, that I am foul and old,
 Than drede you noght to been a cokewold,
 For filthe and elde, al-so mote I thee,
 Been grete wardeyns up-on chastitee ³⁶⁰
 But nathelees, sin I knowe your delyt,
 I shal fulfille your worldly appetyt

Chees now," quod she, "oon of thise thinges
 tweye,

To han me foul and old til that I deye,
 And be to yow a trewe humble wyf, ³⁶⁵
 And never yow displese in al my lyf,
 Or elles ye wol han me yong and fair,
 And take your aventure of the repair
 That shal be to your hous, by-cause of me,
 Or in som other place, may wel be ³⁷⁰
 Now chees your-selven, whether that yow
 lyketh "

This knight avyseth him and sore syketh,
 But atte laste he seyde in this manere,
 "My lady and my love, and wyf so dere,
 I put me in your governance, ³⁷⁵
 Cheseth your-self, which may be most
 pleasance,

And most honour to yow and me also
 I do no fors the whether of the two;
 For as yow lyketh, it suffiseth me "

"Thanne have I gete of yow maistrye," quod
 she, ³⁸⁰

294 woot, knows

296 prys, renown

299 nil, will not

303 renomee, renown

310 thilke, that same

313 it no drede is, without doubt

315 leve, dear

321 ther-as, whereas

321 repreve, reproach

329 halt him payd, considers himself satisfied

330 al, although

332 han, have

335 Verray, true

341 sapience, wisdom

343 elenge, hard to endure

347 spectacle, glass

349 sin, since

351 elde, old age

355 clepe, call

359 al-so mote I thee, as I may prosper

363 chees, choose

368 aventure of the repair, chance of the resort

372 syketh, sighs

378 do no fors, do not care

"Sin I may chese, and governe as me lest?"

"Ye, certes, wyf," quod he, "I holde it best"

"Kis me," quod she, "we be no lenger wrothe,

For, by my trouthe, I wol be to yow bothe,

This is to seyn, ye, bothe fair and good 385

I prey to god that I mot sterven wood,

But I to yow be al-so good and trewe

As ever was wyf, sin that the world was newe

And, but I be to-morn as fair to sene

As any lady, emperyce, or quene, 390

That is bitwixe the est and eke the west,

Doth with my lyf and deeth right as yow lest

Cast up the curtyn, loke how that it is"

And whan the knight saugh verrailly al this,

That she so fair was, and so yong ther-to, 395

For joye he hente hir in his armes two,

His herte bathed in a bath of blisse,

A thousand tyme a-rewe he gan hir kisse

And she obeyed him in every thing

That mighte doon him pleasance or lyking 400

And thus they live, un-to hir lyves ende,

In parfit joye, and Jesu Crist us sende

Housbondes meke, yonge, and fresshe a-bedde,

And grace t'overbyde hem that we wedde

And eek I preye Jesu shorte hir lyves 405

That wol nat be governed by hir wyves,

And olde and angry ngardes of dispence,

God sende hem sone verray pestilence

386 mot sterven wood, *may die insane*

392 lest, *please*

396 hente, *seized*

398 a-rewe, *in a row*

404 overbyde, *out live*

THE BALLADS

Longfellow called the Ballads "the gypsy children of song, born under green hedge rows, in the leafy lanes and by-paths of literature in the genial summer time" They are the production of a whole people and the expression of the spirit of a community They were handed down by word of mouth from father to son and not committed to paper until many generations after their original composition In the form in which we have them they have undoubtedly suffered changes by the various individuals through whose hands they passed

Each teller of these traditional stories added or changed incidents to suit his own pleasure or the taste of his audience Often two or three versions of the same ballad with minor variations have been discovered in widely separated places Even in the ballads of the American pioneer days we find variants of the fifteenth century ballads of England and Scotland

Since the ballads were composed for entertainment of the common people, they dealt with well-known events, popular characters, and familiar situations Usually they appealed to such emotions as patriotism, jealousy, pride, belief in the supernatural, devotion, pity, and humor Many, like *Sir Patrick Spens* and *The Two Sisters*, combined several of these characteristics in the portrayal of a dramatic situation The principal characters were frequently butchers, tinkers, tanners, sailors, bailiffs, shepherds, servants, pedlars, or other individuals with whom the peasantry had daily contact as well as persons of a more exalted station The incidents were also drawn from the comedies and tragedies of daily life, such as the desertion by a lover, the loss of a ship at sea, domestic quarrels, the

border wars, shrewd business transactions, or clever tricks played upon a rival in trade or love *Robin Hood and the Butcher* tells a story of price-cutting, which was fast ruining the trade The Butchers' Guild hoped to dispose of this new dealer after a dinner at the house of the Sheriff of Nottingham As usual Robin outwitted them and played one of his customary tricks on the sheriff

Since the ballads are not the work of a single author, they are entirely impersonal They tell a story simply and directly with no reflective comment or unnecessary description The dialogue is natural and spontaneous revealing quickly the purpose of the speaker The earlier ballads were meant to be sung and consequently have a recurring refrain Probably the group listening to a ballad joined in this refrain as it was repeated in stanza after stanza Another characteristic is the repetition of phrases Thus in *Robin Hood and the Butcher*, the butcher answers Robin in his own words when he says, "The price of my flesh—I soon will tell unto thee" (Stanzas 5 and 6) Such a method made the committing of the ballads to memory much easier

As soon as the art of printing increased the general knowledge and provided more sophisticated literature, balladry began to decline Only in the remote districts are ballads still sung to perpetuate the deeds of some local hero Fortunately they are being carefully collected since they are valuable documents of communal life Many poets have consciously imitated these songs of the people, but few have caught their freshness and spontaneous humor

THE TWA SISTERS

There was twa sisters in a bowr,

Edinburgh, Edinburgh,

There was twa sisters in a bowr,

Stirling for ay

There was twa sisters in a bowr,

There came a knight to be their wooer;

Bonny Saint Johnston stands upon Tay

He courted the eldest wi glove an ring,

But he loved the youngest above a' thing

He courted the eldest wi brotch and knife,

But lovd the youngest as his life

The eldest she was vexéd sair,

An much envi'd her sister fair

Into her bowr she could not rest,

Wi grief an spite she almos brast

Upon a morning fair an clear,

She cried upon her sister dear

"O sister, come to yon sea stran,

An see our father's ships come to lan "

She's taen her by the milk-white han,

And led her down to yon sea stran

The younges(t) stood upon a stane,

The eldest came an threw her in

She tooke her by the muddle sma,

An dashd her bonny back to the jaw

9 a', all
15 brast, burst

25 jaw, wave

"O sister, sister, tak my han,
An Ise mack you heir to a' my lan

The lasten tune that he playd then,
Was, "Wae to my sister, fair Ellen "

60

"O sister, sister, tak my middle,
And yes get my goud and my gouden girdle

SIR PATRICK SPENS

"O sister, sister, save my life, 30
An I swear Ise never be nae man's wife "

The king sits in Dumferling toune,
Drinking the blude-reid wine
"O whar will I get guid sailor,
To sail this schip of mine?"

"Foul fa the han that I should tacke,
It twin'd me an my wardles make

Up and spak an eldern knicht, 5

"Your cherry cheeks an yallow hair
Gars me gae maiden for evermar " 35

Sat at the kings richt kne
"Sir Patrick Spence is the best sailor,
That sails upon the se "

Sometimes she sank, an sometimes she swam,
Till she came down yon bonny mill-dam

The king has written a braid letter,
And signd it wi his hand, 10
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spence,
Was walking on the sand

O out it came the miller's son,
An saw the fair maid swimmin in

"O father, father, draw your dam, 40
Here's either a mermaid or a swan "

The first line that Sir Patrick red,
A loud lauch lauchèd he,
The next line that Sir Patrick red, 15
The teir blinded his ee

The miller quickly drew the dam,
An there be found a drownd woman

You coudna see her yallow hair
For gold and pearle that were so rare 45

"O wha is this has don this deid,
This ill deid don to me,
To send me out this time o' the year, 20
To sail upon the se!

You coudna see her middle sma
For gouden girdle that was sae braw

"Mak hast, mak haste, my mirry men all,
Our guid schip sails the morne "

You coudna see her fingers white,
For gouden rings that was sae gryte

"O say na sae, my master deir,
For I feir a deadlie storme

An by there came a harper fine, 50
That harpèd to the king at dine

"Late, late yestreen I saw the new moone, 25
Wi the auld moone in hir arme,
And I feir, I feir, my deir master,
That we will cum to harme "

When he did look that lady upon,
He sighd and made a heavy moan

He's taen three locks o her yallow hair,
An wi them strung his harp sae fair 55

O our Scots nobles wer richt laith
To weet their cork-heild schoone, 30
Bot lang owre a' the play wer playd,
Thair hats they swam aboone

The first tune he did play and sing,
Was, "Farewell to my father the king "

O lang, lang may their ladies sit,
Wi thair fans into their hand,
Or er they se Sir Patrick Spence 35
Cum sailing to the land

The nextin tune that he playd syne,
Was, "Farewell to my mother the queen "

27 Ise, I shall
29 goud, gold
33 twin'd, separated
33 wardles make, world's mate
35 Gars, causes
47 sae braw, so beautiful
49 gryte, great
58 syne, then

61 wae, woe
3 guid, good
9 braid, broad or long
17 wha, who
23 sae, so
29 laith, loath
32 aboone, above
35 Or er, before

O lang, lang may the ladies stand,
Wi thair gold kems in their hair,
Waiting for thair an deir lords,
For they'll se thame na mair

Haf owre, haf owre to Aberdour,
It's fiftie fadom deip,
And thair lies gud Sir Patrick Spence,
Wi the Scots lords at his feet

THE WIFE OF USHER'S WELL

There lived a wife at Usher's Well,
And a wealthy wife was she,
She had three stout and stalwart sons,
And sent them oer the sea

They hadna been a week from her,
A week but barely ane,
When word came to the carline wife
That her three sons were gane

They hadna been a week from her,
A week but barely three,
When word came to the carlin wife
That her sons she'd never see

"I wish the wind may never cease,
Nor fashes in the flood,
Till my three sons come hame to me,
In earthly flesh and blood"

It fell about the Martinmass,
When nights are lang and murk,
The carlin wife's three sons came hame,
And their hats were o the birch

It neither grew in syke nor ditch,
Nor yet in ony sheugh,
But at the gates o Paradise,
That birch grew fair eneugh

"Blow up the fire, my maidens,
Bring water from the well,
For a' my house shall feast this night,
Since my three sons are well"

And she has made to them a bed,
She's made it large and wide,

And she's taen her mantle her about
Sat down at the bed-side

40 Up then crew the red, red cock,
And up and crew the gray,
The eldest to the youngest said,
35 "'Tis time we were away"

The cock he hadna craw'd but once,
And clappd his wings at a',
When the youngest to the eldest said,
40 "Brother, we must awa

"The cock doth crawl, the day doth daw,
The channerin worm doth chide,
Gin we be must out o our place,
A sair pain we maun bide

"Fare ye weel, my mother dear!" 45
Fareweel to barn and byre!
5 And fare ye weel, the bonny lass
That kindles my mother's fire!"

ROBIN HOOD AND THE BUTCHER

10 Come, all you brave gallants, and listen awhile,
With hey down, down, on a down
That are in the bowers within,
For of Robin Hood, that archer good,
5 A song I intend for to sing

15 Upon a time it chanced so,
Bold Robin in forrest did spy
A jolly butcher, with a bonny fine mare,
With his flesh to the market did hye

"Good morrow, good fellow," said jolly 20
Robin, 10
"What food hast (thou)? tell unto me,
Thy trade to me tell, and where thou dost
dwell,
For I like well thy company"

The butcher he answer'd jolly Robin,
25 "No matter where I dwell, 15
For a butcher I am, and to Nottingham
I am going, my flesh to sell"

"What's (the) price of thy flesh?" said jolly
Robin,
30 "Come, tell it soon unto me;

7 carline, old woman
14 fashes, troubles
20 birch, birch
21 syke, trench
22 sheugh, ditch

42 channerin, fretful
43 Gin, if
44 maun, must
46 byre, cow stable

- And the price of thy mare, be she never so
dear, 20
For a butcher fain would I be "
- "The price of my flesh," the butcher repli'd,
"I soon will tell unto thee,
With my bonny mare, and they are not too
dear,
Four mark thou must give unto me " 25
- "Four mark I will give thee," saith jolly Robin,
"Four mark it shall be thy fee,
The money come count, and let me mount,
For a butcher I fain would be "
- Now Robin he is to Nottingham gone, 30
His butcher's trade to begin,
With good intent to the sheriff he went,
And there he took up his inn
- When other butchers they opened their meat,
Bold Robin he then begun, 35
But how for to sell he knew not well,
For a butcher he was but young
- When other butchers no meat could sell,
Robin got both gold and fee,
For he sold more meat for one penny 40
Than others could do for three
- But when he sold his meat so fast,
No butcher by him could thrive,
For he sold more meat for one penny
Than others could do for five 45
- Which made the butchers of Nottingham
To study as they did stand,
Saying, "Surely he is some prodigal,
That hath sold his father's land "
- The butchers they stepped to jolly Robin, 50
Acquainted with him for to be,
"Come, brother," one said, "we be all of one
trade,
"Come, will you go dine with me?"
- "Accurst of his heart," said jolly Robin,
"That a butcher doth deny, 55
I will go with you, my brethren true,
As fast as I can hie "
- But when to the sheriff's house they came,
To dinner they hied apace,
And Robin Hood he the man must be 60
Before them all to say grace.
- "Pray God bless us all," said jolly Robin,
"And our meat within this place,
A cup of sack so good will nourish our blood,
And so do I end my grace 65
- "Come fill us more wine," said jolly Robin,
"Let us merry be while we do stay,
For wine and good cheer, be it never so dear,
I vow I the reck'ning will pay
- "Come, brothers, be merry," said jolly
Robin, 70
"Let us drink, and never give ore,
For the shot I will pay, ere I go my way,
If it costs me five pounds and more "
- "This is a mad blade," the butchers then
said,
Saes the sheriff, "He is some prodigal, 75
That some land has sold for silver and gold,
And now he doth mean to spend all "
- "Hast thou any horn'd beasts," the sheriff
repli'd,
"Good fellow, to sell unto me?"
"Yes, that I have, good Master Sheriff, 80
I have hundreds two or three,
- "And a hundred aker of good free land,
If you please it to see
And I'll make you as good assurance of it,
As ever my father made me " 85
- The sheriff he saddled a good palfrey,
With three hundred pound in gold,
And away he went with bold Robin Hood,
His horned beasts to behold
- Away then the sheriff and Robin did ride, 90
To the forrest of merry Sherwood;
Then the sheriff did say, "God bless us this
day
From a man they call Robin Hood!"
- But when that a little farther they came,
Bold Robin he chanced to spy 95
A hundred head of good red deer,
Come tripping the sheriff full nigh
- "How like you my horn'd beasts, good Master
Sheriff?
They be fat and fair for to see,"
"I tell thee, good fellow, I would I were
gone 100
For I like not thy company "

Then Robin he set his horn to his mouth,
 And blew but blasts three,
 Then quickly anon there came Little John,
 And all his company ¹⁰⁵

"What is your will?" then said Little John,
 "Good master come tell it to me,"
 "I have brought hither the sheriff of Nottingham
 This day to dine with thee"

"He is welcome to me," then said Little
 John, ¹¹⁰
 "I hope he will honestly pay,

I know he has gold, if it be but well told,
 Will serve us to drink a whole day"

Then Robin took his mantle from his back,
 And laid it upon the ground ¹¹⁵
 And out of the sheriff's portmantle
 He told three hundred pound

Then Robin he brought him thorow the wood,
 And set him on his dapple gray,
 "O have me commended to your wife at
 home," ¹²⁰
 So Robin went laughing away

SIR THOMAS MALORY

(— -1470)

In the preface to his edition of *Le Morte D'Arthur* William Caxton explained that he had printed this work at the repeated request of certain gentlemen so that "noble men may see and learn the noble acts of chivalry, the gentle and virtuous deeds that some knights used in those days, by which they came to honour, and how they that were vicious were punished and oft put to shame and rebuke." This purpose was to be accomplished by the retelling of "many joyous and pleasant histories," which Sir Thomas Malory had gathered and translated from the numerous French romances concerning the knights of Arthur's court. Malory's task was one of unification of the vast amount of material around the theme of loyalty to king or lady. Sometimes, as in the case of Tristram, one loyalty conflicted with another, and this situation resulted in tragic consequences. Avoiding as far as possible the trivial details of his sources, Malory selected those incidents which were highly dramatic and emotional. His accounts of the adventures of the knights are crowded with action, for incident follows incident in quick succession.

Le Morte D'Arthur made Arthur and his followers national heroes. It recalled the virtues of an age that was passing to give place to the new ideas and ideals of the Renaissance. By contrasting evil and noble acts it pointed the way to attain fame and inspired the readers to admiration of the former times. By repetition and suggestion Malory emphasized the dominant traits of the heroes, revealing the motives and emotions which determined their acts. During the nineteenth century *Le Morte D'Arthur* furnished material to Tennyson, Arnold, Swinburne, and the other poets for their treatment of the Arthurian legends. They frequently modernized the stories to such an extent that they lost the spirit of the original. Malory has never been surpassed in directness and definiteness of his characterization.

A large part of books VIII-X is devoted to the adventures of Tristram de Luones. After a brief account of his birth and the attempt of his stepmother to poison him, Malory tells how he fought Sir Marhaus of Ireland to free King Mark, his uncle, from paying tribute to the Irish

king. But since Tristram was wounded by Marhaus' poisoned sword, he could only be healed in Ireland. Changing his name to Tristram, he journeyed to Ireland and was cured by the fair Isoud, with whom he fell in love. Shortly after he had conquered one of Isoud's admirers, the queen discovered that he had killed Sir Marhaus, her brother. Tristram then returned to Cornwall, where he had several adventures in love and combats. Because King Mark wished to rid himself of Tristram, he sent him again to Ireland to seek Isoud as Queen of Cornwall. Tristram's ship was driven to the English coast by a storm, and the hero proceeded to Arthur's court. Here he found that King Anguish of Ireland had been summoned to answer a charge of treason. He championed King Anguish, whom he afterward accompanied to Ireland.

The next section, which is given here, is one of the great love stories of all literature. The remaining chapters concerning Tristram recount his adventures after he had married Isoud of the White Hands, a princess of Brittany, and had returned to England summoned by letters from his first love. The sufferings of the lovers because of the fatal love potion gain for them our sympathy even though they deceived King Mark by their secret meetings and messages. They were in the clutch of an irresistible passion, which gave them no rest, for without sight of each other they might not endure. Finally Isoud deserted King Mark and fled with her lover to England, where they dwelt in the castle of Joyous Gard given to them by Sir Lancelot.

Malory does not severely condemn the lovers or particularly favor them. He simply presents the circumstances and complexities of the situation without an attempt to analyze them. Gradually as the narrative progresses, Tristram, Isoud, Mark, Arthur, and the other main characters acquire a deeper significance than they possessed in the French romances. To Malory they were the representatives of an age when valorous knights inspired by the love of beautiful ladies defended their honor and proved their worth. Yet he was not blind to the fact that human passions often interfere with the attainment of an ideal.

BOOK VIII

CHAPTER XXIV

HOW SIR TRISTRAM DEMANDED LA BEALE ISOD FOR KING MARK, AND HOW SIR TRISTRAM AND ISOD DRANK THE LOVE DRINK

Then upon a day King Anguish asked Sir Tristram why he asked not his boon, for whatsoever he had promised him he should have it without fail. Sir, said Sir Tristram, now is it time, this is all that I will desire, that ye will give me La Beale Isoud, your daughter, not for myself, but for mine uncle, King Mark, that shall have her to wife, for

so have I promised him Alas, said the king, I had liefer than all the land that I have ye would wed her yourself Sir, an I did then I were shamed for ever in this world, and false of my promise Therefore, said Sir Tristram, s I pray you hold your promise that ye promised me, for this is my desire, that ye will give me La Beale Isoud to go with me into Cornwall for to be wedded to King Mark, mine uncle As for that, said King Anguish, ye shall have her with you to do with her what it please you, that is for to say if that ye list to wed her yourself, that is me lefest, and if ye will give her unto King Mark, your uncle, that is in your choice So to make short conclusion, ¹⁵ La Beale Isoud was made ready to go with Sir Tristram, and Dame Bragwaine went with her for her chief gentlewðman, with many other Then the queen, Isoud's mother, gave to her and Dame Bragwaine, her daughter's ²⁰ gentlewoman, and unto Gouvernail, a drink, and charged them that what day King Mark should wed, that same day they should give him that drink, so that King Mark should drink to La Beale Isoud, and then, said the ²⁵ queen, I undertake either shall love other the days of their life So this drink was given unto Dame Bragwaine, and unto Gouvernail And then anon Sir Tristram took the sea, and La Beale Isoud, and when they were in their ³⁰ cabin, it happed so that they were thirsty, and they saw a litle flacket of gold stand by them, and it seemed by the colour and the taste that it was noble wine Then Sir Tristram took the flacket in his hand, and said, Madam ³⁵ Isoud, here is the best drink that ever ye drank, that Dame Bragwaine, your maiden, and Gouvernail, my servant, have kept for themselves Then they laughed and made good cheer, and either drank to other freely, and they ⁴⁰ thought never drink that ever they drank to other was so sweet nor so good But by that their drink was in their bodies, they loved either other so well that never their love departed for weal neither for woe And thus ⁴⁵ it happed the love first betwixt Sir Tristram and La Beale Isoud, the which love never departed the days of their life So then they sailed till by fortune they came nigh a castle that hight Pluere, and thereby arrived for to ⁵⁰ repose them, weening to them to have had good harbourage But anon as Sir Tristram was within the castle they were taken prison-

ers, for the custom of the castle was such, who that rode by that castle and brought any lady, he must needs fight with the lord, that hight Breunor And if it were so that Breunor won the field, then should the knight stranger and his lady be put to death, what that ever they were, and if it were so that the strange knight won the field of Sir Breunor, then should he die and his lady both This custom was used many winters, for it was called the Castle Pluere, that is to say the Weeping Castle

CHAPTER XXV

¹⁵ HOW SIR TRISTRAM AND ISOUD WERE IN PRISON, AND HOW HE FOUGHT FOR HER BEAUTY, AND SMOTE OFF ANOTHER LADY'S HEAD

²⁰ Thus as Sir Tristram and La Beale Isoud were in prison, it happed a knight and a lady came unto them where they were, to cheer them I have marvel, said Tristram unto the knight and the lady, what is the cause the lord ²⁵ of this castle holdeth us in prison it was never the custom of no place of worship that ever I came in, when a knight and a lady asked harbour, and they to receive them, and after to destroy them that be his guests Sir, said ³⁰ the knight, this is the old custom of this castle, that when a knight cometh here he must needs fight with our lord, and he that is the weaker must lose his head And when that is done, if his lady that he bringeth be fouler than our ³⁵ lord's wife, she must lose her head and if she be fairer proved than is our lady, then shall the lady of this castle lose her head So God me help, said Sir Tristram, this is a foul custom and a shameful But one advantage ⁴⁰ have I, said Sir Tristram, I have a lady is fair enough, fairer saw I never in all my life days, and I doubt not for lack of beauty she shall not lose her head, and rather than I should lose my head I will fight for it on a ⁴⁵ fair field Wherefore, sir knight, I pray you tell your lord that I will be ready as to-morn with my lady, and myself to do battle, if it be so I may have my horse and mine armour Sir, said that knight, I undertake that your ⁵⁰ desire shall be sped right well And then he said Take your rest, and look that ye be up by times and make you ready and your lady, for ye shall want no thing that you behoveth

² *liefer, rather*
³¹ *weening to them, thinking to themselves*

⁴⁶ *tomorn, tomorrow*

And therewith he departed, and on the morn
 betimes that same knight came to Sir Tristram,
 and fetched him out and his lady, and brought
 him horse and armour that was his own, and
 bade him make him ready to the field, for
 all the estates and commons of that lordship
 were there ready to behold that battle and
 judgment Then came Sir Breunor, the lord
 of that castle, with his lady in his hand,
 muffled, and asked Sir Tristram where was
 his lady For an thy lady be fairer than mine,
 with thy sword smite off my lady's head, and
 if my lady be fairer than thine, with my sword
 I must strike off her head And if I may win
 thee, yet shall thy lady be mine, and thou
 shalt lose thy head Sir, said Tristram, this is
 a foul custom and horrible; and rather than my
 lady should lose her head, yet had I lever lose
 my head Nay, nay, said Sir Breunor, the
 ladies shall be first showed together, and the
 one shall have her judgment Nay, I will not
 so, said Sir Tristram, for here is none that will
 give righteous judgment But I doubt not,
 said Sir Tristram, my lady is fairer than thine,
 and that will I prove and make good with my
 hand And whosoever he be that will say the
 contrary I will prove it on his head. And
 therewith Sir Tristram showed La Beale Isoud,
 and turned her thrice about with his naked
 sword in his hand And when Sir Breunor saw
 that, he did the same wise turn his lady But
 when Sir Breunor beheld La Beale Isoud, him
 thought he saw never a fairer lady, and then
 he dread his lady's head should be off And
 so all the people that were there present gave
 judgment that La Beale Isoud was the fairer
 lady and the better made How now, said Sir
 Tristram, meseemeth it were pity that my lady
 should lose her head, but because thou and she
 of long time have used this wicked custom, and
 by you both have many good knights and ladies
 been destroyed, for that cause it were no loss
 to destroy you both So God me help, said
 Sir Breunor, for to say the sooth, thy lady is
 fairer than mine, and that me sore repenteth.
 And so I hear the people privily say, for of all
 women I saw none so fair, and therefore, an
 thou wilt slay my lady, I doubt not but I shall
 slay thee and have thy lady Thou shalt win
 her, said Sir Tristram, as dear as ever knight
 won lady And by cause of thine own judg-
 ment, as thou wouldst have done to my lady if

that she had been fouler, and because of the
 evil custom, give me thy lady, said Sir
 Tristram And therewithal Sir Tristram strode
 unto him and took his lady from him, and
 with an awk stroke he smote off her head
 clene Well, knight, said Sir Breunor, now hast
 thou done me a desquite

CHAPTER XXVI

HOW SIR TRISTRAM FOUGHT WITH SIR
BREUNOR, AND AT THE LAST SMOTE OFF
HIS HEAD

Now take thine horse sythen I am ladyless
 I will win thy lady an I may Then they took
 their horses and came together as it had been
 the thunder, and Sir Tristram smote Sir
 Breunor clean from his horse, and lightly he
 rose up, and as Sir Tristram came again by
 him he thrust his horse throughout both the
 shoulders, that his horse hurled here and there
 and fell dead to the ground And ever Sir
 Breunor ran after to have slain Sir Tristram,
 but Sir Tristram was light and nimble, and
 voided his horse lightly And or ever Sir
 Tristram might dress his shield and his sword
 the other gave him three or four sad strokes
 Then they rushed together like two boars,
 tracing and traversing mightily and wisely as
 two noble knights For this Sir Breunor was
 a proved knight, and had been or then the
 death of many good knights, that it was pity
 that he had so long endured Thus they fought,
 hurling here and there nigh two hours, and
 either were wounded sore Then at the last
 Sir Breunor rushed upon Sir Tristram and took
 him in his arms, for he trusted much in his
 strength Then was Sir Tristram called the
 strongest and the highest knight of the world,
 for he was called bigger than Sir Launcelot,
 but Sir Launcelot was better breathed So
 anon Sir Tristram thrust Sir Breunor down
 grovelling, and then he unlaced his helm and
 struck off his head And then all they that
 longed to the castle came to him, and did him
 homage and fealty, praying him that he would
 abide there still a litle while to fordo that foul
 custom Sir Tristram granted thereto The
 meanwhile one of the knights of the castle
 rode unto Sir Galahad, the haut prince, the
 which was Sir Breunor's son, which was a

6 estates, knights
 5 awk, backward
 15 sythen, since
 32 or, before

46 longed, belonged
 48 fordo, do away with
 51 haut, noble

noble knight, and told him what misadventure his father had and his mother

CHAPTER XXVII

HOW SIR GALAHAD FOUGHT WITH SIR TRISTRAM, AND HOW SIR TRISTRAM YIELDED HIM AND PROMISED TO FELLOWSHIP WITH LAUNCELOT

Then came Sir Galahad, and the king with the hundred knights with him, and this Sir Galahad proffered to fight with Sir Tristram hand for hand. And so they made them ready to go unto battle on horseback with great courage. Then Sir Galahad and Sir Tristram met together so hard that either bare other down, horse and all, to the earth. And then they avoided their horses as noble knights, and dressed their shields, and drew their swords with ire and rancour, and they lashed together many sad strokes, and one while striking, another while foyning, tracing and traversing as noble knights, thus they fought long, near half a day, and either were sore wounded. At the last Sir Tristram waxed light and big, and doubled his strokes, and drove Sir Galahad aback on the one side and on the other, so that he was like to have been slain. With that came the king with the hundred knights, and all that fellowship went fiercely upon Sir Tristram. When Sir Tristram saw them coming upon him, then he wist well he might not endure. Then as a wise knight of war, he said to Sir Galahad, the haut prince. Sir, ye show to me no knighthood, for to suffer all your men to have ado with me all at once; and as meseemeth ye be a noble knight of your hands it is great shame to you. So God me help, said Sir Galahad, there is none other way but thou must yield thee to me, other else to die, said Sir Galahad to Sir Tristram. I will rather yield me to you than die, for that is more for the might of your men than of your hands. And therewithal Sir Tristram took his own sword by the point, and put the pommel in the hand of Sir Galahad. Therewithal came the king with the hundred knights, and hard began to assail Sir Tristram. Let be, said Sir Galahad, be ye not so hardy to touch him, for I have given this knight his life. That is your shame, said the king with the hundred knights, hath he not slain your father and your mother? As for that, said Sir Galahad, I may not wyte

him greatly, for my father had him in prison, and enforced him to do battle with him, and my father had such a custom that was a shameful custom, that what knight came there to ask harbour his lady must needs die but if she were fairer than my mother, and if my father overcame that knight he must needs die. This was a shameful custom and usage, a knight for his harbour asking to have such harbourage. And for this custom I would never draw about him. So God me help, said the king, this was a shameful custom. Truly, said Sir Galahad, so seemed me, and meseemed it had been great pity that this knight should have been slain, for I dare say he is the noblest man that beareth life, but if it were Sir Launcelot du Lake. Now, fair knight, said Sir Galahad, I require thee tell me thy name, and of whence thou art, and whither thou wilt. Sir, he said, my name is Sir Tristram de Liones, and from King Mark of Cornwall I was sent on message unto King Anguish of Ireland, for to fetch his daughter to be his wife, and here she is ready to go with me into Cornwall, and her name is La Beale Isoud. And, Sir Tristram, said Sir Galahad, the haut prince, well be ye found in these marches, and so ye will promise me to go unto Sir Launcelot du Lake, and accompany with him, ye shall go where ye will, and your fair lady with you, and I shall promise you never in all my days shall such customs be used in this castle as have been used. Sir, said Sir Tristram, now I let you wit, so God me help, I weened ye had been Sir Launcelot du Lake when I saw you first, and therefore I dread you the more, and sir, I promise you, said Sir Tristram, as soon as I may I will see Sir Launcelot and fellowship me with him, for of all the knights of the world I most desire his fellowship.

CHAPTER XXVIII

HOW SIR LAUNCELOT MET WITH SIR CARADOS BEARING AWAY SIR GAWAINE, AND OF THE RESCUE OF SIR GAWAINE

And then Sir Tristram took his leave when he saw his time, and took the sea. And in the meanwhile word came unto Sir Launcelot and to Sir Tristram that Sir Carados, the mighty king, that was made like a giant, fought with Sir Gawaine, and gave him such

strokes that he swooned in his saddle, and after that he took him by the collar and pulled him out of his saddle, and fast bound him to the saddle-bow, and so rode his way with him toward his castle. And as he rode, by fortune Sir Launcelot met with Sir Carados, and anon he knew Sir Gawaine that lay bound after him. Ah, said Sir Launcelot unto Sir Gawaine, how stands it with you? Never so hard, said Sir Gawaine, unless that ye help me, for so God me help, without ye rescue me I know no knight that may, but outhere you or Sir Tristram. Wherefore Sir Launcelot was heavy of Sir Gawaine's words. And then Sir Launcelot bad Sir Carados lay down that knight and fight with me. Thou art but a fool, said Sir Carados, for I will serve you in the same wise. As for that, said Sir Launcelot, spare me not, for I warn thee I will not spare thee. And then he bound Sir Gawaine hand and foot, and so threw him to the ground. And then he gat his spear of his squire, and departed from Sir Launcelot to fetch his course. And so either met with other, and brake their spears to their hands, and then they pulled out swords, and hurtled together on horseback more than an hour. And at the last Sir Launcelot smote Sir Carados such a buffet upon the helm that it pierced his brain pan. So then Sir Launcelot took Sir Carados by the collar and pulled him under his horse's feet, and then he alit and pulled off his helm and struck off his head. And then Sir Launcelot unbound Sir Gawaine. So this same tale was told to Sir Galahad and to Sir Tristram — here may ye hear the nobleness that followeth Sir Launcelot. Alas, said Sir Tristram, an I had not this message in hand with this fair lady, truly I would never stint or I had found Sir Launcelot. Then Sir Tristram and La Beale Isoud went to the sea and came into Cornwall, and there all the barons met them.

CHAPTER XXIX

OF THE WEDDING OF KING MARK TO LA BEALE ISOUD, AND OF BRAGWAINE HER MAID, AND OF PALAMIDES

And anon they were richly wedded with great noblesse. But ever, as the French book saith, Sir Tristram and La Beale Isoud loved ever together. Then was there great jousts and great tourneying, and many lords and

ladies were at that feast, and Sir Tristram was most praised of all other. Thus dured the feast long, and after the feast was done, within a little while after, by the assent of two ladies that were with Queen Isoud, they ordained for hate and envy for to destroy Dame Bragwaine, that was maiden and lady unto La Beale Isoud, and she was sent into the forest for to fetch herbs, and there she was met, and bound feet and hand to a tree, and so she was bounden three days. And by fortune, Sir Palamides found Dame Bragwaine, and there he delivered her from the death, and brought her to a nunnery there beside, for to be recovered. When Isoud the queen missed her maiden, wit ye well she was right heavy as ever was any queen, for of all earthly women she loved her best. The cause was for she came with her out of her country. And so upon a day Queen Isoud walked into the forest to put away her thoughts, and there she went herself unto a well and made great moan. And suddenly there came Palamides to her, and had heard all her complaint, and said Madam Isoud, an ye will grant me my boon, I shall bring to you Dame Bragwaine safe and sound. And the queen was so glad of his proffer that suddenly unadvised she granted all his asking. Well, madam, said Palamides, I trust to your promise, and if ye will abide here half an hour I shall bring her to you. I shall abide you, said La Beale Isoud. And Sir Palamides rode forth his way to that nunnery, and lightly he came again with Dame Bragwaine, but by her good will she would not have come again, by cause for love of the queen she stood in adventure of her life. Notwithstanding, half against her will, she went with Sir Palamides unto the queen. And when the queen saw her she was passing glad. Now, madam, said Palamides, remember upon your promise, for I have fulfilled my promise. Sir Palamides, said the queen, I wot not what is your desire, but I will that ye wit, howbeit I promised you largely, I thought none evil, nor I warn you none evil will I do. Madam, said Sir Palamides, as at this time, ye shall not know my desire, but before my lord your husband there shall ye know that I will have my desire that ye have promised me. And therewith the queen departed, and rode home to the king, and Sir Palamides rode after her. And when Sir Palamides came before the king,

he said Sir King, I require you as ye be a righteous king, that ye will judge me the right Tell me your cause, said the king, and ye shall have right

CHAPTER XXX

HOW PALAMIDES DEMANDED QUEEN ISOUD,
AND HOW LAMBEGUS RODE AFTER TO
RESCUE HER, AND OF THE ESCAPE OF
ISOUD

Sir, said Palamides, I promised your Queen Isoud to bring again Dame Bragwaine that she had lost, upon this covenant, that she should grant me a boon that I would ask, and without grudging, outhere advisement, she granted me What say ye, my lady? said the king It is as he saith, so God me help, said the queen, to say thee sooth I promised him his asking for love and joy that I had to see her Well, madam, said the king, and if ye were hasty to grant him what boon he would ask, I will well that ye perform your promise Then, said Palamides, I will that ye wit that I will have your queen to lead her and govern her whereas me list Therewith the king stood still, and bethought him of Sir Tristram, and deemed that he would rescue her And then hastily the king answered Take her with the adventures that shall fall of it, for as I suppose thou wilt not enjoy her no while As for that, said Palamides, I dare right well abide the adventure And so, to make short tale, Sir Palamides took her by the hand and said Madam, grudge not to go with me, for I desire nothing but your own promise As for that, said the queen, I fear not greatly to go with thee, howbeit thou hast me at advantage upon my promise, for I doubt not I shall be worshipfully rescued from thee As for that, said Sir Palamides, be it as it be may So Queen Isoud was set behind Palamides, and rode his way Anon the king sent after Sir Tristram, but in no wise he could be found, for he was in the forest an hunting, for that was always his custom, but if he used arms, to chase and to hunt in the forests Alas, said the king, now I am shamed for ever, that by mine own assent my lady and my queen shall be devoured. Then came forth a knight, his name was Lambegus, and he was a knight of Sir Tristram. My

lord, said this knight, sith ye have trust in my lord, Sir Tristram, wit ye well for his sake I will ride after your queen and rescue her, or else I shall be beaten Gramercy, said the king, as I live, Sir Lambegus, I shall deserve it And then Sir Lambegus armed him, and rode after as fast as he might And then within a while he overtook Sir Palamides And then Sir Palamides left the queen What art thou, said Palamides, art thou Tristram? Nay, he said, I am his servant, and my name is Sir Lambegus That me repenteth, said Palamides I had liefer thou haddest been Sir Tristram I believe you well, said Lambegus, but when thou meetest with Sir Tristram thou shalt have thy hands full And then they hurtled together and all to brast their spears, and then they pulled out their swords, and hewed on helms and hauberks At the last Sir Palamides gave Sir Lambegus such a wound that he fell down like a dead knight to the earth Then he looked after La Beale Isoud, and then she was gone he nyst where Wit ye well Sir Palamides was never so heavy So the queen ran into the forest, and there she found a well, and therein she had thought to have drowned herself And as good fortune would, there came a knight to her that had a castle thereby, his name was Sir Adtherp And when he found the queen in that mischief he rescued her, and brought her to his castle And when he wist what she was he armed him, and took his horse, and said he would be avenged upon Palamides, and so he rode on till he met with him, and there Sir Palamides wounded him sore, and by force he made him to tell him the cause why he did battle with him, and how he had led the queen unto his castle Now bring me there, said Palamides, or thou shalt die of my hands Sir, said Sir Adtherp, I am so wounded I may not follow, but ride you this way and it shall bring you into my castle, and there within is the queen Then Sir Palamides rode still till he came to the castle And at a window La Beale Isoud saw Sir Palamides; then she made the gates to be shut strongly And when he saw he might not come within the castle, he put off his bridle and his saddle, and put his horse to pasture, and set himself down at the gate like a man that was out of his wit that recked not of himself.

CHAPTER XXXI

HOW SIR TRISTRAM RODE AFTER PALAMIDES,
AND HOW HE FOUND HIM AND FOUGHT
WITH HIM, AND BY THE MEANS OF ISOUD
THE BATTLE CEASED

Now turn we unto Sir Tristram, that when he was come home and wist La Beale Isoud was gone with Sir Palamides, wit ye well he was wroth out of measure. Alas, said Sir Tristram, I am this day shamed. Then he cried to Gouvernail his man: Haste thee that I were armed and on horseback, for well I wot Lambegus hath no might not strength to withstand Sir Palamides: alas that I have not been in his stead! So anon as he was armed and horsed Sir Tristram and Gouvernail rode after into the forest, and within a while he found his knight Lambegus almost wounded to the death, and Sir Tristram bare him to a forester, and charged him to keep him well. And then he rode forth, and there he found Sir Adtherp sore wounded, and he told him how the queen would have drowned herself had he not been, and how for her sake and love he had taken upon him to do battle with Sir Palamides. Where is my lady? said Sir Tristram. Sir, said the knight, she is sure enough within my castle, and she can hold her within it. Gramercy, said Sir Tristram, of thy great goodness. And so he rode till he came nigh to that castle and then Sir Tristram saw where Sir Palamides sat at the gate sleeping, and his horse pastured fast afore him. Now go thou, Gouvernail, said Sir Tristram, and bid him awake, and make him ready. So Gouvernail rode unto him and said Sir Palamides, arise, and take to thine harness. But he was in such a study he heard not what Gouvernail said. So Gouvernail came again and told Sir Tristram he slept, or else he was mad. Go thou again, said Sir Tristram, and bid him arise, and tell him that I am here, his mortal foe. So Gouvernail rode again and put upon him the butt of his spear, and said. Sir Palamides, make thee ready, for wit ye well Sir Tristram hoveth yonder, and sendeth thee word he is thy mortal foe. And therewithal Sir Palamides arose stilly, without words, and gat his horse, and saddled him and bridled him, and lightly he leapt upon, and gat his spear in his hand, and either

49 hoveth, wasts

feutred their spears and hurtled fast together, and there Tristram smote down Sir Palamides over his horse's tail. Then lightly Sir Palamides put his shield afore him and drew his sword. And there began strong battle on both parts, for both they fought for the love of one lady, and ever she lay on the walls and beheld them how they fought out of measure, and either were wounded passing sore, but Palamides was much sorer wounded. Thus they fought tracing and traversing more than two hours, that well-nigh for dole and sorrow La Beale Isoud swooned. Alas, she said, that one I loved and yet do, and the other I love not, yet it were great pity that I should see Sir Palamides slain, for well I know by that time the end be done Sir Palamides is but a dead knight because he is not christened I would be loath that he should die a Saracen. And therewithal she came down and besought Sir Tristram to fight no more. Ah, madam, said he, what mean you, will ye have me shamed? Well ye know I will be ruled by you. I will not your dishonour, said La Beale Isoud, but I would that ye would for my sake spare this unhappy Saracen Palamides. Madam, said Sir Tristram, I will leave fighting at this time for your sake. Then she said to Sir Palamides: This shall be your charge, that thou shalt go out of this country while I am therein. I will obey your commandment, said Sir Palamides, the which is sore against my will. Then take thy way, said La Beale Isoud, unto the court of King Arthur, and there recommend me unto Queen Guenever, and tell her that I send her word that there be within this land but four lovers, that is, Sir Launcelot du Lake and Queen Guenever, and Sir Tristram de Lioness and Queen Isoud.

CHAPTER XXXII

HOW SIR TRISTRAM BROUGHT QUEEN ISOUD
HOME, AND OF THE DEBATE OF KING MARK
AND SIR TRISTRAM

And so Sir Palamides departed with great heaviness. And Sir Tristram took the queen and brought her again to King Mark, and then was there made great joy of her home-

1 feutred, placed in the support attached to the saddle

coming Who was cherished but Sir Tristram! Then Sir Tristram let fetch Sir Lambegus, his knight, from the forester's house, and it was long or he was whole, but at the last he was well recovered Thus they lived with joy and play a long while But ever Sir Andred, that was nigh cousin to Sir Tristram, lay in a watch to wait betwixt Sir Tristram and La Beale Isoud, for to take them and slander them So upon a day Sir Tristram talked with La Beale Isoud in a window, and that espied Sir Andred, and told it to the king Then King Mark took a sword in his hand and came to Sir Tristram, and called him false traitor, and would have stricken him But Sir Tristram was nigh him, and ran under his sword, and took it out of his hand And then the king cried Where are my knights and my men? I charge you slay this traitor But at that time there was not one would move for his words When Sir Tristram saw that there was not one would be against him, he shook the sword to the king, and made countenance as though he would have stricken him And then King Mark fled, and Sir Tristram followed him, and smote upon him five or six strokes flatling on the neck, that he made him to fall upon the nose And then Sir Tristram yede his way and armed him, and took his horse and his man, and so he rode into that forest And there upon a day Sir Tristram met with two brethren that were knights with King Mark, and there he struck off the head of the one, and wounded the other to the death, and he made him to bear his brother's head in his helm unto the king, and thirty more there he wounded And when that knight came before the king to say his message, he there died afore the king and the queen Then King Mark called his council unto him, and asked advice of his barons what was best to do with Sir Tristram Sir, said the barons, in especial Sir Dinas, the Seneschal, Sir, we will give you counsel for to send for Sir Tristram, for we will that ye wit many men will hold with Sir Tristram an he were hard bestad. And sir, said Sir Dinas, ye shall understand that Sir Tristram is called peerless and makeless of any Christian knight, and of his might and hardiness we knew none so good a knight, but if it be Sir Launcelot du Lake. And if he depart from your court

and go to King Arthur's court, wit ye well he will get him such friends there that he will not set by your malice And therefore, sir, I counsel you to take him to your grace I will well, said the king, that he be sent for, that we may be friends Then the barons sent for Sir Tristram under a safe conduct And so when Sir Tristram came to the king he was welcome, and no rehearsal was made, and there was game and play And then the king and the queen went a-hunting, and Sir Tristram

CHAPTER XXXIII

HOW SIR LAMORAK JOUSTED WITH THIRTY KNIGHTS, AND SIR TRISTRAM AT THE REQUEST OF KING MARK SMOTE HIS HORSE DOWN

The king and the queen made their pavilions and their tents in that forest beside a river, and there was daily hunting and jousting, for there were ever thirty knights ready to joust unto all them that came in at that time And there by fortune came Sir Lamorak de Galis and Sir Driant, and there Sir Driant jousted right well, but at the last he had a fall. Then Sir Lamorak proffered to joust And when he began he fared so with the thirty knights that there was not one of them but that he gave him a fall, and some of them were sore hurt. I marvel, said King Mark, what knight he is that doth such deeds of arms Sir, said Sir Tristram, I know him well for a noble knight as few now be living, and his name is Sir Lamorak de Galis It were great shame, said the king, that he should go thus away, unless that some of you meet with him better Sir, said Sir Tristram, meseemeth it were no worship for a noble man to have ado with him and for by cause at this time he hath done over much for any mean knight living, therefore, as meseemeth, it were great shame and villainy to tempt him any more at this time, insomuch as he and his horse are weary both, for the deeds of arms that he hath done this day, an they be well considered, it were enough for Sir Launcelot du Lake As for that, said King Mark, I require you, as ye love me and my lady the queen,

2 let fetch, caused to be brought
27 flatling, with the flat side of the sword
29 yede, went

44 Seneschal, steward
50 makeless, unequalled

CHAPTER XXXIV

La Beale Isoud, take your arms and joust with Sir Lamorak de Galis Sir, said Sir Tristram, ye bid me do a thing that is against knighthood, and well I can deem that I shall give him a fall, for it is no mastery, for my horse and I be fresh both, and so is not his horse and he, and wit ye well that he will take it for great unkindness, for ever one good knight is loath to take another at disadvantage, but by cause I will not displease you, as ye require me so will I do, and obey your commandment And so Sir Tristram armed him and took his horse, and put him forth, and there Sir Lamorak met him mightily, and what with the might of his own spear, and of Sir Tristram's spear, Sir Lamorak's horse fell to the earth, and he sitting in the saddle Then anon as lightly as he might he avoided the saddle and his horse, and put his shield afore him and drew his sword And then he bad Sir Tristram Alight, thou knight, an thou durst Nay, said Sir Tristram, I will no more have ado with thee, for I have done to thee over much unto my dishonour and to thy worship As for that, said Sir Lamorak, I can thee no thank, syn thou hast forjousted me on horseback I require thee and I beseech thee, an thou be Sir Tristram, fight with me on foot I will not so, said Sir Tristram, and wit ye well my name is Sir Tristram de Liones, and well I know ye be Sir Lamorak de Galis, and this that I have done to you was against my will, but I was required thereto, but to say that I will do at your request as at this time, I will have no more ado with you, for me shameth of that I have done As for the shame, said Sir Lamorak, on thy part or on mine, bear thou it an thou wilt, for though a mare's son hath failed me, now a queen's son shall not fail thee, and therefore, an thou be such a knight as men call thee, I require thee, alight, and fight with me Sir Lamorak, said Sir Tristram, I understand your heart is great, and cause why ye have, to say thee sooth, for it would grieve me an any knight should keep him fresh and then to strike down a weary knight, for that knight nor horse was never formed that alway might stand or endure And therefore, said Sir Tristram, I will not have ado with you, for me forthinketh of that I have done As for that, said Sir Lamorak, I shall quit you and ever I see my time.

HOW SIR LAMORAK SENT AN HORN TO KING MARK IN DESPITE OF SIR TRISTRAM, AND HOW SIR TRISTRAM WAS DRIVEN INTO A CHAPEL

So he departed from him with Sir Driant, and by the way they met with a knight that was sent from Morgan le Fay unto King Arthur, and this knight had a fair horn harnessed with gold, and the horn had such a virtue that there might no lady nor gentlewoman drink of that horn but if she were true to her husband and if she were false she should spill all the drink, and if she were true to her lord she might drink peaceable And by cause of the Queen Guenever, and in the despite of Sir Launcelot, this horn was sent unto King Arthur, and by force Sir Lamorak made that knight to tell all the cause why he bare that horn Now shalt thou bear this horn, said Lamorak, unto King Mark, or else choose thou to die for it, for I tell thee plainly, in despite and reproof of Sir Tristram thou shalt bear that horn unto King Mark, his uncle, and say thou to him that I sent it him for to assay his lady, and if she be true to him he shall prove her So the knight went his way unto King Mark, and brought him that rich horn, and said that Sir Lamorak sent it him, and thereto he told him the virtue of that horn Then the king made Queen Isoud to drink thereof, and an hundred ladies, and there were but four ladies of all those that drank clene Alas, said King Mark, this is a great despite, and sware a great oath that she should be burnt and the other ladies Then the barons gathered them together, and said plainly they would not have those ladies burnt for an horn made by sorcery, that came from as false a sorceress and witch as then was living For that horn did never good, but caused strife and debate, and always in her days she had been an enemy to all true lovers So there were many knights made their avow an ever they met with Morgan le Fay that they would show her short courtesy Also Sir Tristram was passing wroth that Sir Lamorak sent that horn unto King Mark, for well he knew that it was done in the despite of him And therefore he thought to requite Sir Lamorak Then Sir Tristram used daily and nightly to go

to Queen Isoud when he might, and ever Sir Andred his cousin watched him night and day for to take him with La Beale Isoud And so upon a night Sir Andred espied the hour and the time when Sir Tristram went to his lady Then Sir Andred gat unto him twelve knights, and at midnight he set upon Sir Tristram secretly and suddenly, and there Sir Tristram was taken naked abed with La Beale Isoud, and then was he bound hand and foot, and so was he kept until day And then by the assent of King Mark, and of Sir Andred, and of some of the barons, Sir Tristram was led unto a chapel that stood upon the sea rocks, there for to take his judgment and so he was led bounden with forty knights And when Sir Tristram saw that there was none other boot but needs that he must die, then said he. Fair lords, remember what I have done for the country of Cornwall, and in what jeopardy I have been in for the weal of you all; for when I fought for the truage of Cornwall with Sir Marhaus, the good knight, I was promised for to be better rewarded, when ye all refused to take the battle, therefore, as ye be good gentle knights, see me not thus shamefully to die, for it is shame to all knighthood thus to see me die; for I daresay, said Sir Tristram, that I never met with no knight but I was as good as he, or better Fie upon thee, said Sir Andred, false traitor that thou art, with thine avaunting, for all thy boast thou shalt die this day O Andred, Andred, said Sir Tristram, thou shouldst be my kinsman, and now thou art to me full unfriendly, but an there were no more but thou and I, thou wouldst not put me to death. No, said Sir Andred, and therewith he drew his sword, and would have slain him When Sir Tristram saw him make such countenance he looked upon both his hands that were fast bounden unto two knights, and suddenly he pulled them both to him, and unwrast his hands, and then he leapt unto his cousin, Sir Andred, and wrested his sword out of his hands, then he smote Sir Andred that he fell to the earth, and so Sir Tristram fought till that he had killed ten knights So then Sir Tristram gat the chapel and kept it mightily Then the cry was great, and the people drew fast unto Sir Andred, more than an hundred. When Sir Tristram saw the people draw unto him,

he remembered he was naked, and sperd fast the chapel door, and brake the bars of a window, and so he leapt out and fell upon the crags in the sea And so at that time Sir Andred nor none of his fellows might get to him at that time

CHAPTER XXXV

10 HOW SIR TRISTRAM WAS HOLPEN BY HIS MEN, AND OF QUEEN ISOUD WHICH WAS PUT IN A LAZAR-COTE, AND HOW TRISTRAM WAS HURT

15 So when they were departed, Gouvernail, and Sir Lambegus, and Sir Sentraile de Lushon, that were Sir Tristram's men, sought their master When they heard he was escaped then they were passing glad, and on the rocks they found him, and with towels they pulled him up And then Sir Tristram asked them where was La Beale Isoud, for he weened she had been had away of Andred's people Sir, said Gouvernail, she is put in a lazar-cote Alas, said Sir Tristram, this is a full ungoodly place for such a fair lady, and if I may she shall not be long there And so he took his men and went there as was La Beale Isoud, and fetched her away, and brought her into a forest to a fair manor, and Sir Tristram there abode with her So the good knight bad his men go from him For at this time I may not help you So they departed all save Gouvernail And so upon a day Sir Tristram yede into the forest for to disport him, and then it happened that there he fell on sleep, and there came a man that Sir Tristram aforehand had slain his brother, and when this man had found him he shot him through the shoulder with an arrow, and Sir Tristram leapt up and killed that man And in the meantime it was told King Mark how Sir Tristram and La Beale Isoud were in that same manor, and as soon as ever he might thither he came with many knights to slay Sir Tristram. And when he came there he found him gone; and there he took La Beale Isoud home with him, and kept her straight that by no means never she might wit nor send unto Tristram, nor he unto her And then when Sir Tristram came toward the old manor he found the track of many horses, and thereby he wist his

18 boot, remedy

23 truage, tribute

33 avaunting, boasting

1 sperd, barred

24 lazar-cote, leper's hut

lady was gone And then Sir Tristram took
great sorrow, and endured with great pain
long time, for the arrow that he was hurt
withal was envenomed Then by the mean of
La Beale Isoud she told a lady that was cousin
unto Dame Bragwane, and she came to Sir
Tristram, and told him that he might not be
whole by no means For thy lady, La Beale
Isoud, may not help thee, therefore she
biddeth you haste into Brittany to King
Howel, and there ye shall find his daughter,
Isoud La Blanche Mains, and she shall help
thee Then Sir Tristram and Gouvernail gat
them shipping, and so sailed into Brittany
And when King Howel wist that it was Sir
Tristram he was full glad of him Sir, he
said, I am come into this country to have
help of your daughter, for it is told me that
there is none other may heal me but she,
and so within a while she healed him.

EDMUND SPENSER
(1552-1599)

After attending the School of the Merchant Tailors in London, Spenser went in 1569 to Pembroke College, Cambridge, as a sizar in order to receive his tuition and board by performing certain duties. His most intimate friend at the University, Gabriel Harvey, turned his attention to the discussion of poetic theories. When he left Cambridge in 1576, the poet spent a short time in Lancashire, but returned to London to seek the patronage of some prominent person. He was given employment by the Earl of Leicester and soon gained the favorable attention of Sir Philip Sidney. Since his position was somewhat uncertain and since he received no further advancement at the court, Spenser accepted in 1580 the secretaryship to Lord Grey, the Lord Deputy of Ireland. During the next fifteen years he was appointed to several official positions and acquired the estate of Kilcolman in Munster. When Kilcolman was sacked and burned in the revolt of 1598, he escaped with his family to Cork. The next year he died in London and was buried in Westminster Abbey near Chaucer.

Spenser's poetry may be divided into three groups, the pastorals, such as *The Shepherd's Calendar* and *Complaints*, the sonnets and hymns, such as *The Amoretti* and *Epithalamion*, and *The Faerie Queene*. His minor poems contain numerous allusions, often slightly veiled, to the political and social events of the day as well as to his personal experiences. Often these poems are written in accordance with the French and Italian conventions, which were so popular with the Elizabethan poets. *The Four Hymns* expound the doctrines of Neo-Platonism as applied to earthly and heavenly love and beauty. These theories, which were to affect his later poetry, he had imbibed while he was studying at Cambridge. Spenser was primarily a spiritual and intellectual poet, subordinating emotion to a moral purpose.

This attitude accounts to a great extent for the fact that the modern reader finds *The Faerie Queene* tiresome. Spenser's purpose, according to his prefatory letter to Sir Walter Raleigh, was "to fashion a gentleman or noble person in virtuous and gentle discipline" by embodying Aristotle's twelve moral virtues in the persons of twelve knights, whose adventures would show how the virtues overcame the opposing vices. Gloriana, the Faerie Queene, assigned to these knights their exploits during the twelve days of her annual feast. That the poem might be a unified epic and not twelve separate poems, Spenser devised the idea of a central hero, King Arthur, who should represent the chief virtue, Magnificence or Magnanimity. His appearances, however, are so few and so unimportant that he hardly serves this purpose. The poet explained this scheme in his letter to Raleigh be-

cause he began in the fashion of the classical epic abruptly with the first episode.

For his model of the romantic epic Spenser chose Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*, taking whole scenes from the Italian poem. He lacked the ability to make his combats varied or his characters real men and women. They remain abstract virtues and vices since their creator never forgot his intention of writing "a continued allegory or darke conceit." After a few cantos the poem, therefore, becomes extremely tedious except for certain single passages like the description of Morpheus' Cave or the Red Cross Knight's fight with the Dragon. Furthermore, Spenser was unable to continue with any degree of consistency the moral, political, and religious allegory, which he had so carefully planned.

What, then, accounts for the position of *The Faerie Queene*, as one of the great epic poems of English literature? It has preserved the spirit of the age of chivalry, soon to be superseded by the modern spirit of discovery and invention. By using old words and archaic forms, Spenser brought back the atmosphere of former times with its knightly devotion to king and lady. Yet he was also affected by the Renaissance, for he combined the elements of medieval romance with ideas derived from classical mythology. Regardless of his theme or treatment, Spenser has always been acclaimed by poets on account of the beauty of his verse, the imagery of his language, and the masterly handling of the stanza form, which has borne his name. His influence upon succeeding poets has been almost inestimable.

Although *The Faerie Queene* was begun in 1580, the first three books were not published until 1590. Shortly before this date Raleigh had visited Spenser in Ireland and had commended the poet upon his work. The book was dedicated to Queen Elizabeth, the Gloriana of the poem.

Since the publication did not bring the expected political appointment at the court, Spenser returned to Ireland. In 1596 he again sought recognition by the dedication of the next three books to the Queen, but again he was disappointed. He never finished *The Faerie Queene* although he possibly composed parts of the remaining six books, which may have been burned at Kilcolman.

In his letter to Raleigh the poet gives the circumstances preceding the first episode. "In the beginning of the feast, there presented him selfe a tall clownish younge man, who, falling before the Queen of Farnes desired a boone (as the manner then was) which during that feast she might not refuse which was that hee might have the atchievement of any adventure, which during that feaste should happen: that being graunted he rested him on the floore, unfitte

through his rusticity for a better place Soone after entred a faire ladye in mourning weedes, riding on a white asse, with a dwarfe behind her leading a warlike steed, that bore the armes of a knight, and his speare in the dwarfes hand Shee, falling before the Queene of Faeries, complayned that her father and mother, an ancient king and queene, had bene by an huge dragon many years shut up in a brasen castle, who thence suffred them not to ysew, and therefore besought the Faery Queene to assygne her some one of her knights to take on him that exployt Presently that clownish person, upstarting, desired that adventure, wherewith the Queene much

wondering, and the lady much gamesaying, yet he earnestly importuned his desire In the end the lady told him, that unlesse that armour which she brought, would serve him (that is, the armour of a Christian man specified by Saint Paul, vi Ephes), that he could not succeed in that enterprise, which being forthwith put upon him with dewe furnitures thereunto, he seemed the goodliest man in all that company, and was well liked of the lady And estesoon taking on him knighthood, and mounting on that straunge courser, he went forth with her on that adventure where beginneth the first booke"

THE FIRST BOOK
OF
THE FAERIE QUEENE

CONTAYNING THE LEGEND OF THE KNIGHT
OF THE RED CROSSE, OR OF HOLINESSE

I

Lo! I, the man whose Muse whylome did maske,
As time her taught, in lowly Shepherds weeds,
Am now enforst, a farre unfitter taske,
For trumpets sterne to chaunge mine Oaten reeds,
And sing of Knights and Ladies gentle deeds, 5
Whose praises having slept in silence long,
Me, all too meane, the sacred Muse areeds
To blazon broade emongst her learned throng
Fierce warres and faithful loves shall moralize
my song

II

Helpe then, O holy virgin! chiefe of nyne, 10
Thy weaker Novice to performe thy will,
Lay forth out of thine everlasting scryne
The antique rolles, which there lye hidden still,
Of Faerie knights, and fayrest Tanaquill,
Whom that most noble Briton Prince so long 15
Sought through the world, and suffered so much ill,
That I must rue his undeserved wrong
O, helpe thou my weake wit, and sharpen my
dull tong!

III

And thou, most dreaded impe of highest
Jove,

2 weedes, clothes
7 areeds, appoints
11 weaker, too weak
12 scryne, chest

Faire Venus sonne, that with thy cruell dart 20
At that good knight so cunningly didst rove,
That glorious fire it kindled in his hart,
Lay now thy deadly Heben bowe apart,
And with thy mother mylde come to mine
ayde,
Come, both, and with you bring triumphant
Mart, 25
In loves and gentle jollities arraid,
After his murderous spoyle and bloudie rage
allayd

IV

And with them eke, O Goddess heavenly
bryght!
Mirroure of grace and Majestie divine,
Great Ladie of the greatest Isle, whose light 30
Like Phœbus lampe throughout the world
doth shine,
Shed thy faire beames into my feeble eyne,
And raise my thoughtes, too humble and too
vile,
To thinke of that true glorious type of thine,
The argument of mine afflicted stile 35
The which to heare vouchsafe, O dearest
dread, a-while!

CANTO I

The Patrone of true Holnesse
Foule Errour doth defeate
Hypocrisie, him to entrappe,
Doth to his home entreate

I

A gentle Knight was pricking on the
plane,
Ycladd in mightie armes and silver shielde,
Wherein old dints of deepe woundes did re-
maine,

19 impe, child
33 vile, modest
35 afflicted stile, lowly pen
1 pricking, spurring

The cruell markes of many' a bloody field,
 Yet armes till that time did he never wield ⁵
 His angry steede did chide his foming bitt,
 As much disdayning to the curbe to yield
 Full jolly knight he seemd, and faire did sitt,
 As one for knightly guists and fierce encounters fitt

II

And on his brest a bloodie Crosse he bore, ¹⁰
 The deare remembrance of his dying Lord,
 For whose sweete sake that glorious badge
 he wore,
 And dead, as living, ever him ador'd
 Upon his shield the like was also scor'd,
 For soveraine hope which in his helpe he had ¹⁵
 Right faithfull true he was in deede and word,
 But of his cheere did seeme too solemne sad,
 Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad

III

Upon a great adventure he was bond,
 That greatest Gloriana to him gave, ²⁰
 (That greatest Glorious Queene of Faery
 Lond)
 To winne him worshippe, and her grace to
 have,
 Which of all earthly thinges he most did
 crave
 And ever as he rode his hart did earne
 To prove his pussance in battell brave ²⁵
 Upon his foe, and his new force to learne,
 Upon his foe, a Dragon horrible and stearne

IV

A lovely Ladie rode him faire beside,
 Upon a lowly Asse more white then snow,
 Yet she much whiter, but the same did
 hide ³⁰
 Under a vele, that wimpled was full low,
 And over all a blacke stole shee did throw
 As one that inly mournd, so was she sad,
 And heavie sate upon her palfrey slow,
 Seemed in heart some hidden care she had, ³⁵
 And by her, in a line, a milkewhite lambe
 she lad.

V

So pure and innocent, as that same lambe,
 She was in life and every vertuous lore,
 And by descent from Royall lynage came

8 jolly, brave
 17 cheere, countenance
 24 earne, yearn

Of ancient Kinges and Queenes, that had of
 yore ⁴⁰
 Their scepters stretcht from East to Western
 shore,
 And all the world in their subjection held,
 Till that infernall feend with foule uprore
 Forwasted all their land, and them expeld,
 Whom to avenge she had this Knight from
 far compeld ⁴⁵

VI

Behind her farre away a Dwarfe did lag,
 That lasie seemd, in being ever last,
 Or wearied with bearing of her bag
 Of needments at his backe Thus as they past,
 The day with cloudes was suddaine over-
 cast, ⁵⁰
 And angry Jove an hideous storme of raine
 Did poure into his Lemans lap so fast,
 That everie wight to shrowd it did constrain,
 And this faire couple eke to shroud them-
 selves were fain

VII

Enforst to seeke some covert nigh at
 hand, ⁵⁵
 A shadie grove not farr away they spide,
 That promist ayde the tempest to withstand,
 Whose loftie trees, yclad with sommers pride,
 Did spread so broad, that heavens light did
 hude,
 Not perceable with power of any starr ⁶⁰
 And all within were pathes and allees wide,
 With footing worne, and leading inward farr
 Faire harbour that them seems, so in they
 entred ar

VIII

And foorth they passe, with pleasure for-
 ward led,
 Joying to heare the birdes sweete harmony, ⁶⁵
 Which, therein shrouded from the tempest
 dred,
 Seemd in their song to scorne the cruell sky.
 Much can they praise the trees so straight
 and hy,
 The saying Pine, the Cedar proud and tall;
 The vine-propp Elme, the Poplar never dry; ⁷⁰
 The builder Oake, sole king of forrests all;
 The Aspine good for staves; the Cypressse
 funerall,

31 wimpled, pleated
 52 Lemans, sweetheart's

IX

The Laurell, meed of mightie Conquerours
 And Poets sage, the Firre that weepeth still,
 The Willow, worne of forlorne Paramours, ⁷⁵
 The Eugh, obedient to the benders will,
 The Birch for shaftes, the Sallow for the
 mill,
 The Mirrhe sweete-bleeding in the bitter
 wound,
 The warlike Beech, the Ash for nothing ill,
 The frutfull Olive, and the Platane round, ⁸⁰
 The carver Holme, the Maple seeldom in-
 ward sound

X

Led with delight, they thus begule the way,
 Until the blustering storme is overblowne,
 When, weening to returne whence they did
 stray,
 They cannot finde that path, which first was
 showne, ⁸⁵
 But wander too and fro in waies unknowne,
 Furthest from end then, when they nearest
 weene,
 That makes them doubt their wits be not
 their owne.
 So many pathes, so many turnings seene,
 That which of them to take in diuerse doubt
 they been ⁹⁰

XI

At last resolving forward still to fare,
 Till that some end they finde, or in or out,
 That path they take that beaten seemd most
 bare,
 And like to lead the labyrinth about,
 Which when by tract they hunted had
 throughout, ⁹⁵
 At length it brought them to a hollowe cave
 Amid the thickest woods The Champion
 stout
 Eftsoones dismounted from his courser brave,
 And to the Dwarfes a while his needlesse spere
 he gave

XII

"Be well aware," quoth then that Ladie
 milde, ¹⁰⁰
 "Least suddaine mischiefe ye too rash pro-
 voke.

⁸⁴ weening, *thinking*
¹¹⁶ read, *counsel*

The danger hid, the place unknowne and
 wilde,
 Breedes dreadful doubts Oft fire is with-
 out smoke,
 And perill without show therefore your
 stroke,
 Sir Knight, with-hold, till further tryall
 made" ¹⁰⁵
 "Ah Ladie," (sayd he) "shame were to re-
 voke
 The forward footing for an hidden shade
 Vertue gaves her selfe light through dark-
 nesse for to wade"

XIII

"Yea but" (quoth she) "the perill of this
 place
 I better wot then you though nowe too
 late ¹¹⁰
 To wish you backe returne with foule dis-
 grace,
 Yet wisdomes warnes, whilest foot is in the
 gate,
 To stay the steppe, ere forced to retrate
 This is the wandring wood, this *Errours* den,
 A monster vile, whom God and man does
 hate ¹¹⁵
 Therefore I read beware" "Fly, fly!" (quoth
 then
 The fearefull Dwarfes) "this is no place for
 living men"

XIV

But, full of fire and greedy hardiment,
 The youthfull Knight could not for ought
 be staide,
 But forth unto the darksome hole he went, ¹²⁰
 And looked in his glistring armor made
 A litle glooming light, much like a shade,
 By which he saw the ugly monster plaine,
 Halfe like a serpent horribly displaide,
 But th'other halfe did womans shape re-
 taine, ¹²⁵
 Most lothsome, filthie, foule, and full of vile
 disdain

XV

And, as she lay upon the durtie ground,
 Her huge long taile her den all overspred,
 Yet was in knots and many boughtes up-
 wound,

¹²⁹ boughtes, *couls*

Pointed with mortall sting Of her there
bred 130
A thousand yong ones, which she dayly fed,
Sucking upon her poisonous dugs, each one
Of sundrie shapes, yet all ill-favored
Soone as that uncouth light upon them shone,
Into her mouth they crept, and suddain all
were gone 135

XVI

Their dam upstart out of her den effraide,
And rushed forth, hurling her hideous taile
About her cursed head, whose folds displaid
Were stretcht now forth at length without
entraile

She lookt about, and seeing one in mayle, 140
Armed to point, sought backe to turne againe,
For light she hated as the deadly bale,
Ay wont in desert darknes to remaine,
Where plain none might her see, nor she
see any plaine

XVII

Which when the valiant Elfe perceiv'd, he
lept 145
As Lyon fierce upon the flying pray,
And with his trenchand blade her boldly kept
From turning backe, and forced her to stay
Therewith enrag'd she loudly gan to bray,
And turning fierce her speckled taile ad-
vaunst, 150

Threatning her angrie sting, him to dismay,
Who, nought aghast, his mightie hand en-
haunst
The stroke down from her head unto her
shoulder glaunst

XVIII

Much daunted with that dint her sence was
dazd,
Yet kindling rage her selfe she gathered
round, 155
And all attonce her beastly bodie raizd
With doubled forces high above the ground
Tho, wrapping up her wretched stern arownd,
Lept fierce upon his shield, and her huge traine
All suddenly about his body wound, 160
That hand or foot to stirr he strove in vaine
God helpe the man so wrapt in Errours end-
lesse traine!

139 *entraile, twisting*
152 *enhaunst, raised up*
168 *gall did grate, anger was aroused*

XIX

His Lady, sad to see his sore constraint,
Cride out, "Now, now, Sir knight, shew what
ye bee,
Add faith unto your force, and be not
faint, 165
Strangle her, els she sure will strangle thee"
That when he heard, in great perplexitie,
His gall did grate for grieve and high dis-
daine,
And, knitting all his force, got one hand free,
Wherewith he grypt her gorge with so great
paine, 170
That soone to loose her wicked bands did her
constraine

XX

Therewith she spewd out of her filthie maw
A flood of poyson horrible and blacke,
Full of great lumps of flesh and gobbets raw,
Which stunck so vildly, that it forst him
slacke 175
His grasping hold, and from her turne him
backe
Her vomit full of bookes and papers was,
With loathly frogs and toades, which eyes
did lacke,
And creeping sought way in the weedy gras
Her filthie parbreake all the place defiled
has 180

XXI

As when old father Nilus gins to swell
With timely pride above the Aegyptian vale,
His fattie waves doe fertile slime outwell,
And overflow each plaine and lowly dale
But, when his later spring gins to avale, 185
Huge heapes of mudd he leaves, wherin there
breed
Ten thousand kindes of creatures, partly male
And partly femall, of his fruitful seed,
Such ugly monstrous shapes elswher may no
man reed

XXII

The same so sore annoyed has the knight, 190
That, welnigh choked with the deadly stinke,
His forces faile, ne can no lenger fight
Whose corage when the feend perceived to
shrinke,

185 *avale, ebb*
189 *reed, see*

She poured forth out of her hellish sinke
 Her fruitfull cursed spawne of serpents
 small,¹⁹⁵
 Deformed monsters, fowle, and blacke as inke,
 Which swarming all about his legs did crall,
 And him encombred sore, but could not hurt
 at all

XXIII

As gentle shepheard in sweete eventide,
 When ruddy Phebus gins to welke in west,²⁰⁰
 High on an hill, his flocke to vewen wide,
 Markes which doe byte their hasty supper
 best,
 A cloud of cumbrous gnattes doe him molest,
 All striving to infixe their feeble stinges,
 That from their noyance he no where can
 rest,²⁰⁵
 But with his clownish hands their tender
 wings
 He brusheth oft, and oft doth mar their mur-
 muring

XXIV

Thus ill bestedd, and fearefull more of
 shame
 Then of the certaine perill he stood in,
 Halfe furious unto his foe he came,²¹⁰
 Resolvd in minde all suddenly to win,
 Or soone to lose, before he once would lin,
 And stroke at her with more then manly force,
 That from her body, full of filthie sin,
 He raft her hatefull heade without re-
 morse²¹⁵
 A streame of cole-black blood forth gushed
 from her corse

XXV

Her scattered brood, soone as their Parent
 deare
 They saw so rudely falling to the ground,
 Groning full deadly, all with troublous feare
 Gathred themselves about her body round,²²⁰
 Weening their wonted entrance to have found
 At her wide mouth, but being there with-
 stood,
 They flocked all about her bleeding wound,
 And sucked up their dying mothers bloud,
 Making her death their life, and eke her
 hurt their good.²²⁵

200 welke, fade
 212 lin, leave off

XXVI

That detestable sight him much amaze,
 To see th' unkindly Impes, of heaven accurst,
 Devoure their dam, on whom while so he
 gazd,
 Having all satisfide their bloody thirst,
 Their bellies swolne he saw with fulnesse
 burst,²³⁰
 And bowels gushing forth well worthy end
 Of such as drunke her life the which them
 nurst!
 Now needeth him no lenger labour spend,
 His foes have slaine themselves, with whom
 he should contend

XXVII

His Lady, seeing al that chaunst from
 farre,²³⁵
 Approcht in hast to greet his victorie,
 And saide, "Faire knight, borne under hap-
 pie starre,
 Who see your vanquisht foes before you lye,
 Well worthie be you of that Armory,
 Wherein ye have great glory wonne this
 day,²⁴⁰
 And proov'd your strength on a strong
 enime,
 Your first adventure many such I pray,
 And henceforth ever wish that like succeed
 it may!"

XXVIII

Then mounted he upon his Steede againe,
 And with the Lady backward sought to
 wend²⁴⁵
 That path he kept which beaten was most
 plaine,
 Ne ever would to any byway bend,
 But still did follow one unto the end,
 The which at last out of the wood them
 brought
 So forward on his way (with God to frend)²⁵⁰
 He passed forth, and new adventure sought
 Long way he traveled before he heard of
 ought

XXIX

At length they chaunst to meet upon the
 way
 An aged Sire, in long blacke weedes yclad,

227 unkindly, unnatural

His feete all bare, his beard all hoarie gray, ²⁵⁵
 And by his belt his booke he hanging had
 Sober he seemde, and very sagely sad,
 And to the ground his eyes were lowly bent,
 Simple in shew, and voide of malice bad,
 And all the way he prayed as he went, ²⁶⁰
 And often knockt his brest, as one that did
 repent

XXX

He faire the knight saluted, louting low,
 Who faire him quited, as that courteous was,
 And after asked him, if he did know
 Of straunge adventures, which abroad did
 pas ²⁶⁵
 "Ah! my dear sonne," (quoth he) "how
 should, alas!
 Silly old man, that lves in hidden cell,
 Bidding his beades all day for his trespass,
 Tydings of warre and worldly trouble tell?
 With holy father sits not with such thinges
 to mell ²⁷⁰

XXXI

"But if of daunger, which hereby doth
 dwell,
 And homebredd evil ye desire to heare,
 Of a straunge man I can you tidings tell,
 That wasteth all this countrie, farre and
 neare"
 "Of such," (saide he,) "I chiefly doe in-
 quere, ²⁷⁵
 And shall thee well rewarde to shew the
 place,
 In which that wicked wight his dayes doth
 weare,
 For to all knighthood it is foule disgrace,
 That such a cursed creature lves so long
 a space"

XXXII

"Far hence" (quoth he) "in wastfull wilder-
 nesse ²⁸⁰
 His dwelling is, by which no living wight
 May ever passe, but thorough great distresse"
 "Now," (saide the Ladie,) "draweth toward
 night,
 And well I wote, that of your later fight
 Ye all forweared be; for what so strong, ²⁸⁵
 But, wanting rest, will also want of might?"

262 louting, *bowing*
 267 Silly, *simple*
 270 mell, *meddle*

The Sunne, that measures heaven all day long,
 At night doth baite his steedes the Ocean
 waves emong

XXXIII

"Then with the Sunne take, Sir, your
 timely rest,
 And with new day new worke at once begin ²⁹⁰
 Untroubled night, they say, gives counsell
 best"
 "Right well, Sir knight, ye have advised bin,"
 Quoth then that aged man "the way to win
 Is wisely to advise, now day is spent
 Therefore with me ye may take up your In ²⁹⁵
 For this same night" The knight was well
 content,
 So with that godly father to his home they
 went

XXXIV

A litle lowly Hermitage it was,
 Downe in a dale, hard by a forests side,
 Far from resort of people that did pas ³⁰⁰
 In travell to and froe, a litle wyde
 There was an holy chappell edifyde,
 Wherein the Hermite dewly wont to say
 His holy thinges each morne and eventyde
 Thereby a christall streame did gently play, ³⁰⁵
 Which from a sacred fountaine welled forth
 alway

XXXV

Arrived there, the litle house they fill,
 Ne looke for entertainment where none was,
 Rest is their feast, and all thinges at their
 will.
 The noblest mind the best contentment has ³¹⁰
 With faire discourse the evening so they pas,
 For that olde man of pleasing wordes had
 store,
 And well could file his tongue as smooth as
 glas
 He told of Saintes and Popes, and evermore
 He strowd an *Ave-Mary* after and before ³¹⁵

XXXVI

The drouping night thus creepeth on them
 fast,
 And the sad humour loading their eyehddes,
 As messenger of Morpheus, on them cast

301 wyde, *distant*
 302 edifyde, *erected*

Sweet slombering deaw, the which to sleep
 them biddes
 Unto their lodgings then his gwestes he
 riddes 320
 Where when all drownd in deadly sleepe he
 findes,
 He to his studie goes, and there amiddes
 His magick bookes, and artes of sundne
 kundes,
 He seekes out mighty charmes to trouble
 sleepey minds

XXXVII

Then choosing out few words most hor-
 rible 325
 (Let none them read) thereof did verses
 frame,
 With which, and other spelles like terrible,
 He bad awake blacke Plutoes griesly Dame,
 And cursed heven, and spake reprochful
 shame
 Of highest God, the Lord of life and light 330
 A bold bad man, that dar'd to call by name
 Great Gorgon, prince of darknes and dead
 night,
 At which Cocytus quakes, and Styx is put
 to flight

XXXVIII

And forth he cald out of deepe darknes
 dredd
 Legions of Sprights, the which, like litle
 flies 335
 Fluttring about his ever-damned hedd,
 Awaite whereto their service he applyes,
 To aide his friendes, or fray his enimies
 Of those he chose out two, the falsest twoo,
 And fittest for to forge true-seeming lyes 340
 The one of them he gave a message too,
 The other by him selfe staide, other worke
 to doo

XXXIX

He, making speedy way through persed
 ayre,
 And through the world of waters wide and
 deepe,
 To Morpheus house doth hastily repaire 345
 Amdd the bowels of the earth full steepe,
 And low, where dawning day doth never
 peepe,

320 riddes, sends

His dwelling is, there Tethys his wet bed
 Doth ever wash, and Cynthia still doth steepe
 In silver deaw his ever-drouping hed, 350
 Whiles sad Night over him her mantle black
 doth spred

XL

Whose double gates he findeth locked fast,
 The one faire fram'd of burnisht Yvory,
 The other all with silver overcast,
 And wakeful dogges before them farre doe
 lye, 355
 Watching to banish Care their enemy,
 Who oft is wont to trouble gentle Sleepe
 By them the Sprite doth passe in quietly,
 And unto Morpheus comes, whom drowned
 deepe
 In drowsie fit he findes of nothing he takes
 keepe 360

XLI

And more to lulle him in his slumber
 soft,
 A trickling streame from high rock tumbling
 downe,
 And ever-drizling raine upon the loft,
 Mixt with a murmuring winde, much like
 the sowne
 Of swarming Bees, did cast him in a
 snowne 365
 No other noyse, nor peoples troublous cries,
 As still are wont t'annoy the walled towne,
 Might there be heard, but carelesse Quiet
 lyes
 Wrapt in eternall silence farre from enimyes

XLII

The Messenger approaching to him spake, 370
 But his waste wordes retournd to him in
 vaine
 So sound he slept, that nought mought him
 awake
 Then rudely he him thrust, and pusht with
 paine,
 Whereat he gan to stretch, but he againe
 Shooke him so hard, that forced him to
 speake 375
 As one then in a dreame, whose dryer braine
 Is tost with troubled sights and fancies weake,
 He mumbled soft, but would not all his silence
 breake

360 keepe, notice

XLIII

The Sprite then gan more boldly him to
wake,
And threatned unto him the dreaded name ³⁸⁰
Of Hecate whereat he gan to quake,
And, lifting up his lompish head, with blame
Halfe angrie asked him, for what he came
"Hether" (quoth he,) "me Archimago sent,
He that the stubborne Sprites can wisely
tame, ³⁸⁵
He bids thee to him send for his intent
A fit false dreame, that can delude the
sleepers sent"

XLIV

The God obeyde, and, calling forth straight-
way
A diverse Dreame out of his prison darke,
Delivered it to him, and downe did lay ³⁹⁰
His heaue head, deuoid of careful carke,
Whose sences all were straight benumbd and
starke
He, backe returning by the Yvorie dore,
Remounted up as light as chearefull Larke,
And on his litle winges the dreame he
bore ³⁹⁵
In hast unto his Lord, where he him left
afore

XLV

Who all this while, with charmes and hid-
den artes,
Had made a Lady of that other Spright,
And fram'd of liquid ayre her tender partes,
So lively and so like in all mens sight, ⁴⁰⁰
That weaker sence it could have ravisht
quight

The maker selfe, for all his wondrous witt,
Was nigh beguiled with so goodly sight
Her all in white he clad, and over it
Cast a black stole, most like to seeme for
Una fit. ⁴⁰⁵

XLVI

Now, when that ydle dreame was to him
brought,
Unto that Elfin knight he bad him fly,
Where he slept soundly void of evil thought,
And with false shewes abuse his fantasy,
In sort as he him schooled privily ⁴¹⁰

387 sent, *sense*
391 carke, *sorrow*

And that new creature, borne without her
dew,
Full of the makers guyle, with usage sly
He taught to imitate that Lady trew,
Whose semblance she did carrie under feigned
hew

XLVII

Thus, well instructed, to their worke they
haste, ⁴¹⁵
And, comming where the knight in slomber
lay,
The one upon his hardie head him plaste,
And made him dreame of loves and lustfull
play,
That nigh his manly hart did melt away,
Bathed in wanton blis and wicked joy ⁴²⁰
Then seemed him his Lady by him lay,
And to him playnd, how that false winged
boy
Her chaste hart had subdewd to learne Dame
Pleasures toy

XLVIII

And she her selfe, of beautie soveraigne
Queene,
Fayre Venus, seemde unto his bed to
bring ⁴²⁵
Her, whom he, waking, evermore did weene
To bee the chastest flowre that aye did spring
On earthly braunch, the daughter of a king,
Now a loose Leman to vile service bound.
And eke the Graces seemed all to sing, ⁴³⁰
Hymen Io Hymen! dauncing all around,
Whylst freshest Flora her with Yvie girlond
crownd

XLIX

In this great passion of unwonted lust,
Or wonted feare of doing ought amys,
He starteth up, as seeming to mistrust ⁴³⁵
Some secret ill, or hidden foe of his
Lo! there before his face his Ladie is,
Under blacke stole hyding her bayted hooke,
And as halfe blushing offred him to kis,
With gentle blandishment and lovely looke, ⁴⁴⁰
Most like that virgin true which for her
knight him took

L

All cleane dismayd to see so uncouth sight,
And halfe enraged at her shamelesse guise,

411 dew, *due*

He thought have slaine her in his fierce des-
 pight,
 But hastie heat tempring with sufferance
 wise, 445
 He stayde his hand, and gan himselfe advise
 To prove his sense, and tempt her faigned
 truth
 Wringing her hands, in wemens pitteous wise,
 The can she weepe, to stirre up gentle ruth
 Both for her noble blood, and for her tender
 youth 450

LI

And sayd, "Ah Sir, my hege Lord, and my
 love,
 Shall I accuse the hidden cruell fate,
 And mightie causes wrought in heaven above,
 Or the blind God that doth me thus amate,
 For hoped love to winne me certaine hate? 455
 Yet thus perforce he bids me do, or die
 Die is my dew, yet rew my wretched state,
 You, whom my hard avenging destinie
 Hath made judge of my life or death indif-
 ferently.

LII

"Your owne deare sake forst me at first
 to leave 460
 My fathers kingdom"—There she stopt with
 teares,
 Her swollen hart her speech seemd to be-
 reave,
 And then againe begonne, "My weaker yeares,
 Captiv'd to fortune and frayle worldly feares,
 Fly to your fayth for succour and sure
 ayde 465
 Let me not die in languor and long teares"
 "Why, Dame," (quoth he,) "what hath ye
 thus dismayd?
 What frayes ye, that were wont to comfort
 me affrayd?"

LIII

"Love of your selfe," she saide, "and deare
 constraint,
 Lets me not sleepe, but waste the weare
 night 470
 In secret anguish and unpittied plant,
 Whiles you in carelesse sleepe are drowned
 quight"

449 Tho can, then did
 454 amate, conquer
 468 frayes, frightens

Her doubtfull words made that redoubted
 knight
 Suspect her truth yet since no' untruth he
 knew,
 Her fawning love with foule disdainfull
 spight 475
 He would not shend, but said, "Deare dame,
 I rew,
 That for my sake unknowne such grieve unto
 you grew

LIV

"Assure your selfe, it fell not all to ground,
 For all so deare as life is to my hart,
 I deeme your love, and hold me to you
 bound 480
 Ne let vaine feares procure your needlesse
 smart,
 Where cause is none, but to your rest de-
 part"
 Not all content, yet seemd she to appease
 Her mournfull plaintes, beguiled of her art,
 And fed with words that could not chose but
 please 485
 So, slyding softly forth, she turnd as to her
 ease

LV

Long after lay he musing at her mood,
 Much griev'd to thinke that gentle Dame so
 light,
 For whose defence he was to shed his blood
 At last, dull wearines of former fight 490
 Having yrockt asleepe his irkesome spright,
 That troublous dreame gan freshly tосse his
 braine
 With bowres, and beds, and ladies deare de-
 light
 But, when he saw his labour all was vaine,
 With that misformed spright he backe re-
 turnd againe 495

AMORETTI

VII

Fayre eyes, the myrrour of my mazed hart,
 What wondrous vertue is contaynd in you,
 The which both lyfe and death forth from
 you dart
 Into the object of your mighty view?
 For when ye mildly looke with lovely hew, 5

476 shend, reprove
 491 irkesome, disturbed

Then is my soule with life and love inspired,
 But when ye lowre, or looke on me askew,
 Then doe I die, as one with lightning fyred
 But since that lyfe is more then death desyred,
 Looke ever lovely, as becomes you best, ¹⁰
 That your bright beams, of my weak eies
 admyred,

May kindle living fire within my brest
 Such life should be the honor of your light,
 Such death the sad ensample of your might

XXXIV

Lyke as a ship, that through the ocean
 wyde

By conduct of some star doth make her way,
 Whenas a storme hath dmd her trusty guyde,
 Out of her course doth wander far astray,
 So I, whose star, that wont with her bright
 ray ⁵

Me to direct, with cloudes is overcast,
 Doe wander now in darknesse and dismay,
 Through hidden perils round about me plast
 Yet hope I well, that when this storme is
 past,
 My Helce, the lodestar of my lyfe, ¹⁰

Will shine again, and looke on me at last,
 With lovely light to cleare my cloudy grief
 Till then I wander carefull comfortlesse,
 In secret sorrow and sad pensivenesse

LXXV

One day I wrote her name upon the strand,
 But came the waves and washed it away
 Agayne I wrote it with a second hand,
 But came the tyde, and made my paynes
 his pray

Vayne man, sayd she, that doest in vaine
 assay ⁵

A mortall thing so to immortalize!
 For I my selve shall lyke to this decay,
 And eek my name bee wyped out lykewize
 Not so (quod I) let baser things devize
 To dy in dust, but you shall live by fame ¹⁰
 My verse your vertues rare shall eternize,
 And in the hevens wryte your glorious
 name,

Where, whenas death shall all the world sub-
 dew,

Our love shall live, and later life renew

FRANCIS BACON (1561-1626)

When Bacon left Trinity College, Cambridge, at the age of sixteen, he began his preparation for governmental service by becoming a member of the suite of an ambassador to Paris. At the death of his father in 1579 he was forced to obtain more lucrative employment since Sir Nicholas Bacon had made no provision for the sons of his second marriage. Bacon chose the law as a means of entering the political arena and became a member of Parliament. He sought appointments from Queen Elizabeth, but the Lord Chancellor was hostile to him. It was not, therefore, until the accession of James I that his abilities received recognition. As Privy Councillor, Lord-Keeper, and Lord Chancellor he rendered the crown such valuable service that in 1621 he was created Viscount St Albans. But Bacon was soon compelled to retire from public life, for he was convicted on twenty-three charges of corruption in office, which he admitted. James I remitted his fine, limited his imprisonment to one day in the Tower, and allowed him to retire to his estates, where he continued his study of philosophy.

Notwithstanding the pressure of his official duties Bacon found time during those crowded years to write his philosophical works. While he was still at Cambridge, he became dissatisfied with the methods of teaching philosophy. He believed that the study of philosophy should be undertaken for some practical end and that philosophy should truly be the guide of life. He undoubtedly considered his greatest works the *Advancement of Learning* (1605) and the *Novum*

Organum (1620). These books were to be part of a great work in Latin, *Instauratio Magna Scientiarum*, which was to explain his theories. This work he was unable to complete.

The *Essays* Bacon considered mere attempts. In them he was marshalling his thoughts for his greater work. The first edition of 1597 contained only ten essays, while the third, published in 1625, contained fifty-eight. Bacon called these essays "dispersed meditations." They are truly scattered thoughts on a variety of subjects including study, friendship, charity, wealth, trade, and position in life. Bacon indulged in frequent quotations from the Latin authors to enforce his ideas and in rather fanciful figures of speech. His style is exceedingly concise and epigrammatic. He always was attracted by the brilliant phrase, hence his appeal is almost entirely an intellectual one.

To general subjects he applied the scientific method of analysis, considering judiciously their elements and drawing logical conclusions. In his discussions Bacon neglected the fact that a man's attitude toward life is influenced often far more by his emotions than by his reason. The *Essays*, therefore, contain excellent advice on conduct and many shrewd comments given in a terse manner but fail to inspire the reader to follow the advice. Concerning Bacon's style Ben Jonson wrote, "No man ever spoke more neatly, more pressly, more weightily, or suffered less emptiness, less idleness in what he uttered. No member of his speech but consisted of his own graces".

OF FRIENDSHIP

It had been hard for him that spake it to have put more truth and untruth together in a few words, than in that speech, *Whosoever is delighted in solitude is either a wild beast or a god*. For it is most true that a natural and secret hatred and aversion towards society, in any man, hath somewhat of the savage beast, but it is most untrue that it should have any character at all of the divine nature, except it proceed, not out of a pleasure in solitude, but out of a love and desire to sequester a man's self for a higher conversation such as is found to have been falsely and feignedly in some of the heathen; as Epimenides the Candian, Numa the Roman, Empedocles the Sicilian, and Apollonius of Tyana, and truly and really in divers of the ancient

hermits and holy fathers of the church. But little do men perceive what solitude is, and how far it extendeth. For a crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures, and talk but a tinkling cymbal, where there is no love. The Latin adage meeteth with it a little, *Magna civitas, magna solitudo*; because in a great town friends are scattered, so that there is not that fellowship, for the most part, which is in less neighbourhoods. But we may go further and affirm most truly, that it is a mere and miserable solitude to want true friends, without which the world is but a wilderness, and even in this sense also of solitude, whosoever in the frame of his nature and affections is unfit for friendship, he taketh it of the beast, and not from humanity.

A principal fruit of friendship is the ease

and discharge of the fulness and swellings of the heart, which passions of all kinds do cause and induce We know diseases of stoppings and suffocations are the most dangerous in the body, and it is not much otherwise in the mind you may take sarza to open the liver, steel to open the spleen, flowers of sulphur for the lungs, castoreum for the brain, but no receipt openeth the heart, but a true friend, to whom you may impart griefs, joys, fears, hopes, suspicions, counsels, and whatsoever lieth upon the heart to oppress it, in a kind of civil shrift or confession

It is a strange thing to observe how high a rate great kings and monarchs do set upon this fruit of friendship whereof we speak so great, as they purchase it many times at the hazard of their own safety and greatness For princes, in regard of the distance of their fortune from that of their subjects and servants, cannot gather this fruit, except (to make themselves capable thereof) they raise some persons to be as it were companions and almost equals to themselves, which many times sorteth to inconvenience The modern languages give unto such persons the name of *favourites*, or *privadoes*, as if it were matter of grace, or conversation But the Roman name attaineth the true use and cause thereof, naming them *participes curarum*, for it is that which tieth the knot And we see plainly that this hath been done, not by weak and passionate princes only, but by the wisest and most politic that ever reigned, who have oftentimes joined to themselves some of their servants, whom both themselves have called *friends*, and allowed others likewise to call them in the same manner, using the word which is received between private men

L Sylla, when he commanded Rome, raised Pompey (after surnamed the Great) to that height, that Pompey vaunted himself for Sylla's overmatch For when he had carried the consulship for a friend of his, against the pursuit of Sylla, and that Sylla did a little resent thereat, and began to speak great, Pompey turned upon him again, and in effect bade him be quiet, *for that more men adored the sun rising than the sun setting* With Julius Cæsar, Decimus Brutus had obtained that interest, as he set him down in his testament for heir in remainder after his nephew And this was the man that had power with him to draw him forth to his death For when Cæsar would have discharged the senate, in regard of

some ill presages, and specially a dream of Calpurnia, this man lifted him gently by the arm out of his chair, telling him he hoped he would not dismiss the senate till his wife had dreamt a better dream And it seemeth his favour was so great, as Antonius, in a letter which is recited *verbatim* in one of Cicero's *Philippics*, calleth him *venefica*, "witch", as if he had enchanted Cæsar Augustus raised Agrippa (though of mean birth) to that height, as, when he consulted with Mæcenus about the marriage of his daughter Julia, Mæcenus took the liberty to tell him, *he must either marry his daughter to Agrippa, or take away his life, there was no third way, he had made him so great* With Tiberius Cæsar, Sejanus had ascended to that height, as they two were termed and reckoned as a pair of friends Tiberius in a letter to him saith *Hæc pro amicitia nostrâ non occultavi*, and the whole senate dedicated an altar to Friendship, as to a goddess, in respect of the great dearness of friendship between them two The like or more was between Septimus Severus and Plautianus For he forced his eldest son to marry the daughter of Plautianus, and would often maintain Plautianus in doing affronts to his son, and did write also in a letter to the senate by these words: *I love the man so well, as I wish he may over-live me* Now if these princes had been as a Trajan, or a Marcus Aurelius, a man might have thought that this had proceeded of an abundant goodness of nature, but being men so wise, for such strength and severity of mind, and so extreme lovers of themselves, as all these were, it proveth most plainly that they found their own felicity (though as great as ever happened to mortal men) but as an half piece, except they mought have a friend to make it entire and yet, which is more, they were princes that had wives, sons, nephews, and yet all these could not supply the comfort of friendship

It is not to be forgotten, what Commeneus observeth of his first master, Duke Charles the Hardy, namely, that he would communicate his secrets with none, and least of all, those secrets which troubled him most Whereupon he goeth on and saith, that towards his latter time *that closeness did impair and a little perish his understanding* Surely Commeneus mought have made the same judgment also, if it had pleased him, of his second master, Louis the Eleventh, whose

closeness was indeed his tormentor The parable of Pythagoras is dark, but true, *Cor ne edito*, "Eat not the heart" Certainly, if a man would give it a hard phrase, those that want friends to open themselves unto are cannibals, of their own hearts But one thing is most admirable (wherewith I will conclude this first fruit of friendship), which is, that this communicating of a man's self to his friend works two contrary effects, for it redoubleth joys, and cutteth griefs in halves For there is no man that imparteth his joys to his friend, but he joyeth the more, and no man that imparteth his griefs to his friend, but he grieveth the less So that it is in truth of operation upon a man's mind, of like virtue as the alchymists use to attribute to their stone for man's body, that it worketh all contrary effects, but still to the good and benefit of nature But yet, without praying in aid of alchymists, there is a manifest image of this in the ordinary course of nature For in bodies, union strengtheneth and cherisheth any natural action, and, on the other side, weakeneth and dulleth any violent impression and even so is it of minds

The second fruit of friendship is healthful and sovereign for the understanding, as the first is for the affections For friendship maketh indeed a fair day in the affections, from storm and tempests, but it maketh daylight in the understanding, out of darkness and confusion of thoughts Neither is this to be understood only of faithful counsel, which a man receiveth from his friend, but before you come to that, certain it is that whosoever hath his mind fraught with many thoughts, his wits and understanding do clarify and break up, in the communicating and discoursing with another he tosseth his thoughts more easily, he marshalleth them more orderly, he seeth how they look when they are turned into words, finally, he waxeth wiser than himself, and that more by an hour's discourse than by a day's meditation It was well said by Themistocles to the king of Persia, *that speech was like cloth of Arras, opened and put abroad, whereby the imagery doth appear in figure; whereas in thoughts they lie but as in packs*. Neither is this second fruit of friendship, in opening the understanding, restrained only to such friends as are able to give a man counsel (they indeed are best); but even

without that, a man learneth of himself, and bringeth his own thoughts to light, and whetteth his wits as against a stone, which itself cuts not In a word, a man were better relate himself to a statue or picture, than to suffer his thoughts to pass in smother

Add now, to make this second fruit of friendship complete, that other point, which lieth more open, and falleth within vulgar observation, which is faithful counsel from a friend Heracitus saith well in one of his enigmas, *Dry light is ever the best* And certain it is that the light that a man receiveth by counsel from another is drier and purer than that which cometh from his own understanding and judgement, which is ever infused and drenched in his affections and customs So as there is as much difference between the counsel that a friend giveth, and that a man giveth himself, as there is between the counsel of a friend and of a flatterer For there is no such flatterer as is a man's self, and there is no such remedy against flattery of man's self as the liberty of a friend Counsel is of two sorts, the one concerning manners, the other concerning business For the first, the best preservative to keep the mind in health, is the faithful admonition of a friend The calling of a man's self to a strict account is a medicine, sometime, too piercing and corrosive Reading good books of morality is a little flat and dead Observing our faults in others is sometimes unproper for our case But the best receipt (best, I say, to work, and best to take) is the admonition of a friend It is a strange thing to behold what gross errors and extreme absurdities many (especially of the greater sort) do commit, for want of a friend to tell them of them, to the great damage both of their fame and fortune For, as St James saith, they are as men, *that look sometimes into a glass, and presently forget their own shape and favour* As for business, a man may think, if he will, that two eyes see no more than one, or that a gamester seeth always more than a looker-on, or that a man in anger is as wise as he that hath said over the four and twenty letters, or that a musket may be shot off as well upon the arm as upon a rest, and such other fond and high imaginations, to think himself all in all But when all is done, the help of good counsel is that which setteth business straight And if

1 parable, proverb
47 cloth of Arras, tapestry

6 pass in smother, be smothered
12 Dry, clear
50 fond, foolish

any man think that he will take counsel, but it shall be by pieces, asking counsel in one business of one man, and in another business of another man, it is well (that is to say, better perhaps than if he asked none at all),⁵ but he runneth two dangers. One, that he shall not be faithfully counselled, for it is a rare thing, except it be from a perfect and entire friend, to have counsel given, but such as shall be bowed and crooked to some ends¹⁰ which he hath that giveth it. The other, that he shall have counsel given, hurtful and unsafe (though with good meaning), and mixed partly of mischief and partly of remedy even as if you would call a physician, that is thought¹⁵ good for the cure of the disease you complain of, but is unacquainted with your body, and therefore may put you in way for a present cure, but overthroweth your health in some other kind, and so cure the disease and kill the patient. But a friend that is wholly acquainted²⁰ with a man's estate will beware, by furthering any present business, how he dasheth upon other inconvenience. And therefore rest not upon scattered counsels, they will rather distract²⁵ and mislead than settle and direct.

After these two noble fruits of friendship (peace in the affections, and support of the judgement) followeth the last fruit, which is like the pomegranate, full of many kernels, I³⁰ mean aid and bearing a part in all actions and occasions. Here the best way to represent to life the manifold use of friendship is to cast and see how many things there are which a man cannot do himself, and then it will appear³⁵ that it was a sparing speech of the ancients, to say *that a friend is another himself* for that a friend is far more than himself. Men have their time, and die many times in desire of some things which they principally take to heart, the bestowing of a child, the finishing of a work, or the like. If a man have a true friend, he may rest almost secure that the care of those things will continue after him. So that a man hath as it were two lives⁴⁰ in his desires. A man hath a body, and that body is confined to a place, but where friendship is, all offices of life are as it were granted to him and his deputy. For he may exercise them by his friend. How many things are⁴⁵ there which a man cannot, with any face or comeliness, say or do himself! A man can scarce allege his own merits with modesty, much less extol them; a man cannot sometimes brook to supplicate or beg; and a

number of the like. But all these things are graceful in a friend's mouth, which are blushing in a man's own. So again, a man's person hath many proper relations which he cannot put off. A man cannot speak to his son but as a father, to his wife but as a husband, to his enemy but upon terms whereas a friend may speak as the case requires, and not as it sorteth with the person. But to enumerate these things were endless. I have given the rule, where a man cannot fitly play his own part if he have not a friend, he may quit the stage.

OF RICHES

I cannot call riches better than the baggage of virtue. The Roman word is better, *impedimenta*. For as the baggage is to an army, so is riches to virtue. It cannot be spared nor left behind, but it hindreth the march, yea, and the care of it sometimes loseth or disturbeth the victory. Of great riches there is no real use, except it be in the distribution, the rest is but conceit. So saith Solomon *Where much is, there are many to consume it, and what hath the owner but the sight of it with his eyes?* The personal fruition in any man cannot reach to feel great riches. There is a custody of them, or a power of dole and donative of them, or a fame of them, but no solid use to the owner. Do you not see what feigned prices are set upon little stones, and rarities? and what works of ostentation are undertaken, because there might seem to be some use of great riches? But then you will say, they may be of use to buy men out of dangers or troubles. As Solomon saith *Riches are as a strong hold, in the imagination of the rich man*. But this is excellently expressed, that it is in imagination, and not always in fact. For certainly great riches have sold more men than they have bought out. Seek not proud riches, but such as thou mayest get justly, use soberly, distribute cheerfully, and leave contentedly. Yet have no abstract nor friarly contempt of them. But distinguish, as Cicero saith well of Rabinus Posthumus *In studio rei amplificandæ apparebat non avaritiæ prædæ sed instrumentum bonitati quæri*. Harken also to Solomon, and beware of hasty gathering of riches *Qua festinat ad divitias non erit insons*. The poets feign that when Plutus (which is Riches) is sent from Jupiter, he limps and

goes slowly, but when he is sent from Pluto, he runs and is swift of foot, meaning, that riches gotten by good means and just labour pace slowly, but when they come by the death of others (as by the course of inheritance, testaments, and the like), they come tumbling upon a man. But it might be applied likewise to Pluto, taking him for the devil. For when riches come from the devil (as by fraud and oppression and unjust means), they come upon speed. The ways to enrich are many, and most of them foul. Parsimony is one of the best, and yet is not innocent, for it withholdeth men from works of liberality and charity. The improvement of the ground is the most natural obtaining of riches, for it is our great mother's blessing, the earth's, but it is slow. And yet, where men of great wealth do stoop to husbandry, it multiplieth riches exceedingly. I knew a nobleman in England, that had the greatest audits of any man in my time: a great grazer, a great sheep-master, a great timber man, a great collier, a great corn-master, a great lead-man and so of iron, and a number of the like points of husbandry: so as the earth seemed a sea to him, in respect of the perpetual importation. It was truly observed by one, that himself came very hardly to a little riches, and very easily to great riches. For when a man's stock is come to that, that he can expect the prime of markets, and overcome those bargains which for their greatness are few men's money, and be partner in the industries of younger men, he cannot but increase mainly. The gains of ordinary trades and vocations are honest, and furthered by two things chiefly, by diligence, and by a good name for good and fair dealing. But the gains of bargains are of a more doubtful nature, when men shall wait upon other's necessity, broke by servants and instruments to draw them on, put off others cunningly that would be better chapmen, and the like practices, which are crafty and naught. As for the chopping of bargains, when a man buys, not to hold, but to sell over again, that commonly grundeth double, both upon the seller and upon the buyer. Sharings do greatly enrich, if the hands be well chosen that are trusted. Usury is the certainest means of gain, though one of the worst; as that whereby a man doth eat his bread in *sudore vultus alieni*, and besides, doth plough upon Sunday. But yet, certain though it be, it hath

flaws, for that the scriveners and brokers do value unsound men, to serve their own turn. The fortune in being the first in an invention, or in a privilege, doth cause sometimes a wonderful overgrowth in riches, as it was with the first sugar man in the Canaries: therefore if a man can play the true logician, to have as well judgement as invention, he may do great matters, especially if the time be fit. He that resteth upon gains certain, shall hardly grow to great riches: and he that puts all upon adventures, doth oftentimes break and come to poverty: it is good therefore to guard adventure with certainties that may uphold losses. Monopolies, and coemption of wares for re-sale, where they are not restrained, are great means to enrich, especially if the party have intelligence what things are like to come into request, and so store himself beforehand. Riches gotten by service, though it be of the best rise, yet when they are gotten by flattery, feeding humours, and other servile conditions, they may be placed amongst the worst. As for fishing for testaments and executorships (as Tacitus saith of Seneca, *testamenta et orbos tanquam indagare capi*), it is yet worse, by how much men submit themselves to meaner persons than in service. Believe not much them that seem to despise riches, for they despise them that despair of them, and none worse, when they come to them. Be not pennywise, riches have wings, and sometimes they fly away of themselves, sometimes they must be set flying to bring in more. Men leave their riches either to their kindred, or to the public, and moderate portions prosper best in both. A great state left to an heir, is as a lure to all the birds of prey round about to seize on him, if he be not the better established in years and judgement. Likewise glorious gifts and foundations are like sacrifices without salt; and but the painted sepulchres of alms, which soon will putrefy and corrupt inwardly. Therefore measure not thine advancements by quantity, but frame them by measure and defer not charities till death, for certainly, if a man weigh it rightly, he that doth so is rather liberal of another man's than of his own.

OF STUDIES

Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight is in privateness and retiring, for ornament, is

in discourse; and for ability, is in the judgement and disposition of business. For expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars, one by one, but the general counsels, and the plots and marshalling of affairs, come best from those that are learned. To spend too much time in studies is sloth; to use them too much for ornament is affectation; to make judgement wholly by their rules is the humour of a scholar. They perfect nature, and are perfected by experience, for natural abilities are like natural plants, that need pruning by study; and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience. Crafty men condemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them: for they teach not their own use, but that is a wisdom without them and above them, won by observation. Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weight and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested: that is, some books are to be read only in part, others to be read, but not curiously, and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others, but that would be only in the less important arguments, and the meaner

sort of books, else distilled books are like common distilled waters, flashy things. Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man. And therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory, if he confer little, he had need have a present wit, and if he read little, he had need have much cunning, to seem to know that he doth not. Histories make men wise, poets witty, the mathematics subtle, natural philosophy deep, moral grave, logic and rhetoric able to contend. *Abeunt studia in mores*. Nay, there is no stand or impediment in the wit, but may be wrought out by fit studies: like as diseases of the body may have appropriate exercises. Bowling is good for the stone and reins, shooting for the lungs and breast, gentle walking for the stomach, riding for the head, and the like. So if a man's wit be wandering, let him study the mathematics, for in demonstrations, if his wit be called away never so little, he must begin again. If his wit be not apt to distinguish or find differences, let him study the schoolmen, for they are *cymma sectores*: if he be not apt to beat over matters, and to call one thing to prove and illustrate another, let him study the lawyers' cases: so every defect of the mind may have a special receipt.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

(1564-1616)

For a youth with a poetic temperament the surroundings of Stratford-on-Avon were far more conducive to dreamy meditation along the banks of the peaceful Avon or to wandering through the fields than to study or participation in the commercial life of the town. Although his father was a prominent citizen and prosperous merchant, Shakespeare seems to have had no interest in his affairs. Even his father's financial difficulties did not arouse the young poet to a realization that he must choose some means of earning a living. At the age of 18 he married Anne Hathaway of Shottery, eight years older than himself. Therefore, within a few years he was forced to find some employment to support his increasing family. About 1587 he left Stratford to seek his fortune in London. He may have joined a theatrical company, which appeared at Stratford about this time.

In London he became a member of Burbage's company. As an actor Shakespeare never gained great prominence, for he usually played only the minor roles in his plays. But acting was only one of various duties performed by the members of a dramatic organization in the sixteenth century. Every company had a library of manuscripts from which its repertory was chosen. These old plays had to be rewritten and adapted for the audiences of the day. Shakespeare undertook this task, sometimes working in collaboration with others. He was successful because like the most prominent of our Broadway managers he knew what his public wanted. Furthermore, he gave life to the wooden characters of the old plays. He was learning "to hold the mirror up to nature." In a short time he was writing original plays based on historical events or popular stories in which he discovered interesting persons.

Shakespeare's early plays show the influence of Marlowe and other popular playwrights. They emphasized horrors and murders with little attention to delineation of character. *Titus Andronicus* and *Richard III* are examples of this period of apprenticeship. Shakespeare next turned to romantic themes, which he developed in the love dramas such as *Romeo and Juliet*, *The Merchant of Venice*, and *As You Like It*. Also during this period he wrote the most popular of the plays based on English history, *Henry IV* and *Henry V*. These dramas were so successful that at the beginning of the sixteenth century Shakespeare had become the most important stockholder of the Globe and Blackfriars theaters. From that time his prime interest was the management of these theaters. His greatest plays, *Hamlet*, *Othello*, *King Lear*, *Macbeth*, were written in the hope that they would be financial as well as literary successes.

In Shakespeare's day the theatrical profession was considered to be among the occupations hardly suitable for a gentleman to pursue. Therefore, he determined to retire as soon as he should make enough money to acquire an estate at Stratford. In 1597 he purchased New Place, one of the finest houses in Stratford, and fourteen years later left London to enjoy the life of a country gentleman. With the exception of *The Tempest* the plays written after 1607 do not equal in dramatic power and characterization the dramas of the first years of the seventeenth century.

Shakespeare's fame as a dramatist rests upon his ability to portray character rather than upon his handling of plot. He took his plots from old plays, narratives translated from the Italian, chronicles, and Plutarch's *Lives* of the famous Greeks and Romans. Often he would combine two stories or create a subplot to contrast with the main thread of the story. He was indifferent to details of time and place, sometimes contradicting a previous statement. We must remember, however, that the plays were written for stage presentation and not for reading in the study. Inconsistencies and anachronisms would escape an audience intent upon the progress of the action. The audience came to be entertained and were not critical. Provided the dramatist gave them some comic or thrilling episodes. To this taste Shakespeare was forced to comply even in his profoundest tragedies with such scenes as that of the drunken porter in *Macbeth* and the ghost in *Hamlet*. His supreme genius was manifested in his creation of natural characters, whose experiences were determined by their dominant traits. The conflict between their weak and strong points provided the dramatic situations. To become fully aware of Shakespeare's power one need only compare any one of the plays with its source. A prosaic account of conflicting actions is transformed into an unfolding of a spiritual struggle of varied emotions.

Apparently Shakespeare did not expect his reputation to be based upon the plays because he made no effort after his retirement to Stratford to prepare a collected edition for publication although several more or less accurate quarto editions of single plays had appeared without his authorization or supervision. In 1623 John Hemming and Henry Condell, actors in Shakespeare's company at Blackfriars Theatre, compiled from manuscripts used by the company and from the quartos an edition known as the First Folio. Of the thirty-seven plays generally accredited to Shakespeare they omitted one, *Pericles*. From their preface it is evident that they undertook the publishing of the folio because they believed the popularity of the plays

would cause a large demand for the book. Considering the errors of this edition, we agree with them that it is to be regretted that the author did not live "to have set forth and overseen his own writings."

Shakespeare's attitude toward his poems, *Venus and Adonis* and *The Rape of Lucrece*, was far different, for he hoped to gain the recognition of his contemporaries by their publications in 1593 and 1594. Both poems were dedicated to the Earl of Southampton, to whom the young poet devoted whatever talent he possessed. These works brought Shakespeare considerable attention in his own day but have been decreed somewhat tiresome by posterity in spite of several passages of impressive description. Particularly in *The Rape of Lucrece*, Tarquin's arguments with himself and Lucrece's bewailings are too prolonged.

The *Sonnets*, however, have been highly praised for their beautiful figures of speech and subtle ideas. Whether they were dedicated to the Earl of Pembroke or the Earl of Southampton, whether they express Shakespeare's personal experiences and feelings, or whether they are merely conventional sonnets in the mode of the time need not concern the general reader. For an appreciation of their poetic value it makes little difference who was the young man whose friendship the poet celebrated or who was the dark

lady of the later sonnets. Many of them contain some of the finest lines Shakespeare ever wrote. If we had only the sonnets and the songs from the plays, Shakespeare would rank among the greatest lyric poets.

In studying Shakespeare's works one great danger is the tendency to over-interpret or to read into certain passages ideas which the poet did not intend to convey. His interests were varied, but his chief theme was man in his relation to his environment and his fellow men. In no uncertain terms he condemned flattery, ingratitude, false friendship, jealousy, unkindness in word or deed, and unforgiveness. Persons ruled by mean or evil intentions inevitably met defeat, while the noble characters, no matter what their tragic faults or sufferings, triumphed at last even though they lost their lives. From the references of his contemporaries and from numerous allusions in his own work we may conclude that Shakespeare was a kindly, unassuming man, particularly sensitive to the charms of nature and music. Again and again in the *Sonnets* he draws his illustrations from these fields. Shakespeare's broad outlook upon life and his keen understanding of human nature justify the praise of his learned contemporary, Ben Jonson: "He was not of an age, but for all time!"

SONNETS

XII

WHEN I do count the clock that tells the time,
And see the brave day sunk in hideous night,
When I behold the violet past prime,
And sable curls, all silver'd o'er with white;
When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,
Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,
And summer's green all girded up in sheaves,
Borne on the bier with white and bristly
beard,
Then of thy beauty do I question make,
That thou among the wastes of time must
go,
Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake
And die as fast as they see others grow,
And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can make
defence
Save breed, to brave him when he takes thee
hence

XVIII

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate—

14 breed, offspring
7 fair, beauty
10 owest, ownest

Rough winds do shake the darling buds of
May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd,
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance or nature's changing course un-
tramm'd,
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest,
Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his
shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st—
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee

XXIII

As an imperfect actor on the stage,
Who with his fear is put besides his part,
Or some fierce thing replete with too much
rage,
Whose strength's abundance weakens his own
heart;
So I, for fear of trust, forget to say
The perfect ceremony of love's rite,
And in mine own love's strength seem to de-
cay,

2 is put besides, forgets
5 for fear of trust, afraid to trust himself

O'ercharg'd with burthen of mine own love's
might

O! let my books be then the eloquence
And dumb presagers of my speaking breast, ¹⁰
Who plead for love, and look for recompense,
More than that tongue that more hath more
express'd

O! learn to read what silent love hath
writ

To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit

XXIX

When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweepe my outcast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless
cries,

And look upon myself and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope ⁵
Featured like him, like him with friends pos-
sess'd,

Desiring this man's art and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least,
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despis-
ing,

Haply I think on thee, and then my state, ¹⁰
Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's
gate,

For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth
brings

That then I scorn to change my state with
kings

XXX

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's
waste

Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow, ⁵
For precious friends hid in death's dateless
night,

And weep afresh love's long-since cancell'd
woe,

And moan the expense of many a vanish'd
sight

Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er ¹⁰
The sad account of fore-bemoan'd moan,

Which I new pay as if not paid before
But if the while I think on thee, dear
friend,

All losses are restored and sorrows end

LV

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme,
But you shall shine more bright in these con-
tents

Than unswept stone, besmear'd with sluttish
time

When wasteful war shall statues overturn, ⁵
And broils root out the work of masonry,
Nor Mars his sword nor war's quick fire shall
burn

The living record of your memory.

'Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity

Shall you pace forth, your praise shall still
find room ¹⁰

Even in the eyes of all posterity

That wear this world out to the ending doom

So, till the judgment that yourself arise,

You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes

LXXIII

That time of year thou mayst in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do
hang

Upon those boughs which shake against the
cold,

Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds
sang

In me thou see'st the twilight of such day ⁵
As after sunset fadeth in the west,
Which by and by black night doth take

away,

Death's second self, that seals up all in rest
In me thou see'st the glowing of such fire,

That on the ashes of his youth doth lie, ¹⁰
As the death-bed whereon it must expire,
Consum'd with that which it was nourish'd

by

This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love
more strong,

To love that well which thou must leave
ere long

XCVII

How like a winter hath my absence been
From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year.
What freezings have I felt, what dark days
seen!

What old December's bareness every where!
And yet this time remov'd was summer's
time; ⁵

The teeming autumn, big with rich increase,

Bearing the wanton burthen of the prime,
Like widow'd wombs after their lords' de-
cease

Yet this abundant issue seem'd to me
But hope of orphans and unfather'd fruit, ¹⁰
For summer and his pleasures wait on thee,
And, thou away, the very birds are mute
Or, if they sing, 'tis with so dull a cheer,
That leaves look pale, dreading the winter's
near

CVI

When in the chronicle of wasted time
I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
And beauty making beautiful old rhyme
In praise of ladies dead and lovely knights, ⁵
Then, in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
I see their antique pen would have ex-
press'd

Even such a beauty as you master now
So all their praises are but prophecies
Of this our time, all your prefiguring, ¹⁰
And, for they look'd but with divining eyes,
They had not skill enough your worth to
sing

For we, which now behold these present
days,
Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to
praise

CXVI

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove
O, no! it is an ever-fix'd mark, ⁵
That looks on tempests and is never shaken,
It is the star to every wand'ring bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height
be taken

Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and
cheeks

Within his bending sickle's compass come, ¹⁰
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom
If this be error and upon me proved,
I never wrt, nor no man ever loved

SONGS

From MEASURE FOR MEASURE

Take, O, take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn,

And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn
But my kisses bring again, bring again, ⁵
Seals of love, but sealed in vain, sealed in
vain

From CYMBELINE

Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies, ⁵
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes,
With every thing that pretty is,
My lady sweet, arise!
Arise, arise!

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages,
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages ⁵
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust

Fear no more the frown o' the great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke,
Care no more to clothe and eat,
To thee the reed is as the oak ¹⁰
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust

Fear no more the lightning-flash,
Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone,
Fear not slander, censure rash, ¹⁵
Thou hast finish'd joy and moan
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust

No exorciser harm thee!
Nor no witchcraft charm thee! ²⁰
Ghost unlaid forbear thee!
Nothing ill come near thee!
Quiet consummation have,
And renown'd be thy grave!

From TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA

Who is Silvia? what is she,
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she,
The heaven such grace did lend her, ⁵
That she might admir'd be

1 prime, spring

4 chaliced, shaped like a cup

5 Mary-buds, marigolds

Is she kind as she is fair?

For beauty lives with kindness

Love doth to her eyes repair,

To help him of his blindness,

And, being helped, inhabits there

Then to Silvia let us sing,

That Silvia is excelling,

She excels each mortal thing

Upon the dull earth dwelling,

To her let us garlands bring

From AS YOU LIKE IT

Under the greenwood tree

Who loves to lie with me,

And turn his merry note

Unto the sweet bird's throat,

Come hither, come hither, come hither! 5

Here shall he see

10 No enemy

But winter and rough weather

Who doth ambition shun

And loves to live i' the sun, 10

Seeking the food he eats,

15 And pleased with what he gets,

Come hither, come hither, come hither!

Here shall he see

No enemy

But winter and rough weather 15

JOHN MILTON (1608-1674)

Every reader of Milton's poetry has been impressed by his extensive learning and scholarly attainments. Born in London toward the close of the Elizabethan age, he passed his early years in the after-glow of that brilliant period. His father, a prosperous scrivener, had joined the Puritans but was too broad-minded to approve their condemnation of the arts. He sent his son to St Paul's School, where Milton read the classical authors in preparation for matriculation at Christ's College, Cambridge, and formed an intimate friendship with Charles Diodati, to whom he later confided his experiences and plans in letters in prose and verse. At Cambridge, Milton was somewhat irritated by the routine instruction, for he disliked to be interrupted in his own studies of literature to compose Latin essays. Owing to an argument with his tutor he was suspended for a short time, during which he enjoyed the theaters and pleasures of London. After seven years he left Cambridge because he finally decided not to become a clergyman. While he had been at the University, he had written several poems, but none show any remarkable ability except *On the Morning of Christ's Nativity*.

For the next five years Milton lived at Horton, reading the Greek and Latin poets and enjoying the quiet scenes of rural nature. *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso* give some idea of his occupations and thoughts at this time. To these years also belong *Lycidas*, the threnody for his college friend, Edward King, and *Comus*, the masque written for the inauguration of the Earl of Bridgewater as Lord President of Wales.

In 1638 Milton was considering the possibility of settling in London, when his father offered to pay his expenses for a trip abroad. The most important result of this journey was the contact with Italian culture and literature, especially the epics of Ariosto and Tasso. It is probable that he would have prolonged his travels indefinitely, had he not received news from home about the political disturbances. Shortly before Milton arrived in England, he learned that his friend Diodati had died. *The Eptaphum Damonis*, an elegy in Latin verse on this sad event, is a splendid tribute to a sincere friendship. It contains several reflections upon the Italian journey as well as a record of the earlier companionship. After his return from the continent Milton settled in Aldergate Street, London, where he instructed a few pupils in Latin. He wrote of this house, "There, in tolerable comfort, I betook myself to my interrupted studies, trusting the issue of public affairs to God in the first place, and to those to whom the people had committed that charge."

Milton was destined, however, to spend the best years of his life (1640-1660) and to lose

his eyesight in the service of the Commonwealth. He gave up poetry and resorted to prose to defend what he had persuaded himself was the party devoted to the interests of the English people. His first five pamphlets concerned the controversy in the Church and are generally called the "Anti-Episcopal Pamphlets." These were succeeded by pamphlets on education, divorce, the freedom of the press, and the newly established government. In 1649 Milton accepted the post of Secretary of Foreign Tongues to the Council of State of the Commonwealth. He wrote Latin letters to the foreign powers and translated their answers. He also was present at the interviews which the Council gave to the representatives of foreign countries. He was frequently consulted and asked to write reports and pamphlets on important subjects. One of these, *Defensio pro Populo Anglicano*, brought him fame both at home and abroad. It also hastened his blindness, which had been gradually coming on for some time. In spite of this affliction he retained his position as Secretary and dictated the more important documents. Under the Protectorate a large part of the work was turned over to an assistant. His last political pamphlet, *The Ready and Easy Way to Establish a Free Commonwealth*, was printed just before the return of Charles II.

The Areopagitica, A Speech for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing, the best known of Milton's prose works, was a plea for the freedom of the press. The immediate cause for the writing of the pamphlet was the Petition to Parliament from the Stationers' Company, which claimed that Milton had infringed the Ordinance of 1643 by publishing his tract on divorce without the necessary authority. In this tract he had advocated divorce on the basis of incompatibility. To some extent he was influenced by his own experiences, for his wife, Mary Powell, the daughter of a Cavalier, who owed the poet a large sum, had left him after a month. She evidently found the household of a Puritan scholar uncongenial after the pleasures of her father's country house. Furthermore, she was seventeen while Milton was thirty-four. Two years later the Powell family brought about a reconciliation.

At the Restoration of Charles II Milton marvellously escaped punishment. Perhaps Charles and his ministers felt the position of the blind defender of the Commonwealth was an unimportant one, or Milton's friends may have interceded for him, while he was in hiding. At any rate he was left to devote the last fourteen years of his life to poetry.

Paradise Lost, Paradise Regained, and Samson Agonistes were the results of his rededication to poetry. Except for the quarrels with his daughters, his last years were peaceful. His poems

brought him fame, and he was visited by persons who wished to pay their respects to his genius

During the years immediately following his return from Italy, Milton had read the Scriptures and the English and Scotch chronicles with the aim of finding a theme suitable for dramatic or epic treatment on a grand scale. He listed nearly 100 subjects, outlining several for development after the manner of Greek tragedy. Finally he decided to write an epic on the fall of man. This subject had been chosen by European poets frequently and was generally popular in the continental literatures. Milton may have known some of these works but was not greatly influenced by them except in his choice of theme. He began *Paradise Lost* in 1658 and had it ready for publication in 1665. It was not, however, published until 1667.

For the cosmology of the poem Milton accepted the Ptolemaic system although he was acquainted with the theories of Copernicus and Galileo. Whatever he may have believed concerning these new views, the older system was more adapted to a poem dealing with the relation of God to man. According to this scheme the earth was the center of a universe composed of ten spheres. The last sphere surrounding the others was the Primum Mobile. Beyond this were Chaos and the Empyrean, where God dwelt in the highest heaven with his angels after Satan's revolt and banishment from heaven with his followers. Hell was created at the bottom

of Chaos. For man, God's new favored race, earth was created from Chaos and attached to the Empyrean by a golden chain. A ladder of light connected Heaven with the Primum Mobile. After the fall of Adam, sin and death built a bridge from Hell to the Primum Mobile, thus facilitating the path of temptation.

Milton's purpose was "to justify the ways of God to men" and to expound the doctrine of grace in accordance with the teachings of Puritan theology. The true hero of the poem, however, is neither God nor Adam but Satan. His stoical endurance, his cunning, and his adventurous spirit gain him the admiration of the reader. The first two books recounting his recovery from his fall into Hell and his plans for revenge by tempting man contain the most striking scenes. Many parts of the remaining ten books are tiresome because Milton allows his characters to indulge in long theological discussions and wearying conversations. Although Adam and Eve are duly warned of their danger by the Angel Raphael, they succumb to temptation, only to bewail too late their transgression. The poem concludes with a vision of the future until man shall be saved by Christ and with the departure of Adam and Eve from Paradise under the conduct of the Archangel Michael. In spite of its obsolete cosmography and theology, *Paradise Lost* is the most inspiring English epic because of the vastness of its scope and the grandeur of its style.

LYCIDAS

In this Monody the Author bewails a learned Friend, unfortunately drowned in his passage from Chester on the Irish Seas, 1637, and, by occasion, foretells the ruin of our corrupted Clergy, then in their height

Yet once more, O ye Laurels, and once more,
Ye Myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
And with forced fingers rude
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing
year 5

Bitter constraint and sad occasion dear
Compels me to disturb your season due,
For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer
Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew 10
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme
He must not float upon his watery bier
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
Without the meed of some melodious tear

Begin, then, Sisters of the sacred well 15
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth
spring;

Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string
Hence with denial vain and coy excuse
So may some gentle Muse

With lucky words favour *my* destined urn, 20
And as he passes turn,
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud!

For we were nursed upon the self-same hill,
Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade, and
rill,

Together both, ere the high lawns appeared 25
Under the opening eyelids of the Morn,
We drove a-field, and both together heard
What time the grey-fly winds her sultry horn,
Battening our flocks with the fresh dews of
night,

Oft till the star that rose at evening bright 30
Toward heaven's descent had sloped his west-
ering wheel

Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,
Tempered to the oaten flute
Rough Satyrs danced, and Fauns with cloven
heel

From the glad sound would not be absent
long, 35

And old Dæmoetas loved to hear our song
But, oh! the heavy change, now thou art
gone,

Now thou art gone and never must return!
 Thee, Shepherd, thee the woods and desert
 caves,
 With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'er-
 grown, 40
 And all their echoes, mourn
 The willows, and the hazel copses green,
 Shall now no more be seen
 Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays
 As killing as the canker to the rose, 45
 Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that
 graze,
 Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobe
 wear,
 When first the white-thorn blows,
 Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's ear
 Where were ye, Nymphs, when the re-
 morseless deep 50
 Closed o'er the head of your loved Lyc-
 cidas?
 For neither were ye playing on the steep
 Where your old Bards, the famous Druids, lie,
 Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
 Nor yet where the Deua spreads her wisard
 stream 55
 Ay me! I fondly dream
 "Had ye been there," for what could
 that have done?
 What could the Muse herself that Orpheus
 bore,
 The Muse herself, for her enchanting son,
 Whom universal nature did lament, 60
 When, by the rout that made the hideous
 roar,
 His gory visage down the stream was sent,
 Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore?
 Alas! what boots it with uncessant care
 To tend the homely, slighted, Shepherd's
 trade, 65
 And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?
 Were it not better done, as others use,
 To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
 Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair?
 Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth
 raise 70
 (That last infirmity of noble mind)
 To scorn delights and live laborious days,
 But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
 And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
 Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred
 shears, 75
 And slits the thin-spun life "But not the
 praise,"
 Phœbus replied, and touched my trembling
 ears.

"Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
 Nor in the glistering foil
 Set off to the world, nor in broad rumour
 lies, 80
 But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes
 And perfect witness of all-judging Jove,
 As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
 Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed"
 O fountain Arethuse, and thou honoured
 flood, 85
 Smooth-sliding Mincius, crowned with vocal
 reeds,
 That strain I heard was of a higher mood
 But now my oat proceeds,
 And listens to the Herald of the Sea,
 That came in Neptune's plea 90
 He asked the waves, and asked the felon
 winds,
 What hard mishap hath doomed this gentle
 swain?
 And questioned every gust of rugged wings
 That blows from off each beaked promontory
 They knew not of his story, 95
 And sage Hippotades their answer brings,
 That not a blast was from his dungeon
 strayed
 The air was calm, and on the level brine
 Sleek Panope with all her sisters played
 It was that fatal and perfidious bark, 100
 Built in the eclipse, and rigged with curses
 dark,
 That sunk so low that sacred head of thine
 Next, Camus, reverend Sir, went footing
 slow,
 His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,
 Inwrought with figures dim, and on the
 edge 105
 Like to that sanguine flower inscribed with
 woe
 "Ah! who hath reft," quoth he, "my dearest
 pledge?"
 Last came, and last did go,
 The Pilot of the Galilean Lake,
 Two massy keys he bore of metals twain 110
 (The golden opes, the iron shuts amain)
 He shook his mitred locks, and stern be-
 spoke —
 "How well could I have spared for thee, young
 swain,
 Enow of such as, for their belies' sake,
 Creep, and intrude, and climb into the
 fold! 115
 Of other care they little reckoning make
 Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,
 And shove away the worthy bidden guest.

Blind mouths¹ that scarce themselves know
 how to hold
 A sheep-hook, or have learnt aught else the
 least¹²⁰
 That to the faithful Herdman's art belongs!
 What reck's it them? What need they? They
 are sped,
 And, when they list, their lean and flashy
 songs
 Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched
 straw,
 The hungry sheep look up, and are not
 fed,¹²⁵
 But, swoln with wind and the rank mist they
 draw,
 Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread,
 Besides what the grim Wolf with privy paw
 Daily devours apace, and nothing said
 But that two-handed engine at the door¹³⁰
 Stands ready to smite once, and smite no
 more "

Return, Alpheus, the dread voice is past
 That shrunk thy streams, return, Sicilian
 Muse,
 And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
 Their bells and flowerets of a thousand
 hues¹³⁵
 Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use
 Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing
 brooks,
 On whose fresh lap the swart star sparely
 looks,
 Throw hither all your quaint enamelled eyes,
 That on the green turf suck the honeyed show-
 ers,¹⁴⁰
 And purple all the ground with vernal flow-
 ers
 Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
 The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
 The white pink, and the pansy freaked with
 jet,
 The glowing violet,¹⁴⁵
 The musk-rose, and the well-attired wood-
 bine,
 With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
 And every flower that sad embroidery
 wears,
 Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
 And daffodilies fill their cups with tears,¹⁵⁰
 To strew the laureate hearse where Lycid lies
 For so, to interpose a little ease,
 Let our frail thoughts dally with false sur-
 mise
 Ay me! whilst thee the shores and sound-
 ing seas

Wash far away, where'er thy bones are
 hurled,¹⁵⁵
 Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,
 Where thou perhaps under the whelming
 tide
 Vist'st the bottom of the monstrous
 world,
 Or whether thou, to our moist vows denied,
 Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,¹⁶⁰
 Where the great Vision of the guarded
 mount
 Looks toward Namancos and Bayona's hold.
 Look homeward, Angel, now, and melt with
 ruth,
 And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth
 Weep no more, woeful shepherds, weep
 no more,¹⁶⁵
 For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,
 Sunk though he be beneath the watery
 floor,
 So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
 And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
 And tricks his beams, and with new spangled
 ore¹⁷⁰
 Flames in the forehead of the morning sky.
 So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
 Through the dear might of Him that walked
 the waves,
 Where, other groves and other streams along,
 With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,¹⁷⁵
 And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,
 In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.
 There entertain him all the Saints above,
 In solemn troops and sweet societies,
 That sing, and singing in their glory move,¹⁸⁰
 And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes
 Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more;
 Henceforth thou art the Genius of the shore,
 In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
 To all that wander in that perilous flood¹⁸⁵
 Thus sang the uncouth swain to the oaks and
 rills,
 While the still morn went out with sandals
 grey,
 He touched the tender stops of various
 quills,
 With eager thought warbling his Doric
 lay
 And now the sun had stretched out all the
 hills,¹⁹⁰
 And now was dropped into the western bay
 At last he rose, and twitched his mantle
 blue
 To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures
 new

PARADISE LOST

THE VERSE

The measure is English heroic verse without rime, as that of Homer in Greek, and of Virgil in Latin—rime being no necessary adjunct or true ornament of poem or good verse, in longer works especially, but the invention of a barbarous age, to set off wretched matter and lame metre, graced indeed since by the use of some famous modern poets, carried away by custom, but much to their own vexation, hindrance, and constraint to express many things otherwise, and for the most part worse, than else they would have expressed them. Not without cause therefore some both Italian and Spanish poets of prime note have rejected rime both in longer and shorter works, as have also long since our best English tragedies, as a thing of itself, to all judicious ears, trivial and of no true musical delight, which consists only in apt numbers, fit quantity of syllables, and the sense variously drawn out from one verse into another, not in the jingling sound of like endings—a fault avoided by the learned ancients both in poetry and all good oratory. This neglect then of rime so little is to be taken for a defect, though it may seem so perhaps to vulgar readers, that it rather is to be esteemed an example set, the first in English, of ancient liberty recovered to heroic poem from the troublesome and modern bondage of riming.

BOOK I

THE ARGUMENT

This First Book proposes, first in brief, the whole subject—Man's disobedience, and the loss thereupon of Paradise, wherein he was placed then touches the prime cause of his fall—the Serpent, or rather Satan in the Serpent, who, revolting from God, and drawing to his side many legions of Angels, was, by the command of God, driven out of Heaven, with all his crew, into the great Deep. Which action passed over, the Poem hastes into the midst of things, presenting Satan, with his Angels, now fallen into Hell—described here not in the Centre (for heaven and earth may be supposed as yet not made, certainly not yet accursed), but in a place of utter darkness, fittest called Chaos. Here Satan, with his

Angels, lying on the burning lake, thunder-struck and astonished, after a certain space recovers, as from confusion, calls up him who, next in order and dignity, lay by him: they confer of their miserable fall. Satan awakens all his legions, who lay till then in the same manner confounded. They rise: their numbers, array of battle, their chief leaders named, according to the idols known afterwards in Canaan and the countries adjoining. To these Satan directs his speech, comforts them with hope yet of regaining Heaven, but tells them, lastly, of a new world and new kind of creature to be created, according to an ancient prophecy, or report, in Heaven—for that Angels were long before this visible creation was the opinion of many ancient Fathers. To find out the truth of this prophecy, and what to determine thereon, he refers to a full council. What his associates thence attempt. Pandemonium, the palace of Satan, rises, suddenly built out of the Deep: the infernal Peers there sit in council.

Of Man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree whose mortal taste
Brought death into the World, and all our woe,
With loss of Eden, till one greater Man
Restore us, and regain the blissful Seat, 5
Sing, Heavenly Muse, that, on the secret top
Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire
That Shepherd who first taught the chosen
seed

In the beginning how the heavens and earth
Rose out of Chaos: or, if Sion hill 10
Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook that
flowed

Fast by the oracle of God, I thence
Invoke thy aid to my adventurous song,
That with no middle flight intends to soar
Above the Aonian mount, while it pursues 15
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme
And chiefly Thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer
Before all temples the upright heart and
pure,
Instruct me, for Thou know'st, Thou from
the first

Wast present, and, with mighty wings out-
spread, 20

Dove-like sat'st brooding on the vast Abyss,
And mad'st it pregnant: what in me is dark
Illumine, what is low raise and support,
That, to the height of this great argument,
I may assert Eternal Providence, 25
And justify the ways of God to men

Say first—for Heaven hides nothing from
thy view,
Nor the deep tract of Hell—say first what
cause

Moved our grand Parents, in that happy state,
Favoured of Heaven so highly, to fall off 30
From their Creator, and transgress his will
For one restraint, lords of the World besides
Who first seduced them to that foul revolt?

The infernal Serpent, he it was whose
guile,

Stirred up with envy and revenge, deceived 35
The mother of mankind, what time his pride
Had cast him out from Heaven, with all his
host

Of rebel Angels, by whose aid, aspiring
To set himself in glory above his peers,
He trusted to have equalled the Most High, 40
If he opposed, and, with ambitious aim
Against the throne and monarchy of God,
Raised impious war in Heaven and battle
proud,

With vain attempt Him the Almighty Power
Hurled headlong flaming from the ethereal
sky, 45

With hideous ruin and combustion, down
To bottomless perdition, there to dwell
In adamant chains and penal fire,
Who durst defy the Omnipotent to arms

Nine times the space that measures day and
night 50

To mortal men, he, with his horrid crew,
Lay vanquished, rolling in the fiery gulf,
Confounded, though immortal But his doom
Reserved him to more wrath; for now the
thought

Both of lost happiness and lasting pain 55
Torments him round he throws his baleful
eyes,

That witnessed huge affliction and dismay,
Mixed with obdurate pride and steadfast
hate

At once, as far as Angels ken, he views
The dismal situation waste and wild 60
A dungeon horrible, on all sides round,
As one great furnace flamed, yet from those
flames

No light, but rather darkness visible
Served only to discover sights of woe,
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where
peace 65

And rest can never dwell, hope never comes
That comes to all, but torture without end
Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed
With ever-burning sulphur unconsumed

Such place Eternal Justice had prepared 70
For those rebellious, here their prison or-
dained

In utter darkness, and their portion set,
As far removed from God and light of Heaven
As from the centre thence to the utmost pole
Oh how unlike the place from whence they
fell! 75

There the companions of his fall, o'erwhelmed
With floods and whirlwinds of tempestuous
fire,

He soon discerns, and, weltering by his side,
One next himself in power, and next in crime,
Long after known in Palestine, and named 80
BEELZEBUB To whom the Arch Enemy,
And thence in Heaven called SATAN, with bold
words

Breaking the horrid silence, thus began —
"If thou beest he—but Oh how fallen! how
changed

From him!—who, in the happy realms of
light, 85

Clothed with transcendent brightness, didst
outshine

Mynads, though bright—if he whom mutual
league,

United thoughts and counsels, equal hope
And hazard in the glorious enterprise,
Joined with me once, now misery hath
joined 90

In equal ruin, into what pit thou seest
From what highth fallen, so much the
stronger proved

He with his thunder and till then who knew
The force of those dire arms? Yet not for
those,

Nor what the potent Victor in his rage 95
Can else inflict, do I repent, or change,
Though changed in outward lustre, that fixed
mind,

And high disdain from sense of injured merit,
That with the Mightiest raised me to contend,
And to the fierce contention brought along 100

Innumerable force of Spirits armed,
That durst dislike his reign, and, me pre-
ferring,

His utmost power with adverse power op-
posed

In dubious battle on the plains of Heaven,
And shook his throne—What though the field
be lost? 105

All is not lost—the unconquerable will,
And study of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield
And what is else not to be overcome?

That glory never shall his wrath or might ¹¹⁰
 Extort from me To bow and sue for grace
 With suppliant knee, and deify his power
 Who, from the terror of this arm, so late
 Doubted his empire—that were low indeed,
 That were an ignominy and shame beneath ¹¹⁵
 This downfall, since, by fate, the strength of
 Gods,

And this empyreal substance, cannot fail,
 Since, through experience of this great event,
 In arms not worse, in foresight much ad-
 vanced,

We may with more successful hope resolve ¹²⁰
 To wage by force or guile eternal war,
 Irreconcilable to our grand Foe,
 Who now triumphs, and in the excess of joy
 Sole reigning holds the tyranny of Heaven”

So spake the apostate Angel, though in
 pain, ¹²⁵
 Vaunting aloud, but racked with deep de-
 spair,
 And him thus answered soon his bold Com-
 peer —

“O Prince, O Chief of many thronèd Pow-
 ers

That led the embattled Seraphim to war
 Under thy conduct, and, in dreadful deeds ¹³⁰
 Fearless, endangered Heaven’s perpetual King,
 And put to proof his high supremacy,
 Whether upheld by strength, or chance, or
 fate!

Too well I see and rue the dire event
 That, with sad overthrow and foul defeat, ¹³⁵
 Hath lost us Heaven, and all this mighty host
 In horrible destruction laid thus low,
 As far as Gods and Heavenly Essences
 Can perish for the mind and spirit remains
 Invincible, and vigour soon returns, ¹⁴⁰
 Though all our glory extinct, and happy state
 Here swallowed up in endless misery
 But what if He our Conqueror (whom I now
 Of force believe almighty, since no less
 Than such could have o’erpowered such force
 as ours) ¹⁴⁵

Have left us this our spirit and strength en-
 tire,

Strongly to suffer and support our pains,
 That we may so suffice his vengeful ire,
 Or do him mightier service as his thralls
 By right of war, whate’er his business be, ¹⁵⁰
 Here in the heart of Hell to work in fire,
 Or do his errands in the gloomy Deep?
 What can it then avail though yet we feel
 Strength undiminished, or eternal being
 To undergo eternal punishment?” ¹⁵⁵

Whereto with speedy words the Arch-Fiend
 replied —

“Fallen Cherub, to be weak is miserable
 Doing or suffering but of this be sure—
 To do aught good never will be our task,
 But ever to do ill our sole delight, ¹⁶⁰
 As being the contrary to His high will
 Whom we resist If then his providence
 Out of our evil seek to bring forth good,
 Our labour must be to pervert that end,
 And out of good still to find means of evil, ¹⁶⁵
 Which ofttimes may succeed so as perhaps
 Shall grieve him, if I fail not, and disturb
 His inmost counsels from their destined aim
 But see! the angry Victor hath recalled
 His ministers of vengeance and pursuit ¹⁷⁰
 Back to the gates of Heaven the sulphurous
 hail,

Shot after us in storm, o’erblown hath laid
 The fiery surge that from the precipice
 Of Heaven received us falling, and the thun-
 der,

Winged with red lightning and impetuous
 rage, ¹⁷⁵

Perhaps hath spent his shafts, and ceases now
 To bellow through the vast and boundless
 Deep

Let us not slip the occasion, whether scorn
 Or satiate fury yield it from our Foe
 Seest thou yon dreary plain, forlorn and
 wild, ¹⁸⁰

The seat of desolation, void of light,
 Save what the glimmering of these livid
 flames

Casts pale and dreadful? Thither let us tend
 From off the tossing of these fiery waves,
 There rest, if any rest can harbour there, ¹⁸⁵
 And, re-assembling our afflicted powers,
 Consult how we may henceforth most offend
 Our Enemy, our own loss how repair,
 How overcome this dire calamity,
 What reinforcement we may gain from
 hope, ¹⁹⁰

If not what resolution from despair”

Thus Satan, talking to his nearest Mate,
 With head uplift above the wave, and eyes
 That sparkling blazed, his other parts besides
 Prone on the flood, extended long and large, ¹⁹⁵
 Lay floating many a rood, in bulk as huge
 As whom the fables name of monstrous size,
 Titanian or Earth-born, that warred on Jove,
 Briareos or Typhon, whom the den
 By ancient Tarsus held, or that sea-beast ²⁰⁰
 Leviathan, which God of all his works
 Created hugest that swim the ocean-stream.

Him, haply slumbering on the Norway foam,
 The pilot of some small night-foundered skiff,
 Deeming some island, oft, as seamen tell, ²⁰⁵
 With fixèd anchor in his scaly rind,
 Moors by his side under the lee, while night
 Invests the sea, and wishèd morn delays
 So stretched out huge in length the Arch-Fiend
 lay,

Chained on the burning lake, nor ever
 thence ²¹⁰
 Had risen, or heaved his head, but that the
 will

And high permission of all-ruling Heaven
 Left him at large to his own dark designs,
 That with reiterated crimes he might
 Heap on himself damnation, while he
 sought ²¹⁵

Evil to others, and enraged might see
 How all his malice served but to bring forth
 Infinite goodness, grace, and mercy, shewn
 On Man by him seduced, but on himself
 Treble confusion, wrath, and vengeance
 poured ²²⁰

Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool
 His mighty stature, on each hand the flames
 Driven backward slope their pointing spires,
 and, rowled

In billows, leave i' the midst a horrid vale
 Then with expanded wings he steers his
 flight ²²⁵

Aloft, incumbent on the dusky air,
 That felt unusual weight, till on dry land
 He lights—if it were land that ever burned
 With solid, as the lake with liquid fire,
 And such appeared in hue as when the
 force ²³⁰

Of subterranean wind transports a hill
 Torn from Pelorus, or the shattered side
 Of thundering Ætna, whose combustible
 And fuelled entrails, thence concerning fire,
 Sublimed with mineral fury, aid the winds, ²³⁵
 And leave a singèd bottom all involved
 With stench and smoke Such resting found
 the sole

Of unblest feet Him followed his next Mate,
 Both glorying to have scaped the Stygian
 flood

As gods, and by their own recovered
 strength, ²⁴⁰

Not by the sufferance of supernal power.
 "Is thus the region, thus the soil, the clime,"
 Said then the lost Archangel, "thus the seat
 That we must change for Heaven?—thus
 mournful gloom

For that celestial light? Be it so, since He ²⁴⁵

Who now is sovran can dispose and bid
 What shall be right fardest from Him is
 best,

Whom reason hath equalled, force hath made
 supreme

Above his equals Farewell, happy fields,
 Where joy for ever dwells! Hail, hor-
 rors! hail, ²⁵⁰

Infernal World! and thou, profoundest Hell,
 Receive thy new possessor—one who brings
 A mind not to be changed by place or time
 The mind is its own place, and in itself
 Can make a Heaven of Hell, a Hell of
 Heaven ²⁵⁵

What matter where, if I be still the same,
 And what I should be, all but less than he
 Whom thunder hath made greater? Here at
 least

We shall be free, the Almighty hath not built
 Here for his envy, will not drive us hence ²⁶⁰
 Here we may reign secure, and, in my choice,
 To reign is worth ambition, though in Hell
 Better to reign in Hell than serve in Heaven
 But wherefore let we then our faithful friends,
 The associates and co-partners of our loss, ²⁶⁵
 Lie thus astonished on the oblivious pool,
 And call them not to share with us their part
 In this unhappy mansion, or once more
 With rallied arms to try what may be yet
 Regained in Heaven, or what more lost in
 Hell?" ²⁷⁰

So Satan spake, and him Beelzebub
 Thus answered—"Leader of those armies
 bright

Which, but the Omnipotent, none could have
 foiled!

If once they hear that voice, their liveliest
 pledge

Of hope in fears and dangers—heard so
 oft ²⁷⁵

In worst extremes, and on the perilous edge
 Of battle, when it raged, in all assaults
 Their surest signal—they will soon resume
 New courage and revive, though now they
 lie

Groveling and prostrate on yon lake of
 fire, ²⁸⁰

As we erewhile, astounded and amazed,
 No wonder, fallen such a pernicious highth!"

He scarce had ceased when the superior
 Fiend

Was moving toward the shore; his ponderous
 shield,

Ethereal temper, massy, large, and round, ²⁸⁵
 Behind him cast The broad circumference

Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb

Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views
At evening, from the top of Fesolè,
Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands, ²⁹⁰
Rivers, or mountains, in her spotty globe
His spear—to equal which the tallest pine
Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast
Of some great Ammiral, were but a wand—
He walked with, to support uneasy steps ²⁹⁵
Over the burning marle, not like those steps
On Heaven's azure, and the torrid clime
Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with fire
Nathless he so endured, till on the beach
Of that inflamèd sea he stood, and called ³⁰⁰
His legions—Angel Forms, who lay entranced
Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the
brooks

In Vallombrosa, where the Etrurian shades
High over-arched embower, or scattered sedge
Afloat, when with fierce winds Orion armed ³⁰⁵
Hath vexed the Red-Sea coasts, whose waves
o'erthrew

Busiris and his Memphian chivalry,
While with perfidious hatred they pursued
The sojourners of Goshen, who beheld
From the safe shore their floating carcasses ³¹⁰
And broken chariot-wheels So thick bestrown,
Abject and lost, lay these, covering the flood,
Under amazement of their hideous change
He called so loud that all the hollow deep
Of Hell resounded—"Princes, Potentates, ³¹⁵
Warriors, the Flower of Heaven—once yours,
now lost,

If such astonishment as this can seize
Eternal Spirits! Or have ye chosen this place
After the toil of battle to repose
Your wearied virtue, for the ease you find ³²⁰
To slumber here, as in the vales of Heaven?
Or in this abject posture have ye sworn
To adore the Conqueror, who now beholds
Cherub and Seraph rolling in the flood
With scattered arms and ensigns, till anon ³²⁵
His swift pursuers from Heaven-gates discern
The advantage, and, descending, tread us
down

Thus drooping, or with linkèd thunderbolts
Transfix us to the bottom of this gulf?—
Awake, arise, or be for ever fallen!" ³³⁰

They heard, and were abashed, and up they
sprung

Upon the wing, as when men wont to watch,
On duty sleeping found by whom they dread,
Rouse and bestir themselves ere well awake.
Nor did they not perceive the evil plight ³³⁵

In which they were, or the fierce pains not
feel;

Yet to their General's voice they soon obeyed
Innumerable As when the potent rod
Of Amram's son, in Egypt's evil day,
Waved round the coast, up-called a pitchy
cloud ³⁴⁰

Of locusts, warping on the eastern wind,
That o'er the realm of impious Pharaoh hung
Like Night, and darkened all the land of Nile,
So numberless were those bad Angels seen
Hovering on wing under the cope of Hell, ³⁴⁵
'Twixt upper, nether, and surrounding fires,
Till, as a signal given, the uplifted spear
Of their great Sultan waving to direct
Their course, in even balance down they light
On the firm brimstone, and fill all the
plain ³⁵⁰

A multitude like which the populous North
Poured never from her frozen loins to pass
Rhene or the Danaw, when her barbarous sons
Came like a deluge on the South, and spread
Beneath Gilbraltar to the Libyan sands ³⁵⁵
Forthwith, from every squadron and each
band,

The heads and leaders thither haste where
stood

Their great Commander—godlike Shapes, and
Forms

Excelling human, princely Dignities,
And Powers that erst in Heaven sat on
thrones, ³⁶⁰

Though of their names in Heavenly records
now

Be no memorial, blotted out and rased
By their rebellion from the Books of Life
Nor had they yet among the sons of Eve
Got them new names, till, wandering o'er the
earth, ³⁶⁵

Through God's high sufferance for the trial of
man,

By falsities and lies the greatest part
Of mankind they corrupted to forsake
God their Creator, and the invisible
Glory of Him that made them to trans-
form ³⁷⁰

Oft to the image of a brute, adorned
With gay religions full of pomp and gold,
And devils to adore for deities
Then were they known to men by various
names,

And various idols through the heathen
world ³⁷⁵

Say, Muse, their names then known, who
first, who last,

Roused from the slumber on that fiery couch,
At their great Emperor's call, as next in worth
Came singly where he stood on the bare
strand,

While the promiscuous crowd stood yet
aloof 380

The chief were those who, from the pit of
Hell

Roaming to seek their prey on Earth, durst
fix

Their seats, long after, next the seat of God,
Their altars by His altar, gods adored

Among the nations round, and durst abide 385

Jehovah thundering out of Sion, throned
Between the Cherubim, yea, often placed

Within His sanctuary itself their shrines,
Abominations, and with cursed things

His holy rites and solemn feasts profaned, 390
And with their darkness durst affront His

light

First, *Moloch*, horrid King, besmeared with
blood

Of human sacrifice, and parents' tears,
Though, for the noise of drums and tumbrels
loud,

Their children's cries unheard that passed
through fire 395

To his grim idol Him the Ammonite
Worshipped in Rabba and her watery plain,

In Argob and in Basan, to the stream
Of utmost Arnon Nor content with such

Audacious neighbourhood, the wisest heart 400
Of Solomon he led by fraud to build

His temple right against the temple of God
On that opprobrious hill, and made his grove

The pleasant valley of Hinnom, Tophet thence
And black Gehenna called, the type of

Hell 405

Next *Chemos*, the obscene dread of Moab's
sons,

From Arar to Nebo and the wild
Of southmost Abarim, in Hesebon

And Horonaim, Seon's realm, beyond
The flowery dale of Sibma clad with vines, 410

And Eleale to the Asphaltick Pool
Peor his other name, when he enticed

Israel in Sittim, on their march from Nile,
To do him wanton rites, which cost them woe

Yet thence his lustful orgies he enlarged 415
Even to that hill of scandal, by the grove

Of Moloch homicide, lust hard by hate,
Till good Josiah drove them thence to Hell

With these came they who, from the border-
ing flood

Of old Euphrates to the brook that parts 420

Egypt from Syrian ground had general names
Of *Baalim* and *Ashtaroth*—those male,
These feminine For Spirits, when they please,

Can either sex assume, or both, so soft
And uncompoundd is their essence pure, 425

Not tied or manacled with joint or limb,
Nor founded on the brittle strength of bones,

Like cumbrous flesh, but, in what shape they
choose,

Dilated or condensed, bright or obscure,
Can execute their aery purposes, 430

And works of love or enmity fulfil
For those the race of Israel oft forsook

Their Living Strength, and unfrequented left
His righteous altar, bowing lowly down

To bestial gods, for which their heads, as
low 435

Bowed down in battle, sunk before the spear
Of despicable foes With these in troop

Came *Astoreth*, whom the Phœnicians called
Astarte, queen of heaven, with crescent horns,

To whose bright image nightly by the
moon 440

Sidonian virgins paid their vows and songs,
In Sion also not unsung, where stood

Her temple on the offensive mountain, built
By that uxorious king whose heart, though

large,

Beguiled by fair idolatresses, fell 445

To idols foul *Thammuz* came next behind,
Whose annual wound in Lebanon allured

The Syrian damsels to lament his fate
In amorous ditties all a summer's day,

While smooth Adonis from his native rock 450
Ran purple to the sea, supposed with blood

Of Thammuz yearly wounded the love-tale
Infected Sion's daughters with like heat,

Whose wanton passions in the sacred porch
Ezekiel saw, when, by the vision led, 455

His eye surveyed the dark idolatries
Of alienated Judah Next came one

Who mourned in earnest, when the captive
Ark

Maimed his brute image, head and hands lopt
off,

In his own temple, on the grunsel-edge, 460
Where he fell flat and shamed his worshipers

Dagon his name, sea-monster, upward man
And downward fish, yet had his temple high

Reared in Azotus, dreaded through the coast
Of Palestine, in Gath and Ascalon, 465

And Accaron and Gaza's frontier bounds
Him followed *Rimmon*, whose delightful seat

Was fair Damascus, on the fertile banks
Of Abbana and Pharpar, lucid streams.

He also against the house of God was bold 470
 A leper once he lost, and gained a king—
 Ahaz, his sottish conqueror, whom he drew
 God's altar to disparage and displace
 For one of Syrian mode, whereon to burn
 His odious offerings, and adore the gods 475
 Whom he had vanquished After these ap-
 peared

A crew who, under names of old renown—
Osiris, Isis, Orus, and their train—
 With monstrous shapes and sorceries abused
 Fanatic Egypt and her priests to seek 480
 Their wandering gods disguised in brutish
 forms

Rather than human Nor did Israel scape
 The infection, when their borrowed gold com-
 posed

The calf in Oreb, and the rebel king
 Doubled that sun in Bethel and in Dan, 485
 Likening his Maker to the grazèd ox—
 Jehovah, who, in one night, when he passed
 From Egypt marching, equalled with one
 stroke

Both her first-born and all her bleating gods
Behal came last, than whom a Spirit more
 lewd 490

Fell not from Heaven, or more gross to love
 Vice for itself To him no temple stood
 Or altar smoked, yet who more oft than he
 In temples and at altars, when the priest
 Turns atheist, as did Eli's sons, who filled 495
 With lust and violence the house of God?
 In courts and palaces he also reigns,
 And in luxurious cities, where the noise
 Of riot ascends above their loftiest towers,
 And injury and outrage, and, when night 500
 Darkens the streets, then wander forth the
 sons

Of *Behal*, flown with insolence and wine
 Witness the streets of Sodom, and that night
 In Gibeah, when the hospitable door
 Exposed a matron, to avoid worse rape 505

These were the prime in order and in might
 The rest were long to tell, though far re-
 nowned

The Ionian gods—of Javan's issue held
 Gods, yet confessed later than Heaven and
 Earth,

Their boasted parents,—*Titan*, Heaven's first-
 born, 510
 With his enormous brood, and birthright
 seized

By younger *Saturn*: he from mightier Jove,
 His own and Rhea's son, like measure found,
 So *Jove* usurping reigned These, first in Crete

And *Ida* known, thence on the snowy top 515
 Of cold Olympus ruled the middle air,
 Their highest heaven, or on the Delphian cliff,
 Or in Dodona, and through all the bounds
 Of Doric land, or who with Saturn old
 Fled over *Adria* to the Hesperian fields, 520
 And o'er the Celtic roamed the utmost Isles
 All these and more came flocking, but with
 looks

Downcast and damp, yet such wherein ap-
 peared

Obscure some glimpse of joy to have found
 their Chief

Not in despair, to have found themselves
 not lost 525

In loss itself, which on his countenance
 cast

Like doubtful hue But he, his wonted pride
 Soon recollecting, with high words, that bore
 Semblance of worth, not substance, gently
 raised

Their fainting courage, and dispelled their
 fears 530

Then straight commands that, at the warlike
 sound

Of trumpets loud and clarions, be upreared
 His mighty standard That proud honour
 claimed

Azazel as his right, a Cherub tall
 Who forthwith from the glittering staff un-
 furled 535

The imperial ensign; which, full high advanced,
 Shon like a meteor streaming to the wind,
 With gems and golden lustre rich imblazed,
 Seraphic arms and trophies, all the while
 Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds 540
 At which the universal host up-sent

A shout that tore Hell's concave, and beyond
 Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night
 All in a moment through the gloom were seen
 Ten thousand banners rise into the air, 545
 With orient colours waving with them rose
 A forest huge of spears; and thronging helms
 Appeared, and serried shields in thick array
 Of depth immeasurable Anon they move

In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood 550
 Of flutes and soft recorders—such as raised
 To highth of noblest temper heroes old
 Arming to battle, and instead of rage
 Deliberate valour breathed, firm, and unmoved
 With dread of death to flight or foul re-
 treat, 555

Nor wanting power to mitigate and swage
 With solemn touches troubled thoughts, and
 chase

Anguish and doubt and fear and sorrow and
 pain
 From mortal or immortal minds Thus they,
 Breathing united force with fix'd thought, 560
 Moved on in silence to soft pipes that charmed
 Their painful steps o'er the burnt soil And
 now
 Advanced in view they stand—a horrid front
 Of dreadful length and dazzling arms, in guise
 Of warriors old, with ordered spear and
 shield, 565
 Awaiting what command their mighty Chief
 Had to impose He through the arm'd files
 Darts his experienced eye, and soon traverse
 The whole battalion views—their order due,
 Their visages and stature as of Gods, 570
 Their number last he sums And now his
 heart
 Distends with pride, and, hardening in his
 strength,
 Glories for never, since created Man,
 Met such imbodied force as, named with these,
 Could ment more than that small infantry 575
 Warred on by cranes—through all the giant
 brood
 Of Phlegra with the heroic race were joined
 That fought at Thebes and Ilum, on each side
 Mixed with auxiliar gods, and what resounds
 In fable or romance of Uther's son, 580
 Begirt with British and Armonic knights,
 And all who since, baptized or infidel,
 Jousted in Aspramont, or Montalban,
 Damasco, or Morocco, or Trebisond,
 Or whom Biserta sent from Afric shore 585
 When Charlemain with all his peerage fell
 By Fontarabbia Thus far these beyond
 Compare of mortal prowess, yet observed
 Their dread Commander He, above the rest
 In shape and gesture proudly eminent, 590
 Stood like a tower His form had yet not lost
 All her original brightness, nor appeared
 Less than Archangel ruined, and the excess
 Of glory obscured as when the sun new-risen
 Looks through the horizontal misty air 595
 Shorn of his beams, or, from behind the moon,
 In dum eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
 On half the nations, and with fear of change
 Perplexes monarchs Darkened so, yet shon
 Above them all the Archangel. but his face 600
 Deep scars of thunder had intrenched, and
 care
 Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows
 Of dauntless courage, and considerate pride
 Waiting revenge Cruel his eye, but cast
 Signs of remorse and passion, to behold 605

The fellows of his crime, the followers rather
 (Far other once beheld in bliss), condemned
 For ever now to have their lot in pain—
 Millions of Spirits for his fault amerced
 Of Heaven, and from eternal splendours
 flung 610
 For his revolt—yet faithful how they stood,
 Their glory withered, as, when heaven's fire
 Hath scathed the forest oaks or mountain
 pines,
 With sing'd top their stately growth, though
 bare,
 Stands on the blasted heath He now pre-
 pared 615
 To speak, whereat their doubled ranks they
 bend
 From wing to wing, and half enclose him
 round
 With all his peers Attention held them mute
 Thrice he assayed, and thrice, in spite of
 scorn,
 Tears, such as Angels weep, burst forth at
 last 620
 Words interwove with sighs found out their
 way —
 "O myriads of immortal Spirits! O Powers
 Matchless, but with the Almighty!—and that
 strife
 Was not inglorious, though the event was dire,
 As this place testifies, and this dire change, 625
 hateful to utter But what power of mind,
 Foreseeing or presaging, from the depth
 Of knowledge past or present, could have
 feared
 How such united force of gods, how such
 As stood like these, could ever know repulse? 630
 For who can yet believe, though after loss,
 That all these puissant legions, whose exile
 Hath emptied Heaven, shall fail to re-ascend,
 Self-raised, and re-possess their native seat?
 For me, be witness all the host of Heaven, 635
 If counsels different, or danger shunned
 By me, have lost our hopes. But he who reigns
 Monarchs in Heaven till then as one secure
 Sat on his throne, upheld by old repute,
 Consent or custom, and his regal state 640
 Put forth at full, but still his strength con-
 cealed—
 Which tempted our attempt, and wrought our
 fall
 Henceforth his might we know, and know our
 own,
 So as not either to provoke, or dread
 New war provoked our better part remains 645
 To work in close design, by fraud or guile,

What force effected not, that he no less
 At length from us may find, Who overcomes
 By force hath overcome but half his foe
 Space may produce new Worlds, whereof so
 rife 650

There went a fame in Heaven that He ere
 long

Intended to create, and therein plant
 A generation whom his choice regard
 Should favour equal to the Sons of Heaven
 Thither, if but to pry, shall be perhaps 655
 Our first eruption—thither, or elsewhere,
 For this infernal pit shall never hold
 Celestial Spirits in bondage, nor the Abyss
 Long under darkness cover But these thoughts
 Full counsel must mature Peace is de-
 spaired, 660

For who can think submission? War, then,
 war

Open or understood, must be resolved "

He spake, and, to confirm his words, out-
 flew

Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the
 thighs

Of mighty Cherubim, the sudden blaze 665
 Far round illumined Hell Highly they raged
 Against the Highest and fierce with grasped
 arms

Clashed on their sounding shields the din of
 war,

Hurling defiance toward the vault of Heaven
 There stood a hill not far, whose griesly
 top 670

Belched fire and rowling smoke, the rest en-
 tire

Shon with a glossy scurf—undoubted sign
 That in his womb was hid metallic ore,
 The work of sulphur Thither, winged with
 speed,

A numerous brigad hastened as when bands 675
 Of pioners, with spade and pickaxe armed,
 Forerun the royal camp, to trench a field,
 Or cast a rampart Mammon led them on—
 Mammon, the least erected Spirit that fell
 From Heaven, for even in Heaven his looks
 and thoughts 680

Were always downward bent, admiring more
 The riches of Heaven's pavement, trodden
 gold,

Than aught divine or holy else enjoyed
 In vision beatific By him first
 Men also, and by his suggestion taught, 685
 Ransacked the Centre, and with impious hands
 Rifled the bowels of their mother Earth
 For treasures better hid Soon had his crew

Opened into the hull a spacious wound,
 And digged out ribs of gold Let none
 admire 690

That riches grow in Hell, that soil may best
 Deserve the pretious bane And here let those
 Who boast in mortal things, and wondering
 tell

Of Babel, and the works of Memphian kings,
 Learn how their greatest monuments of
 fame, 695

And strength, and art, are easily outdone
 By Spirits reprobate, and in an hour
 What in an age they, with incessant toil
 And hands innumerable, scarce perform
 Nigh on the plain, in many cells prepared, 700
 That underneath had veins of liquid fire
 Sluiced from the lake, a second multitude
 With wondrous art founded the massy ore,
 Severing each kind, and scummed the bullion-
 dross

A thrd as soon had formed within the
 ground 705

A various mould, and from the boiling cells
 By strange conveyance filled each hollow
 nook,

As in an organ, from one blast of wind,
 To many a row of pipes the sound-board
 breathes

Anon out of the earth a fabric huge 710
 Rose like an exhalation, with the sound
 Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet—
 Built like a temple, where pilasters round
 Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid
 With golden architrave, nor did there want 715
 Cornice or frieze, with bossy sculptures
 graven

The roof was fretted gold Not Babilon
 Nor great Alcairo such magnificence
 Equalled in all their glories, to inshrine
 Belus or Serapis their gods, or seat 720
 Their kings, when Ægypt with Assyria strove
 In wealth and luxury The ascending pile
 Stood fixed her stately highth, and straight
 the doors,

Opening their brazen folds, discover, wide
 Within, her ample spaces o'er the smooth 725
 And level pavement from the archèd roof,
 Pendent by subtle magic, many a row
 Of starry lamps and blazing cressets, fed
 With naphtha and asphaltus, yielded light
 As from a sky The hasty multitude 730
 Admiring entered, and the work some praise,
 And some the Architect His hand was known
 In Heaven by many a towered structure high,
 Where sceptred Angels held their residence,

And sat as Princes, whom the supreme King ⁷³⁵
 Exalted to such power, and gave to rule,
 Each in his hierarchy, the Orders bright
 Nor was his name unheard or unadored
 In ancient Greece, and in Ausonian land
 Men called him Mulciber, and how he fell ⁷⁴⁰
 From Heaven they fabled, thrown by angry
 Jove

Sheer o'er the crystal battlements from morn
 To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,
 A summer's day, and with the setting sun
 Dropt from the zenith, like a falling star, ⁷⁴⁵
 On Lemnos, the Ægæan isle Thus they relate,
 Erring, for he with this rebellious rout
 Fell long before, nor aught availed him now
 To have built in Heaven high towers, nor did
 he scale

By all his engines, but was headlong sent, ⁷⁵⁰
 With his industrious crew, to build in Hell

Meanwhile the winged Haralds, by com-
 mand

Of sovran power, with awful ceremony
 And trumpet's sound, throughout the host
 proclaim

A solemn council forthwith to be held ⁷⁵⁵
 At Pandæmonium, the high capital
 Of Satan and his peers Their summons called
 From every band and squared regiment
 By place or choice the worthiest they anon
 With hundreds and with thousands trooping
 came ⁷⁶⁰

Attended. All access was thronged, the gates
 And porches wide, but chief the spacious hall
 (Though like a covered field, where cham-
 pions bold

Wont ride in armed, and at the Soldan's chair
 Defied the best of Panim chivalry ⁷⁶⁵

To mortal combat, or career with lance),
 Thick swarmed, both on the ground and in
 the air,

Brushed with the hiss of rustling wings As
 bees

In spring-time, when the Sun with Taurus
 rides,

Pour forth their populous youth about the
 hive ⁷⁷⁰

In clusters, they, among fresh dews and
 flowers

Fly to and fro, or on the smoothèd plank,
 The suburb of their straw-built citadel,
 New rubbed with balm, expatiate, and con-
 fer

Their state-affairs: so thick the aerie crowd ⁷⁷⁵
 Swarmed and were straitened, till, the signal
 given,

Behold a wonder! They but now who seemed
 In bigness to surpass Earth's giant sons,
 Now less than smallest dwarfs, in narrow
 room

Throng numberless—like that pygmean race ⁷⁸⁰
 Beyond the Indian mount, or faery elves,
 Whose midnight revels, by a forest-side
 Or fountain, some belated peasant sees,
 Or dreams he sees, while overhead the Moon
 Sits arbitress, and nearer to the Earth ⁷⁸⁵
 Wheels her pale course they, on their mirth
 and dance

Intent, with jocond music charm his ear;
 At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds
 Thus incorporeal Spirits to smallest forms
 Reduced their shapes immense, and were at
 large, ⁷⁹⁰

Though without number still, amidst the hall
 Of that infernal court But far within,
 And in their own dimensions like themselves,
 The great Seraphic Lords and Cherubim
 In close recess and secret conclave sat, ⁷⁹⁵
 A thousand demi-gods on golden seats,
 Frequent and full After short silence then,
 And summons read, the great consult began.

BOOK II

THE ARGUMENT

The consultation begun, Satan debates
 whether another battle be to be hazarded for
 the recovery of Heaven some advise it, others
 dissuade A third proposal is preferred,
 mentioned before by Satan—to search the
 truth of that prophecy or tradition in Heaven
 concerning another world, and another kind
 of creature, equal, or not much inferior, to them-
 selves, about this time to be created Their
 doubt who shall be sent on this difficult search
 Satan, their chief, undertakes alone the
 voyage, is honoured and applauded The
 council thus ended, the rest betake them
 several ways and to several employments, as
 their inclinations lead them, to entertain the
 time till Satan return He passes on his
 journey to Hell-gates, finds them shut, and
 who sat there to guard them; by whom at
 length they are opened, and discover to him
 the great gulf between Hell and Heaven
 With what difficulty he passes through,
 directed by Chaos, the Power of that place, to
 the sight of this new World which he sought

High on a throne of royal state, which far
 Outshon the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,

Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,
Satan exalted sat, by merit raised 5
To that bad eminence, and, from despair
Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aspires
Beyond thus high, insatiate to pursue
Vain war with Heaven, and, by success un-
taught,

His proud imaginations thus displayed — 10
“Powers and Dominions, Deities of
Heaven!”—

For, since no deep within her gulf can hold
Immortal vigour, though oppressed and fallen,
I give not Heaven for lost from this descent
Celestial Virtues rising will appear 15
More glorious and more dread than from no
fall,

And trust themselves to fear no second fate!—
Me though just right, and the fixed laws of
Heaven,

Did first create your leader—next, free choice,
With what besides in council or in fight 20
Hath been achieved of merit—yet this loss,
Thus far at least recovered, hath much more
Established in a safe, unenvied throne,
Yielded with full consent The happier state
In Heaven, which follows dignity, might
draw 25

Envy from each inferior, but who here
Will envy whom the highest place exposes
Foremost to stand against the Thunderer's
aim

Your bulwark, and condemns to greatest
share

Of endless pain? Where there is, then, no
good 30

For which to strive, no strife can grow up
there

From faction for none sure will claim in
Hell

Precedence, none whose portion is so small
Of present pain that with ambitious mind
Will covet more! With this advantage, then, 35
To union, and firm faith, and firm accord,
More than can be in Heaven, we now return
To claim our just inheritance of old,
Surer to prosper than prosperity
Could have assured us; and by what best
way, 40

Whether of open war or covert guile,
We now debate Who can advise may speak”
He ceased, and next him Moloch, sceptred
king,

Stood up—the strongest and the fiercest
Spirit

That fought in Heaven, now fiercer by de-
spair 45

His trust was with the Eternal to be deemed
Equal in strength, and rather than be less
Cared not to be at all, with that care lost
Went all his fear of God, or Hell, or worse,
He recked not, and these words thereafter
spake — 50

“My sentence is for open war Of wiles,
More unexpert, I boast not them let those
Contrive who need, or when they need, not
now

For, while they sit contriving, shall the rest—
Millions that stand in arms, and longing
wait 55

The signal to ascend—sit lingering here,
Heaven's fugitives, and for their dwelling-
place

Accept this dark opprobrious den of shame,
The prison of His tyranny who reigns
By our delay? No! let us rather choose, 60
Armed with Hell-flames and fury, all at once
O'er Heaven's high towers to force resistless
way,

Turning our tortures into horrid arms
Against the Torturer, when, to meet the noise
Of his almighty engine, he shall hear 65
Infernal thunder, and, for lightning, see
Black fire and horror shot with equal rage
Among his Angels, and his throne itself
Mixed with Tartarean sulphur and strange
fire,

His own invented torments But perhaps 70
The way seems difficult, and steep to scale
With upright wing against a higher foe!

Let such bethink them, if the sleepy drench
Of that forgetful lake benumb not still,
That in our proper motion we ascend 75

Up to our native seat, descent and fall
To us is adverse Who but felt of late,
When the fierce foe hung on our broken rear
Insulting, and pursued us through the Deep,
With what compulsion and laborious flight 80
We sunk thus low? The ascent is easy, then,
The event is feared! Should we again provoke
Our stronger, some worse way his wrath may
find

To our destruction, if there be in Hell
Fear to be worse destroyed! What can be
worse 85

Than to dwell here, driven out from bliss,
condemned

In this abhorred deep to utter woe;
Where pain of unextinguishable fire
Must exercise us without hope of end

The vassals of his anger, when the scourge 90
Inexorably, and the torturing hour,
Calls us to penance? More destroyed than
thus,

We should be quite abolished, and expire
What fear we then? what doubt we to in-
cense

His utmost ire? which, to the highth enraged, 95
Will either quite consume 'us, and reduce

To nothing this essential—happier far
Than miserable to have eternal being!—

Or, if our substance be indeed divine,
And cannot cease to be, we are at worst 100

On this side nothing, and by proof we feel
Our power sufficient to disturb his Heaven,

And with perpetual inroads to alarm,
Though inaccessible, his fatal Throne

Which, if not victory, is yet revenge" 105

He ended frowning, and his look denounced
Desperate revenge, and battle dangerous

To less than gods On the other side up rose
Belial, in act more graceful and humane

A fairer person lost not Heaven, he seemed 110
For dignity composed, and high exploit

But all was false and hollow, though his
tongue

Dropt manna, and could make the worse ap-
pear

The better reason, to perplex and dash
Maturest counsels for his thoughts were

low— 115

To vice industrious, but to nobler deeds
Timorous and slothful Yet he pleased the ear,

And with persuasive accent thus began —
"I should be much for open war, O Peers,

As not behind in hate, if what was urged 120
Main reason to persuade immediate war

Did not dissuade me most, and seem to cast
Ominous conjecture on the whole success,

When he who most excels in fact of arms,
In what he counsels and in what excels 125

Mistrustful, grounds his courage on despair
And utter dissolution, as the scope

Of all his aim, after some dire revenge
First, what revenge? The towers of Heaven

are filled
With armed watch, that render all access 130

Impregnable oft on the bordering Deep
Encamp their legions, or with obscure wing

Scout far and wide into the realm of Night,
Scorning surprise Or, could we break our way

By force, and at our heels all Hell should
rise 135

With blackest insurrection to confound
Heaven's purest light, yet our great Enemy,

All incorruptible, would on his throne
Sit unpolluted, and the ethereal mould,

Incapable of stain, would soon expel 140
Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire,

Victorious Thus repulsed, our final hope
Is flat despair we must exasperate

The Almighty Victor to spend all his rage,
And that must end us, that must be our

cure— 145

To be no more Sad cure! for who would lose,
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,

Those thoughts that wander through eternity,
To perish rather, swallowed up and lost

In the wide womb of uncreated Night 150
Devoid of sense and motion? And who knows,

Let this be good, whether our angry Foe
Can give it, or will ever? How he can

Is doubtful, that he never will is sure
Will He, so wise, let loose at once his ire, 155

Belike through impotence or unaware,
To give his enemies their wish, and end

Them in his anger whom his anger saves
To punish endless? 'Wherefore cease we,

then?" Say they who counsel war, 'we are de-
creed, 160

Reserved, and destined to eternal woe,
Whatever doing, what can we suffer more,

What can we suffer worse?' Is this, then,
worst—

Thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in arms?
What when we fled amain, pursued and

strook 165
With Heaven's afflicting thunder, and be-
sought

The Deep to shelter us? This Hell then
seemed

A refuge from those wounds Or when we
lay

Chained on the burning lake? That sure was
worse

What if the breath that kindled those grim
fires, 170

Awaked, should blow them into sevenfold
rage,

And plunge us in the flames, or from above
Should intermitted vengeance arm again

His red right hand to plague us? What if all
Her stores were opened, and this firma-
ment 175

Of Hell should spout her cataracts of fire,
Impendent horrors, threatening hideous fall

One day upon our heads, while we perhaps
Designing or exhorting glorious war,

Caught in a fiery tempest, shall be hurled, 180

Each on his rock transfixed, the sport and
prey

Of racking whirlwinds, or for ever sunk
Under yon boiling ocean, wrapt in chains,
There to converse with everlasting groans,
Unrespited, unpitied, unreprieved, ¹⁸⁵
Ages of hopeless end? This would be worse
War, therefore, open or concealed, alike
My voice dissuades, for what can force or
guile

With Him, or who deceive His mind, whose
eye

Views all things at one view? He from
Heaven's highth ¹⁹⁰

All these our motions vain sees and derides,
Not more almighty to resist our might
Than wise to frustrate all our plots and wiles
Shall we, then, live thus vile—the race of
Heaven

Thus trampled, thus expelled, to suffer here ¹⁹⁵
Chains and these torments? Better these than
worse,

By my advice, since fate inevitable
Subdues us, and omnipotent decree,
The Victor's will To suffer, as to do,
Our strength is equal, nor the law unjust ²⁰⁰
That so ordains This was at first resolved,
If we were wise, against so great a foe
Contending, and so doubtful what might fall
I laugh when those who at the spear are bold
And ventrous, if that fail them, shrink, and
fear ²⁰⁵

What yet they know must follow—to endure
Exile, or ignominy, or bonds, or pain,
The sentence of their conqueror This is now
Our doom, which if we can sustain and bear,
Our Supreme Foe in time may much remit ²¹⁰
His anger, and perhaps, thus far removed,
Not mind us not offending, satisfied
With what is punished, whence these raging
fires

Will slacken, if his breath stir not their flames
Our purer essence then will overcome ²¹⁵
Their noxious vapour, or, inured, not feel,
Or, changed at length, and to the place con-
formed

In temper and in nature, will receive
Familiar the fierce heat, and, void of pain,
This horror will grow mild, this darkness
light; ²²⁰

Besides what hope the never-ending flight
Of future days may bring, what chance, what
change

Worth waiting—since our present lot appears
For happy though but ill, for ill not worst,

If we procure not to ourselves more woe" ²²⁵

Thus Behal, with words clothed in reason's
garb,

Counselled ignoble ease and peaceful sloth,
Not peace, and after him thus Mammon
spake —

"Either to disenthroned the King of Heaven
We war, if war be best, or to regain ²³⁰
Our own right lost Him to unthroned we then
May hope, when everlasting Fate shall yield
To fickle Chance, and Chaos judge the strife
The former, vain to hope, argues as vain
The latter, for what place can be for us ²³⁵
Within Heaven's bound, unless Heaven's Lord
Supreme

We overpower? Suppose he should relent,
And publish grace to all, on promise made
Of new subjection, with what eyes could we
Stand in his presence humble, and receive ²⁴⁰
Strict laws imposed, to celebrate his throne
With warbled hymns, and to his Godhead
sing

Forced Halleluiahs, while he lordly sits
Our envied sovran, and his altar breathes
Ambrosial odours and ambrosial flowers, ²⁴⁵
Our servile offerings? This must be our task
In Heaven, this our delight How wearisome
Eternity so spent in worship paid
To whom we hate! Let us not then pursue,
By force impossible, by leave obtained ²⁵⁰
Unacceptable, though in Heaven, our state
Of splendid vassalage, but rather seek
Our own good from ourselves, and from our
own

Live to ourselves, though in this vast recess,
Free and to none accountable, preferring ²⁵⁵
Hard liberty before the easy yoke
Of servile pomp Our greatness will appear
Then most conspicuous when great things
of small,

Useful of hurtful, prosperous of adverse,
We can create, and in what place soe'er ²⁶⁰
Thrive under evil, and work ease out of pain
Through labour and indurance This deep
world

Of darkness do we dread? How oft amidst
Thick clouds and dark doth Heaven's all-
ruling Sire

Choose to reside, his glory unobscured, ²⁶⁵
And with the majesty of darkness round
Covers his throne, from whence deep thunders
roar,

Mustering their rage, and Heaven resembles
Hell!

As He our darkness, cannot we His light

Imitate when we please? This desert soil ²⁷⁰
 Wants not her hidden lustre, gems and gold,
 Nor want we skill or art from whence to
 raise

Magnificence, and what can Heaven shew
 more?

Our torments also may, in length of time,
 Become our elements, these piercing fires, ²⁷⁵
 As soft as now severe, our temper changed
 Into their temper, which must needs remove
 The sensible of pain All things invite
 To peaceful counsels, and the settled state
 Of order, how in safety best we may ²⁸⁰
 Compose our present evils, with regard
 Of what we are and where, dismissing quite
 All thoughts of war Ye have what I advise "

He scarce had finished, when such murmur
 filled

The assembly as when hollow rocks retain ²⁸⁵
 The sound of blustering winds, which all
 night long

Had roused the sea, now with hoarse cadence
 lull

Seafaring men o'erwatched, whose bark by
 chance,

Or pinnace, anchors in a craggy bay
 After the tempest Such applause was heard ²⁹⁰
 As Mammon ended, and his sentence pleased,
 Advising peace for such another field
 They dreaded worse than Hell, so much the
 fear

Of thunder and the sword of Michael
 Wrought still within them, and no less
 desire ²⁹⁵

To found this nether empire, which might
 rise,

By policy and long process of time,
 In emulation opposite to Heaven

Which when Beelzebub perceived—than whom,
 Satan except, none higher sat—with grave ³⁰⁰

Aspect he rose, and in his rising seemed
 A pillar of state Deep on his front engraven

Deliberation sat, and public care,
 And princely counsel in his face yet shon,

Majestic, though in ruin Sage he stood, ³⁰⁵
 With Atlantean shoulders; fit to bear

The weight of mightiest monarchies, his look
 Drew audience and attention still as night

Or summer's noontide air, while thus he
 spake —

"Thrones and Imperial Powers, Off-spring
 of Heaven, ³¹⁰

Ethereal Virtues! or these titles now
 Must we renounce, and, changing style, be
 called

Princes of Hell? for so the popular vote
 Inclines—here to continue, and build up here
 A growing empire, doubtless! while we
 dream, ³¹⁵

And know not that the King of Heaven hath
 doomed

This place our dungeon—not our safe retreat
 Beyond his potent arm, to live exempt
 From Heaven's high jurisdiction, in new
 league

Banded against his throne, but to remain ³²⁰
 In strictest bondage, though thus far removed,
 Under the inevitable curb, reserved
 His captive multitude For He, be sure,
 In highth or depth, still first and last will
 reign

Sole king, and of his kingdom lose no part ³²⁵
 By our revolt, but over Hell extend

His empire, and with iron sceptre rule
 Us here, as with his golden those in Heaven
 What sit we then projecting peace and war?

War hath determined us and foiled with loss ³³⁰
 Irreparable, terms of peace yet none

Voutsafed or sought, for what peace will be
 given

To us enslaved, but custody severe,
 And stripes and arbitrary punishment

Inflicted? and what peace can we return, ³³⁵
 But, to our power, hostility and hate,

Untamed reluctance, and revenge, though
 slow,

Yet ever plotting how the Conqueror least
 May reap his conquest, and may least re-
 joice

In doing what we most in suffering feel? ³⁴⁰
 Nor will occasion want, nor shall we need

With dangerous expedition to invade
 Heaven, whose high walls fear no assault or

siege,
 Or ambush from the Deep What if we find

Some easier enterprise? There is a place ³⁴⁵
 (If ancient and prophetic fame in Heaven

Err not)—another World, the happy seat
 Of some new race, called Man, about this time

To be created like to us, though less
 In power and excellence, but favoured more ³⁵⁰

Of Him who rules above, so was His will
 Pronounced among the gods, and by an oath

That shook Heaven's whole circumference
 confirmed

Thither let us bend all our thoughts, to learn
 What creatures there inhabit, of what

mould ³⁵⁵
 Or substance, how endued, and what their

power

And where their weakness how attempted
best,

By force or subtlety Though Heaven be shut,
And Heaven's high Arbitrator sit secure
In his own strength, this place may lie ex-
posed, 360

The utmost border of his kingdom, left
To their defence who hold it here, perhaps,
Some advantageous act may be achieved
By sudden onset—either with Hell-fire
To waste his whole creation, or possess 365
All as our own, and drive, as we are driven,
The puny habitants, or, if not drive,
Seduce them to our party, that their God
May prove their foe, and with repenting
hand

Abolish his own works This would surpass 370
Common revenge, and interrupt His joy
In our confusion, and our joy upraise
In His disturbance, when his darling sons,
Hurled headlong to partake with us, shall
curse

Their frail original, and faded bliss— 375
Faded so soon! Advise if this be worth
Attempting, or to sit in darkness here
Hatching vain empires” Thus Beelzebub
Pleaded his devilish counsel—first devised
By Satan, and in part proposed for whence, 380
But from the author of all ill, could spring
So deep a malice, to confound the race
Of mankind in one root, and Earth with Hell
To mingle and involve, done all to spite
The great Creator? But their spite still
serves 385

His glory to augment The bold design
Pleased highly those Infernal States, and joy
Sparkled in all their eyes with full assent
They vote whereat his speech he thus re-
news —

“Well have ye judged, well ended long de-
bate, 390

Synod of Gods, and, like to what ye are,
Great things resolved, which from the lowest
deep

Will once more lift us up, in spite of fate,
Nearer our ancient Seat—perhaps in view
Of those bright confines, whence, with neigh-
bouring arms, 395

And opportune excursion, we may chance
Re-enter Heaven, or else in some mild zone
Dwell, not unvisited of Heaven's fair light,
Secure, and at the brightening orient beam
Purge off this gloom the soft delicious
air 400

To heal the scar of these corrosive fires,

Shall breathe her balm But, first, whom shall
we send

In search of this new World? whom shall we
find

Sufficient? who shall tempt with wandering
feet

The dark, unbottomed, infinite Abyss, 405
And through the palpable obscure find out
His uncouth way, or spread his aerie flight,
Upborne with indefatigable wings
Over the vast Abrupt, ere he arrive
The happy Isle? What strength, what art
can then 410

Suffice, or what evasion bear him safe
Through the strict senteries and stations thick
Of Angels watching round? Here he had need
All circumspection and we now no less
Choice in our suffrage, for on whom we
send 415

The weight of all, and our last hope, relies”
This said, he sat, and expectation held
His look suspense, awaiting who appeared
To second, or oppose, or undertake
The perilous attempt But all sat mute, 420
Pondering the danger with deep thoughts, and
each

In other's countenance read his own dismay,
Astonished None among the choice and prime
Of those Heaven-warning champions could be
found

So hardy as to proffer or accept, 425
Alone, the dreadful voyage, till, at last,
Satan, whom now transcendent glory raised
Above his fellows, with monarchical pride
Conscious of highest worth, unmoved thus
spake —

“O Progeny of Heaven! Empyrean
Thrones! 430

With reason hath deep silence and demur
Seized us, though undismayed Long is the
way

And hard, that out of Hell leads up to Light
Our prison strong, this huge convex of fire,
Outrageous to devour, immures us round 435
Ninefold, and gates of burning adamant,
Barred over us, prohibit all egress
These passed, if any pass, the void profound
Of unessential Night receives him next,
Wide-gaping, and with utter loss of being 440
Threatens him, plunged in that abortive gulf
If thence he scape, into whatever world,
Or unknown region, what remains him less
Than unknown dangers, and as hard escape?
But I should ill become this throne, O
Peers, 445

And this imperial sovranity, adorned
With splendour, armed with power, if aught
proposed

And judged of public moment in the shape
Of difficulty or danger, could deter
Me from attempting Wherefore do I as-
sume 450

These royalties, and not refuse to reign,
Refusing to accept as great a share
Of hazard as of honour, due alike
To him who reigns, and so much to him due
Of hazard more as he above the rest 455
High honoured sits? Go, therefore, mighty
Powers,

Terror of Heaven, though fallen, intend at
home,

While here shall be our home, what best may
ease

The present misery, and render Hell
More tolerable, if there be cure or charm 460
To respite, or deceive, or slack the pain
Of this ill mansion intermit no watch
Against a wakeful Foe, while I abroad
Through all the coasts of dark destruction
seek

Deliverance for us all This enterprise 465
None shall partake with me " Thus saying, rose
The Monarch, and prevented all reply,
Prudent lest, from his resolution raised,
Others among the chief might offer now,
Certain to be refused, what erst they feared, 470
And, so refused, might in opinion stand
His rivals, winning cheap the high repute
Which he through hazard huge must earn

But they

Dreaded not more the adventure than his
voice

Forbidding, and at once with him they
rose 475

Their rising all at once was as the sound
Of thunder heard remote Towards him they
bend

With awful reverence prone, and as a God
Extol him equal to the Highest in Heaven
Nor failed they to express how much they
praised 480

That for the general safety he despised
His own for neither do the Spirits damned
Lose all their virtue; lest bad men should
boast

Their specious deeds on earth, which glory ex-
cites,

Or close ambition varnished o'er with zeal 485

Thus they their doubtful consultations dark
Ended, rejoicing in their matchless Chief.

As, when from mountain-tops the dusky
clouds

Ascending, while the North-wind sleeps, o'er-
spread

Heaven's cheerful face, the louring element 490
Scowls o'er the darkened lantskip snow or
shower,

If chance the radiant sun, with farewell sweet,
Extend his evening beam, the fields revive,
The birds their notes renew, and bleating
herds

Attest their joy, that hill and valley rings 495
O shame to men! Devil with devil damned
Firm concord holds, men only disagree
Of creatures rational, though under hope
Of heavenly grace, and, God proclaiming
peace,

Yet live in hatred, enmity, and strife 500
Among themselves, and levy cruel wars
Wasting the earth, each other to destroy
As if (which might induce us to accord)
Man had not hellish foes enow besides,
That day and night for his destruction wait! 505

The Stygian council thus dissolved, and
forth

In order came the grand Infernal Peers
Midst came their mighty Paramount, and
seemed

Alone the Antagonist of Heaven, nor less
Than Hell's dread Emperor, with pomp su-
preme, 510

And god-like imitated state him round
A globe of fiery Seraphim inclosed
With bright emblazonry, and horrent arms
Then of their session ended they bid cry
With trumpet's regal sound the great result 515
Toward the four winds four speedy Cherubim
Put to their mouths the sounding alchymy,
By harald's voice explained, the hollow Abyss
Heard far and wide, and all the host of Hell
With deafening shout returned them loud ac-
claim 520

Thence more at ease their minds, and some-
what raised

By false presumptuous hope, the rangèd Pow-
ers

Disband, and, wandering, each his several
way

Pursues, as inclination or sad choice
Leads him perplexed, where he may likeliest
find 525

Truce to his restless thoughts, and entertain
The irksome hours, till his great Chief return
Part on the plain, or in the air sublime,
Upon the wing or in swift race contend,

As at the Olympian games or Pythian fields, 530
 Part curb their fiery steeds, or shun the goal
 With rapid wheels, or fronted brigads form
 As when, to warn proud cities, war appears
 Waged in the troubled sky, and armies rush
 To battle in the clouds, before each van 535
 Prick forth the aerie knights, and couch their
 spears,

Till thickest legions close, with feats of arms
 From either end of heaven the welkin burns
 Others, with vast Typhcean rage, more fell,
 Rend up both rocks and hills, and ride the
 air 540

In whirlwind, Hell scarce holds the wild up-
 roar —

As when Alcides, from Œchalia crowned
 With conquest, felt the envenomed robe, and
 tore

Through pain up by the roots Thessalian
 pines,

And Lichas from the top of Œta threw 545
 Into the Euboic sea Others, more mild,
 Retreated in a silent valley, sing
 With notes angelical to many a harp
 Their own heroic deeds, and hapless fall
 By doom of battle, and complain that Fate 550
 Free Virtue should enthrall to Force or Chance
 Their song was partial, but the harmony
 (What could it less when Spirits immortal
 sing?)

Suspended Hell, and took with ravishment
 The thronging audience In discourse more
 sweet 555

(For Eloquence the Soul, Song charms the
 Sense)

Others apart sat on a hill retired,
 In thoughts more elevate, and reasoned high
 Of Providence, Foreknowledge, Will, and
 Fate—

Fixed fate, free will, foreknowledge abso-
 lute— 560

And found no end, in wandering mazes lost
 Of good and evil much they argued then,
 Of happiness and final misery,
 Passion and apathy, and glory and shame
 Van wisdom all, and false philosophy!— 565
 Yet, with a pleasing sorcery, could charm
 Pain for a while or anguish, and excite
 Fallacious hope, or arm the obdured breast
 With stubborn patience as with triple steel
 Another part, in squadrons and gross bands, 570
 On bold adventure to discover wide
 That dismal world, if any clime perhaps
 Might yield them easier habitation, bend
 Four ways their flying march, along the banks

Of four infernal rivers, that disgorge 575
 Into the burning lake their baleful streams—
 Abhorred Styx, the flood of deadly hate,
 Sad Acheron of sorrow, black and deep,
 Cocytus, named of lamentation loud
 Heard on the rueful stream, fierce Phlege-
 ton, 580

Whose waves of torrent fire inflame with rage
 Far off from these, a slow and silent stream,
 Lethe, the river of oblivion, rowls
 Her watery labyrinth, whereof who drinks
 Forthwith his former state and being for-
 gets— 585

Forgets both joy and grief, pleasure and pain
 Beyond this flood a frozen continent
 Lies dark and wild, beat with perpetual storms
 Of whirlwind and dire hail, which on firm
 land

Thaws not, but gathers heap, and ruin, seems 590
 Of ancient pile, all else deep snow and ice,
 A gulf profound as that Serbonian bog
 Betwixt Damiatra and Mount Casius old,
 Where armies whole have sunk the parch-
 ing air

Burns froze, and cold performs the effect of
 fire 595

Thither, by harpy-footed Furies haled,
 At certain revolutions all the damned
 Are brought, and feel by turns the bitter
 change

Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more
 fierce,

From beds of raging fire to starve in ice 600
 Their soft ethereal warmth, and there to pine
 Immovable, infixed, and frozen round
 Periods of time,—thence hurried back to fire
 They ferry over this Lethean sound
 Both to and fro, their sorrow to augment, 605
 And wish and struggle, as they pass, to reach
 The tempting stream, with one small drop to
 lose

In sweet forgetfulness all pain and woe,
 All in one moment, and so near the brink,
 But Fate withstands, and, to oppose the at-
 tempt, 610

Medusa with Gorgonian terror guards
 The ford, and of itself the water flies
 All taste of living wight, as once it fled
 The lip of Tantalus Thus roving on
 In confused march forlorn, the adventrous
 bands, 615

With shuddering horror pale, and eyes aghast,
 Viewed first their lamentable lot, and found
 No rest Through many a dark and dreary
 vale

They passed, and many a region dolorous,
O'er many a frozen, many a fiery Alp, ⁶²⁰
Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and
shades of death—

A universe of death, which God by curse
Created evil, for evil only good,
Where all life dies, death lives, and Nature
breeds,

Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious
things, ⁶²⁵

Abominable, inutterable, and worse
Than fables yet have feigned or fear con-
ceived,

Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chimæras dire
Meanwhile the Adversary of God and Man,
Satan, with thoughts inflamed of highest de-
sign, ⁶³⁰

Puts on swift wings, and toward the gates of
Hell

Explores his solitary flight sometimes
He scours the right hand coast, sometimes the
left,

Now shaves with level wing the Deep, then
soars

Up to the fiery concave towering high ⁶³⁵
As when far off at sea a fleet descried
Hangs in the clouds, by æquinoctial winds
Close sailing from Bengala, or the isles
Of Ternate and Tidore, whence merchants
bring

Their spicy drugs, they on the trading flood, ⁶⁴⁰
Through the wide Ethiopian to the Cape,
Ply stemming nightly toward the pole so
seemed

Far off the flying Fiend At last appear
Hell-bounds, high reaching to the horrid roof,
And thrice threefold the gates, three folds
were brass, ⁶⁴⁵

Three iron, three of adamantine rock,
Impenetrable, impaled with circling fire,
Yet unconsumed Before the gates there sat
On either side a formidable Shape

The one seemed woman to the waist, and
fair, ⁶⁵⁰

But ended foul in many a scaly fold,
Voluminous and vast—a serpent armed
With mortal sting About her middle round
A cry of Hell-hounds never-ceasing barked
With wide Cerberean mouths full loud, and
rung ⁶⁵⁵

A hideous peal, yet, when they list, would
creep,

If aught disturbed their noise, into her womb,
And kennel there, yet there still barked and
howled

Within unseen Far less abhorred than these
Vexed Scylla, bathing in the sea that parts ⁶⁶⁰
Calabria from the hoarse Trinacrian shore,
Nor uglier follow the night-hag, when, called
In secret, riding through the air she comes,
Lured with the smell of infant blood, to dance
With Lapland witches, while the labouring
moon ⁶⁶⁵

Eclipses at their charms The other Shape—
If shape it might be called that shape had
none

Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb,
Or substance might be called that shadow
seemed,

For each seemed either—black it stood as
Night, ⁶⁷⁰

Fierce as ten Furies, terrible as Hell,
And shook a dreadful dart what seemed his
head

The likeness of a kingly crown had on
Satan was now at hand, and from his seat
The monster moving onward came as fast ⁶⁷⁵
With horrid strides, Hell trembled as he
strode

The undaunted Fiend what this might be ad-
mired—

Admired, not feared (God and his Son except,
Created thing naught valued he nor shunned),
And with disdainful look thus first began — ⁶⁸⁰

“Whence and what art thou, execrable
Shape,

That dar’st, though grim and terrible, advance
Thy miscreated front athwart my way
To yonder gates? Through them I mean to
pass,

That be assured, without leave asked of
thee ⁶⁸⁵

Retire, or taste thy folly, and learn by proof,
Hell-born, not to contend with Spirits of
Heaven”

To whom the Goblin, full of wrath, re-
plied —

“Art thou that Traitor-Angel, art thou he,
Who first broke peace in Heaven and faith, till
then ⁶⁹⁰

Unbroken, and in proud rebellious arms
Drew after him the third part of Heaven’s
sons,

Conjured against the Highest—for which
both thou

And they, outcast from God, are here con-
demned

To waste eternal days in woe and pain? ⁶⁹⁵
And reckon’st thou thyself with Spirits of
Heaven,

Hell-doomed, and breath'st defiance here and
scorn,
Where I reign king, and, to enrage thee more,
Thy king and lord? Back to thy punishment,
False fugitive, and to thy speed add wings, ⁷⁰⁰
Lest with a whip of scorpions I pursue
Thy lingering, or with one stroke of this dart
Strange horror seize thee, and pangs unfelt
before "

So spake the griesly Terror, and in shape,
So speaking and so threatening, grew ten-
fold ⁷⁰⁵

More dreadful and deform On the other side,
Incensed with indignation, Satan stood
Unterrified, and like a comet burned,
That fires the length of Ophruchus huge
In the arctic sky, and from his horrid hair ⁷¹⁰
Shakes pestilence and war Each at the head
Levelled his deadly aim, their fatal hands
No second stroke intend, and such a frown
Each cast at the other as when two black
clouds,

With heaven's artillery fraught, come rat-
tling on ⁷¹⁵

Over the Caspian,—then stand front to front
Hovering a space, till winds the signal blow
To join their dark encounter in mid-air
So frowned the mighty combatants that Hell
Grew darker at their frown, so matched they
stood, ⁷²⁰

For never but once more was either like
To meet so great a foe And now great deeds
Had been achieved, whereof all Hell had
rung,

Had not the snaky Sorceress, that sat
Fast by Hell-gate and kept the fatal key, ⁷²⁵
Risen, and with hideous outcry rushed be-
tween

"O father, what intends thy hand," she
cried,

"Against thy only son? What fury, O son,
Possesses thee to bend that mortal dart
Against thy father's head? And know'st for
whom? ⁷³⁰

For Him who sits above, and laughs the while
At thee, ordained his drudge to execute
Whate'er his wrauth, which He calls justice,
bids—

His wrauth, which one day will destroy ye
both!"

She spake, and at her words the hellish
Pest ⁷³⁵

Forbore then these to her Satan returned —
"So strange thy outcry, and thy words so
strange

Thou interposest, that my sudden hand,
Prevented, spares to tell thee yet by deeds
What it intends, till first I know of thee ⁷⁴⁰
What thing thou art, thus double-formed,
and why,

In this infernal vale first met, thou call'st
Me father, and that phantasm call'st my son
I know thee not, nor ever saw till now
Sight more detestable than him and thee " ⁷⁴⁵

To whom thus the Portress of Hell-gate
replied —

"Hast thus forgot me, then, and do I seem
Now in thine eye so foul?—once deemed so
fair

In Heaven, when at the assembly, and in
sight

Of all the Seraphim with thee combined ⁷⁵⁰
In bold conspiracy against Heaven's King,
All on a sudden miserable pain

Surprised thee, dim thine eyes, and dizzy
swum

In darkness, while thy head flames thick and
fast

Threw forth, till on the left side opening
wide, ⁷⁵⁵

Likest to thee in shape and countenance
bright,

Then shining heavenly fair, a goddess armed,
Out of thy head I sprung Amazement seized
All the host of Heaven, back they recoiled
afraid

At first, and called me *Sm*, and for a sign ⁷⁶⁰
Portentous held me, but, familiar grown,
I pleased, and with attractive graces won
The most averse—thee chiefly, who, full oft
Thyself in me thy perfect image viewing,
Becam'st enamoured, and such joy thou
took'st ⁷⁶⁵

With me in secret that my womb conceived
A growing burden Meanwhile war arose,
And fields were fought in Heaven, wherein
remained

(For what could else?) to our Almighty Foe
Clear victory, to our part loss and rout ⁷⁷⁰
Through all the Empyrean Down they fell,
Driven headlong from the pitch of Heaven,
down

Into this Deep, and in the general fall
I also at which time this powerful Key
Into my hands was given, with charge to
keep ⁷⁷⁵

These gates for ever shut, which none can
pass

Without my opening Pensive here I sat
Alone but long I sat not, till my womb,

Pregnant by thee, and now excessive grown,
 Prodigious motion felt and rueful throes 780
 At last this odious offspring whom thou seest,
 Thine own begotten, breaking violent way,
 Tore through my entrails, that, with fear and
 pain

Distorted, all my nether shape thus grew
 Transformed but he my inbred enemy 785
 Forth issued, brandishing his fatal dart,
 Made to destroy I fled, and cried out *Death!*
 Hell trembled at the hideous name, and sighed
 From all her caves, and back resounded
Death!

I fled, but he pursued (though more, it
 seems, 790

Inflamed with lust than rage), and, swifter far,
 Me overtook, his mother, all dismayed,
 And, in embraces forcible and foul
 Engendering with me, of that rape begot
 These yelling monsters, that with ceaseless
 cry 795

Surround me, as thou saw'st—hourly con-
 ceived

And hourly born, with sorrow infinite
 To me for, when they list, into the womb
 That bred them they return, and howl, and
 gnaw

My bowels, their repast, then, bursting forth 800
 Afresh, with conscious terrors vex me round,
 That rest or intermission none I find
 Before mine eyes in opposition sits

Grim Death, my son and foe, who sets them
 on,

And me, his parent, would full soon devour 805
 For want of other prey, but that he knows
 His end with mine involved, and knows
 that I

Should prove a bitter morsel, and his bane,
 Whenever that shall be so Fate pronounced
 But thou, O father, I forewarn thee, shun 810
 His deadly arrow, neither vainly hope
 To be invulnerable in those bright arms,
 Though tempered heavenly, for that mortal
 dint,

Save He who reigns above, none can resist”
 She finished, and the subtle Fiend his
 lore 815

Soon learned, now milder, and thus answered
 smooth —

“Dear daughter—since thou claim'st me for
 thy sire,

And my fair son here show'st me, the dear
 pledge

Of dalliance had with thee, in Heaven, and
 joys

Then sweet, now sad to mention, through dire
 change 820

Befallen us unforeseen, unthought-of—know,
 I come no enemy, but to set free

From out this dark and dismal house of pain
 Both him and thee, and all the Heavenly host
 Of Spirits that, in our just pretences armed, 825
 Fell with us from on high From them I go
 This uncouth errand sole, and one for all
 Myself expose, with lonely steps to tread
 The unfounded Deep, and through the void
 immense

To search, with wandering quest, a place
 foretold 830

Should be—and, by concurring signs, ere now
 Created vast and round—a place of bliss

In the purlieus of Heaven, and therein placed
 A race of upstart creatures, to supply

Perhaps our vacant room, though more re-
 moved, 835

Lest Heaven, surcharged with potent multi-
 tude,

Might hap to move new broils Be this, or
 aught

Than this more secret, now designed, I haste
 To know, and, this once known, shall soon
 return,

And bring ye to the place where thou and
 Death 840

Shall dwell at ease, and up and down un-
 seen

Wing silently the buxom air, embalmed
 With odours There ye shall be fed and
 filled

Immeasurably, all things shall be your prey”

He ceased, for both seemed highly pleased,
 and Death 845

Grinned horrible a ghastly smile, to hear
 His famine should be filled, and blessed his
 maw

Destined to that good hour No less rejoiced
 His mother bad, and thus bespake her
 Sire —

“The key of this infernal Pit, by due 850
 And by command of Heaven's all-powerful
 King,

I keep, by Him forbidden to unlock
 These adamantine gates, against all force
 Death ready stands to interpose his dart,
 Fearless to be o'ermatched by living might 855
 But what owe I to His commands above,
 Who hates me, and hath hither thrust me
 down

Into this gloom of Tartarus profound,
 To sit in hateful office here confined,

Inhabitant of Heaven and heavenly-
born— 860

Here in perpetual agony and pain,
With terrors and with clamours compassed
round

Of mine own brood, that on my bowels
feed?

Thou art my father, thou my author, thou
My being gav'st me, whom should I obey 865
But thee? whom follow? Thou wilt bring me
soon

To that new world of light and bliss, among
The gods who live at ease, where I shall
reign

At thy right hand voluptuous, as beseems
Thy daughter and thy darling, without end " 870

Thus saying, from her side the fatal key,
Sad instrument of all our woe, she took,
And, toward the gate rolling her bestial tram,
Forthwith the huge portcullis high up-drew,
Which, but herself, not all the Stygian
Powers 875

Could once have moved, then in the key-hole
turns

The intricate wards, and every bolt and bar
Of massy iron or solid rock with ease
Unfastens On a sudden open fly,

With impetuous recoil and jarring sound, 880
The infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
Harsh thunder, that the lowest bottom shook
Of Erebus She opened, but to shut
Excelled her power the gates wide open stood,
That with extended wings a bannered host, 885
Under spread ensigns marching, might pass
through

With horse and chariots ranked in loose array,
So wide they stood, and like a furnace-mouth
Cast forth redounding smoke and ruddy
flame

Before their eyes in sudden view appear 890
The secrets of the hoary Deep—a dark
Illimitable ocean, without bound,

Without dimension, where length, breadth, and
hight,

And time, and place, are lost, where eldest
Night

And Chaos, ancestors of Nature, hold 895
Eternal anarchy, amidst the noise
Of endless wars, and by confusion stand
For Hot, Cold, Moist, and Dry, four cham-
pions fierce,

Strive here for mastery, and to battle bring
Their embryon atoms they around the
flag 900

Of each his faction, in their several clans,

Light-armed or heavy, sharp, smooth, swift, or
slow,

Swarm populous, unnumbered as the sands
Of Barca or Cyrene's torrid soil,
Levied to side with warring winds, and
poise 905

Their lighter wings To whom these most ad-
here

He rules a moment Chaos umpire sits,
And by decision more embroils the fray
By which he reigns next him, high arbiter,
Chance governs all Into this wild Abyss, 910
The womb of Nature, and perhaps her grave,
Of neither Sea, nor Shore, nor Air, nor Fire,
But all these in their pregnant causes mixed
Confusedly, and which thus must ever fight,
Unless the Almighty Maker them ordain 915
His dark materials to create more worlds—
Into this wild Abyss the wary Fiend
Stood on the brink of Hell and looked a
while,

Pondering his voyage, for no narrow frith
He had to cross Nor was his ear less
pealed 920

With noises loud and runous (to compare
Great things with small) than when Bellona
storms

With all her battering engines, bent to rase
Some capital city, or less than if this frame
Of heaven were falling, and these elements 925
In mutiny had from her axle torn

The steadfast Earth At last his sail-broad
vans

He spreads for flight, and, in the surging
smoke

Uplifted, spurns the ground, thence many a
league,

As in a cloudy chair, ascending rides 930
Audacious; but, that seat soon failing, meets
A vast vacuity All unawares,
Fluttering his pennons vain, plumb-down he
drops

Ten thousand fadom deep, and to this hour
Down had been falling, had not, by ill
chance, 935

The strong rebuff of some tumultuous cloud,
Instinct with fire and nitre, hurried him
As many miles aloft That fury stayed—
Quenched in a boggy Syrtis, neither sea,
Nor good dry land—nigh foundered, on he
fares, 940

Treading the crude consistence, half on foot,
Half flying, behoves him now both oar and
sail

As when a gryphon through the wilderness

With wingèd course, o'er hill or moory dale,
Pursues the Arimaspiā, who by stealth 945
Had from his wakeful custody purloined
The guarded gold, so eagerly the Fiend
O'er bog and steep, through strait, rough,
dense, or rare,

With head, hands, wings, or feet, pursues his
way,
And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or
flies 950

At length a universal hubbub wild
Of stunning sounds, and voices all confused,
Borne through the hollow dark, assaults his
ear

With loudest vehemence Thither he plies
Undaunted, to meet there whatever Power 955
Or Spirit of the nethermost Abyss
Might in that noise reside, of whom to ask
Which way the nearest coast of darkness lies
Bordering on light, when straight behold the
throne

Of *Chaos*, and his dark pavilion spread 960
Wide on the wasteful Deep! With him en-
throned

Sat sable-vested *Night*, eldest of things,
The consort of his reign, and by them stood
Orcus and Aides, and the dreaded name
Of Demogorgon, Rumour next, and Chance, 965
And Tumult, and Confusion, all embroiled,
And Discord with a thousand various mouths

To whom Satan, turning boldly, thus —
“Ye Powers

And Spirits of this nethermost Abyss,
Chaos and ancient Night, I come no spy 970
With purpose to explore or to disturb
The secrets of your realm, but by constraint
Wandering this darksome desert, as my way
Lies through your spacious empire up to light,
Alone and without guide, half lost, I seek, 975
What readiest path leads where your gloomy
bounds

Confine with Heaven, or, if some other place,
From your dominion won, the Ethereal King
Possesses lately, thither to arrive
I travel this profound Direct my course 980
Directed, no mean recompense it brings
To your behoof, if I that region lost,
All usurpation thence expelled, reduce
To her original darkness and your sway
(Which is my present journey), and once
more 985

Erect the standard there of ancient Night
Yours be the advantage all, mine the re-
venge!”

Thus Satan; and him thus the Anarch old,

With faltering speech and visage incomposed,
Answered —“I know thee, stranger, who thou
art— 990

That mighty leading Angel, who of late
Made head against Heaven's King, though
overthrown

I saw and heard, for such a numerous host
Fled not in silence through the frighted
Deep,

With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout, 995
Confusion worse confounded, and Heaven-
gates

Poured out by millions her victorious bands,
Pursuing I upon my frontiers here
Keep residence, if all I can will serve
That little which is left so to defend, 1000
Encroached on still through our intestine broils
Weakening the sceptre of old Night first,
Hell,

Your dungeon, stretching far and wide be-
neath,

Now lately Heaven and Earth, another world
Hung o'er my realm, linked in a golden
chain 1005

To that side Heaven from whence your legions
fell!

If that way be your walk, you have not far,
So much the nearer danger Go, and speed,
Havoc, and spoil, and ruin, are my gain”

He ceased, and Satan staid not to reply, 1010
But, glad that now his sea should find a shore,
With fresh alacrity and force renewed
Springs upward, like a pyramid of fire,
Into the wild expanse, and through the shock
Of fighting elements, on all sides round 1015
Environed, wins his way, harder beset
And more endangered than when Argo passed
Through Bosphorus betwixt the jutting rocks,
Or when Ulysses on the larboard shunned
Charybdis, and by the other Whirlpool
steered 1020

So he with difficulty and labour hard
Moved on With difficulty and labour he,
But, he once passed, soon after, when Man
fell,

Strange alteration! Sin and Death amain,
Following his track (such was the will of
Heaven) 1025

Paved after him a broad and beaten way
Over the dark Abyss, whose boiling gulf
Tamely endured a bridge of wondrous length,
From Hell continued, reaching the utmost
Orb

Of this frail World, by which the Spirits
perverse 1030

With easy intercourse pass to and fro
 To tempt or punish mortals, except whom
 God and good Angels guard by special grace

But now at last the sacred influence
 Of light appears, and from the walls of
 Heaven ¹⁰³⁵

Shoots far into the bosom of dim Night
 A glimmering dawn Here Nature first begins
 Her farthest verge, and Chaos to retire,
 As from her outmost works, a broken foe,
 With tumult less and with less hostile din, ¹⁰⁴⁰
 That Satan with less toil, and now with ease,
 Wafts on the calmer wave by dubious light,
 And, like a weather-beaten vessel, holds

Gladly the port, though shrouds and tackle
 torn,

Or in the emptier waste, resembling air, ¹⁰⁴⁵
 Weighs his spread wings, at leisure to behold
 Far off the empyreal Heaven, extended wide
 In circuit, undetermined square or round,
 With opal towers and battlements adorned
 Of living sapphire, once his native seat, ¹⁰⁵⁰
 And, fast by, hanging in a golden chain,
 This pendent World, in bigness as a star
 Of smallest magnitude close by the moon
 Thither, full fraught with mischievous revenge,
 Accurst, and in a cursed hour, he hies ¹⁰⁵⁵

JOHN BUNYAN (1628-1688)

The author of the most popular religious allegory in the English language was the son of a poor tinker of Elstow. In *Grace Abounding* Bunyan told the story of his life. When he was sixteen, he enlisted in one of Cromwell's armies, where he learned to swear proficiently. One day the enormity of this sin was brought to his attention by a poor woman who reprimanded him. This event began his reformation aided by his marriage to a good wife. He studied the Scriptures zealously and before long became a preacher in the Streets of Bedford. At the return of Charles II he was cast into Bedford Jail because he refused to discontinue his preaching and "devilishly and perniciously abstained from coming to church." During the twelve years that he was in prison Bunyan made shoe laces to support his family and used his leisure for describing the visions which came to him. *The Pilgrim's Progress* was partly composed in Bedford Jail, although it was not published until 1678. After his release he continued his preaching and writing. Nearly 60 works came from his pen, but one alone has kept his name alive. *The Pilgrim's Progress* has been translated into seventy-five languages and dialects and has been read more than any other book except the Bible.

The Pilgrim's Progress is a dream allegory narrating the journey of Christian from the City of Destruction to the Celestial City. In spite of the pleadings of his family and friends, Christian determines to seek the way of salvation through the small wicket gate pointed out to him by Evangelist. Burdened with the load of his sins he struggles through the Slough of Despond, reaches the wicket gate, and begins his journey along the strait and narrow way. Persons representing the worldly vices tempt him to take the easier road along the broad highway or persecute him and his companions even unto death, while others, the embodiment of the virtues, console and encourage him. In the Interpreter's House he learns lessons profitable for righteous living. At the foot of the Cross he

loses his burden and then toils up the Hill of Difficulty until he comes to the Palace Beautiful. After a brief rest here he passes through the Valley of Humiliation, the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and Vanity Fair. Before he reaches the Delectable Mountains, from which he views the Celestial Gate, he is forced to undergo another frightful experience, imprisonment by Giant Despair in Doubting Castle. At last having conquered all temptations and escaped from all dangers, even Ignorance, Christian goes through the River of Death with the aid of Hopeful and is conducted to the Heavenly City by two angels.

Bunyan's reading of the Bible and the sermons of his day influenced his manner of writing. In its simplicity of style and straightforward narrative *The Pilgrim's Progress* has therefore a similar appeal. It made clear to the common people the doctrine of salvation through grace by recounting the experiences of a typical Christian as he struggled through the world. Bunyan drew his scenes and characters from life as he had known it. For the description of Vanity Fair he used the great fair at Sturbridge near Cambridge.

The reason for Bunyan's success is that his imagination presented vividly to him the scenes and persons of his allegory. Wordly Wiseman, Faithful, Timorous, Goodwill, Phable, Money-love, and all the others are not mere abstractions but actual persons who act and talk convincingly. Much of the time he lived in the world of his imagination, seeing clearly the pictures of hell described by the zealous preachers in their sermons or the terrible sufferings of the lost souls cited as a warning in the pious books of the day. Passages in the Bible suggested to him other equally effective visions or influenced deeply his thoughts concerning his own salvation. Furthermore, Bunyan had the ability to tell his story so that his readers could also see these visions as clearly as he did. Hence, *The Pilgrim's Progress* is an important forerunner of the novel.

THE SIXTH STAGE

Now when they were got almost quite out of this wilderness, Faithful chanced to cast his eye back and espied one coming after them, and he knew him. Oh! said Faithful to his brother, who comes yonder? Then Christian looked and said, It is my good friend Evangelist. Aye, and my good friend

too, said Faithful, for 'twas he that set me on the way to the gate. Now was Evangelist come up unto them and thus saluted them.

EVAN Peace be with you, dearly beloved, and peace be to your helpers.

CHR Welcome, welcome, my good Evangelist. The sight of thy countenance brings to my remembrance thy ancient kindness

and unwearied labors for my eternal good

FAITH And a thousand times welcome, said good Faithful, thy company, O sweet Evangelist, how desirable it is to us poor pilgrims!

EVAN Then said Evangelist, How hath it fared with you, my friends, since the time of our last parting? What have you met with, and how have you behaved yourselves?

Then Christian and Faithful told him of all things that had happened to them in the way, and how, and with what difficulty, they had arrived to that place

Right glad am I, said Evangelist, not that you have met with trials, but that you have been victors, and for that you have, notwithstanding many weaknesses, continued in the way to this very day

CHR Then Christian thanked him for his exhortation, but told him withal, that they would have him speak further to them for their help the rest of the way, and the rather, for that they well knew that he was a prophet, and could tell them of things that might happen unto them, and also how they might resist and overcome them To which request Faithful also consented So Evangelist began as followeth

EVAN My sons, you have heard in the words of the truth of the Gospel, that you must "through many tribulations enter into the Kingdom of Heaven", and again, that "in every city, bonds and afflictions abide you", and therefore you cannot expect that you should go long on your pilgrimage without them, in some sort or other You have found something of the truth of these testimonies upon you already, and more will immediately follow for now, as you see, you are almost out of this wilderness, and therefore you will soon come into a town that you will by and by see before you, and in that town you will be hardly beset with enemies, who will strain hard but they will kill you, and be you sure that one or both of you must seal the testimony which you hold, with blood, but "be you faithful unto death, and the King will give you a crown of life" He that shall die there, although his death will be unnatural, and his pain, perhaps, great, he will yet have the better of his fellow, not only because he will arrive at the Celestial City soonest, but because he will escape many miseries that the other will meet with in the rest of his

journey But when you are come to the town, and shall find fulfilled what I have here related, then remember your friend, and quit yourselves like men, and "commit the keeping of your souls to God in well-doing, as unto a faithful Creator"

Then I saw in my dream, that when they were got out of the wilderness, they presently saw a town before them, and the name of that town is Vanity, and at the town there is a fair kept, called Vanity Fair it is kept all the year long, it beareth the name of Vanity Fair because the town where it is kept is lighter than vanity, and also because all that is there sold, or that cometh thither, is vanity As is the saying of the wise, "all that cometh is vanity"

This fair is no new-erected business, but a thing of ancient standing, I will show you the original of it

Almost five thousand years ago, there were pilgrims walking to the Celestial City, as these two honest persons are and Beelzebub, Apollyon, and Legion, with their companions, perceiving by the path that the pilgrims made, that their way to the city lay through this town of Vanity, they contrived here to set up a fair, a fair wherein should be sold all sorts of vanity, and that it should last all the year long, therefore at this fair are all such merchandise sold, as houses, lands, trades, places, honours, preferments, titles, countries, kingdoms, lusts, pleasures and delights of all sorts, as harlots, bawds, wives, husbands, children, masters, servants, lives, blood, bodies, souls, silver, gold, pearls, precious stones, and what not

And, moreover, at this fair there is at all times to be seen juggling, cheats, games, plays, fools, apes, knaves, and rogues, and that of every kind

Here are to be seen, too, and that for nothing, thefts, murders, adulteries, false-swearers, and that of a blood-red colour

And as in other fairs of less moment, there are the several rows and streets, under their proper names, where such and such wares are vended, so here likewise you have the proper places, rows, streets (*viz*, countries and kingdoms), where the wares of this fair are soonest to be found Here is the Britain Row, the French Row, the Italian Row, the Spanish Row, the German Row, where several sorts of vanities are to be sold But, as in other fairs, some one commodity is as the

chief of all the fair, so the ware of Rome and her merchandise is greatly promoted in this fair, only our English nation, with some others, have taken a dislike thereat

Now, as I said, the way to the Celestial City lies just through this town where this lusty fair is kept, and he that will go to the City, and yet not go through this town, must needs "go out of the world" The Prince of princes himself, when here, went through this town to his own country, and that upon a fair-day, too, yea, and as I think, it was Beelzebub, the chief lord of this fair, that invited him to buy of his vanities, yea, would have made him lord of the fair, would he but have done him reverence as he went through the town Yea, because he was such a person of honour, Beelzebub had him from street to street, and showed him all the kingdoms of the world in a little time that he might, if possible, allure the Blessed One to cheapen and buy some of his vanities, but he had no mind to the merchandise, and therefore left the town without laying out so much as one farthing upon these vanities This fair, therefore, is an ancient thing, of long standing, and a very great fair

Now, these pilgrims, as I said, must needs go through this fair Well, so they did, but, behold, even as they entered into the fair, all the people in the fair were moved, and the town itself, as it were, in a hubbub about them, and that for several reasons for,

First, The pilgrims were clothed with such kind of raiment as was diverse from the raiment of any that traded in that fair. The people, therefore, of the fair, made a great gazing upon them some said they were fools, some they were bedlams, and some they were outlandish men

Secondly, And as they wondered at their apparel, so they did likewise at their speech, for few could understand what they said, they naturally spoke the language of Canaan, but they that kept the fair were the men of this world; so that, from one end of the fair to the other, they seemed barbarians each to the other

Thirdly, But that which did not a little amuse the merchandisers was that these pilgrims set very light by all their wares, they cared not so much as to look upon them; and if they called upon them to buy, they would put their fingers to their ears,

and cry, "Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity," and look upward, signifying that their trade and traffic was in heaven

One chanced mockingly, beholding the carriage of the men, to say unto them, What will ye buy? But they, looking gravely upon him, answered "We buy the truth" At that there was an occasion taken to despise the men the more, some mocking, some taunting, some speaking reproachfully, and some calling upon others to smite them At last things came to a hubbub and great stir in the fair, insomuch that all order was confounded Now was word presently brought to the great one of the fair, who quickly came down, and deputed some of his most trusty friends to take these men into examination, about whom the fair was almost overturned So the men were brought to examination, and they that sat upon them, asked them whence they came, whither they went, and what they did there, in such an unusual garb? The men told them that they were pilgrims and strangers in the world, and that they were going to their own country, which was the heavenly Jerusalem, and that they had given no occasion to the men of the town, nor yet to the merchandisers, thus to abuse them, and to let them in their journey, except it was for that, when one asked them what they would buy, they said they would buy the truth But they that were appointed to examine them did not believe them to be any other than bedlams and mad, or else such as came to put all things into a confusion in the fair Therefore they took them, and beat them, and besmeared them with dirt, and then put them into the cage, that they might be made a spectacle to all the men of the fair There, therefore, they lay for some time, and were made the objects of any man's sport, or malice, or revenge, the great one of the fair laughing still at all that befell them But the men being patient, and not rendering railing for railing, but contrariwise blessing, and giving good words for bad, and kindness for injuries done, some men in the fair, that were more observing and less prejudiced than the rest, began to check and blame the baser sort for their continual abuses done by them to the men They, therefore, in an angry manner let fly at them again, counting them as bad as the men in the cage, and telling them that they seemed confederates, and

should be made partakers of their misfortunes. The others replied that, for aught they could see, the men were quiet and sober, and intended nobody any harm, and that there were many that traded in their fair, that were more worthy to be put into the cage, yea, and pillory too, than were the men that they had abused. Thus, after divers words had passed on both sides (the men behaving themselves all the while very wisely and soberly before them), they fell to some blows among themselves, and did harm one to another. Then were these two poor men brought before their examiners again, and were charged as being guilty of the late hubbub that had been in the fair. So they beat them pitifully, and hanged irons upon them, and led them in chains up and down the fair, for an example and terror to others, lest any should speak in their behalf, or join themselves unto them. But Christian and Faithful behaved themselves yet more wisely, and received the ignominy and shame that were cast upon them with so much meekness and patience, that it won to their side (though but few in comparison of the rest) several of the men in the fair. Thus put the other party yet into a greater rage, inso-much that they concluded the death of these two men. Wherefore they threatened that neither cage nor irons should serve their turn, but that they should die for the abuse they had done and for deluding the men of the fair.

Then were they remanded to the cage again, until further order should be taken with them. So they put them in and made their feet fast in the stocks.

Here, also, they called again to mind what they had heard from their faithful friend Evangelist, and were the more confirmed in their way and sufferings by what he told them would happen to them. They also now comforted each other, that whose lot it was to suffer, even he should have the best of it; therefore each man secretly wished that he might have that preferment. But committing themselves to the all-wise disposal of Him that ruleth all things, with much content they abode in the condition in which they were, until they should be otherwise disposed of.

Then a convenient time being appointed, they brought them forth to their trial, in order to their condemnation. When the

time was come, they were brought before their enemies and arraigned. The judge's name was Lord Hate-good, their indictment was one and the same in substance, though somewhat varying in form, the contents whereof were these: "That they were enemies to, and disturbers of, the trade, that they had made commotions and divisions in the town, and had won a party to their own most dangerous opinions, in contempt of the law of their prince."

Then Faithful began to answer, that he had only set himself against that which had set itself against Him that is higher than the highest. And, said he, as for disturbance, I make none, being myself a man of peace. The parties that were won to us, were won by beholding our truth and innocence, and they are only turned from the worse to the better. And as to the king you talk of, since he is Beelzebub, the enemy of our Lord, I defy him and all his angels.

Then proclamation was made, that they that had aught to say for their lord the king, against the prisoner at the bar, should forthwith appear, and give in their evidence. So there came in three witnesses, to wit, Envy, Superstition, and Pickthank. They were then asked if they knew the prisoner at the bar, and what they had to say for their lord the king against him. Then stood forth Envy, and said to this effect. My lord, I have known this man a long time, and will attest upon my oath before this honorable bench, that he is—

JUDGE Hold, give him his oath.

So they swore him. Then he said, My lord, this man, notwithstanding his plausible name, is one of the vilest men in our country; he neither regardeth prince nor people, law nor custom, but doeth all that he can to possess all men with certain of his disloyal notions, which he in the general calls "principles of faith and holiness." And, in particular, I heard him once myself affirm, that Christianity and the customs of our town of Vanity were diametrically opposite, and could not be reconciled. By which saying, my lord, he doth at once not only condemn all our laudable doings, but us in the doing of them.

Then did the judge say to him, Hast thou any more to say?

ENVY My lord, I could say much more, only I would not be tedious to the court.

Yet, if need be, when the other gentlemen have given in their evidence, rather than anything shall be wanting that will despatch him, I will enlarge my testimony against him. So he was bid to stand by.

Then they called Superstition, and bid him look upon the prisoner. They also asked, what he could say for their lord the king against him. Then they swore him, so he began.

SUPER. My lord, I have no great acquaintance with this man, nor do I desire to have further knowledge of him. However, this I know, that he is a very pestilent fellow, from some discourse that I had with him the other day in this town, for then, talking with him, I heard him say that our religion was naught, and such by which a man could by no means please God. Which saying of his, my lord, your lordship very well knows what necessarily thence will follow, to wit, that we still do worship in vain, are yet in our sins, and finally shall be damned and this is that which I have to say.

Then was Pickthank sworn, and bid say what he knew in the behalf of their lord the king against the prisoner at the bar.

PICK. My lord, and you gentlemen all, this fellow I have known a long time, and have heard him speak things that ought not to be spoken, for he hath railed at our noble prince Beelzebub, and hath spoken contemptibly of his honorable friends, whose names are, the Lord Oldman, the Lord Carnal Delight, the Lord Luxurious, the Lord Desire of Vain Glory, my old Lord Lechery, Sir Having Greedy, with all the rest of our nobility and he hath said, moreover, that if all men were of his mind, if possible, there is not one of these noblemen should have any longer a being in this town. Besides, he hath not been afraid to rail at you, my lord, who are now appointed to be his judge, calling you an ungodly villain, with many other such like vilifying terms, with which he hath bespattered most of the gentry of our town.

When this Pickthank had told his tale, the judge directed his speech to the prisoner at the bar, saying, Thou renegade, heretic, and traitor, hast thou heard what these honest gentlemen have witnessed against thee?

FAITH. May I speak a few words in my own defence?

JUDGE. Sirrah, sirrah, thou deservest to live no longer, but to be slain immediately

upon the place, yet, that all men may see our gentleness toward thee, let us hear what thou, vile wretch, hast to say.

FAITH. I say, then, in answer to what Mr Envy hath spoken, I never said aught but this, that what rule, or laws, or custom, or people, were flat against the word of God, are diametrically opposite to Christianity. If I have said amiss in this, convince me of my error, and I am ready here before you to make my recantation.

As to the second, to wit, Mr Superstition, and his charge against me, I said only this, that in the worship of God there is required a divine faith, but there can be no divine faith without a divine revelation of the will of God. Therefore, whatever is thrust into the worship of God that is not agreeable to divine revelation, cannot be done but by a human faith, which faith will not be profitable to eternal life.

As to what Mr Pickthank hath said, I say (avoiding terms, as that I am said to rail, and the like), that the prince of this town, with all the rabblement, his attendants, by this gentleman named, are more fit for being in hell than in this town and country. And so the Lord have mercy upon me.

Then the judge called to the jury (who all this while stood by to hear and observe), Gentlemen of the jury, you see this man about whom so great an uproar hath been made in this town, you have also heard what these worthy gentlemen have witnessed against him, also, you have heard his reply and confession it lieth now in your breasts to hang him, or to save his life, but yet I think meet to instruct you in our law.

There was an act made in the days of Pharaoh the Great, servant to our prince, that, lest those of a contrary religion should multiply and grow too strong for him, their males should be thrown into the river. There was also an act made in the days of Nebuchadnezzar the Great, another of his servants, that whoever would not fall down and worship his golden image, should be thrown into a fiery furnace. There was also an act made in the days of Darius, that whoso for some time called upon any god but him, should be cast into the lion's den. Now, the substance of these laws this rebel hath broken, not only in thought (which is not to be borne), but also in word and deed, which must, therefore, needs be intolerable.

For that of Pharaoh, his law was made upon a supposition to prevent mischief, no crime being yet apparent, but here is a crime apparent For the second and third, you see he disputeth against our religion, and for the treason that he hath already confessed, he deserveth to die the death

Then went the jury out, whose names were Mr Blindman, Mr No-good, Mr Malice, Mr Love-lust, Mr Live-loose, Mr Heady, Mr High-mind, Mr Enmity, Mr Liar, Mr Cruelty, Mr Hate-light, and Mr Implacable, who every one gave in his private verdict against him among themselves, and afterwards unanimously concluded to bring him in guilty before the judge And first among themselves, Mr Blindman, the foreman, said, I see clearly that this man is a heretic Then said Mr No-good, Away with such a fellow from the earth Aye, said Mr Malice, for I hate the very looks of him Then said Mr Love-lust, I could never endure him Nor I, said Mr Live-loose, for he would always be condemning my way Hang him, hang him, said Mr Heady A sorry scrub, said Mr High-mind My heart riseth against him, said Mr Enmity He is a rogue, said Mr Liar Hanging him is too good for him, said Mr Cruelty Let us dispatch him out of the way, said Mr Hate-light Then said Mr Implacable, Might I have all the world given

me, I could not be reconciled to him, therefore let us forthwith bring him in guilty of death

And so they did, therefore he was presently condemned to be had from the place where he was to the place from whence he came, and there to be put to the most cruel death that could be invented

They therefore brought him out, to do with him according to their law, and first they scourged him, then they buffeted him, then they lanced his flesh with knives, after that, they stoned him with stones, then pricked him with their swords, and last of all, they burned him to ashes at the stake Thus came Faithful to his end

Now I saw that there stood behind the multitude a chariot and a couple of horses waiting for Faithful, who, so soon as his adversaries had dispatched him, was taken up into it, and straightway was carried up through the clouds with sound of trumpet, the nearest way to the celestial gate But as for Christian, he had some respite, and was remanded to prison so he remained there for a space But He who overrules all things, having the power of their rage in His own hand, so wrought it about, that Christian for that time escaped them, and went his way

JOHN DRYDEN (1631-1700)

Shortly after Dryden obtained his bachelor's degree from Trinity College, Cambridge, he went to London with the intention of gaining prominence by writing. As his family had been followers of the Parliamentary Party, the poet praised Cromwell in stanzas "consecrated to the glorious memory of his most serene and renowned Highness Oliver, late Lord Protector of this Commonwealth." Hardly two years later he wrote "a poem on the Happy Restoration and Return of his Sacred Majesty Charles the Second." Dryden realized that a professional writer could hope for success only if he were in favor with the court. This situation also caused him to devote the next twenty years to the drama, which had become immensely popular upon the reopening of the theaters.

Dryden's first dramas to achieve popular recognition were "heroic plays." In these plays the hero's difficulties arise from a conflict between love and honor. The plots lack originality, the characters are exaggerated, and the speeches are stilted and often declamatory. Even *The Conquest of Granada*, his most successful play in this form, contains much material strikingly unsuited to the stage. In 1671 George Villiers ridiculed this play with his *The Rehearsal*. Mr Bayes, who was made-up to represent Dryden, asks some friends to attend a rehearsal of his new play, a clever and nonsensical parody of the "heroic play." Although Dryden did not at once give up writing this type, he gradually turned to a different style. His later plays are a combination of the French classical drama and the Elizabethan tragedy. A comparison of *All for Love* with Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra* shows how Dryden modified the native drama, which he had so highly praised in *An Essay of Dramatic Poesy*.

The only long poem of this period is the *Annus Mirabilis*, describing the war with Holland and the London fire in 1666. It is a glorification of the English character as well as a compliment to Charles II. The Court recognized his ability by appointing him Poet Laureate and Historiographer Royal. But Dryden had also made some enemies by his satiric lines. A newspaper item dated December 19, 1679, stated that "Last night Mr Dryden, the famous poet, going from a coffee house in Covent Garden, was set upon by three persons unknown to him, and so rudely by them handled, that, as it is said, his life is in no small danger. It is thought to have been the effect of private grudge rather than upon the too common design of unlawful gain; an unkind trespass by which not only he himself but the commonwealth of learning may receive an injury." The assailants were probably hired

by Lord Rochester, a former friend, with whom the poet had quarreled.

According to Dryden's own statement, his "genius never inclined him to the stage," but circumstances forced him to do this work because it would bring him remuneration most quickly after the Restoration. He was glad, therefore, in 1681 to turn to satire upon the political conditions. At this date the Whigs under the leadership of the Earl of Shaftesbury were endeavoring to secure the succession for the Duke of Monmouth, the illegitimate son of Charles II, because they feared that the King's brother, the legitimate successor, would support the Catholic party. The King arrested Shaftesbury and had him tried for treason. Under the guise of the Biblical story of Absalom's revolt against David, Dryden attempted to aid the King's party by his political satire, *Absalom and Achitophel*. The merit of the poem lies in the individual portraits of the various politicians. Dryden pointed out with exceptional shrewdness their little extravagances and follies. After Shaftesbury's release Dryden wrote *The Medal, A Satire against Sedition*, so entitled because the earl's friends had a medal made to commemorate the event. As a reward for these services he received in 1683 the appointment of Collector of the Port of London.

Poets belonging to the Whig Party answered these poems, abusing Dryden in scurrilous terms as a mercenary knave. The worst attack was *The Medal of John Bayes* by Thomas Shadwell, to whom Dryden responded in a witty personal satire, *Mac Flecknoe*. To all of these political satires may be applied Dr. Johnson's statement concerning *Absalom and Achitophel*: "There is no need to inquire why those verses were read, which to all the attractions of wit, elegance, and harmony, added the co-operation of all the factious passions and filled every mind with triumph or resentment."

At the accession of James II Dryden became a Catholic. In *The Hind and the Panther* he exalted the doctrines of the Catholic Church as he had formerly defended the doctrines of the Established Church in *Religio Laici*. After the Revolution of 1688 Dryden lost his official positions and pensions. For the last twelve years of his life he was forced to earn his living again by his writings. The greatest source of revenue were his translations of the Greek and Latin classics. The most important of these was a translation of the complete works of Virgil. Dryden's last principal work was a modern version of some of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, published with some adaptations from Homer, Ovid, and Boccaccio as *Fables, Ancient and Modern*.

The discussion of Chaucer's poetry in the Preface shows a true appreciation of the fourteenth century poet

Dryden's prefaces and essays reveal him as a discriminating critic endowed with common sense. He refused to accept unquestioningly as standards for judging modern literature the classical rules, to which the French critics of the seventeenth century paid such unswerving homage. He considered literature to be the expression of the time when it was written. The author writes to please a definite audience and is guided to a large extent by contemporary taste. Dryden was well acquainted with both

classical and English literature and was not afraid to say that the latter in some respects excelled the classics. Furthermore, he expressed his ideas in a clear, vigorous style.

This critical tendency affected Dryden's poetry, which often seems to be that of a student of his art rather than of an inspired poet. He was fond of abstract discussion, generalities, and logical construction. Yet he seldom clogged the progress of his thought with non-essentials and was almost never obscure. When he was not concerned with political satire or religious controversy, he could write a superb lyric like *Alexander's Feast*.

ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL

In pious times, ere priestcraft did begin,
Before polygamy was made a sin,
When man on many multiplied his kind,
Ere one to one was cursedly confin'd,
When nature prompted, and no law denied,⁵
Promiscuous use of concubine and bride,
Then Israel's monarch after Heaven's own heart,

His vigorous warmth did variously impart
To wives and slaves, and, wide as his command,

Scatter'd his Maker's image thro' the land,¹⁰
Michal, of royal blood, the crown did wear,
A soil ungrateful to the tiller's care
Not so the rest, for several mothers bore
To godlike David several sons before
But since like slaves his bed they did ascend,¹⁵

No true succession could their seed attend
Of all this numerous progeny was none
So beautiful, so brave, as Absalon
Whether, inspir'd by some diviner lust,
His father got him with a greater gust,²⁰
Or that his conscious destiny made way,
By manly beauty, to imperial sway
Early in foreign fields he won renown,
With kings and states allied to Israel's crown.
In peace the thoughts of war he could remove,²⁵

And seem'd as he were only born for love
Whate'er he did, was done with so much ease,

In him alone 'twas natural to please
His motions all accompanied with grace,
And paradise was open'd in his face,³⁰
With secret joy indulgent David view'd
His youthful image in his son renew'd
To all his wishes nothing he denied,
And made the charming Annabel his bride

What faults he had, (for who from faults is free?)³⁵

His father could not, or he would not see
Some warm excesses which the law forbore,
Were construed youth that purg'd by boiling o'er,

And Amnon's murder, by a specious name,
Was call'd a just revenge for injur'd fame,⁴⁰
Thus prais'd and lov'd the noble youth remain'd,

While David, undisturb'd, in Sion reign'd
But life can never be sincerely blest,
Heav'n punishes the bad, and proves the best
The Jews, a headstrong, moody, murmur'ing race,⁴⁵

As ever tried th' extent and stretch of grace,
God's pamper'd people, whom, debauch'd with ease,

No king could govern, nor no God could please,

(Gods they had tried of every shape and size,

That god-smiths could produce, or priests devise)⁵⁰

These Adam-wits, too fortunately free,
Began to dream they wanted liberty,
And when no rule, no precedent was found,
Of men by laws less circumscrib'd and bound,
They led their wild desires to woods and caves,⁵⁵

And thought that all but savages were slaves
They who, when Saul was dead, without a blow,

Made foolish Ishbosheth the crown forego;
Who banish'd David did from Hebron bring,
And with a general shout proclaim'd him king⁶⁰

Those very Jews, who, at their very best,
Their humour more than loyalty expres'd,
Now wonder'd why so long they had obey'd
An idol monarch, which their hands had made;

Thought they might ruin him they could
 create, ⁶⁵
 Or melt him to that golden calf, a State
 But these were random bolts, no form'd de-
 sign,
 Nor interest made the factious crowd to
 join
 The sober part of Israel, free from stain,
 Well knew the value of a peaceful reign, ⁷⁰
 And, looking backward with a wise affright,
 Saw seams of wounds, dishonest to the sight
 In contemplation of whose ugly scars
 They curs'd the memory of civil wars
 The moderate sort of men, thus qualified, ⁷⁵
 Incln'd the balance to the better side,
 And David's mildness manag'd it so well,
 The bad found no occasion to rebel
 But when to sin our bias'd nature leans,
 The careful Devil is still at hand with
 means, ⁸⁰
 And providently pimps for ill desires
 The Good Old Cause reviv'd, a plot requires
 Plots, true or false, are necessary things,
 To raise up commonwealths, and ruin kings
 Th' inhabitants of old Jerusalem ⁸⁵
 Were Jebusites, the town so call'd from them,
 And theirs the native right—
 But when the chosen people grew more strong,
 The rightful cause at length became the
 wrong,
 And every loss the men of Jebus bore, ⁹⁰
 They still were thought God's enemies the
 more
 Thus worn and weaken'd, well or ill con-
 tent,
 Submit they must to David's government
 Impoverish'd and depriv'd of all command,
 Their taxes doubled as they lost their land, ⁹⁵
 And, what was harder yet to flesh and blood,
 Their gods disgrac'd, and burnt like common
 wood
 This set the heathen priesthood in a flame,
 For priests of all religions are the same
 Of whatsoe'er descent their godhead be, ¹⁰⁰
 Stock, stone, or other homely pedigree,
 In his defense his servants are as bold,
 As if he had been born of beaten gold
 The Jewish rabbins, tho' their enemies,
 In this conclude them honest men and
 wise ¹⁰⁵
 For 'twas their duty, all the learned think,
 T' espouse his cause, by whom they eat and
 drink
 From hence began that Plot, the nation's
 curse,

Bad in itself, but represented worse,
 Rais'd in extremes, and in extremes decried, ¹¹⁰
 With oaths affirm'd, with dying vows denied,
 Not weigh'd or winnow'd by the multitude,
 But swallow'd in the mass, unchew'd and
 crude
 Some truth there was, but dash'd and brew'd
 with lies,
 To please the fools, and puzzle all the wise, ¹¹⁵
 Succeeding times did equal folly call,
 Believing nothing, or believing all
 Th' Egyptian rites the Jebusites embrac'd,
 Where gods were recommended by their
 taste
 Such sav'ry deities must needs be good, ¹²⁰
 As serv'd at once for worship and for food
 By force they could not introduce these
 gods,
 For ten to one in former days was odds,
 So fraud was us'd (the sacrificer's trade).
 Fools are more hard to conquer than per-
 suade ¹²⁵
 Their busy teachers mingled with the Jews,
 And rak'd for converts even the court and
 stews
 Which Hebrew priests the more unkindly took,
 Because the fleece accompanies the flock
 Some thought they God's anointed meant to
 slay ¹³⁰
 By guns, invented since full many a day.
 Our author swears it not, but who can know
 How far the Devil and Jebusites may go?
 This Plot, which fail'd for want of common
 sense,
 Had yet a deep and dangerous consequence ¹³⁵
 For, as when raging fevers boil the blood,
 The standing lake soon floats into a flood,
 And ev'ry hostile humour, which before
 Slept quiet in its channels, bubbles o'er,
 So several factions from this first ferment ¹⁴⁰
 Work up to foam, and threat the govern-
 ment
 Some by their friends, more by themselves
 thought wise,
 Oppos'd the pow'r to which they could not
 rise
 Some had in courts been great, and thrown
 from thence,
 Like fiends were harden'd in impenitence ¹⁴⁵
 Some, by their monarch's fatal mercy, grown
 From pardon'd rebels kinsmen to the throne,
 Were rais'd in pow'r and public office high,
 Strong bands, if bands ungrateful men could
 tie
 Of these the false Achitophel was first, ¹⁵⁰

A name to all succeeding ages curst
 For close designs and crooked counsels fit,
 Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit,
 Restless, unfix'd in principles and place,
 In pow'r unpleas'd, impatient of disgrace ¹⁵⁵
 A fiery soul, which, working out its way,
 Fretted the pigmy body to decay,
 And o'er-inform'd the tenement of clay }
 A daring pilot in extremity,
 Pleas'd with the danger, when the waves
 went high, ¹⁶⁰
 He sought the storms, but, for a calm un-
 fit,
 Would steer too nigh the sands, to boast his
 wit
 Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
 And thin partitions do their bounds divide,
 Else why should he, with wealth and honor
 blest, ¹⁶⁵
 Refuse his age the needful hours of rest?
 Punish a body which he could not please,
 Bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of ease?
 And all to leave what with his toil he won,
 To that unfeather'd two-legg'd thing, a
 son, ¹⁷⁰
 Got, while his soul did huddled notions try,
 And born a shapeless lump, like anarchy
 In friendship false, implacable in hate,
 Resolv'd to run or to rule the State
 To compass this the triple bond he
 broke, ¹⁷⁵
 The pillars of the public safety shook,
 And fitted Israel for a foreign yoke }
 Then seiz'd with fear, yet still affecting
 fame,
 Usurp'd a patriot's all-atoning name
 So easy still it proves in factious times, ¹⁸⁰
 With public zeal to cancel private crimes
 How safe is treason, and how sacred ill,
 Where none can sin against the people's will!
 Where crowds can wink, and no offense be
 known,
 Since in another's guilt they find their
 own! ¹⁸⁵
 Yet fame deserv'd no enemy can grudge,
 The statesman we abhor, but praise the judge
 In Israel's courts ne'er sat an Abbethdin
 With more discerning eyes, or hands more
 clean;
 Unbrib'd, unsought, the wretched to re-
 dress, ¹⁹⁰
 Swift of dispatch, and easy of access
 O, had he been content to serve the crown,
 With virtues only proper to the gown,
 Or had the rankness of the soil been freed

From cockle, that oppress'd the noble seed; ¹⁹⁵
 David for him his tuneful harp had strung,
 And Heav'n had wanted one immortal song
 But wild Ambition loves to slide, not stand,
 And Fortune's ice prefers to Virtue's land
 Achitophel, grown weary to possess ²⁰⁰
 A lawful fame, and lazy happiness,
 Disdain'd the golden fruit to gather free,
 And lent the crowd his arm to shake the
 tree
 Now, manifest of crimes contriv'd long since,
 He stood at bold defiance with his prince, ²⁰⁵
 Held up the buckler of the people's cause
 Against the crown, and skulk'd behind the
 laws
 The wish'd occasion of the Plot he takes,
 Some circumstances finds, but more he makes
 By buzzing emissaries fills the ears ²¹⁰
 Of list'ning crowds with jealousies and fears
 Of arbitrary counsels brought to light,
 And proves the king himself a Jebusite
 Weak arguments! which yet he knew full
 well
 Were strong with people easy to rebel ²¹⁵
 For, govern'd by the moon, the giddy Jews
 Tread the same track when she the prime
 renews,
 And once in twenty years, their scribes re-
 cord,
 By natural instinct they change their lord
 Achitophel still wants a chief, and none ²²⁰
 Was found so fit as warlike Absalon
 Not that he wish'd his greatness to create,
 (For politicians neither love nor hate,)
 But, for he knew his title not allow'd,
 Would keep him still depending on the
 crowd ²²⁵
 That kingly pow'r, thus ebbing out, might
 be
 Drawn to the dregs of a democracy
 Him he attempts with studied arts to please,
 And sheds his venom in such words as
 these
 "Auspicious prince, at whose nativity ²³⁰
 Some royal planet rul'd the southern sky,
 Thy longing country's darling and desire,
 Their cloudy pillar and their guardian fire
 Their second Moses, whose extended wand
 Divides the seas, and shews the promis'd
 land, ²³⁵
 Whose dawning day in every distant age
 Has exercis'd the sacred prophets' rage
 The people's pray'r, the glad diviners' theme,
 The young men's vision, and the old men's
 dream!"

Thee, Saviour, thee, the nation's vows confess,
And, never satisfied with seeing, bless
Swift unbespoken pomps thy steps proclaim,
And stammering babes are taught to lisp thy name
How long wilt thou the general joy detain,
Starve and defraud the people of thy reign?
Content ingloriously to pass thy days
Like one of Virtue's fools that feeds on praise,
Till thy fresh glories, which now shine so bright,
Grow stale and tarnish with our daily sight
Believe me, royal youth, thy fruit must be
Or gather'd ripe, or rot upon the tree
Heav'n has to all allotted, soon or late,
Some lucky revolution of their fate,
Whose motions if we watch and guide with skill,
(For human good depends on human will,)
Our Fortune rolls as from a smooth descent,
And from the first impression takes the bent
But, if unseiz'd, she glides away like wind,
And leaves repenting Folly far behind
Now, now she meets you with a glorious prize,
And spreads her locks before her as she flies
Had thus old David, from whose loins you spring,
Not dar'd, when Fortune call'd him, to be king,
At Gath an exile he might still remain,
And Heaven's anointing oil had been in vain
Let his successful youth your hopes engage
But shun th' example of declining age
Behold him setting in his western skies,
The shadows lengthening as the vapors rise
He is not now, as when on Jordan's sand
The joyful people throng'd to see him land,
Cov'ring the beach, and black'ning all the strand;
But, like the Prince of Angels, from his height
Comes tumbling downward with diminish'd light,
Betray'd by one poor plot to public scorn,
(Our only blessing since his curst return;)

Those heaps of people which one sheaf did bind,
Blown off and scatter'd by a puff of wind
What strength can he to your designs oppose,
Naked of friends, and round beset with foes?
If Pharaoh's doubtful succor he should use,
A foreign aid would more incense the Jews
Proud Egypt would dissembled friendship bring,
Foment the war, but not support the king
Nor would the royal party e'er unite
With Pharaoh's arms t' assist the Jebusite,
Or if they should, their interest soon would break,
And with such odious aid make David weak
All sorts of men by my successful arts,
Abhorring kings, estrange their alter'd hearts
From David's rule and 'tis the general cry,
'Religion, commonwealth and liberty'
If you, as champion of the public good,
Add to their arms a chief of royal blood,
What may not Israel hope, and what applause
Might such a general gain by such a cause?
Not barren praise alone, that gaudy flow'r
Fair only to the sight, but solid pow'r,
And nobler is a limited command,
Giv'n by the love of all your native land,
Than a successive title, long and dark,
Drawn from the moldy rolls of Noah's ark"
What cannot praise effect in mighty minds,
When flattery soothes, and when ambition blinds!
Desire of pow'r, on earth a vicious weed,
Yet, sprung from high, is of celestial seed:
In God 'tis glory, and when men aspire,
'Tis but a spark too much of heavenly fire
Th' ambitious youth, too covetous of fame,
Too full of angels' metal in his frame,
Unwarily was led from virtue's ways,
Made drunk with honour, and debauch'd with praise
Half loth, and half consenting to the ill,
(For loyal blood within him struggled still,)
He thus replied "And what pretense have I
To take up arms for public liberty?
My father governs with unquestion'd right,
The faith's defender, and mankind's delight;
Good, gracious, just, observant of the laws
And Heav'n by wonders has espous'd his cause.

Whom has he wrong'd in all his peaceful
reign?

Who sues for justice to his throne in vain?
What millions has he pardon'd of his foes,
Whom just revenge did to his wrath expose?
Mild, easy, humble, studious of our good, 325
Enclin'd to mercy, and averse from blood,
If mildness ill with stubborn Israel suit,
His crime is God's beloved attribute
What could he gain, his people to betray,
Or change his right for arbitrary sway? 330
Let haughty Pharaoh curse with such a reign
His fruitful Nile, and yoke a servile train
If David's rule Jerusalem displease,
The Dog-star heats their brains to this disease

Why then should I, encouraging the bad, 335
Turn rebel and run popularly mad?
Were he a tyrant, who, by lawless might
Oppress'd the Jews, and rais'd the Jebusite,
Well might I mourn, but nature's holy bands
Would curb my spirits and restrain my
hands 340

The people might assert their liberty,
But what was right in them were crime in me
His favour leaves me nothing to require, .
Prevents my wishes, and outruns desire
What more can I expect while David lives? 345
All but his kingly diadem he gives
And that"—But there he paus'd, then sighing,
said—

"Is justly destin'd for a worthier head
For when my father from his toils shall rest,
And late augment the number of the blest, 350
His lawful issue shall the throne ascend,
Or the *collat'ral* line, where that shall end
His brother, tho' oppress'd with vulgar spite,
Yet dauntless, and secure of native right,
Of every royal virtue stands possess'd, 355
Still dear to all the bravest and the best
His courage foes, his friends his truth proclaim,

His loyalty the king, the world his fame
His mercy ev'n th' offending crowd will find,
For sure he comes of a forgiving kind 360
Why should I then repine at Heaven's decree,
Which gives me no pretense to royalty?
Yet O that fate, propitiously inclin'd,
Had rais'd my birth, or had debas'd my mind,
To my large soul not all her treasures lent 365
And then betray'd it to a mean descent!
I find, I find my mounting spirits bold,
And David's part disdains my mother's mold
Why am I scanted by a niggard birth?
My soul disclaims the kindred of her earth, 370

And, made for empire, whispers me within,
'Desire of greatness is a godlike sin' "

Him staggering so when hell's dire agent
found,

While fainting Virtue scarce maintain'd her
ground,

He pours fresh forces in, and thus replies 375

"Th' eternal God, supremely good and wise,
Imparts not these prodigious gifts in vain
What wonders are reserv'd to bless your reign!
Against your will, your arguments have
shown,

Such virtue's only giv'n to guide a throne 380
Not that your father's mildness I contemn,

But manly force becomes the diadem
'Tis true he grants the people all they crave,
And more, perhaps, than subjects ought to
have

For lavish grants suppose a monarch tame, 385
And more his goodness than his wit proclaim
But when should people strive their bonds to
break,

If not when kings are negligent or weak?

Let him give on till he can give no more,
The thrifty Sanhedrin shall keep him poor, 390
And ever shekel which he can receive,
Shall cost a limb of his prerogative
To ply him with new plots shall be my care,
Or plunge him deep in some expensive war,
Which when his treasure can no more
supply, 395

He must, with the remains of kingship, buy
His faithful friends, our jealousies and fears
Call Jebusites, and Pharaoh's pensioners,
Whom when our fury from his aid has torn,
He shall be naked left to public scorn 400
The next successor, whom I fear and hate,
My arts have made obnoxious to the State,
Turn'd all his virtues to his overthrow,
And gain'd our elders to pronounce a foe
His right, for sums of necessary gold, 405
Shall first be pawn'd, and afterwards be sold,
Till time shall ever-wanting David draw,
To pass your doubtful title into law
If not, the people have a right supreme
To make their kings, for kings are made for
them 410

All empire is no more than pow'r in trust,
Which, when resum'd, can be no longer just
Succession, for the general good design'd,
In its own wrong a nation cannot bind,
If altering that the people can relieve, 415
Better one suffer than a nation grieve
The Jews well know 'their pow'r' ere Saul
they chose,

God was their king, and God they durst de-
pose

Urge now your piety, your filial name,
A father's right, and fear of future fame, 420
The public good, that universal call,
To which even Heav'n submitted, answers all
Nor let his love enchant your generous mind,
'Tis Nature's trick to propagate her kind
Our fond begetters, who would never die, 425
Love but themselves in their posterity
Or let his kindness by th' effects be tried,
Or let him lay his vain pretense aside
God said he lov'd your father; could he
bring

A better proof, than to anoint him king? 430
It surely shew'd he lov'd the shepherd well,
Who gave so fair a flock as Israel
Would David have you thought his darling
son?

What means he then, to alienate the crown?
The name of godly he may blush to bear 435
'Tis after God's own heart to cheat his heir
He to his brother gives supreme command,
To you a legacy of barren land
Perhaps th' old harp, on which he thrums his
lays,

Or some dull Hebrew ballad in your praise 440
Then the next heir, a prince severe and wise,
Already looks on you with jealous eyes,
Sees thro' the thin disguises of your arts,
And marks your progress in the people's
hearts

Tho' now his mighty soul its grief contains, 445
He meditates revenge who least complains,
And, like a lion, slumb'ring in the way,
Or sleep dissembling, while he waits his prey,
His fearless foes within his distance draws,
Constrains his roaring, and contracts his
paws, 450

Till at the last, his time for fury found,
He shoots with sudden vengeance from the
ground;

The prostrate vulgar passes o'er and spares,
But with a lordly rage his hunters tears
Your case no tame expedients will afford 455
Resolve on death, or conquest by the sword,
Which for no less a stake than life you draw,
And self-defense is nature's eldest law
Leave the warm people no considering time,
For then rebellion may be thought a crime 460
Prevail yourself of what occasion gives,
But try your title while your father lives;
And that your arms may have a fair pretense,
Proclaim you take them in the king's de-
fense;

Whose sacred life each minute would ex-
pose 465

To plots, from seeming friends, and secret
foes

And who can sound the depth of David's
soul?

Perhaps his fear his kindness may control
He fears his brother, tho' he loves his son,
For plighted vows too late to be undone 470
If so, by force he wishes to be gain'd,
Like women's lechery, to seem constrain'd
Doubt not but, when he most affects the
frown,

Commit a pleasing rape upon the crown
Secure his person to secure your cause 475
They who possess the prince, possess the
laws"

He said, and this advice above the rest,
With Absalom's mild nature suited best
Unblam'd of life, (ambition set aside,)
Not stain'd with cruelty, nor puff'd with
pride, 480

How happy had he been, if destiny
Had higher plac'd his birth, or not so high!
His kingly virtues might have claim'd a
throne,

And blest all other countries but his own
But charming greatness since so few re-
fuse, 485

'T is juster to lament him than accuse
Strong were his hopes a rival to remove,
With blandishments to gain the public love,
To head the faction while their zeal was hot,
And popularly prosecute the Plot 490

To farther this, Achitophel unites
The malcontents of all the Israelites,
Whose differing parties he could wisely join,
For several ends, to serve the same design
The best, (and of the princes some were
such,) 495

Who thought the pow'r of monarchy too
much,

Mistaken men, and patriots in their hearts,
Not wicked, but seduc'd by impious arts
By these the springs of property were bent,
And wound so high, they crack'd the gov-
ernment 500

The next for interest sought t' embroil the
State,

To sell their duty at a dearer rate;
And make their Jewish markets of the throne,
Pretending public good, to serve their own
Others thought kings an useless heavy load, 505
Who cost too much, and did too little good
These were for laying honest David by,

On principles of pure good husbandry
 With them join'd all th' haranguers of the
 thrung,
 That thought to get preferment by the
 tongue 510
 Who follow next, a double danger bring,
 Not only hating David, but the king
 The Solymæan rout, well-vers'd of old
 In godly faction, and in treason bold,
 Cow'ring and quaking at a conqueror's
 sword, 515
 But lofty to a lawful prince restor'd,
 Saw with disdain an Ethnic plot begun,
 And scorn'd by Jebusites to be outdone
 Hot Levites headed these, who, pull'd be-
 fore
 From th' ark, which in the Judges' days they
 bore, 520
 Resum'd their cant, and with a zealous cry
 Pursued their old belov'd Theocracy
 Where Sanhedrin and priest enslav'd the na-
 tion,
 And justified their spoils by inspiration
 For who so fit for reign as Aaron's race, 525
 If once dominion they could found in grace?
 These led the pack, tho' not of surest scent,
 Yet deepest mouth'd against the government
 A numerous host of dreaming saints succeed,
 Of the true old enthusiastic breed 530
 'Gainst form and order they their pow'r im-
 ploy,
 Nothing to build, and all things to destroy
 But far more numerous was the herd of such,
 Who think too little, and who talk too much
 These, out of mere instinct, they knew not
 why, 535
 Ador'd their fathers' God and property,
 And, by the same blind benefit of fate,
 The Devil and the Jebusite did hate
 Born to be sav'd, even in their own despite,
 Because they could not help believing
 right 540
 Such were the tools, but a whole Hydra
 more
 Remains of sprouting heads too long to score
 Some of their chiefs were princes of the
 land
 In the first rank of these did Zimri stand,
 A man so various, that he seem'd to be 545
 Not one, but all mankind's epitome.
 Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,
 Was everything by starts, and nothing long,
 But, in the course of one revolving moon,
 Was chymist, fiddler, statesman, and buf-
 foon. 550

Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drink-
 ing,
 Besides ten thousand freaks that died in think-
 ing
 Blest madman, who could every hour em-
 ploy,
 With something new to wish, or to enjoy!
 Railing and praising were his usual
 themes, 555
 And both (to shew his judgment) in ex-
 tremes
 So over-violent, or over-civil,
 That every man, with him, was God or Devil
 In squand'ring wealth was his peculiar art
 Nothing went unrewarded but desert 560
 Beggard by fools, whom still he found too
 late,
 He had his jest, and they had his estate
 He laugh'd himself from court, then sought
 relief
 By forming parties, but could ne'er be chief,
 For, spite of him, the weight of business
 fell 565
 On Absalom and wise Achitophel
 Thus, wicked but in will, of means bereft,
 He left not faction, but of that was left
 Titles and names 'twere tedious to re-
 hearse
 Of lords, below the dignity of verse 570
 Wits, warriors, Commonwealth's-men, were
 the best,
 Kind husbands, and mere nobles, all the rest
 And therefore, in the name of dulness, be
 The well-hung Balaam and cold Caleb, free,
 And canting Nadab let oblivion damn, 575
 Who made new porridge for the paschal lamb
 Let friendship's holy band some names as-
 sure,
 Some their own worth, and some let scorn
 secure
 Nor shall the rascal rabble here have place,
 Whom kings no titles gave, and God no
 grace 580
 Not bull-fac'd Jonas, who could statutes draw
 To mean rebellion, and make treason law.
 But he, tho' bad, is follow'd by a worse,
 The wretch who Heav'n's anointed dar'd to
 curse
 Shimei, whose youth did early promise
 bring 585
 Of zeal to God and hatred to his king,
 Did wisely from expensive sins refrain,
 And never broke the Sabbath, but for gain;
 Nor ever was he known an oath to vent,
 Or curse, unless against the government 590

Thus heaping wealth, by the most ready way
 Among the Jews, which was to cheat and pray,
 The city, to reward his pious hate
 Against his master, chose him magistrate
 His hand a vane of justice did uphold, 595
 His neck was loaded with a chain of gold
 During his office, treason was no crime,
 The sons of Behal had a glorious time,
 For Shimei, tho' not prodigal of pelf,
 Yet lov'd his wicked neighbour as himself 600
 When two or three were gather'd to de-
 claim
 Against the monarch of Jerusalem,
 Shimei was always in the midst of them, }
 And if they curs'd the king when he was by,
 Would rather curse than break good com- 605
 pany
 If any durst his factious friends accuse,
 He pack'd a jury of dissenting Jews,
 Whose fellow-feeling in the godly cause
 Would free the suffering saint from human
 laws
 For laws are only made to punish those 610
 Who serve the king, and to protect his foes
 If any leisure time he had from pow'r,
 (Because 't is sin to misemploy an hour,)
 His bus'ness was, by writing, to persuade
 That kings were useless, and a clog to
 trade, 615
 And, that his noble style he might refine,
 No Rechabite more shunn'd the fumes of
 wine
 Chaste were his cellars, and his shrieval
 board
 The grossness of a city feast abhorr'd
 His cooks, with long disuse, their trade for-
 got; 620
 Cool was his kitchen, tho' his brains were hot
 Such frugal virtue malice may accuse,
 But sure 'twas necessary to the Jews,
 For towns once burnt such magistrates re-
 quire
 As dare not tempt God's providence by
 fire 625
 With spiritual food he fed his servants well,
 But free from flesh that made the Jews rebel,
 And Moses' laws he held in more account,
 For forty days of fasting in the mount
 To speak the rest, who better are forgot 630
 Would tire a well-breath'd witness of the Plot
 Yet, Corah, thou shalt from oblivion pass
 Erect thyself, thou monumental brass,
 High as the serpent of thy metal made,

While nations stand secure beneath thy
 shade 635
 What tho' his birth were base, yet comets rise
 From earthly vapours, ere they shine in skies
 Prodigious actions may as well be done
 By weaver's issue, as by prince's son.
 This arch-attester for the public good 640
 By that one deed ennobles all his blood
 Who ever ask'd the witnesses' high race,
 Whose oath with martyrdom did Stephen
 grace?
 Ours was a Levite, and as times went then,
 His tribe were God Almighty's gentle-
 men 645
 Sunk were his eyes, his voice was harsh and
 loud,
 Sure signs he neither choleric was nor proud
 His long chin prov'd his wit, his saintlike
 grace
 A church vermilion, and a Moses' face
 His memory, miraculously great, 650
 Could plots, exceeding man's belief, repeat,
 Which therefore cannot be accounted lies,
 For human wit could never such devise
 Some future truths are mingled in his book,
 But where the witness fail'd, the prophet
 spoke 655
 Some things like visionary flights appear,
 The spirit caught him up, the Lord knows
 where,
 And gave him his rabbinical degree,
 Unknown to foreign university
 His judgment yet his memory did excel, 660
 Which piec'd his wondrous evidence so well,
 And suited to the temper of the times,
 Then groaning under Jebusitic crimes
 Let Israel's foes suspect his heav'nly call,
 And rashly judge his wit apocryphal, 665
 Our laws for such affronts have forfeits made
 He takes his life, who takes away his trade
 Were I myself in witness Corah's place,
 The wretch who did me such a dire disgrace,
 Should whet my memory, tho' once forgot, 670
 To make him an appendix of my plot
 His zeal to Heav'n made him his prince
 despise,
 And load his person with indignities;
 But zeal peculiar privilege affords,
 Indulging latitude to deeds and words, 675
 And Corah might for Agag's murder call,
 In terms as coarse as Samuel us'd to Saul
 What others in his evidence did join,
 (The best that could be had for love or coin,)
 In Corah's own predicament will fall; 680
 For *witness* is a common name to all

Surrounded thus with friends of every sort,
 Deluded Absalom forsakes the court,
 Impatient of high hopes, urg'd with renown,
 And fir'd with near possession of a crown ⁶⁸⁵
 Th' admiring crowd are dazzled with surprise,
 And on his goodly person feed their eyes
 His joy conceal'd, he sets himself to show,
 On each side bowing popularly low,
 His looks, his gestures, and his words he
 frames, ⁶⁹⁰

And with familiar ease repeats their names
 Thus form'd by nature, furnish'd out with arts,
 He glides, unfelt into their secret hearts
 Then, with a kind compassionating look,
 And sighs, bespeaking pity ere he spoke, ⁶⁹⁵
 Few words he said, but easy those and fit,
 More slow than Hybla-drops, and far more
 sweet

"I mourn, my countrymen, your lost estate,
 Tho' far unable to prevent your fate
 Behold a banish'd man, for your dear cause ⁷⁰⁰
 Expos'd a prey to arbitrary laws!
 Yet O! that I alone could be undone,
 Cut off from empire, and no more a son!
 Now all your liberties a spoil are made,
 Egypt and Tyrus intercept your trade, ⁷⁰⁵
 And Jebusties your sacred rites invade
 My father, whom with reverence yet I name,
 Charm'd into ease, is careless of his fame,
 And, brib'd with petty sums of foreign gold,
 Is grown in Bathsheba's embraces old, ⁷¹⁰
 Exalts his enemies, his friends destroys,
 And all his pow'r against himself employs
 He gives, and let him give, my right away,
 But why should he his own and yours betray?
 He, only he, can make the nation bleed, ⁷¹⁵
 And he alone from my revenge is freed
 Take then my tears, (with that he wip'd his
 eyes,)

'T is all the aid my present pow'r supplies.
 No court-informer can these arms accuse,
 These arms may sons against their fathers
 use ⁷²⁰

And 't is my wish, the next successor's reign
 May make no other Israelite complain"

Youth, beauty, graceful action seldom fail,
 But common interest always will prevail,
 And pity never ceases to be shown ⁷²⁵
 To him who makes the people's wrongs his
 own

The crowd, that still believe their kings op-
 press,
 With lifted hands their young Messiah bless
 Who now begins his progress to ordain

With chariots, horsemen, and a num'rous
 train, ⁷³⁰

From east to west his glories he displays,
 And, like the sun, the promis'd land surveys
 Fame runs before him as the morning star,
 And shouts of joy salute him from afar
 Each house receives him as a guardian god, ⁷³⁵
 And consecrates the place of his abode
 But hospitable treats did most commend
 Wise Issachar, his wealthy western friend
 This moving court, that caught the people's
 eyes,

And seem'd but pomp, did other ends dis-
 guise ⁷⁴⁰

Achitophel had form'd it, with intent
 To sound the depths, and fathom, where it
 went,

The people's hearts, distinguish friends from
 foes,

And try their strength, before they came to
 blows

Yet all was colour'd with a smooth pretense ⁷⁴⁵
 Of specious love, and duty to their prince
 Religion, and redress of grievances,
 Two names that always cheat and always
 please,

Are often urg'd, and good King David's life
 Endanger'd by a brother and a wife ⁷⁵⁰

Thus in a pageant shew a plot is made,
 And peace itself is war in masquerade
 O foolish Israel! never warn'd by ill!
 Still the same bait, and circumvented still!
 Did ever men forsake their present ease, ⁷⁵⁵
 In midst of health imagine a disease,
 Take pains contingent mischiefs to foresee,
 Make heirs for monarchs, and for God de-
 cree?

What shall we think! Can people give away,
 Both for themselves and sons, their native
 sway? ⁷⁶⁰

Then they are left defenseless to the sword
 Of each unbounded, arbitrary lord
 And laws are vain, by which we right enjoy,
 If kings unquestion'd can those laws destroy
 Yet if the crowd be judge of fit and just, ⁷⁶⁵
 And kings are only officers in trust,
 Then this resuming cov'nant was declar'd
 When kings were made, or is for ever barr'd
 If those who gave the scepter could not tie
 By their own deed their own posterity, ⁷⁷⁰
 How then could Adam bind his future race?
 How could his forfeit on mankind take place?
 Or how could heavenly justice damn us all,
 Who ne'er consented to our father's fall?

Then kings are slaves to those whom they
 command, 775
 And tenants to their people's pleasure stand
 Add, that the pow'r for property allow'd
 Is mischievously seated in the crowd,
 For who can be secure of private right,
 If sovereign sway may be dissolv'd by
 might? 780
 Nor is the people's judgment always true
 The most may err as grossly as the few,
 And faultless kings run down, by common
 cry,
 For vice, oppression, and for tyranny
 What standard is there in a fickle rout, 785
 Which, flowing to the mark, runs faster out?
 Nor only crowds, but Sanhedrins may be
 Infected with this public lunacy,
 And share the madness of rebellious times,
 To murder monarchs for imagin'd crimes 790
 If they may give and take whene'er they
 please,
 Not kings alone, (the Godhead's images,)
 But government itself at length must fall
 To nature's state, where all have right to all
 Yet, grant our lords the people kings can
 make, 795
 What prudent men a settled throne would
 shake?
 For whatsoe'er their sufferings were before,
 That change they covet makes them suffer
 more
 All other errors but disturb a state,
 But innovation is the blow of fate 800
 If ancient fabrics nod, and threat to fall,
 To patch the flaws, and buttress up the wall,
 Thus far 'tis duty but here fix the mark,
 For all beyond it is to touch our ark
 To change foundations, cast the frame anew, 805
 Is work for rebels, who base ends pursue,
 At once divine and human laws control,
 And mend the parts by ruin of the whole
 The tam'ring world is subject to this curse,
 To physic their disease into a worse 810
 Now what relief can righteous David bring?
 How fatal 'tis to be too good a king!
 Friends he has few, so high the madness
 grows
 Who dare be such, must be the people's foes
 Yet some there were, ev'n in the worst of
 days, 815
 Some let me name, and naming is to praise
 In this short file Barzillai first appears,
 Barzillai, crown'd with honour and with years
 Long since, the rising rebels he withstood

In regions waste, beyond the Jordan's flood 820
 Unfortunately brave to buoy the State,
 But sinking underneath his master's fate
 In exile with his godlike prince he mourn'd,
 For him he suffer'd, and with him return'd
 The court he practic'd, not the courtier's art 825
 Large was his wealth, but larger was his heart,
 Which well the noblest objects knew to choose,
 The fighting warrior, and recording Muse
 His bed could once a fruitful issue boast,
 Now more than half a father's name is lost 830
 His eldest hope, with every grace adorn'd,
 By me (so Heav'n will have it) always
 mourn'd,
 And always honour'd, snatch'd in manhood's
 prime
 B' unequal fates, and Providence's crime,
 Yet not before the goal of honour won, 835
 All parts fulfill'd of subject and of son
 Swift was the race, but short the time to
 run
 O narrow circle, but of pow'r divine,
 Scanted in space, but perfect in thy line!
 By sea, by land, thy matchless worth was
 known, 840
 Arms thy delight, and war was all thy own.
 Thy force, infus'd, the fainting Tyrians
 propp'd,
 And haughty Pharaoh found his fortune
 stopp'd
 O ancient honour! O unconquer'd hand,
 Whom foes unpunish'd never could with-
 stand! 845
 But Israel was unworthy of thy name,
 Short is the date of all immoderate fame
 It looks as Heav'n our ruin had design'd,
 And durst not trust thy fortune and thy mind
 Now, free from earth, thy disencumber'd
 soul 850
 Mounts up, and leaves behind the clouds and
 starry pole,
 From thence thy kindred legions mayst thou
 bring,
 To aid the guardian angel of thy king
 Here stop, my Muse, here cease thy painful
 flight,
 No pinnions can pursue immortal height 855
 Tell good Barzillai thou canst sing no more,
 And tell thy soul she should have fled be-
 fore
 Or fled she with his life, and left this verse
 To hang on her departed patron's hearse?
 Now take thy steepy flight from heav'n and
 see 860

If thou canst find on earth another *he*
 Another *he* would be too hard to find,
 See then whom thou canst see not far behind
 Zadoc the priest, whom, shunning pow'r and
 place,

His lowly mind advanc'd to David's grace ⁸⁶⁵
 With him the Sagan of Jerusalem,
 Of hospitable soul, and noble stem,
 Him of the western dome, whose weighty sense
 Flows in fit words and heavenly eloquence
 The prophets' sons, by such example led, ⁸⁷⁰
 To learning and to loyalty were bred
 For colleges on bounteous kings depend,
 And never rebel was to arts a friend
 To these succeed the pillars of the laws,
 Who best could plead, and best can judge a
 cause ⁸⁷⁵

Next them a train of loyal peers ascend,
 Sharp-judging Adriel, the Muses' friend,
 Himself a Muse—in Sanhedrin's debate
 True to his prince, but not a slave of state
 Whom David's love, with honours did adorn, ⁸⁸⁰
 That from his disobedient son were torn
 Jotham of piercing wit, and pregnant thought,
 Endued by nature, and by learning taught
 To move assemblies, who but only tried
 The worse a while, then chose the better
 side ⁸⁸⁵

Nor chose alone, but turn'd the balance too,
 So much the weight of one brave man can do
 Hushai, the friend of David in distress,
 In public storms, of manly steadfastness
 By foreign treaties he inform'd his youth, ⁸⁹⁰
 And join'd experience to his native truth
 His frugal care supplied the wanting throne,
 Frugal for that, but bounteous of his own
 'Tis easy conduct when exchequers flow,
 But hard the task to manage well the low, ⁸⁹⁵
 For sovereign power is too depress'd or high,
 When kings are forc'd to sell, or crowds to
 buy

Indulge one labour more, my weary Muse,
 For Amiel who can Amiel's praise refuse?
 Of ancient race by birth, but nobler yet ⁹⁰⁰
 In his own worth, and without title great
 The Sanhedrin long time as chief he rul'd,
 Their reason guided, and their passion cool'd
 So dext'rous was he in the crown's defense,
 So form'd to speak a loyal nation's sense, ⁹⁰⁵
 That, as their band was Israel's tribes in small,
 So fit was he to represent them all
 Now rasher charioteers the seat ascend,
 Whose loose careers his steady skill commend
 They, like th' unequal ruler of the day, ⁹¹⁰
 Misguide the seasons, and mistake the way,

While he withdrawn at their mad labour smiles,
 And safe enjoys the sabbath of his toils

These were the chief, a small but faith-
 ful band
 Of worthies, in the breach who dar'd to
 stand, ⁹¹⁵
 And tempt th' united fury of the land
 With grief they view'd such powerful engines
 bent,

To batter down the lawful government
 A numerous faction, with pretended frights,
 In Sanhedrins to plume the regal rights, ⁹²⁰
 The true successor from the court remov'd,
 The Plot, by hireling witnesses, improv'd
 These ills they saw, and, as their duty bound,
 They shew'd the king the danger of the wound,
 That no concessions from the throne would
 please, ⁹²⁵

But lentives fomented the disease;
 That Absalom, ambitious of the crown,
 Was made the lure to draw the people down,
 That false Achitophel's pernicious hate
 Had turned the Plot to ruin Church and
 State, ⁹³⁰

The council violent, the rabble worse,
 That Shimei taught Jerusalem to curse
 With all these loads of injuries oppress'd,
 And long revolving in his careful breast
 Th' event of things, at last, his patience tir'd, ⁹³⁵
 Thus from his royal throne, by Heav'n in-
 spir'd,

The godlike David spoke with awful fear
 His train their Maker in their master hear
 "Thus long have I, by native mercy sway'd,
 My wrongs dissembled, my revenge delay'd ⁹⁴⁰
 So willing to forgive th' offending age,
 So much the father did the king assuage
 But now so far my clemency they slight,
 Th' offenders question my forgiving right
 That one was made for many, they contend, ⁹⁴⁵
 But 'tis to rule, for that's a monarch's end
 They call my tenderness of blood, my fear,
 Tho' manly tempers can the longest bear
 Yet, since they will divert my native course,
 'T is time to shew I am not good by force ⁹⁵⁰
 Those heap'd affronts that haughty subjects
 bring,

Are burthens for a camel, not a king
 Kings are the public pillars of the State,
 Born to sustain and prop the nation's weight,
 If my young Samson will pretend a call ⁹⁵⁵
 To shake the column, let him share the fall
 But O that yet he would repent and live!
 How easy 'tis for parents to forgive!
 With how few tears a pardon might be won

From nature, pleading for a darling son! 960
 Poor pitied youth, by my paternal care
 Raus'd up to all the height his frame could
 bear!

Had God ordain'd his fate for empire born,
 He would have giv'n his soul another turn
 Gull'd with a patriot's name, whose modern
 sense 965

Is one that would by law supplant his prince,
 The people's brave, the politician's tool,
 Never was patriot yet, but was a fool
 Whence comes it that religion and the laws
 Should more be Absalom's than David's
 cause? 970

His old instructor, ere he lost his place,
 Was never thought indued with so much grace
 Good heav'n's, how faction can a patriot paint!
 My rebel ever proves my people's saint

Would *they* impose an heir upon the throne? 975
 Let Sanhedrins be taught to give their own
 A king's at least a part of government,
 And mine as requisite as their consent,
 Without my leave a future king to choose,
 Infers a right the present to depose 980

True, they petition me t' approve their choice,
 But Esau's hands suit ill with Jacob's voice
 My pious subjects for my safety pray,
 Which to secure, they take my pow'r away
 From plots and treasons Heav'n preserve my
 years, 985

But save me most from my petitioners!
 Unsatiated as the barren womb or grave,
 God cannot grant so much as they can crave
 What then is left, but with a jealous eye
 To guard the small remains of royalty? 990
 The law shall still direct my peaceful sway,
 And the same law teach rebels to obey
 Votes shall no more establish'd pow'r con-
 trol—

Such votes as make a part exceed the whole
 No groundless clamours shall my friends re-
 move, 995

Nor crowds have pow'r to punish ere they
 prove,

For gods and godlike kings their care express,
 Still to defend their servants in distress

O that my pow'r to saving were confin'd!
 Why am I forc'd, like Heav'n, against my
 mind, 1000

To make examples of another kind?
 Must I at length the sword of justice draw?
 O curst effects of necessary law!

How ill my fear they by my mercy scan!
 Beware the fury of a patient man 1005
 Law they require, let Law then shew her face,

They could not be content to look on Grace,
 Her hinder parts, but with a daring eye
 To tempt the terror of her front and die
 But their own arts, 't is righteously decreed, 1010
 Those dire artificers of death shall bleed,
 Against themselves their witnesses will swear,
 Till viper-like their mother Plot they tear,
 And suck for nutriment that bloody gore,
 Which was their principle of life before 1015
 Their Behai with their Belzebub will fight,
 Thus on my foes, my foes shall do me right
 Nor doubt th' event, for factious crowds en-
 gage,

In their first onset, all their brutal rage
 Then let 'em take an unresisted course, 1020
 Retire, and traverse, and delude their force,
 But, when they stand all breathless, urge the
 fight,

And rise upon 'em with redoubled might,
 For lawful pow'r is still superior found,
 When long driv'n back, at length it stands the
 ground " 1025

He said Th' Almighty, nodding, gave con-
 sent,

And peals of thunder shook the firmament
 Henceforth a series of new time began,
 The mighty years in long procession ran
 Once more the godlike David was restor'd, 1030
 And willing nations knew their lawful lord

ALEXANDER'S FEAST

OR, THE POWER OF MUSIC, AN ODE IN
 HONOR OF ST CECILIA'S DAY

I

'T was at the royal feast, for Persia won
 By Philp's warlike son

Aloft in awful state

The godlike hero sate

On his imperial throne 5

His valiant peers were plac'd around,
 Their brows with roses and with myrtles
 bound

(So should desert in arms be crown'd)

The lovely Thais, by his side,

Sate like a blooming Eastern bride 10

In flow'r of youth and beauty's pride

Happy, happy, happy pair!

None but the brave,

None but the brave,

None but the brave deserves the fair. 15

CHORUS

Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair

II

Timotheus, plac'd on high 20
 Amid the tuneful choir,
 With flying fingers touch'd the lyre
 The trembling notes ascend the sky,
 And heav'nly joys inspire
 The song began from Jove, 25
 Who left his blissful seats above,
 (Such is the pow'r of mighty love)
 A dragon's fiery form belied the god
 Sublime on radiant spires he rode,
 When he to fair Olympia press'd, 30
 And while he sought her snowy breast
 Then, round her slender waist he curl'd,
 And stamp'd an image of himself, a sov'reign
 of the world
 The list'ning crowd admire the lofty sound,
 "A present deity," they shout around, 35
 "A present deity," the vaulted roofs rebound
 With ravish'd ears
 The monarch hears,
 Assumes the god,
 Affects to nod, 40
 And seems to shake the spheres

CHORUS

With ravish'd ears,
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod, 45
And seems to shake the spheres

III

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet mu-
 sician sung,
 Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young.
 The jolly god in triumph comes,
 Sound the trumpets; beat the drums, 50
 Flush'd with a purple grace
 He shews his honest face
 Now give the hautboys breath he comes, he
 comes
 Bacchus, ever fair and young,
 Drinking joys did first ordain, 55
 Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,

Drinking is the soldier's pleasure
 Rich the treasure,
 Sweet the pleasure,
 Sweet is pleasure after pain 60

CHORUS

Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure,
Sweet is pleasure after pain 65

IV

Sooth'd with the sound, the king grew vain,
 Fought all his battles o'er again,
 And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice
 he slew the slain
 The master saw the madness rise,
 His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes, 70
 And, while he heav'n and earth defied,
 Chang'd his hand, and check'd his pride
 He chose a mournful Muse,
 Soft pity to infuse
 He sung Darius great and good, 75
 By too severe a fate,
 Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
 Fallen from his high estate,
 And welt'ring in his blood,
 Deserted, at his utmost need, 80
 By those his former bounty fed,
 On the bare earth expos'd he lies,
 With not a friend to close his eyes

With downcast looks the joyless victor sate,
 Revolving in his alter'd soul 85
 The various turns of chance below,
 And, now and then, a sigh he stole,
 And tears began to flow

CHORUS

Revolving in his alter'd soul
The various turns of chance below, 90
And, now and then, a sigh he stole,
And tears began to flow.

V

The mighty master smil'd, to see
 That love was in the next degree
 'T was but a kindred sound to move, 95
 For pity melts the mind to love
 Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,

Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleasures
 "War," he sung, "is toil and trouble,
 Honor, but an empty bubble, 100
 Never ending, still beginning,
 Fighting still, and still destroying
 If the world be worth thy winning,
 Think, O think it worth enjoying,
 Lovely Thais sits beside thee, 105
 Take the good the gods provide thee"

The many rend the skies with loud applause,
 So Love was crown'd, but Music won the
 cause

The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
 Gaz'd on the fair 110
 Who caus'd his care,
 And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
 Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again
 At length, with love and wine at once op-
 press'd,
 The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast 115

CHORUS

*The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
 Gaz'd on the fair
 Who caus'd his care,
 And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
 Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again 120
 At length, with love and wine at once op-
 press'd,
 The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast*

VI

Now strike the golden lyre again.
 A louder yet, and yet a louder strain
 Break his bands of sleep asunder, 125
 And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thun-
 der
 Hark, hark, the horrid sound
 Has rais'd up his head
 As awak'd from the dead,
 And amaz'd, he stares around 130
 "Revenge, revenge!" Timotheus cries,
 "See the Furies arise!
 See the snakes that they rear,
 How they hiss in their hair,
 And the sparkles that flash from their
 eyes! 135
 Behold a ghastly band,
 Each a torch in his hand!
 Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were
 slain,
 And unburi'd remain

Inglorious on the plain 140
 Give the vengeance due
 To the valiant crew
 Behold how they toss their torches on high,
 How they point to the Persian abodes,
 And glitt'ring temples of their hostile gods!" 145
 The princes applaud, with a furious joy,
 And the king seiz'd a flambeau with zeal to
 destroy,
 Thais led the way,
 To light him to his prey,
 And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy 150

CHORUS

*And the king seiz'd a flambeau with zeal to
 destroy,
 Thais led the way,
 To light him to his prey,
 And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy*

VII

Thus, long ago, 155
 Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,
 While organs yet were mute,
 Timotheus, to his breathing flute
 And sounding lyre,
 Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft
 desire 160
 At last, divine Cecilia came,
 Inventress of the vocal frame,
 The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
 Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
 And added length to solemn sounds, 165
 With nature's mother wit, and arts unknown
 before
 Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
 Or both divide the crown,
 He rais'd a mortal to the skies,
 She drew an angel down 170

GRAND CHORUS

*At last, divine Cecilia came,
 Inventress of the vocal frame;
 The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
 Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
 And added length to solemn sounds, 175
 With nature's mother wit, and arts unknown
 before.
 Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
 Or both divide the crown;
 He rais'd a mortal to the skies,
 She drew an angel down 180*

SAMUEL PEPYS

(1633-1703)

As an original source for the details of social history during the first nine years of the reign of Charles II, Pepys' diary is immensely valuable. His official position, Clerk of the Acts of the Navy, brought him into intimate contact with the most prominent persons of the time and offered him the opportunity to acquire much enlightening information. Although Pepys was extremely fond of the pleasures of society, he did not neglect his business. He was sincerely concerned with improving conditions in the Navy and tried in every way to effect economies. Later he was appointed Secretary to the Navy and Secretary to the Admiralty. He collected material both at home and on the continent concerning naval affairs with the view of writing a history of the English Navy. Unfortunately he was prevented by ill health from carrying out this project after his retirement from office when James II was deposed.

Pepys had gained the favor of the Stuart sovereign through his cousin, Sir Edward Montagu, the Earl of Sandwich, who had been among the first to welcome Charles II at his return. Pepys accompanied Montagu as secretary upon the voyage to bring Charles back from France. Because of this connection and his friendship with the Duke of York, he was continually under suspicion of being an adherent of the Catholic party at the time of the excitement over the Popish Plot. In 1679 he was confined in the Tower with Sir Anthony Deane on the accusation that they had sent information to the French. Nothing, however, could be proved against them.

Pepys was eminently fitted for writing a diary because by nature he was inquisitive and avid for gossip. He delighted in collecting anecdotes about famous people and important events. He was frank in voicing his own opinions and describing his personal feelings. His friend John

Evelyn described him as "a very worthy, industrious, and curious person, universally beloved, hospitable, generous, learned in many things, skilled in music, a very great cherisher of learned men."

Pepys liked good food, good wine, and pleasant conversation at table. Never able to resist the temptation to flirt, he recorded with pride the numerous occasions when he kissed beautiful women or charming actresses. Yet he loved his pretty French wife, whom he married in 1655 when she was only fifteen, and in spite of their numerous disputes he was sincerely grieved at her death. Music and the theater were his special delights. In the accounts of his 273 visits to the theater he noted his reactions to the plays, his opinion of the actors, and some entertaining side-lights on the audiences. All of these incidents were recounted with amazing freedom and sly humor. Verily Pepys found life exceedingly enjoyable.

The first entry in the *Diary* is dated January 1, 1660, and the last May 31, 1669, when Pepys was forced to discontinue it because of failing eyesight. It was written in a system of shorthand. To its pages, therefore, Pepys confided freely his thoughts concerning his actions. The people, the pleasures, the business, and the most intimate details of the daily life of the reign of Charles II are revealed by a pen which knew no reticence.

Fortunately for posterity he left it with his other books to Magdalen College, Cambridge, where he had been a student. When the publication of Evelyn's *Diary* in 1818 called the attention of the college authorities to the Pepysian Library, the *Diary* was discovered, deciphered, and published in part in 1825. Since that time less expurgated editions have amused numerous readers with the indiscretions of this very human seventeenth century diarist.

THE GREAT FIRE

[September] 2d (Lord's day) Some of our maids sitting up late last night to get things ready against our feast to-day, Jane called us up about three in the morning, to tell us of a great fire they saw in the City. So I rose, and slipped on my night-gown, and went to her window, and thought it to be on the back-side of Marke-lane at the farthest, but, being unused to such fires as followed, I thought it far enough off, and so went to bed

again, and to sleep. About seven rose again to dress myself, and there looked out at the window, and saw the fire not so much as it was, and further off. So to my closet to set things to rights, after yesterday's cleaning. By and by Jane comes and tells me that she hears that above 300 houses have been burned down to-night by the fire we saw, and that it is now burning down all Fish Street, by London Bridge. So I made myself ready presently, and walked to the Tower, and there got up upon one of the high places, Sir J

Robinson's little son going up with me, and there I did see the houses at that end of the bridge all on fire, and an infinite great fire on this and the other side the end of the bridge, which, among other people, did trouble me for poor little Michell and our Sarah on the bridge. So down, with my heart full of trouble, to the Lieutenant of the Tower, who tells me that it begun this morning in the King's baker's house in Pudding-lane, and that it hath burned down St Magnus's Church and most part of Fish Street already. So I down to the water-side, and there got a boat, and through bridge, and there saw a lamentable fire. Poor Michell's house, as far as the Old Swan, already burned that way, and the fire running further, that, in a very little time, it got as far as the Steele-yard, while I was there. Every body endeavouring to remove their goods, and flinging into the river, or bringing them into lighters that lay off, poor people staying in their houses as long as till the very fire touched them, and then running into boats, or clambering from one pair of stairs, by the waterside, to another. And, among other things, the poor pigeons, I perceive, were loth to leave their houses, but hovered about the windows and balconys, till they burned their wings, and fell down. Having staid, and in an hour's time seen the fire rage every way, and nobody, to my sight, endeavouring to quench it, but to remove their goods, and leave all to the fire, and, having seen it get as far as the Steele-yard, and the wind mighty high, and driving it into the City, and everything, after so long a drought, proving combustible, even the very stones of churches, and among other things, the poor steeple by which pretty Mrs ——— lives, and whereof my old schoolfellow Elborough is parson, taken fire in the very top, and there burned till it fell down, I to White Hall, with a gentleman with me, who desired to go off from the Tower, to see the fire, in my boat, and there up to the King's closet in the Chapel, where people come about me, and I did give them an account dismayed them all, and word was carried in to the King. So I was called for, and did tell the King and Duke of York what I saw, and that, unless his Majesty did command houses to be pulled down, nothing could stop the fire. They seemed much troubled, and the King commanded me to go to my Lord Mayor from him, and command him to spare no houses, but to pull down be-

fore the fire every way. The Duke of York bid me tell him, that if he would have any more soldiers, he shall, and so did my Lord Arlington afterwards, as a great secret. Here meeting with Captain Cocke, I in his coach, which he lent me, and Creed with me to Paul's, and there walked along Watling Street, as well as I could, every creature coming away laden with goods to save, and, here and there, sick people carried away in beds. Extraordinary good goods carried in carts and on backs. At last met my Lord Mayor in Canning Street, like a man spent, with a handkercher about his neck. To the King's message, he cried, like a fainting woman, "Lord! what can I do?" I am spent, people will not obey me. I have been pulling down houses, but the fire overtakes us faster than we can do it." That he needed no more soldiers, and that, for himself, he must go and refresh himself, having been up all night. So he left me, and I him, and walked home, seeing people all almost distracted, and no manner of means used to quench the fire. The houses, too, so very thick thereabouts, and full of matter for burning, as pitch and tar, in Thames Street, and ware-houses of oyle, and wines, and brandy, and other things. Here I saw Mr Isaac Houblon, the handsome man, prettily dressed and dirty at his door at Dowgate, receiving some of his brother's things, whose houses were on fire, and, as he says, have been removed twice already, and he doubts, as it soon proved, that they must be, in a little time, removed from his house also, which was a sad consideration. And to see the churches all filling with goods by people who themselves should have been quietly there at this time. By this time, it was about twelve o'clock, and so home, and there find my guests, who were Mr Wood and his wife Barbary Shelden, and also Mr Moore, she mighty fine, and her husband, for aught I see, a likely man. But Mr Moore's design and mine, which was to look over my closet, and please him with the sight thereof, which he hath long desired, was wholly disappointed, for we were in great trouble and disturbance at this fire, not knowing what to think of it. However, we had an extraordinary good dinner, and as merry as at this time we could be. While at dinner, Mrs Batelier come to enquire after Mr Woolfe and Stanes, who, it seems, are related to them, whose houses in Fish Street are all burned, and they in a sad condition. She would not stay in the fright

Soon as dined, I and Moone away, and walked through the City, the streets full of nothing but people, and horses and carts loaden with goods, ready to run over one another, and removing goods from one burned house to another. They now removing out of Canning Street, which received goods in the morning, into Lombard Street, and further and, among others, I now saw my little goldsmith Stokes, receiving some friend's goods, whose house itself was burned the day after. We parted at Paul's, he home, and I to Paul's Wharf, where I had appointed a boat to attend me, and took in Mr Carcasse and his brother, whom I met in the street, and carried them below and above bridge too. And again to see the fire, which was now got further, both below and above, and no likelihood of stopping it. Met with the King and Duke of York in their barge, and with them to Queenhithe, and there called Sir Richard Browne to them. Their order was only to pull down houses apace, and so below bridge at the water-side, but this little was or could be done, the fire coming upon them so fast. Good hopes there was of stopping it at the Three Cranes above, and at Buttulph's Wharf below bridge, if care be used, but the wind carries it into the City, so as we know not, by the water-side, what it do there. River full of lighters and boats taking in goods, and good goods swimming in the water, and only I observed that hardly one lighter or boat in three that had the goods of a house in, but there was a pair of Virginals in it. Having seen as much as I could now, I away to White Hall by appointment, and there walked to St James's Park, and there met my wife, and Creed, and Wood, and his wife, and walked to my boat, and there upon the water again, and to the fire up and down, it still encreasing, and the wind great. So near the fire as we could for smoke, and all over the Thames, with one's faces in the wind, you were almost burned with a shower of fire-drops. This is very true so as houses were burned by these drops and flakes of fire, three or four, nay, five or six houses, one from another. When we could endure no more upon the water, we to a little alehouse on the Bankside, over against the Three Cranes, and there staid till it was dark almost, and saw the fire grow, and, as it grew darker, appeared more and more, and in corners and upon steeples, and between churches and houses, as far as we could see

up the hill of the City, in a most horrid, malicious, bloody flame, not like the fine flame of an ordinary fire. Barbary and her husband away before us. We staid till, it being darkish, we saw the fire as only one entire arch of fire from this to the other side the bridge, and in a bow up the hill for an arch of above a mile long. It made me weep to see it. The churches, houses, and all on fire, and flaming at once, and a horrid noise the flames made, and the cracking of houses at their ruine. So home with a sad heart, and there find every body discoursing and lamenting the fire, and poor Tom Hater come with some few of his goods saved out of his house, which was burned upon Fish Street Hill. I invited him to lie at my house, and did receive his goods, but was deceived in his lying there, the news coming every moment of the growth of the fire, so as we were forced to begin to pack up our own goods, and prepare for their removal, and did by moonshine, it being brave, dry, and moonshine and warm weather, carry much of my goods into the garden, and Mr Hater and I did remove my money and iron chests into my cellar, as thinking that the safest place. And got my bags of gold into my office, ready to carry away, and my chief papers of accounts also there, and my tallies into a box by themselves. So great was our fear, as Sir W Batten hath carts come out of the country to fetch away his goods this night. We did put Mr Hater, poor man! to bed a little, but he got but very little rest, so much noise being in my house, taking down of goods.

3d About four o'clock in the morning, my Lady Batten sent me a cart to carry away all my money, and plate, and best things, to Sir W Rider's, at Bednall Greene, which I did, riding myself in my night-gown, in the cart, and, Lord! to see how the streets and the highways are crowded with people running and riding, and getting of carts at any rate to fetch away things. I find Sir W Rider tired with being called up all night, and receiving things from several friends. His house full of goods, and much of Sir W Batten's and Sir W Pen's. I am eased at my heart to have my treasure so well secured. Then home, and with much ado to find a way, nor any sleep all this night to me nor my poor wife. But then all this day she and I and all my people labouring to get away the rest of our things, and did get Mr Tooker to get me a light

to take them in, and we did carry them, myself some, over Tower Hill, which was by this time full of people's goods, bringing their goods thither, and down to the lighter, which lay at the next quay, above the Tower Dock. And here was my neighbour's wife, Mrs ———, with her pretty child, and some few of her things, which I did willingly give way to be saved with mine, but there was no passing with any thing through the postern, the crowd was so great. The Duke of York came this day by the office, and spoke to us, and did ride with his guard up and down the City to keep all quiet, he being now General, and having the care of all. This day, Mercer being not at home, but against her mistress's order gone to her mother's, and my wife going thither to speak with W Hewer, beat her there, and was angry, and her mother saying that she was not a 'prentice girl, to ask leave every time she goes abroad, my wife with good reason was angry, and, when she come home, did bid her be gone again. And so she went away, which troubled me, but yet less than it would, because of the condition we are in, in fear of coming in a little time to being less able to keep one in her quality. At night, lay down a little upon a quilt of W Hewer's in the office, all my own things being packed up or gone, and, after me, my poor wife did the like, we having fed upon the remains of yesterday's dinner, having no fire nor dishes, nor any opportunity of dressing any thing.

4th Up by break of day, to get away the remainder of my things, which I did by a lighter at the Iron gate, and my hands so full, that it was the afternoon before we could get them all away. Sir W Pen and I to the Tower Street, and there met the fire burning, three or four doors beyond Mr Howell's, whose goods, poor man, his trays, and dishes, shovells, &c., were flung all along Tower Street in the kennels, and people working therewith from one end to the other, the fire coming on in that narrow street, on both sides, with infinite fury. Sir W Batten not knowing how to remove his wine, did dig a pit in the garden, and laid it in there, and I took the opportunity of laying all the papers of my office that I could not otherwise dispose of. And in the evening Sir W Pen and I did dig another, and put our wine in it, and I my parmazan cheese, as well as my wine and some other things. The Duke of York was at the office this day, at Sir W. Pen's, but I happened not to be

within. This afternoon, sitting melancholy with Sir W Pen in our garden, and thinking of the certain burning of this office, without extraordinary means, I did propose for the sending up of all our workmen from the Woolwich and Deptford yards, none whereof yet appeared, and to write to Sir W Coventry to have the Duke of York's permission to pull down houses, rather than lose this office, which would much hinder the King's business. So Sir W Pen went down this night, in order to the sending them up to-morrow morning, and I wrote to Sir W Coventry about the business, but received no answer. This night, Mrs Turner, who, poor woman, was removing her goods all this day, good goods, into the garden, and knows not how to dispose of them, and her husband supped with my wife and me at night, in the office, upon a shoulder of mutton from the cook's without any napkin, or any thing, in a sad manner, but were merry. Only now and then, walking into the garden, saw how horribly the sky looks, all on a fire in the night, was enough to put us out of our wits, and, indeed, it was extremely dreadful, for it looks just as if it was at us, and the whole heaven on fire. I after supper walked in the dark down to Tower Street, and there saw it all on fire, at the Trinity House on that side, and the Dolphin Tavern on this side, which was very near us, and the fire with extraordinary vehemence. Now begins the practice of blowing up of houses in Tower Street, those next the Tower, which at first did frighten people more than any thing, but it stopped the fire where it was done, it bringing down the houses to the ground in the same places they stood, and then it was easy to quench what little fire was in it, though it kindled nothing almost. W Hewer this day went to see how his mother did, and comes late home, telling us how he hath been forced to remove her to Islington, her house in Pye Corner being burned, so that the fire is got so far that way, and to the Old Bayly, and was running down to Fleet Street, and Paul's is burned, and all Cheapside. I wrote to my father this night, but the post-house being burned, the letter could not go.

5th I lay down in the office again upon W Hewer's quilt, being mighty weary, and sore in my feet with going till I was hardly able to stand. About two in the morning my wife calls me up, and tells me of new cries of fire, it being come to Barking Church, which

is the bottom of our lane I up; and finding it so, resolved presently to take her away, and did, and took my gold, which was about £2350, W Hewer and Jane down by Proundy's boat to Woolwich, but, Lord! what a sad sight it was by moone-light, to see the whole City almost on fire, that you might see it as plain at Woolwich, as if you were by it There, when I come, I find the gates shut, but no guard kept at all, which troubled me, because 10 of the discourses now begun, that there is a plot in it, and that the French had done it I got the gates open, and to Mr Shelden's, where I locked up my gold, and charged my wife and W Hewer never to leave the room 15 without one of them in it, night or day So back again, by the way seeing my goods well in the lighters at Deptford, and watched well by people Home, and whereas I expected to have seen our house on fire, it being now 20 about seven o'clock, it was not But to the fire, and there find greater hopes than I expected, for my confidence of finding our Office on fire was such, that I durst not ask any body how it was with us, till I come and saw it was not burned But, going to the fire, I find, by the blowing up of houses, and the great help given by the workmen out of the King's yards, sent up by Sir W Pen, there is a good stop given to it, as well at Marke 30 Lane end as ours, it having only burned the dyall of Barking Church, and part of the porch, and was there quenched I up to the top of Barking steeple, and there saw the saddest sight of desolation that ever I saw, every where great fires, oyle-cellars, and brimstone, and other things burning I became afraid to stay there long, and therefore down again as fast as I could, the fire being spread as far as I could see, and to Sir W Pen's, and there eat a piece of cold meat, having eaten 35 nothing since Sunday, but the remains of Sunday's dinner Here I met with Mr Young and Whistler, and, having removed all my things, and received good hopes that the fire at our end is stopped, they and I walked into the town, and find Fenchurch Street, Gracious Street, and Lombard Street all in dust The Exchange a sad sight, nothing standing there, of all the statues or pillars, but Sir Thomas 40 Gresham's picture in the corner Into Moore-fields, our feet ready to burn, walking through the town among the hot coles, and find that full of people, and poor wretches carrying their goods there, and every body keeping his

goods together by themselves, and a great blessing it is to them that it is fair weather for them to keep abroad night and day, drunk there, and paid twopence for a plain penny loaf Thence homeward, having passed through Cheapside, and Newgate market, all burned, and seen Anthony Joyce's house in fire, and took up, which I keep by me, a piece of glass of the Mercers' chapel in the street, where 10 much more was, so melted and buckled with the heat of the fire like parchment I also did see a poor cat taken out of a hole in a chimney, joyning to the wall of the Exchange, with the hair all burnt off the body, and yet alive So home at night, and find there good hopes of saving our office, but great endeavours of watching all night, and having men ready, and so we lodged them in the office, and had drunk and bread and cheese for them And I lay 20 down and slept a good night about midnight though, when I rose, I heard that there had been a great alarme of French and Dutch being risen, which proved nothing But it is a strange thing to see how long this time did look since Sunday, having been always full of variety of actions, and little sleep, that it looked like a week or more, and I had forgot almost the day of the week

6th Up about five o'clock, and met Mr Gauden at the gate of the office, I intending to go out, as I used, every now and then, to-day, to see how the fire is, to call our men to Bishop's-gate, where no fire had yet been near, and there is now one broke out which did 35 give great grounds to people, and to me too, to think that there is some kind of plot in this, on which many by this time have been taken, and it hath been dangerous for any stranger to walk in the streets, but I went with the men, and we did put it out in a little time, so that that was well again It was pretty to see how hard the women did work in the cannells, sweeping of water, but then they would scold for drnk, and be as drunk as 45 devils I saw good butts of sugar broke open in the street, and people give and take hand-fuls out, and put into beer, and drink it And now all being pretty well, I took boat, and over to Southwarke, and took boat on the other side the bridge, and so to Westminster, thinking to shift myself, being all in dirt from top to bottom, but could not there find any place to buy a shirt or a pair of gloves, Westminster Hall being full of people's goods, those in 50 Westminster having removed all their goods,

and the Exchequer money put into vessels to carry to Nonsuch, but to the Swan, and there was trimmed and then to White Hall, but saw nobody, and so home. A sad sight to see how the river looks no houses nor church near it, to the Temple, where it stopped. At home, did go with Sir W Batten, and our neighbour, Knightly, who, with one more, was the only man of any fashion left in all the neighbourhood thereabouts, they all removing their goods, and leaving their houses to the mercy of the fire, to Sir R Ford's, and there dined in an earthen platter—a fried breast of mutton, a great many of us, but very merry, and indeed as good a meal, though as ugly a one, as ever I had in my life. Thence down to Deptford, and there with great satisfaction landed all my goods at Sir G Carteret's safe, and nothing missed I could see or hear. This being done to my great content, I home, and to Sir W Batten's, and there, with Sir R Ford, Mr Knightly, and one Withers, a professed lying rogue, supped well, and mighty merry, and our fears over. From them to the office, and there slept with the office full of labourers, who talked, and slept, and walked all night long there. But strange it is to see Clothworkers' Hall on fire these three days and nights in one body of flame, it being the cellar full of oyle.

7th Up by five o'clock, and, blessed be God! find all well, and by water to Pane's Wharfe. Walked thence, and saw all the towne burned, and a miserable sight of Paul's church, with all the roofs fallen, and the body of the quire fallen into St Fayth's, Paul's school also, Ludgate, and Fleet Street. My father's house, and the church, and a good part of the Temple the like. So to Creed's lodging, near the New Exchange, and there find him laid down upon a bed, the house all unfurnished, there being fears of the fire's coming to them. There borrowed a shirt of him, and washed. To Sir W Coventry at St James's, who lay without curtains, having removed all his goods, as the King at White Hall, and every body had done, and was doing. He hopes we shall have no public distractions upon this fire, which is what every body fears, because of the talk of the French having a hand in it. And it is a proper time for discontents, but all men's minds are full of care to protect themselves and save their goods. The Militia is in arms every where. Our fleetes, he tells me, have been in sight one of another, and most unhappily by fowle weather were parted, to our great loss, as in reason they do conclude, the Dutch being come out only to make a shew, and please their people, but in very bad condition as to stores, victuals, and men. They are at Boulogne, and our fleete come to St Ellen's. We have got nothing, but have lost one ship, but he knows not what. Thence to the Swan, and there drank, and so home, and find all well. My Lord Brouncker, at Sir W Batten's, tells us the Generall is sent for up, to come to advise with the King about business at this juncture, and to keep all quiet, which is great honour to him, but I am sure is but a piece of dissimulation. So home, and did give orders for my house to be made clean, and then down to Woolwich, and there find all well. Dined, and Mrs Markham come to see my wife. This day our Merchants first met at Gresham College, which, by proclamation, is to be their Exchange. Strange to hear what is bid for houses all up and down here, a friend of Sir W Rider's having £150 for what he used to let for £40 per annum. Much dispute where the Custome House shall be, thereby the growth of the City again to be foreseen. My Lord Treasurer, they say, and others would have it at the other end of the town. I home late to Sir W Pen's, who did give me a bed, but without curtains or hangings, all being down. So here I went the first time into a naked bed, only my drawers on, and did sleep pretty well but still both sleeping and waking had a fear of fire in my heart, that I took little rest. People do all the world over cry out of the simplicity of my Lord Mayor in generall, and more particularly in this business of the fire, laying it all upon him. A proclamation is come out for markets to be kept at Leadenhall and Mile-end Greene, and several other places about the town, and Tower Hill, and all churches to be set open to receive poor people.

8th I stopped with Sir G Carteret to desire him to go with us, and to enquire after money. But the first he cannot do, and the other as little, or says, "when we can get any, or what shall we do for it?" He, it seems, is employed in the correspondence between the City and the King every day, in settling of things. I find him full of trouble, to think how things will go. I left him, and to St James's, where we met first at Sir W Coventry's chamber, and

there did what business we could, without any books Our discourse, as every thing else, was confused The fleete is at Portsmouth, there staying a wind to carry them to the Downes, or towards Boulogne, where they say the Dutch fleete is gone, and stays We concluded upon private meetings for a while, not having any money to satisfy any people that may come to us I bought two eeles upon the Thames, cost me six shillings Thence with Sir W Batten to the Cock-pit, whither the Duke of Albemarle is come It seems the King holds him so necessary at this time, that he hath sent for him, and will keep him here Indeed, his interest in the City, being acquainted, and his care in keeping things quiet, is reckoned that, wherein he will be very serviceable We to him he is courted in appearance by every body He is very kind to us, and I perceive he lays by all business of the fleete at present, and mends the City, and is now hastening to Gresham College, to discourse with the Aldermen Sir W Batten and I home, where met my brother John, come to town to see how things are done with us, and then presently he with me to Gresham College, where infinity of people, partly through novelty to see the new place, and partly to find out and hear what is become one man of another I met with many people undone, and more that have extraordinary great losses

People speaking their thoughts variously about the beginning of the fire, and the rebuilding of the City Then to Sir W Batten's, and took my brother with me, and there dined with a great company of neighbours, and much good discourse, among others, of the low spirits of some rich men in the City, in sparing any encouragement to the poor people that wrought for the saving their houses Among others, Alderman Starling, a very rich man, without children, the fire at next door to him in our lane, after our men had saved his house, did give 2s 6d among thirty of them, and did quarrel with some that would remove the rubbish out of the way of the fire, saying that they come to steal Sir W Coventry told me of another this morning in Holborne, which he showed the King that when it was offered to stop the fire near his house for such a reward that come to but 2s 6d a man, among the neighbours, he would give but 18d Thence to Bednall Green by coach, my brother with me, and saw all well there, and fetched away my journall-book, to enter for five days past I was much frighted and kept awake in my bed, by some noise I heard a great while below stairs, and the boy's not coming up to me when I knocked It was by their discovery of some people stealing of some neighbours' wine that lay in vessels in the streets So to sleep, and all well all night

DANIEL DEFOE

(1659-1731)

Although Defoe's parents wished him to become a minister, the boy decided before he left school that the ministry did not appeal to him. He was far more interested in history and politics than in Greek and Latin. Therefore, he chose a business career. But his early training gave him a moralistic point of view, which is apparent in many of his writings. He had to some degree the spirit of a reformer, censuring contemporary faults and advocating improvements. In his *Essay on Projects* he suggested mutual benefit societies, asylums for idiots, and higher education for women as well as several methods of bettering business conditions.

Defoe's first ventures in business were as a wholesale dealer in hosiery and as a commission merchant to Spain and Portugal. He met with reverses during the war with France and in 1692 became bankrupt, owing his creditors about \$250,000. For the next twenty years Defoe was occupied in re-establishing his financial position. He became accountant to the commissioners of the glass duty and held his appointment until the duty was taken off in 1699. Shortly before he had undertaken the manufacture of bricks and tile in Essex. This business was ruined by his imprisonment in 1703 because of his political pamphlet, *The Shortest Way with Dissenters*, in which he declared "they are to be rooted out of this nation, if ever we will live in peace, serve God, or enjoy our own." Not only was Defoe imprisoned in Newgate, but he was also sentenced to stand in the pillory. This punishment he felt was unjust because *The Shortest Way* was an ironical rather than a serious production. In his pamphlets and poems, such as *The True-Born Englishman*, he indulged in satire about the leading issues of the day.

After his release through the exertions of the statesman, Robert Harley, Defoe turned to journalism. In 1704 he began the *Review*, which continued as a tri-weekly until 1713. This paper contained a short essay on some current topic, a section called "Advice from the Scandalous Club," and a few advertisements of publications and quack remedies. The *Review* was followed by the *Mercator*, 1713-14, a trade journal. In these and other papers for which he wrote, as well as in a series of pamphlets, Defoe defended the party in power and endeavored to explain his political activities. He also was with brief intermissions a secret agent for Harley and Godolphin. Regardless of what party controlled Parliament, Defoe was willing to serve in this capacity that he might earn money for the support of his large family. In fact, he did not hesitate to write for both parties at the same time. The politicians employed him gladly on ac-

count of his effective writing, for they realized the importance of swaying public opinion by political tracts. Defoe travelled in England and Scotland, where he worked for the union of the two countries. Since he had been publicly disgraced by his standing in the pillory, no politician dared to reward him with an official position.

The major portion of Defoe's work written before he was sixty dealt with economic, political, or controversial subjects. Although he continued to write on these topics, his chief productions after 1720 were his narratives and books about supernatural or exceptional persons and occurrences: *Robinson Crusoe*, *Memoirs of a Cavalier*, *Captain Singleton*, *Moll Flanders*, *A Journal of the Plague Year*, *Colonel Jack*, *Political History of the Devil*, *A System of Magic*, and *An Essay on the History and Reality of Apparitions* sold rapidly at the time of their publication and have made Defoe known to posterity. Their success resulted from Defoe's habit of describing scenes in minute detail and from his simple style. Frequently the stories were based upon actual events, such as Alexander Selkirk's shipwreck and sojourn on the Island of Juan Fernandez. The reader never questions any incident because Defoe makes everything plausible and natural. So realistic are the descriptions in *Robinson Crusoe* that we seem to be listening to the returned sailor. We even wonder what we should do under similar circumstances, for Crusoe is an ordinary mortal, who succeeded by the virtues of patience and industry. The other narratives, especially those of low life like *Moll Flanders*, were intended to recommend moral living by showing the consequences of evil.

In spite of his misfortunes Defoe could not resist the temptation to enter upon more or less speculative business ventures. He was interested in the South Sea Bubble but apparently sold his stock before the Bubble burst. He even considered the re-establishment of the tile business after he had made some money from his books. Until the end of his life, however, he seems to have had financial difficulties, undoubtedly the result of unwise speculation. His ideas concerning trade and his understanding of economic conditions led him to write *The Complete English Tradesman*, *A Plan of English Commerce*, and *A General History of Trade*. These books contain much sound advice with several valuable suggestions on the conduct of business.

Another subject which aroused Defoe's interest was the supernatural. Therefore, when he heard in 1705 that a ghost was reported to have appeared at Canterbury, he wrote the following remarkably convincing account. The numerous details, the natural conversation, and the simple arguments establish Mrs. Bargrave's sincerity.

A TRUE RELATION
OF
THE APPARITION OF MRS VEAL

THE NEXT DAY AFTER HER DEATH, TO MRS BARGRAVE, AT CANTERBURY, THE EIGHTH OF SEPTEMBER, 1705

THE PREFACE

This relation is matter of fact, and attended with such circumstances as may induce any reasonable man to believe it. It was sent by a gentleman, a justice of peace at Maidstone, in Kent, and a very intelligent person, to his friend in London, as it is here worded, which discourse is attested by a very sober and understanding gentlewoman and kinswoman (of the said gentleman's) who lives in Canterbury, within a few doors of the house in which the within-named Mrs Bargrave lives, who believes his kinswoman to be of so discerning a spirit, as not to be put upon by any fallacy, and who positively assured him that the whole matter as it is here related and laid down is what is really true, and what she herself had in the same words, as near as may be, from Mrs Bargrave's own mouth, who, she knows, had no reason to invent and publish such a story, or any design to forge and tell a lie, being a woman of much honesty and virtue, and her whole life a course, as it were, of piety. The use which we ought to make of it is to consider that there is a life to come after this, and a just God who will retribute to every one according to the deeds done in the body, and therefore to reflect upon our past course of life we have led in the world, that our time is short and uncertain, and that if we would escape the punishment of the ungodly and receive the reward of the righteous, which is the laying hold of eternal life, we ought, for the time to come, to return to God by a speedy repentance, ceasing to do evil, and learning to do well, to seek after God early, if haply He may be found of us, and lead such lives for the future as may be well pleasing in His sight.

A RELATION OF THE APPARITION OF
MRS VEAL

This thing is so rare in all its circumstances, and on so good authority, that my

reading and conversation has not given me anything like it. It is fit to gratify the most ingenious and serious inquirer. Mrs Bargrave is the person to whom Mrs Veal appeared after her death, she is my intimate friend, and I can avouch for her reputation for these last fifteen or sixteen years, on my own knowledge, and I can confirm the good character she had from her youth to the time of my acquaintance, though since this relation she is calumniated by some people that are friends to the brother of Mrs Veal who appeared, who think the relation of this appearance to be a reflection, and endeavor what they can to blast Mrs Bargrave's reputation, and to laugh the story out of countenance. But by the circumstances thereof, and the cheerful disposition of Mrs Bargrave, notwithstanding the unheard-of ill-usage of a very wicked husband, there is not the least sign of dejection in her face, nor did I ever hear her let fall a desponding or murmuring expression, nay, not when actually under her husband's barbarity, which I have been witness to, and several other persons of undoubted reputation.

Now you must know Mrs Veal was a maiden gentlewoman of about thirty years of age, and for some years last past had been troubled with fits, which were perceived coming on her by her going off from her discourses very abruptly to some impertinence. She was maintained by an only brother, and kept his house in Dover. She was a very pious woman, and her brother a very sober man, to all appearance, but now he does all he can to null or quash the story. Mrs Veal was intimately acquainted with Mrs Bargrave from her childhood. Mrs Veal's circumstances were then mean, her father did not take care of his children as he ought, so that they were exposed to hardships, and Mrs Bargrave in those days had as unkind a father, though she wanted neither for food nor clothing, whilst Mrs Veal wanted for both, so that it was in the power of Mrs Bargrave to be very much her friend in several instances, which mightily endeared Mrs Veal, insomuch that she would often say, "Mrs Bargrave, you are not only the best, but the only friend I have in the world, and no circumstance in life shall ever dissolve my friendship." They would often condole each other's adverse fortunes, and read together "Drelncourt upon Death," and

other good books, and so, like two Christian friends, they comforted each other under their sorrow

Some time after, Mr Veal's friends got him a place in the custom-house at Dover, which s occasioned Mrs Veal, by little and little, to fall off from her intimacy with Mrs Bargrave, though there never was any such thing as a quarrel, but an indifferency came on by degrees, till at last Mrs Bargrave had not seen her in two years and a half, though about a twelvemonth of the time Mrs Bargrave had been absent from Dover, and this last half-year had been in Canterbury about two months of the time, dwelling in a house 15 of her own

In this house, on the 8th of September last, viz, 1705, she was sitting alone, in the forenoon, thinking over her unfortunate life, and arguing herself into a due resignation to Providence, though her condition seemed hard "And," said she, "I have been provided for hitherto, and doubt not but I shall be still, and am well satisfied that my afflictions shall end when it is most fit for me," and then 25 took up her sewing-work, which she had no sooner done but she hears a knocking at the door She went to see who it was there, and this proved to be Mrs Veal, her old friend, who was in a riding-habit, at that moment of time the clock struck twelve at noon

"Madam," says Mrs Bargrave, "I am surprised to see you, you have been so long a stranger," but told her she was glad to see her, and offered to salute her, which Mrs Veal complied with, till their lips almost touched, and then Mrs Veal drew her hand across her own eyes and said, "I am not very well," and so waived it She told 40 Mrs Bargrave she was going a journey, and had a great mind to see her first "But," says Mrs Bargrave, "how came you to take a journey alone? I am amazed at it, because I know you have so fond a brother" "Oh," 45 says Mrs Veal, "I gave my brother the slip, and came away, because I had so great a desire to see you before I took my journey" So Mrs Bargrave went in with her into another room within the first, and Mrs Veal 50 set her down in an elbow-chair, in which Mrs Bargrave was sitting when she heard Mrs. Veal knock Then says Mrs Veal, "My dear friend, I am come to renew our old friendship again, and beg your pardon for

my breach of it, and if you can forgive me, you are one of the best of women" "Oh," says Mrs Bargrave, "don't mention such a thing I have not had an uneasy thought about it, I can easily forgive it" "What did you think of me?" said Mrs Veal Says Mrs Bargrave, "I thought you were like the rest of the world, and that prosperity had made you forget yourself and me" Then Mrs Veal reminded Mrs Bargrave of the many friendly offices she did in her former days, and much of the conversation they had with each other in the time of their adversity, what books they read, and what comfort in particular they received from Drelncourt's "Book of Death," which was the best, she said, on that subject ever wrote She also mentioned Dr Sherlock, and two Dutch books which were translated, 20 wrote upon death, and several others, but Drelncourt, she said, had the clearest notions of death and of the future state of any who had handled that subject Then she asked Mrs Bargrave whether she had Drelncourt She said, "Yes" Says Mrs Veal, "Fetch it" And so Mrs Bargrave goes upstairs and brings it down Says Mrs Veal, "Dear Mrs Bargrave, if the eyes of our faith were as open as the eyes of our body, we should see numbers of angels about us for our guard The notions we have of heaven now are nothing like to what it is, as Drelncourt says Therefore be comforted under your afflictions, and believe that the Almighty has a particular regard to you, and that your afflictions are marks of God's favor, and when they have done the business they are sent for, they shall be removed from you And believe me, my dear friend, believe what I say to you, one minute of future happiness will infinitely reward you for all your sufferings, for I can never believe" (and claps her hand upon her knee with great earnestness, which indeed ran through most of her discourse) "that ever God will suffer you to spend all your days in this afflicted state, but be assured that your afflictions shall leave you, or you them, in a short time" She spake in that pathetic and heavenly manner that Mrs Bargrave wept several times, she was so deeply affected with it.

Then Mrs Veal mentioned Dr Horneck's "Ascetick," at the end of which he gives an account of the lives of the primitive Christians Their pattern she recommended to our

imitation, and said their conversation was not like this of our age, "for now," says she, "there is nothing but frothy, vain discourse, which is far different from theirs. Theirs was to edification, and to build one another up in faith, so that they were not as we are, nor are we as they were, but," said she, "we might do as they did. There was a hearty friendship among them, but where is it now to be found?" Says Mrs Bargrave, "'Tis hard indeed to find a true friend in these days." Says Mrs Veal, "Mr Norris has a fine copy of verses, called 'Friendship in Perfection,' which I wonderfully admire. Have you seen the book?" says Mrs Veal. "No," says Mrs Bargrave, "but I have the verses of my own writing out." "Have you?" says Mrs Veal, "then fetch them." Which she did from above-stairs, and offered them to Mrs Veal to read, who refused, and waived the thing, saying holding down her head would make it ache, and then desired Mrs Bargrave to read them to her, which she did. As they were admiring "Friendship" Mrs Veal said, "Dear Mrs Bargrave, I shall love you for ever." In these verses there is twice used the word *Elysian*. "Ah!" says Mrs Veal, "these poets have such names for heaven!" She would often draw her hand across her own eyes and say, "Mrs Bargrave, don't you think I am mightily impaired by my fits?" "No," says Mrs Bargrave, "I think you look as well as ever I knew you."

After all this discourse, which the apparition put in words much finer than Mrs Bargrave said she could pretend to, and was much more than she can remember, for it cannot be thought that an hour and three-quarters' conversation could all be retained, though the main of it she thinks she does, she said to Mrs Bargrave she would have her write a letter to her brother, and tell him she would have him give rings to such and such, and that there was a purse of gold in her cabinet, and that she would have two broad pieces given to her cousin Watson.

Talking at this rate, Mrs Bargrave thought that a fit was coming upon her, and so placed herself in a chair just before her knees, to keep her from falling to the ground, if her fits should occasion it (for the elbow-chair, she thought, would keep her from falling on either side), and to divert Mrs Veal, as she thought, took hold of her gown-sleeve several times and commended it. Mrs Veal

told her it was a scoured silk, and newly made up. But for all this, Mrs Veal persisted in her request, and told Mrs Bargrave she must not deny her, and that she would have her tell her brother all their conversation when she had an opportunity. "Dear Mrs Veal," said Mrs Bargrave, "this seems so impertinent that I cannot tell how to comply with it, and what a mortifying story will our conversation be to a young gentleman!" "Well," says Mrs Veal, "I must not be denied." "Why," says Mrs Bargrave, "'tis much better, methinks, to do it yourself." "No," says Mrs Veal, "though it seems impertinent to you now, you will see more reason for it hereafter." Mrs Bargrave then, to satisfy her importunity, was going to fetch a pen and ink, but Mrs Veal said, "Let it alone now, but do it when I am gone, but you must be sure to do it," which was one of the last things she enjoined her at parting, and so she promised her.

Then Mrs Veal asked for Mrs Bargrave's daughter. She said she was not at home, "but if you have a mind to see her," says Mrs Bargrave, "I'll send for her." "Do," says Mrs Veal. On which she left her, and went to a neighbor's to send for her, and by the time Mrs Bargrave was returning, Mrs Veal was got without the door in the street, in the face of the beast-market, on a Saturday (which is market-day), and stood ready to part as soon as Mrs Bargrave came to her. She asked her why she was in such haste. She said she must be going, though perhaps she might not go her journey until Monday, and told Mrs Bargrave she hoped she should see her again at her cousin Watson's before she went whither she was a-going. Then she said she would take her leave of her, and walked from Mrs Bargrave, in her view, till a turning interrupted the sight of her, which was three-quarters after one in the afternoon.

Mrs Veal died the 7th of September, at twelve o'clock at noon, of her fits, and had not above four hours' senses before death, in which time she received the sacrament. The next day after Mrs Veal's appearing, being Sunday, Mrs Bargrave was mightily indisposed with a cold and a sore throat, that she could not go out that day, but on Monday morning she sends a person to Captain Watson's to know if Mrs Veal was there. They wondered at Mrs Bargrave's inquiry, and

sent her word that she was not there, nor was expected. At this answer, Mrs Bargrave told the maid she had certainly mistook the name or made some blunder. And though she was ill, she put on her hood, and went herself to Captain Watson's, though she knew none of the family, to see if Mrs Veal was there or not. They said they wondered at her asking, for that she had not been in town, they were sure, if she had, she would have been there. Says Mrs Bargrave, "I am sure she was with me on Saturday almost two hours." They said it was impossible, for they must have seen her, if she had. In comes Captain Watson while they are in dispute, and said that Mrs Veal was certainly dead, and her escutcheons were making this strangely surprised Mrs Bargrave, who went to the person immediately who had the care of them, and found it true. Then she related the whole story to Captain Watson's family, and what gown she had on, and how striped, and that Mrs Veal told her it was scoured. Then Mrs Watson cried out, "You have seen her indeed, for none knew but Mrs Veal and myself that the gown was scoured." And Mrs Watson owned that she described the gown exactly, "for," said she, "I helped her to make it up." This Mrs Watson blazed all about the town, and avouched the demonstration of the truth of Mrs Bargrave's seeing Mrs Veal's apparition, and Captain Watson carried two gentlemen immediately to Mrs Bargrave's house to hear the relation from her own mouth. And then it spread so fast that gentlemen and persons of quality, the judicious and sceptical part of the world, flocked in upon her, which at last became such a task that she was forced to go out of the way, for they were in general extremely satisfied of the truth of the thing, and plainly saw that Mrs Bargrave was no hypochondriac, for she always appears with such a cheerful air and pleasing mien, that she has gained the favor and esteem of all the gentry, and 'tis thought a great favor if they can but get the relation from her own mouth. I should have told you before that Mrs Veal told Mrs Bargrave that her sister and brother-in-law were just come down from London to see her. Says Mrs Bargrave, "How came you to order matters so strangely?" "It could not be helped," says Mrs Veal. And her sister and brother did come to see her,

and entered the town of Dover just as Mrs Veal was expiring. Mrs Bargrave asked her whether she would drink some tea. Says Mrs Veal, "I do not care if I do, but I'll warrant this mad fellow" (meaning Mrs Bargrave's husband) "has broke all your trinkets." "But," says Mrs Bargrave, "I'll get something to drink in for all that." But Mrs Veal waived it, and said, "It is no matter, let it alone," and so it passed.

All the time I sat with Mrs Bargrave, which was some hours, she recollected fresh sayings of Mrs Veal. And one material thing more she told Mrs Bargrave—that old Mr Breton allowed Mrs Veal ten pounds a year, which was a secret, and unknown to Mrs Bargrave till Mrs Veal told it her. Mrs Bargrave never varies in her story, which puzzles those who doubt of the truth or are unwilling to believe it. A servant in a neighbor's yard adjoining to Mrs Bargrave's house heard her talking to somebody an hour of the time Mrs Veal was with her. Mrs Bargrave went out to her next neighbor's the very moment she parted with Mrs Veal, and told what ravishing conversation she had with an old friend, and told the whole of it Drelincourt's "Book of Death" is, since this happened, bought up strangely. And it is to be observed that, notwithstanding all this trouble and fatigue Mrs Bargrave has undergone upon this account, she never took the value of a farthing, nor suffered her daughter to take anything of anybody, and therefore can have no interest in telling the story.

But Mr Veal does what he can to stifle the matter, and said he would see Mrs Bargrave, but yet it is certain matter of fact that he has been at Captain Watson's since the death of his sister, and yet never went near Mrs Bargrave, and some of his friends report her to be a great liar, and that she knew of Mr Breton's ten pounds a year. But the person who pretends to say so has the reputation of a notorious liar among persons whom I know to be of undoubted repute. Now, Mr Veal is more a gentleman than to say she lies, but says a bad husband has crazed her; but she needs only to present herself and it will effectually confute that pretence. Mr Veal says he asked his sister on her deathbed whether she had a mind to dispose of anything, and she said no. Now, the things which Mrs Veal's apparition would have disposed of were so trifling, and noth-

ing of justice aimed at in their disposal, that the design of it appears to me to be only in order to make Mrs Bargrave so to demonstrate the truth of her appearance, as to satisfy the world of the reality thereof as to what she had seen and heard, and to secure her reputation among the reasonable and understanding part of mankind And then again Mr Veal owns that there was a purse of gold, but it was not found in her cabinet, but in a comb-box This looks improbable, for that Mrs Watson owned that Mrs Veal was so very careful of the key of her cabinet that she would trust nobody with it, and if so, no doubt, she would not trust her gold out of it And Mrs Veal's often drawing her hand over her eyes, and asking Mrs Bargrave whether her fits had not impaired her, looks to me as if she did it on purpose to remind Mrs Bargrave of her fits, to prepare her not to think it strange that she should put her upon writing to her brother to dispose of rings and gold, which looks so much like a dying person's request, and it took accordingly with Mrs Bargrave, as the effects of her fits coming upon her, and was one of the many instances of her wonderful love to her and care of her that she should not be affrighted, which indeed appears in her whole management, particularly in her coming to her in the daytime, waving the salutation, and when she was alone, and then the manner of her parting to prevent a second attempt to salute her

Now, why Mr Veal should think this relation a reflection (as 'tis plain he does by his endeavoring to stifle it), I can't imagine, because the generality believe her to be a good spirit, her discourse was so heavenly Her two great errands were to comfort Mrs Bargrave in her affliction, and to ask her forgiveness for her breach of friendship, and with a pious discourse to encourage her So that after all to suppose that Mrs Bargrave

could hatch such an invention as this from Friday noon till Saturday noon (supposing that she knew of Mrs Veal's death the very first moment) without jumbling circumstances, and without any interest too, she must be more witty, fortunate, and wicked too, than any indifferent person, I dare say, will allow I asked Mrs Bargrave several times if she was sure she felt the gown She answered modestly, "If my senses are to be relied on, I am sure of it" I asked her if she heard a sound when she clapped her hands upon her knee She said she did not remember she did, and she said, "She appeared to be as much a substance as I did, who talked with her, and I may," said she, "be as soon persuaded that your apparition is talking to me now as that I did not really see her, for I was under no manner of fear; I received her as a friend, and parted with her as such I would not," says she, "give one farthing to make any one believe it, I have no interest in it Nothing but trouble is entailed upon me for a long time, for aught I know, and had it not come to light by accident, it would never have been made public" But now she says she will make her own private use of it, and keep herself out of the way as much as she can, and so she has done since She says she had a gentleman who came thirty miles to her to hear the relation, and that she had told it to a roomful of people at a time Several particular gentlemen have had the story from Mrs Bargrave's own mouth

This thing has very much affected me, and I am as well satisfied as I am of the best grounded matter of fact And why we should dispute matter of fact because we cannot solve things of which we have no certain or demonstrative notions, seems strange to me Mrs Bargrave's authority and sincerity alone would have been undoubted in any other case

JONATHAN SWIFT

(1667-1745)

In an age renowned for its brilliant and witty writers Swift was the keenest satirist. His poor health and the disappointments, consequent upon his failure to receive the recognition he felt due him and his church, soured a none too optimistic disposition. From his days in college, when he had to apologize to the master for disobeying the rules, until his death, Swift was dissatisfied with his surroundings and prospects. He never was able to adjust himself to uncongenial conditions. The last line of his epitaph reads, "Where bitter indignation can no longer lacerate his heart." That sentence strikes the keynote of Swift's writings.

After the death of Sir William Temple, to whom he had been secretary at various periods from 1689 to 1699, Swift entered politics. Since he had been ordained a priest in 1694, he endeavored to advance the interest of the church, first with the Whigs and then with the Tories. In support of the Harley Ministry he wrote pamphlets and essays for *The Examiner*. As a recompense he was appointed in 1713 Dean of Saint Patrick's in Dublin. The fall of the Tory ministry shortly after this appointment made it necessary for him to spend most of the last thirty years of his life in a country which he disliked. Although he had been born in Dublin and educated at Trinity College, Swift always took pains to point out that he was an Englishman. Nevertheless he defended the cause of Ireland in some bitter attacks against England because he felt that Ireland was unjustly treated by the English. In a *Proposal for the Universal Use of Irish Manufactures*, the *Draper Letters*, and *A Modest Proposal*, he showed how the policy of England was ruining Ireland and made a plea for more considerate treatment. These works won him the devotion of the Irish, who could hardly believe that an English Dean would so ardently defend them against his own government.

Swift's personal life was affected by his three love affairs. In 1696 he proposed marriage to Jane Waring, to whom he referred as Varina, but for some reason the matter dragged along until 1700 when Swift wrote her an insolent letter. About eight years later he met Hester Vanhomrigh, his Vanessa, who was an intelligent and charming woman. She soon fell in love with him, but by this time Swift had become greatly attached to Esther Johnson. He had known Esther, or Stella as he called her, since the days when both had been members of Sir William Temple's household at Moor Park. He enjoyed the companionship of Vanessa as a friend but did not wish to marry her. She, however, brought matters to a climax by a letter to Stella

asking if the latter were Swift's wife. Swift discovered the letter and at once ended his friendship with Vanessa. The *Journal to Stella* proves beyond doubt that Esther Johnson was the only woman he had ever loved. To her he confided his plans, described his daily occupations, explained political intrigues, and related the gossip of London society. The *Journal* is filled with affectionate terms and thoughtful inquiries about her affairs. Whether Stella was secretly married to Swift has never been conclusively proved, but at her death in 1728 he wrote that he had lost his "truest, most virtuous and valuable friend."

Swift wrote for a definite purpose. He used his pen neither for profit nor for pleasure. Therefore his works dealt almost entirely with the problems of his time. Often he was coarse and virulent in his satire and exaggerated conditions and facts to arouse his readers. His style was direct and simple but extremely forceful owing to the earnestness with which he wrote. The *Battle of the Books* attacked the pedants by ridiculing the controversy as to whether ancient or modern books were the more excellent. *The Tale of the Tub* satirized the contentions in the church and the vanity of the age.

In September, 1725, Swift wrote to Pope, "The chief end I purpose to myself in all my labors is to vex the world rather than to divert it, and if I could compass that design without hurting my own person or fortune, I would be the most indefatigable writer you have ever seen without reading—I have ever hated all nations, professions, and communities, and all my love is toward individuals." This statement accurately describes his attitude in writing *Gulliver's Travels*, published anonymously the next year with the title, "Travels into several remote Nations of the World, by Lemuel Gulliver, first a surgeon and then a Captain of several ships." A short preface, signed Richard Sympson, told how the manuscript came into the hands of the publisher.

Swift obtained the idea of writing such a book from the Scriblerus Club, which was formed by a group of literary men in 1713 with the intention of ridiculing "all the false tastes in learning." Although the club was discontinued when the Whig government came into power at the death of Queen Anne, Swift kept the purpose in mind. From 1721 to 1725 he worked at intervals on the four parts of *Gulliver's Travels*.

In the first section Gulliver tells how he was shipwrecked and captured by the Lilliputians, a race six inches in height. The accounts of the political factions and religious sects among these people and their war with Blefuscu (France) contain many satirical allusions to conditions in

England The second voyage is to Brobdingnag, where the people are sixty feet tall When the king learns from Gulliver about European society, he remarks, "I cannot but conclude the bulk of your natives to be the most pernicious race of little odious vermin that nature ever suffered to crawl upon the surface of the earth" The third part is devoted to a voyage to Laputa, Balnibarbi, Luggnagg, Glubbdubdrib, and Japan Here Swift ridicules the philosophers and scientists, often resorting to personalities The last part, "A voyage to the country of the Houyhnhnms," is Swift's severest attack upon the vices and follies of mankind, represented by the dis-

gusting Yahoos In this country the horses possessed reason and all admirable traits, while the Yahoos were governed by passions and abominable motives Thus Swift poured out his hatred for humanity in general

Several years before his death Swift lost his memory and was afflicted with a mental disease Also his few intimate friends had died So he passed his last years in loneliness shut off from the world he had so vehemently abused Two hundred years after his death a surprisingly large number of his censures are still effective because they were directed at the universal failings of humanity

GULLIVER'S TRAVELS

PART IV

CHAPTER I

I continued at home with my wife and children about five months, in a very happy condition, if I could have learned the lesson of knowing when I was well I left my poor wife big with child, and accepted an advantageous offer made me, to be captain of the *Adventure*, a stout merchantman, of 350 tons, for I understood navigation well, and being grown weary of a surgeon's employment at sea, which, however, I could exercise upon occasion, I took a skilful young man of that calling, one Robert Purefoy, into my ship We set sail from Portsmouth upon the 2d day of August 1710, on the 14th we met with Captain Pocock, of Bristol, at Teneriffe, who was going to the Bay of Campechy, to cut logwood On the 16th he was parted from us by a storm, I heard, since my return, that his ship foundered, and none escaped but one cabin-boy He was an honest man, and a good sailor, but a little too positive in his own opinions, which was the cause of his destruction, as it hath been of several others For, if he had followed my advice, he might have been safe at home with his family at this time, as well as myself

I had several men died in my ship of calen- tures, so that I was forced to get recruits out of Barbadoes, and the Leeward Islands, where I touched by the direction of the merchants who employed me, which I had soon too much cause to repent, for I found afterwards that most of them had been buccan- eers. I had fifty hands on board, and my orders were that I should trade with the

Indians, in the South Sea, and make what discoveries I could These rogues whom I had picked up debauched my other men, and they all formed a conspiracy to seize the ship, and secure me, which they did one morning, rushing into my cabin, and binding me hand and foot, threatening to throw me overboard if I offered to stir I told them I was their prisoner, and would submit This they made me swear to do, and then they unbound me, only fastening one of my legs with a chain near my bed, and placed a sentry at my door with his piece charged, who was commanded to shoot me dead, if I attempted my liberty They sent me down victuals and drink, and took the government of the ship to themselves Their design was to turn pirates, and plunder the Spaniards, which they could not do till they got more men But first they resolved to sell the goods in the ship, and then go to Madagascar for recruits, several among them having died since my confinement They sailed many weeks, and traded with the Indians; but I knew not what course they took, being kept a close prisoner in my cabin, and expecting nothing less than to be murdered, as they often threatened me

Upon the 9th day of May 1711, one James Welch came down to my cabin, and said he had orders from the captain to set me ashore I expostulated with him, but in vain; neither would he so much as tell me who their new captain was They forced me into the long boat, letting me put on my best suit of clothes, which were as good as new, and a small bundle of linen, but no arms, except my hanger, and they were so civil as not to search my pockets, into which I conveyed what money I had, with some other little necessities They rowed about a league, and then set me down on a strand I desired them

to tell me what country it was They all swore they knew no more than myself, but said that the captain (as they called him) was resolved, after they had sold the lading, to get rid of me in the first place where they could discover land They pushed off immediately, advising me to make haste, for fear of being overtaken by the tide, and so bade me farewell

In this desolate condition I advanced forward, and soon got upon firm ground, where I sat down on a bank to rest myself, and consider what I had best to do When I was a little refreshed, I went up into the country, resolving to deliver myself to the first savages I should meet, and purchase my life from them by some bracelets, glass rings, and other toys, which sailors usually provide themselves with in those voyages, and whereof I had some about me the land was divided by long rows of trees, not regularly planted, but naturally growing, there was great plenty of grass, and several fields of oats I walked very circumspectly, for fear of being surprised, or suddenly shot with an arrow from behind, or on either side I fell into a beaten road, where I saw many tracts of human feet and some of cows, but most of horses At last I beheld several animals in a field, and one or two of the same kind sitting in trees Their shape was very singular, and deformed, which a little discomposed me, so that I lay down behind a thicket to observe them better Some of them, coming forward near the place where I lay, gave me an opportunity of distinctly marking their form Their heads and breasts were covered with a thick hair, some frizzled, and others lank, they had beards like goats, and a long ridge of hair down their backs and the fore-parts of their legs and feet, but the rest of their bodies were bare, so that I might see their skins, which were of a brown buff colour They had no tails, nor any hair at all on their buttocks, except about the anus, which, I presume, nature had placed there to defend them as they sat on the ground, for this posture they used, as well as lying down, and often stood on their hind feet They climbed high trees as nimbly as a squirrel, for they had strong extended claws before and behind, terminating in sharp points, and hooked They would often spring and bound, and leap with prodigious agility The females were not so large as the males, they had long lank hair on their heads, but

none on their faces, nor anything more than a sort of down on the rest of their bodies, except about the anus, and pudenda Their dugs hung between their fore-feet, and often reached almost to the ground as they walked The hair of both sexes was of several colours, brown, red, black, and yellow Upon the whole, I never beheld, in all my travels, so disagreeable an animal, nor one against which I naturally conceived so strong an antipathy So that thinking I had seen enough, full of contempt and aversion, I got up, and pursued the beaten road, hoping it might direct me to the cabin of some Indian I had not got far, when I met one of these creatures full in my way, and coming up directly to me The ugly monster, when he saw me, distorted several ways every feature of his visage, and stared as at an object he had never seen before, then, approaching nearer, lifted up his fore-paw, whether out of curiosity or mischief, I could not tell But I drew my hanger, and gave him a good blow with the flat side of it, for I durst not strike with the edge, fearing the inhabitants might be provoked against me, if they should come to know that I had killed or maimed any of their cattle When the beast felt the smart, he drew back, and roared so loud, that a herd of at least forty came flocking about me from the next field, howling and making odious faces, but I ran to the body of a tree, and, leaning my back against it, kept them off by waving my hanger Several of this cursed brood getting hold of the branches behind, leapt up into the tree, from whence they began to discharge their excrements on my head however, I escaped pretty well, by sticking close to the stem of the tree, but was almost stifled with the filth, which fell about me on every side

In the midst of this distress, I observed them all to run away on a sudden as fast as they could, at which I ventured to leave the tree and pursue the road, wondering what it was that could put them into this fright But, looking on my left hand, I saw a horse walking softly in the field, which my persecutors having sooner discovered, was the cause of their flight The horse started a little when he came near me, but soon recovering himself looked full in my face, with manifest tokens of wonder he viewed my hands and feet, walking round me several times I would have pursued my journey,

but he placed himself directly in the way, yet looking with a very mild aspect, never offering the least violence. We stood gazing at each other for some time, at last I took the boldness to reach my hand towards his neck, with a design to stroke it, using the common style and whistle of jockeys, when they are going to handle a strange horse. But this animal seemed to receive my civilities with disdain, shook his head, and bent his brows, softly raising up his right fore-foot to remove my hand. Then he neighed three or four times, but in so different a cadence, that I almost began to think he was speaking to himself in some language of his own.

While he and I were thus employed, another horse came up, who, applying himself to the first in a very formal manner, they gently struck each other's right hoof before, neighing several times by turns, and varying the sound, which seemed to be almost articulate. They went some paces off, as if it were to confer together, walking side by side, backward and forward, like persons deliberating upon some affair of weight, but often turning their eyes towards me, as it were to watch that I might not escape. I was amazed to see such actions and behaviour in brute beasts, and concluded with myself, that if the inhabitants of this country were endued with a proportionable degree of reason, they must needs be the wisest people upon earth. This thought gave me so much comfort, that I resolved to go forward, until I could discover some house or village, or meet with any of the natives, leaving the two horses to discourse together as they pleased. But the first, who was a dapple-grey, observing me to steal off, neighed after me in so expressive a tone, that I fancied myself to understand what he meant, whereupon I turned back, and came near him, to expect his further commands, but concealing my fear as much as I could, for I began to be in some pain how this adventure might terminate, and the reader will easily believe I did not much like my present situation.

The two horses came up close to me, looking with great earnestness upon my face and hands. The grey steed rubbed my hat all round with his right fore-hoof, and decomposed it so much, that I was forced to adjust it better, by taking it off, and settling it again, whereat both he and his companion (who was a brown bay) appeared to be

much surprised, the latter felt the lappet of my coat, and, finding it to hang loose about me, they both looked with signs of wonder. He stroked my right hand, seeming to admire the softness and colour, but he squeezed it so hard between his hoof and his pastern, that I was forced to roar, after which they both touched me with all possible tenderness. They were under great perplexity about my shoes and stockings, which they felt very often, neighing to each other, and using various gestures, not unlike those of a philosopher, when he would attempt to solve some new and difficult phenomenon.

Upon the whole, the behaviour of these animals was so orderly and rational, so acute and judicious, that I at last concluded they must needs be magicians, who had thus metamorphosed themselves upon some design, and, seeing a stranger in the way, were resolved to divert themselves with him, or, perhaps, were really amazed at the sight of a man so very different in habit, feature, and complexion from those who might probably live in so remote a climate. Upon the strength of this reasoning, I ventured to address them in the following manner: "Gentlemen, if you be conjurers, as I have good cause to believe, you can understand any language, therefore, I make bold to let your worships know, that I am a poor distressed Englishman, driven by his misfortunes upon your coast, and I entreat one of you to let me ride upon his back, as if he were a real horse, to some house or village, where I can be relieved. In return of which favour, I will make you a present of this knife and bracelet" (taking them out of my pocket). The two creatures stood silent while I spoke, seeming to listen with great attention, and, when I had ended, they neighed frequently towards each other, as if they were engaged in serious conversation. I plainly observed, that their language expressed the passions very well, and the words might with little pains be resolved into an alphabet, more easily than the Chinese.

I could frequently distinguish the word Yahoo, which was repeated by each of them several times, and, although it was impossible for me to conjecture what it meant, yet, while the two horses were busy in conversation, I endeavoured to practise this word upon my tongue, and, as soon as they were silent, I boldly pronounced Yahoo, in a loud voice, imitating, at the same time, as near

as I could, the neighing of a horse, at which they were both visibly surprised, and the grey repeated the same word twice, as if he meant to teach me the right accent, wherein I spoke after him as well as I could, and found myself perceivably to improve every time, though very far from any degree of perfection. Then the bay tried me with a second word, much harder to be pronounced, but, reducing it to the English orthography, may be spelt thus, Houyhnhnm. I did not succeed in this so well as the former, but, after two or three farther trials, I had better fortune, and they both appeared amazed at my capacity.

After some farther discourse, which I then conjectured might relate to me, the two friends took their leaves, with the same compliment of striking each other's hoof, and the grey made me signs that I should walk before him, wherein I thought it prudent to comply, till I could find a better director. When I offered to slacken my pace, he would cry *Hhuun, Hhuun*, I guessed his meaning, and gave him to understand, as well as I could, that I was weary, and not able to walk faster, upon which he would stand a while to let me rest.

CHAPTER II

Having travelled about three miles, we came to a long kind of building, made of timber, stuck in the ground, and wattled across, the roof was low, and covered with straw. I now began to be a little comforted, and took out some toys, which travellers usually carry for presents to the savage Indians of America, and other parts, in hopes the people of the house would be thereby encouraged to receive me kindly. The horse made me a sign to go in first, it was a large room with a smooth clay floor, and a rack and manger, extending the whole length on one side. There were three nags and two mares, not eating, but some of them sitting down upon their hams, which I very much wondered at, but wondered more to see the rest employed in domestic business. These seemed but ordinary cattle, however, this confirmed my first opinion, that a people who could so far civilize brute animals, must needs excel in wisdom all the nations of the world. The grey came in just after, and thereby prevented any ill treatment which

the others might have given me. He neighed to them several times in a style of authority, and received answers.

Beyond this room there were three others, reaching the length of the house, to which you passed through three doors, opposite to each other, in the manner of a vista, we went through the second room towards the third, here the grey walked in first, beckoning me to attend, I waited in the second room, and got ready my presents for the master and mistress of the house. They were two knives, three bracelets of false pearl, a small looking-glass, and a bead necklace. The horse neighed three or four times, and I waited to hear some answers in a human voice, but I observed no other returns than in the same dialect, only one or two a little shriller than his. I began to think that this house must belong to some person of great note among them, because there appeared so much ceremony before I could gain admittance. But that a man of quality should be served all by horses, was beyond my comprehension. I feared my brain was disturbed by my sufferings and misfortunes. I roused myself, and looked about me in the room where I was left alone, this was furnished like the first, only after a more elegant manner. I rubbed my eyes often, but the same objects still occurred. I pinched my arms and sides, to awake myself, hoping I might be in a dream. I then absolutely concluded that all these appearances could be nothing else but necromancy and magic. But I had no time to pursue these reflections, for the grey horse came to the door, and made me a sign to follow him into the third room, where I saw a very comely mare, together with a colt and foal, sitting on their haunches, upon mats of straw, not unartfully made, and perfectly neat and clean.

The mare, soon after my entrance, rose from her mat, and coming up close, after having nicely observed my hands and face, gave me a most contemptuous look, then, turning to the horse, I heard the word Yahoo often repeated betwixt them, the meaning of which word I could not then comprehend, although it were the first I had learned to pronounce, but I was soon better informed, to my everlasting mortification, for the horse beckoning to me with his head, and repeating the word *Hhuun, Hhuun*, as he did upon the road, which I understood was to attend him,

led me out into a kind of court, where was another building at some distance from the house. Here we entered, and I saw three of those detestable creatures whom I first met after my landing, feeding upon roots, and the flesh of some animals, which I afterwards found to be that of asses and dogs, and now and then a cow dead by accident or disease. They were all tied by the neck with strong withes, fastened to a beam, they held their food between the claws of their fore-feet, and tore it with their teeth.

The master horse ordered a sorrel nag, one of his servants, to untie the largest of these animals, and take him into the yard. The beast and I were brought close together, and our countenances diligently compared, both by master and servant, who thereupon repeated several times the word Yahoo. My horror and astonishment are not to be described, when I observed in this abominable animal a perfect human figure, the face of it, indeed, was flat and broad, the nose depressed, the lips large, and the mouth wide; but these differences are common to all savage nations, where the lineaments of the countenance are distorted, by the native suffering their infants to lie grovelling on the earth, or by carrying them on their backs, nuzzling with their face against the mother's shoulders. The fore-feet of the Yahoo differed from my hands in nothing else but the length of the nails, the coarseness and brownness of the palms, and the hairiness on the backs. There was the same resemblance between our feet, with the same differences, which I knew very well, though the horses did not, because of my shoes and stockings, the same in every part of our bodies, except as to hairiness and colour, which I have already described.

The great difficulty that seemed to stick with the two horses was, to see the rest of my body so very different from that of a Yahoo, for which I was obliged to my clothes, whereof they had no conception. The sorrel nag offered me a root, which he held (after their manner, as we shall describe in its proper place) between his hoof and pastern, I took it in my hand, and, having smelt it, returned it to him again as civilly as I could. He brought out of the Yahoo's kennel a piece of ass's flesh, but it smelt so offensively, that I turned from it with loathing, he then threw it to the Yahoo, by whom it was greedily devoured. He afterwards shewed me a

wisp of hay, and a fetlock full of oats, but I shook my head, to signify that neither of these were food for me. And, indeed, I now apprehended that I must absolutely starve, if I did not get to some of my own species for as to those filthy Yahoos, although there were few greater lovers of mankind, at that time, than myself, yet, I confess, I never saw any sensitive being so detestable on all accounts, and the more I came near them, the more hateful they grew, while I stayed in that country. This the master horse observed by my behaviour, and therefore sent the Yahoo back to his kennel. He then put his fore-hoof to his mouth, at which I was much surprised, although he did it with ease, and with a motion that appeared perfectly natural, and made other signs to know what I would eat, but I could not return him such an answer as he was able to apprehend, and, if he had understood me, I did not see how it was possible to contrive any way for finding myself nourishment. While we were thus engaged, I observed a cow passing by, whereupon I pointed to her, and expressed a desire to let me go and milk her. This had its effect, for he led me back into the house, and ordered a mare servant to open a room, where a good store of milk lay in earthen and wooden vessels, after a very orderly and cleanly manner. She gave me a large bowl full, of which I drank very heartily, and found myself well refreshed.

About noon, I saw coming towards the house a kind of vehicle, drawn, like a sledge, by four Yahoos. There was in it an old steed, who seemed to be of quality, he alighted with his hind-feet forward, having, by accident, got a hurt in his fore-foot. He came to dine with our horse, who received him with great civility. They dined in the best room, and had oats boiled in milk for the second course, which the old horse eat warm, but the rest cold. Their mangers were placed circular in the middle of the room, and divided into several partitions, round which they sat on their haunches upon bosses of straw. In the middle was a large rack, with angles answering to every partition of the manger, so that each horse and mare ate their own hay, and their own mash of oats and milk, with much decency and regularity. The behaviour of the young colt and foal appeared very modest, and that of the master and mistress extremely cheer-

ful and complaisant to their guest. The grey ordered me to stand by him, and much discourse passed between him and his friend concerning me, as I found by the stranger's often looking on me, and the frequent repetition of the word Yahoo.

I happened to wear my gloves, which the master grey observing, seemed perplexed, discovering signs of wonder what I had done to my fore-feet, he put his hoof three or four times to them, as if he would signify, that I should reduce them to their former shape, which I presently did, pulling off both my gloves, and putting them into my pocket. This occasioned farther talk, and I saw the company was pleased with my behaviour, whereof I soon found the good effects. I was ordered to speak the few words I understood, and while they were at dinner, the master taught me the names for oats, milk, fire, water, and some others, which I could readily pronounce after him, having from my youth a great facility in learning languages.

When dinner was done, the master horse took me aside, and by signs and words, made me understand the concern that he was in, that I had nothing to eat. Oats, in their tongue, are called *hluunh*. This word I pronounced two or three times, for although I had refused them at first, yet, upon second thoughts, I considered that I could contrive to make of them a kind of bread, which might be sufficient, with milk, to keep me alive, till I could make my escape to some other country, and to creatures of my own species. The horse immediately ordered a white mare servant, of his family, to bring me a good quantity of oats, in a sort of wooden tray. These I heated before the fire, as well as I could, and rubbed them till the husks came off, which I made a shift to winnow from the grain, I ground and beat them between two stones, then took water, and made them into a paste or cake, which I toasted at the fire, and ate warm with milk. It was at first a very insipid diet, though common enough in many parts of Europe, but grew tolerable by time, and, having been often reduced to hard fare in my life, this was not the first experiment I had made, how easily nature is satisfied. And I cannot but observe, that I never had one hour's sickness while I stayed in this island. It is true, I sometimes made a shift to catch a rabbit, or bird, by springs made of Ya-

hoo's hairs, and I often gathered wholesome herbs, which I boiled, or eat as salads with my bread, and now and then for a rarity I made a little butter, and drank the whey. I was at first at a great loss for salt, but custom soon reconciled the want of it, and I am confident that the frequent use of salt among us is an effect of luxury, and was first introduced only as a provocative to drink, except where it is necessary for preserving of flesh in long voyages, or in places remote from great markets. For we observe no animal to be fond of it but man, and as to myself, when I left this country, it was a great while before I could endure the taste of it in anything that I ate.

This is enough to say upon the subject of my diet, wherewith other travellers fill their books, as if the readers were personally concerned, whether we fared well or ill. However, it was necessary to mention this matter, lest the world should think it impossible that I could find sustenance for three years in such a country, and among such inhabitants.

When it grew towards evening, the master horse ordered a place for me to lodge in, it was but six yards from the house, and separated from the stable of the Yahoos. Here I got some straw, and, covering myself with my own clothes, slept very sound. But I was in a short time better accommodated, as the reader shall know hereafter, when I come to treat more particularly about my way of living.

CHAPTER III

My principal endeavour was to learn the language, which my master (for so I shall henceforth call him) and his children, and every servant of his house were desirous to teach me. For they looked upon it as a prodigy, that a brute animal should discover such marks of a rational creature. I pointed to every thing, and enquired the name of it, which I wrote down in my journal-book when I was alone, and corrected my bad accent by desiring those of the family to pronounce it often. In this employment a sorrel nag, one of the under servants, was ready to assist me.

In speaking, they pronounce through the nose and throat, and their language approaches nearest to the High-Dutch, or German, of any

I know in Europe, but is much more graceful and significant. The Emperor Charles V made almost the same observation, when he said, that, if he were to speak to his horse, it should be in High-Dutch.

The curiosity and impatience of my master were so great, that he spent many hours of his leisure to instruct me. He was convinced (as he afterwards told me) that I must be a Yahoo, but my teachableness, civility, and cleanliness astonished him; which were qualities altogether so opposite to those animals. He was most perplexed about my clothes, reasoning sometimes with himself, whether they were a part of my body, for I never pulled them off till the family were asleep, and got them on before they waked in the morning. My master was eager to learn from whence I came, how I acquired those appearances of reason, which I discovered in all my actions, and to know my story from my own mouth, which he hoped he should soon do, by the great proficiency I made in learning and pronouncing their words and sentences. To help my memory, I formed all I learned into the English alphabet, and writ the words down, with the translations. This last, after some time, I ventured to do in my master's presence. It cost me much trouble to explain to him what I was doing, for the inhabitants have not the least idea of books or literature.

In about ten weeks' time, I was able to understand most of his questions; and in three months could give him some tolerable answers. He was extremely curious to know from what part of the country I came, and how I was taught to imitate a rational creature; because the Yahoos (whom he saw I exactly resembled in my head, hands, and face, that were only visible) with some appearance of cunning, and the strongest disposition to mischief, were observed to be the most unteachable of all brutes. I answered, that I came over the sea, from a far place, with many others of my own kind, in a great hollow vessel made of the bodies of trees, that my companions forced me to land on this coast, and then left me to shift for myself. It was with some difficulty, and by the help of many signs, that I brought him to understand me. He replied that I must needs be mistaken, or that I said the thing which was not (for they have no word in their language to express lying or false-

hood). He knew it was impossible that there could be a country beyond the sea, or that a parcel of brutes could move a wooden vessel whither they pleased upon water. He was sure no Houyhnhnm alive could make such a vessel, nor would trust Yahoos to manage it.

The word Houyhnhnm, in their tongue, signifies a horse, and in its etymology, the perfection of nature. I told my master that I was at a loss for expression, but would improve as fast as I could, and hoped in a short time I should be able to tell him wonders he was pleased to direct his own mare, his colt and foal, and the servants of the family, to take all opportunities of instructing me, and every day, for two or three hours, he was at the same pains himself. Several horses and mares of quality, in the neighbourhood, came often to our house, upon the report spread of a wonderful Yahoo, that could speak like a Houyhnhnm, and seemed, in his words and actions, to discover some glimmerings of reason. These delighted to converse with me, they put many questions, and received such answers as I was able to return. By all these advantages, I made so great a progress that, in five months from my arrival, I understood whatever was spoke, and could express myself tolerably well.

The Houyhnhnms who came to visit my master, out of a design of seeking and talking with me, could hardly believe me to be a right Yahoo, because my body had a different covering from others of my kind. They were astonished to observe me without the usual hair, or skin, except on my head, face and hands, but I discovered that secret to my master, upon an accident, which happened about a fortnight before.

I have already told the reader, that every night when the family were gone to bed, it was my custom to strip, and cover myself with my clothes. It happened one morning early, that my master sent for me, by the sorrel nag, who was his valet; when he came, I was fast asleep, my clothes fallen off on one side, and my shirt above my waist. I awaked at the noise he made, and observed him to deliver his message in some disorder; after which he went to my master, and in a great fright gave him a very confused account of what he had seen. Thus I presently discovered, for going as soon as I was dressed, to pay

my attendance upon his honour, he asked me the meaning of what his servant had reported, that I was not the same thing when I slept, as I appeared to be at other times, that his valet assured him some part of me was white, some yellow, at least not so white, and some brown.

I had hitherto concealed the secret of my dress, in order to distinguish myself, as much as possible, from that cursed race of Yahoos, but now I found it in vain to do so any longer. Besides, I considered that my clothes and shoes would soon wear out, which already were in a declining condition, and must be supplied by some contrivance from the hides of Yahoos, or other brutes, whereby the whole secret would be known. I therefore told my master that, in the country from whence I came, those of my kind always covered their bodies with the hairs of certain animals prepared by art, as well for decency, as to avoid the inclemencies of air both hot and cold, of which, as to my own person, I would give him immediate conviction, if he pleased to command me, only desiring his excuse, if I did not expose those parts that Nature taught us to conceal. He said my discourse was all very strange, but especially the last part, for he could not understand why Nature should teach us to conceal what Nature had given. That neither himself nor family were ashamed of any parts of their bodies, but, however, I might do as I pleased. Whereupon, I first unbuttoned my coat, and pulled it off. I did the same with my waistcoat, I drew off my shoes, stockings, and breeches. I let my shirt down to my waist, and drew up the bottom, fastening it like a girdle about my middle to hide my nakedness.

My master observed the whole performance with great signs of curiosity and admiration. He took up all my clothes in his pastern, one piece after another, and examined them diligently, he stroked my body very gently, and looked round me several times, after which he said, it was plain I must be a perfect Yahoo, but that I differed very much from the rest of my species, in the softness, and whiteness, and smoothness of my skin, my want of hair in several parts of my body, the shape and shortness of my claws behind and before, and my affectation of walking continually on my two hinder feet. He desired to see no more, and gave

me leave to put on my clothes again, for I was shuddering with cold.

I expressed my uneasiness at his giving me so often the appellation of Yahoo, an odious animal, for which I had so utter an hatred and contempt. I begged he would forbear applying that word to me, and take the same order in his family, and among his friends, whom he suffered to see me. I requested, likewise, that the secret of my having a false covering to my body might be known to none but himself, at least, so long as my present clothing should last, for as to what the sorrel nag, his valet, had observed, his honour might command him to conceal it.

All this my master very graciously consented to, and thus the secret was kept till my clothes began to wear out, which I was forced to supply by several contrivances, that shall hereafter be mentioned. In the meantime, he desired I would go on with my utmost diligence to learn their language, because he was more astonished at my capacity for speech and reason, than at the figure of my body, whether it were covered or no, adding, that he waited with some impatience to hear the wonders which I promised to tell him.

From thenceforward he doubled the pains he had been at to instruct me, he brought me into all company, and made them treat me with civility, because, as he told them privately, this would put me into good humour, and make me more diverting.

Every day, when I waited on him, beside the trouble he was at in teaching, he would ask me several questions concerning myself, which I answered as well as I could, and by these means he had already received some general ideas, though very imperfect. It would be tedious to relate the several steps by which I advanced to a more regular conversation: but the first account I gave of myself, in any order and length, was to this purpose.

That I came from a very far country, as I already had attempted to tell him, with about fifty more of my own species; that we travelled upon the seas in a great hollow vessel made of wood, and larger than his honour's house. I described the ship to him in the best terms I could, and explained, by the help of my handkerchief displayed, how it was driven forward by the wind. That, upon a quarrel among us, I was set on shore

on this coast, where I walked forward, without knowing whither, till he delivered me from the persecution of those execrable Yahoos. He asked me who made the ship, and how it was possible that the Houyhnhnms of my country would leave it to the management of brutes? My answer was, that I durst proceed no further in my relation unless he would give me his word and honour that he would not be offended, and then I would tell him the wonders I had so often promised. He agreed, and I went on, by assuring him that the ship was made by creatures like myself, who in all the countries I had travelled, as well as in my own, were the only governing, rational animals, and that, upon my arrival hither, I was as much astonished to see the Houyhnhnms act like rational beings, as he or his friends could be in finding some marks of reason in a creature he was pleased to call a Yahoo, to which I owned my resemblance in every part, but could not account for their degenerate and brutal nature. I said further, that if good fortune ever restored me to my native country, to relate my travels hither, as I resolved to do, everybody would believe that I said the thing which was not, that I invented the story out of my own head, and, with all possible respect to himself, his family, and friends, and under his promise of not being offended, our countrymen would hardly think it probable that a Houyhnhnm should be the presiding creature of a nation, and a Yahoo the brute.

CHAPTER IV

My master heard me with great appearances of uneasiness in his countenance, because doubting, or not believing, are so little known in this country, that the inhabitants cannot tell how to behave themselves under such circumstances. And I remember, in frequent discourses with my master concerning the nature of manhood in other parts of the world, having occasion to talk of lying, and false representation, it was with much difficulty that he comprehended what I meant, although he had otherwise a most acute judgment. For he argued thus that the use of speech was to make us understand one another, and to receive information of facts, now, if anyone said the thing that was not, these ends were defeated, because I cannot

properly be said to understand him, and I am so far from receiving information that he leaves me worse than in ignorance, for I am led to believe a thing black when it is white, and short when it is long. And these were all the notions he had concerning that faculty of lying, so perfectly well understood, and so universally practised, among human creatures.

To return from this digression, when I asserted that the Yahoos were the only governing animals in my country, which, my master said, was altogether past his conception, he desired to know whether we had Houyhnhnms among us, and what was their employment. I told him, we had great numbers, that in summer they grazed in the fields, and in winter were kept in houses, with hay and oats, where Yahoo servants were employed to rub their skins smooth, comb their manes, pick their feet, serve them with food, and make their beds. "I understand you well," said my master, "it is now very plain, from all you have spoken, that, whatever share of reason the Yahoos pretend to, the Houyhnhnms are your masters, I heartily wish our Yahoos would be so tractable." I begged his honour would please to excuse me from proceeding any further, because I was very certain that the account he expected from me would be highly displeasing. But he insisted in commanding me to let him know the best and the worst. I told him, he should be obeyed. I owned, that the Houyhnhnms among us, whom we called horses, were the most generous and comely animal we had, that they excelled in strength and swiftness, and when they belonged to persons of quality, employed in travelling, racing, or drawing chariots, they were treated with much kindness and care, till they fell into diseases, or became foundered in the feet, but then they were sold, and used to all kind of drudgery, till they died, after which their skins were stripped, and sold for what they were worth, and their bodies left to be devoured by dogs and birds of prey. But the common race of horses had not so good fortune, being kept by farmers and carriers, and other mean people, who put them to greater labour, and fed them worse. I described, as well as I could, our way of riding; the shape and use of a bridle, a saddle, a spur, and a whip, of harness and wheels. I added, that we fastened plates of a certain hard substance,

called iron, at the bottom of their feet, to preserve their hoofs from being broken by the stony ways on which we often travelled

My master, after some expressions of great indignation, wondered how we dared to venture upon a Houyhnhnm's back, for he was sure, that the weakest servant in his house would be able to shake off the strongest Yahoo, or by lying down, and rolling on his back, squeeze the brute to death I answered, that our horses were trained up from three or four years old, to the several uses we intended them for, that, if any of them proved intolerably vicious, they were employed for carriages, that they were severely beaten, while they were young, for any mischievous tricks, that the males, designed for common use of riding or draught, were generally castrated about two years after their birth, to take down their spirits, and make them more tame and gentle, that they were, indeed, sensible of rewards and punishments but his honour would please to consider, that they had not the least tincture of reason, any more than the Yahoos in this country

It put me to the pains of many circumlocutions to give my master a right idea of what I spoke; for their language doth not abound in variety of words, because their wants and passions are fewer than among us But it is impossible to represent his noble resentment at our savage treatment of the Houyhnhnm race, particularly after I had explained the manner and use of castrating horses among us, to hinder them from propagating their kind, and to render them more servile He said, if it were possible there could be any country where Yahoos alone were endued with reason, they certainly must be the governing animal, because reason will in time always prevail against brutal strength But, considering the frame of our bodies, and especially of mine, he thought no creature of equal bulk was so ill contrived, for employing that reason in the common offices of life, whereupon, he desired to know, whether those among whom I lived resembled me, or the Yahoos of his country I assured him, that I was as well shaped as most of my age but the younger, and the females, were much more soft and tender, and the skins of the latter, generally as white as milk He said I differed, indeed, from other Yahoos, being much more cleanly, and not altogether so deformed, but in point of real advantage, he thought I dif-

ferred for the worse That my nails were of no use, either to my fore or hinder-feet, as to my fore-feet, he could not properly call them by that name, for he never observed me to walk upon them, that they were too soft to bear the ground, that I generally went with them uncovered, neither was the covering I sometimes wore on them of the same shape, or so strong as that on my feet behind That I could not walk with any security, for, if either of my hinder-feet slipped, I must inevitably fall He then began to find fault with other parts of my body, the flatness of my face, the prominence of my nose, mine eyes placed directly in front, so that I could not look on either side, without turning my head, that I was not able to feed myself, without lifting one of my fore-feet to my mouth, and therefore Nature had placed those joints to answer that necessity He knew not what could be the use of those several clefts and divisions in my feet behind, that these were too soft to bear the hardness and sharpness of stones, without a covering made from the skin of some other brute, that my whole body wanted a fence against heat and cold, which I was forced to put on and off every day with tediousness and trouble And lastly, that he observed every animal in this country naturally to abhor the Yahoos whom the weaker avoided, and the stronger drove from them So that supposing us to have the gift of reason, he could not see how it were possible to cure that natural antipathy which every creature discovered against us, nor consequently, how we could tame and render them servicable However, he would (as he said) debate the matter no farther, because he was more desirous to know my own story, the country where I was born, and the several actions and events of my life before I came hither

I assured him, how extremely desirous I was that he should be satisfied in every point, but I doubted much, whether it would be possible for me to explain myself on several subjects whereof his honour could have no conception, because I saw nothing in his country to which I could resemble them That, however, I would do my best, and strive to express myself by similitudes, humbly desiring his assistance when I wanted proper words, which he was pleased to promise me

I said my birth was of honest parents, in an island called England, which was remote

from this country, as many days' journey as the strongest of his honour's servants could travel in the annual course of the sun That I was bred a surgeon, whose trade it is to cure wounds and hurts in the body, got by accident or violence That my country was governed by a female man, called a queen That I left it to get riches, whereby I might maintain myself and family when I should return That, in my last voyage, I was commander of the ship, and had about fifty Yahoos under me, many of which died at sea, and I was forced to supply them by others, picked out from several nations That our ship was twice in danger of being sunk, the first time by a great storm, and the second, by striking against a rock Here my master interposed, by asking me, how I could persuade strangers out of different countries to venture with me, after the losses I had sustained, and the hazards I had run I said they were fellows of desperate fortunes, forced to fly from the places of their birth, on account of their poverty or their crimes Some were undone by law-suits, others spent all they had in drinking, whoring, and gaming, others fled for treason, many for murder, theft, poisoning, robbery, perjury, forgery, coming false money, for committing rapes or sodomy, for flying from their colours, or deserting to the enemy, and most of them had broken prison, none of these durst return to their native countries for fear of being hanged, or of starving in a jail, and, therefore, were under a necessity of seeking a livelihood in other places

During this discourse, my master was pleased to interrupt me several times, I had made use of many circumlocutions, in describing to him the nature of several crimes, for which most of our crew had been forced to fly their country This labour took up several days' conversation, before he was able to comprehend me He was wholly at a loss to know what could be the use or necessity of practising those vices To clear up which, I endeavoured to give him some ideas of the desire of power and riches, of the terrible effects of lust, intemperance, malice and envy All this I was forced to define and describe, by putting cases, and making suppositions After which, like one whose imagination was struck with something never seen or heard of before, he would lift up his eyes with amazement and indignation. Power, government,

war, law, punishment, and a thousand other things had no terms wherein that language could express them, which made the difficulty almost insuperable to give my master any conception of what I meant But being of an excellent understanding, much improved by contemplation and converse, he at last arrived at a competent knowledge of what human nature, in our parts of the world, is capable to perform, and desired I would give him some particular account of that land which we call Europe, but especially of my own country

CHAPTER V

The reader may please to observe, that the following extract of many conversations I had with my master, contains a summary of the most material points, which were discoursed at several times, for above two years, his honour often desiring fuller satisfaction, as I farther improved in the Houyhnhnm tongue I laid before him, as well as I could, the whole state of Europe, I discoursed of trade and manufactures, of arts and sciences, and the answers I gave to all the questions he made, as they arose upon several subjects, were a fund of conversation, not to be exhausted But I shall here only set down the substance of what passed between us concerning my own country, reducing it into order as well as I can, without any regard to time, or other circumstances, while I strictly adhere to truth My only concern is, that I shall hardly be able to do justice to my master's arguments and expressions, which must needs suffer by my want of capacity, as well as by a translation into our barbarous English

In obedience, therefore, to his honour's commands I related to him the revolution under the Prince of Orange, the long war with France entered into by the said Prince, and renewed by his successor the present Queen, wherein the greatest powers of Christendom were engaged, and which still continued I computed, at his request, that about a million of Yahoos might have been killed in the whole progress of it, and, perhaps, a hundred or more cities taken, and five times as many ships burnt or sunk

He asked me what were the usual causes or motives that made one country go to war with another I answered they were innum-

able, but I should only mention a few of the chief. Sometimes the ambition of princes, who never think they have land or people enough to govern, sometimes the corruption of ministers, who engage their master in a war, in order to stifle or divert the clamour of the subjects against their evil administration. Difference in opinion hath cost many millions of lives: for instance, whether flesh be bread, or bread be flesh, whether the juice of a certain berry be blood or wine, whether whistling be a vice or virtue, whether it be better to kiss a post, or throw it into the fire, what is the best colour for a coat, whether black, white, red, or grey, and whether it should be long or short, narrow or wide, dirty or clean, with many more. Neither are any wars so furious and bloody, or of so long continuance, as those occasioned by difference in opinion, especially if it be in things indifferent.

Sometimes the quarrel between two princes is to decide which of them shall dispossess a third of his dominions, where neither of them pretend to any right. Sometimes one prince quarrelleth with another, for fear the other should quarrel with him. Sometimes a war is entered upon, because the enemy is too strong, and sometimes because he is too weak. Sometimes our neighbours want the things which we have, or have the things which we want, and we both fight, till they take ours, or give us theirs. It is a very justifiable cause of a war, to invade a country, after the people have been wasted by famine, destroyed by pestilence, or embroiled by factions among themselves. It is justifiable to enter into war against our nearest ally, when one of his towns lies convenient for us, or a territory of land, that would render our dominions round and complete. If a prince sends forces into a nation, where the people are poor and ignorant, he may lawfully put half of them to death, and make slaves of the rest, in order to civilise and reduce them from their barbarous way of living. It is a very kingly, honourable, and frequent practice when one prince desires the assistance of another to secure him against an invasion, that the assistant, when he hath driven out the invader, should seize on the dominions himself, and kill, imprison, or banish the prince he came to relieve. Alliance by blood, or marriage, is a frequent cause of war between princes, and the nearer the kindred is, the greater is their disposition to quarrel: poor nations are hungry, and rich nations are proud; and pride and hunger will ever be at variance. For these reasons, the trade of a soldier is held the most honourable of all others, because a soldier is a Yahoo hired to kill in cold blood as many of his own species, who had never offended him, as possibly he can.

There is, likewise, a kind of beggarly princes in Europe, not able to make war by themselves, who hire out their troops to richer nations, for so much a day to each man, of which they keep three-fourths to themselves, and it is the best part of their maintenance; such are those in Germany and other northern parts of Europe.

"What you have told me" (said my master) "upon the subject of war, does, indeed, discover most admirably the effects of that reason you pretend to; however, it is happy that the shame is greater than the danger, and that Nature hath left you utterly incapable of doing much mischief."

"For, your mouths lying flat with your faces, you can hardly bite each other to any purpose, unless by consent. Then as to the claws upon your feet before and behind, they are so short and tender, that one of our Yahoos would drive a dozen of yours before him. And, therefore, in recounting the numbers of those who have been killed in battle, I cannot but think that you have said the thing which is not."

I could not forbear shaking my head, and smiling a little at his ignorance. And, being no stranger to the art of war, I gave him a description of cannons, culverins, muskets, carbines, pistols, bullets, powder, swords, bayonets, battles, sieges, retreats, attacks, underminings, countermine, bombardments, sea-fights, ships sunk with a thousand men, twenty thousand killed on each side, dying groans, limbs flying in the air, smoke, noise, confusion, trampling to death under horses' feet, flight, pursuit, victory; fields strewed with carcasses, left for food to dogs and wolves, and birds of prey; plundering, stripping, ravishing, burning, and destroying. And, to set forth the valour of my own dear countrymen, I assured him that I had seen them blow up a hundred enemies at once in a siege, and as many in a ship, and beheld the dead bodies come down in pieces from the clouds to the great diversion of the spectators.

I was going on to more particulars when my master commanded me silence. He said,

whoever understood the nature of Yahoos might easily believe it possible for so vile an animal, to be capable of every action I had named, if their strength and cunning equalled their malice. But as my discourse had increased his abhorrence of the whole species, so he found it gave him a disturbance in his mind, to which he was wholly a stranger before. He thought his ears, being used to such abominable words, might, by degrees, admit them with less detestation. That although he hated the Yahoos of this country, yet he no more blamed them for their odious qualities, than he did a *gunnayh* (a bird of prey) for its cruelty, or a sharp stone for cutting his hoof. But when a creature, pretending to reason, could be capable of such enormities, he dreaded lest the corruption of that faculty might be worse than brutality itself. He seemed therefore confident that, instead of reason, we were only possessed of some quality fitted to increase our natural vices, as the reflection from a troubled stream returns the image of an ill-shapen body, not only larger, but more distorted.

He added, that he had heard too much upon the subject of war, both in this, and some former discourses. There was another point which a little perplexed him at present. I had informed him, that some of our crew left their country on account of being ruined by law, that I had already explained the meaning of the word; but he was at a loss how it should come to pass that the law, which was intended for every man's preservation, should be any man's ruin. Therefore he desired to be further satisfied what I meant by law, and the dispensers thereof, according to the present practice in my own country, because he thought Nature and reason were sufficient guides for a reasonable animal, as we pretended to be, in showing us what we ought to do, and what to avoid.

I assured his honour that law was a science in which I had not much conversed, further than by employing advocates in vain, upon some injustices that had been done me, however, I would give him all the satisfaction I was able.

I said, there was a society of men among us, bred up from their youth in the art of proving by words multiplied for the purpose, that white is black, and black is white, according as they are paid. "To this society all the rest of the people are slaves. For ex-

ample, if my neighbour hath a mind to my cow, he hires a lawyer to prove that he ought to have my cow from me. I must then hire another to defend my right, it being against all rules of law that any man should be allowed to speak for himself. Now, in this case, I, who am the right owner, lie under two disadvantages, first, my lawyer, being practised almost from his cradle in defending falsehood, is quite out of his element, when he would be an advocate for justice, which as an office unnatural, he always attempts with great awkwardness, if not with ill-will. The second disadvantage is, that my lawyer must proceed with great caution, or else he will be reprimanded by the judges, and abhorred by his brethren, as one that would lessen the practice of the law. And therefore I have but two methods to preserve my cow. The first is to gain over my adversary's lawyer with a double fee, who will then betray his client, by insinuating that he hath justice on his side. The second way is for my lawyer to make my cause appear as unjust as he can, by allowing the cow to belong to my adversary, and this, if it be skilfully done, will certainly bespeak the favour of the bench. Now, your honour is to know that these judges are persons appointed to decide all controversies of property, as well as for the trial of criminals, and picked out from the most dexterous lawyers, who are grown old or lazy, and having been biassed all their lives against truth and equity, are under such a fatal necessity of favouring fraud, perjury, and oppression, that I have known several of them refuse a large bribe from the side where justice lay, rather than injure the faculty by doing anything unbecoming their nature or their office.

"It is a maxim among these lawyers, that whatever hath been done before, may legally be done again, and therefore they take special care to record all the decisions formerly made against common justice, and the general reason of mankind. These, under the name of precedents, they produce as authorities, to justify the most iniquitous opinions, and the judges never fail of directing accordingly.

"In pleading, they studiously avoid entering into the merits of the cause, but are loud, violent, and tedious, in dwelling upon all circumstances which are not to the purpose. For instance, in the case already mentioned they never desire to know what claim or title

my adversary hath to my cow, but whether the said cow were red or black, her horns long or short, whether the field I graze her in be round or square, whether she was milked at home or abroad, what diseases she is subject to, and the like, after which they consult precedents, adjourn the cause from time to time, and in ten, twenty, or thirty years, come to an issue

"It is likewise to be observed that this society hath a peculiar cant and jargon of their own, that no other mortal can understand, and wherein all their laws are written, which they take special care to multiply, whereby they have wholly confounded the very essence of truth and falsehood, of right and wrong, so that it will take thirty years to decide whether the field left me by my ancestors for six generations, belongs to me, or to a stranger three hundred miles off

"In the trial of persons accused for crimes against the state, the method is much more short and commendable the judge first sends to sound the disposition of those in power, after which he can easily hang or save a criminal, strictly preserving all due forms of law"

Here my master interposing, said it was a pity, that creatures endowed with such prodigious abilities of mind as these lawyers, by the description I gave of them, must certainly be, were not rather encouraged to be instructors of others in wisdom and knowledge In answer to which, I assured his honour, that, in all points out of their own trade, they were usually the most ignorant and stupid generation among us, the most despicable in common conversation, avowed enemies to all knowledge and learning, and equally disposed to pervert the general reason of mankind in every other subject of discourse, as in that of their own profession

CHAPTER VI

My master was yet wholly at a loss to understand what motives could incite this race of lawyers to perplex, disquiet, and weary themselves, and engage in a confederacy of injustice, merely for the sake of injuring their fellow-animals, neither could he comprehend what I meant in saying, they did it for hire Whereupon I was at much pains to describe to him the use of money, the materials it was made of, and the value of the metals, that, when a Yahoo had got a great store of this

precious substance, he was able to purchase whatever he had a mind to, the finest clothing, the noblest houses, great tracts of land, the most costly meats and drinks, and have his choice of the most beautiful females Therefore, since money alone was able to perform all these feats, our Yahoos thought they could never have enough of it to spend, or to save, as they found themselves inclined, from their natural bent either to profusion or avarice That the rich man enjoyed the fruit of the poor man's labour, and the latter were a thousand to one in proportion to the former That the bulk of our people were forced to live miserably, by labouring every day for small wages, to make a few live plentifully I enlarged myself much on these and many other particulars, to the same purpose, but his honour was still to seek for he went upon a supposition, that all animals had a title to their share in the productions of the earth, and especially those who presided over the rest Therefore he desired I would let him know what these costly meats were, and how any of us happened to want them Whereupon I enumerated as many sorts as came into my head, with the various methods of dressing them, which could not be done without sending vessels by sea to every part of the world, as well for liquors to drink, as for sauces, and innumerable other conveniences I assured him, that this whole globe of earth must be at least three times gone round, before one of our better female Yahoos could get her breakfast, or a cup to put it in He said, that must needs be a miserable country, which cannot furnish food for its own inhabitants But what he chiefly wondered at, was how such vast tracts of ground as I described, should be wholly without fresh water, and the people put to the necessity of sending over the sea for drink I replied, that England (the dear place of my nativity) was computed to produce three times the quantity of food, more than its inhabitants are able to consume, as well as liquors extracted from grain, or pressed out of the fruit of certain trees, which made excellent drink; and the same proportion in every other convenience of life But in order to feed the luxury and intemperance of the males, and the vanity of the females, we sent away the greatest part of our necessary things to other countries, from whence, in return, we brought the materials of diseases, folly, and vice, to spend

among ourselves Hence it follows of necessity, that vast numbers of our people are compelled to seek their livelihood by begging, robbing, stealing, cheating, pimping, forswearing, flattering, suborning, forging, gaming, lying, fawning, hectoring, voting, scribbling, star-gazing, poisoning, whoring, canting, libelling, free-thinking, and the like occupations every one of which terms I was at much pains to make him understand

That wine was not imported among us from foreign countries, to supply the want of water, or other drinks, but because it was a sort of liquid which made us merry, by putting us out of our senses, diverted all melancholy thoughts, begat wild extravagant imaginations in the brain, raised our hopes, and banished our fears, suspended every office of reason for a time, and deprived us of the use of our limbs till we fell into a profound sleep, although it must be confessed, that we always awaked sick and dispirited, and that the use of this liquor filled us with diseases, which made our lives uncomfortable and short

But, beside all this, the bulk of our people supported themselves by furnishing the necessities or conveniences of life to the rich, and to each other For instance, when I am at home, and dressed, as I ought to be, I carry on my body the workmanship of an hundred tradesmen, the building and furniture of my house employ as many more, and five times the number to adorn my wife

I was going on to tell him of another sort of people, who get their livelihood by attending the sick, having upon some occasions informed his honour that many of my crew had died of diseases But here it was with the utmost difficulty that I brought him to apprehend what I meant He could easily conceive that a Houyhnhnm grew weak and heavy a few days before his death, or, by some accident, might hurt a limb But that Nature, who works all things to perfection, should suffer any pains to breed in our bodies, he thought impossible, and desired to know the reason of so unaccountable an evil I told him, we fed on a thousand things, which operated contrary to each other, that we ate when we were not hungry, and drank without the provocation of thirst, that we sat whole nights drinking strong liquors without eating a bit, which disposed us to sloth, inflamed our bodies, and precipitated or prevented digestion That prostitute female Yahoos acquired a certain

malady, which bred rottenness in the bones of those who fell into their embraces, that this, and many other diseases, were propagated from father to son, so that great numbers come into the world with complicated maladies upon them, that it would be endless to give him a catalogue of all diseases incident to human bodies, for they could not be fewer than five or six hundred spread over every limb and joint, in short, every part, external and intestine, having diseases appropriated to each To remedy which, there was a sort of people bred up among us, in the profession, or pretence, of curing the sick And, because I had some skill in the faculty, I would in gratitude to his honour, let him know the whole mystery and method by which they proceed

Their fundamental is, that all diseases arise from repletion, from whence they conclude, that a great evacuation of the body is necessary, either through the natural passage, or upwards at the mouth The next business is, from herbs, minerals, gums, oils, shells, salts, juices, seaweed, excrements, barks of trees, serpents, toads, frogs, spiders, dead men's flesh and bones, birds, beasts, and fishes, to form a composition for smell and taste the most abominable, nauseous, and detestable they can possibly contrive, which the stomach immediately rejects with loathing, and thus they call a vomit or else, from the same store house, with some other poisonous additions, they command us to take in at the orifice above or below (just as the physician then happens to be disposed) a medicine equally annoying and disgusting to the bowels, which relaxing the belly, drives down all before it, and thus they call a purge, or a clyster For Nature (as the physicians allege) having intended the superior anterior orifice only for the intromission of solids and liquids, and the inferior posterior for ejection, these artists ingeniously considering that in all diseases Nature is forced out of her seat, therefore, to replace her in it, the body must be treated in a manner directly contrary, by interchanging the use of each orifice, forcing solids and liquids in at the anus, and making evacuations at the mouth

But, besides real diseases, we are subject to many that are only imaginary, for which the physicians have invented imaginary cures, these have their several names, and so have the drugs that are proper for them; and with these our female Yahoos are always infested

One great excellency in this tribe is their skill at prognostics, wherein they seldom fail, their predictions in real diseases, when they rise to any degree of malignity, generally portending death, which is always in their power, when recovery is not and therefore, upon any unexpected signs of amendment, after they have pronounced their sentence, rather than be accused as false prophets, they know how to approve their sagacity to the world by a seasonable dose

They are likewise of special use to husbands and wives who are grown weary of their mates, to eldest sons, to great ministers of state, and often to princes

I had formerly, upon occasion, discoursed with my master upon the nature of government in general, and particularly of our own excellent constitution, deservedly the wonder and envy of the whole world But having here accidentally mentioned a minister of state, he commanded me, some time after, to inform him what species of Yahoo I particularly meant by that appellation

I told him, that a first or chief minister of state, who was the person I intended to describe, was a creature wholly exempt from joy and grief, love and hatred, pity and anger, at least, makes use of no other passions, but a violent desire of wealth, power, and titles, that he applies his words to all uses, except to the indication of his mind, that he never tells the truth, but with an intent that you should take it for a lie, nor a lie, but with a design that you should take it for a truth, that those he speaks worst of, behind their backs, are in the surest way of preferment, and whenever he begins to praise you to others, or to yourself, you are from that day forlorn The worst mark you can receive is a promise, especially when it is confirmed with an oath, after which, every wise man retires, and gives over all hopes

There are three methods by which a man may rise to be chief minister the first is, by knowing how with prudence to dispose of a wife, a daughter, or a sister the second, by betraying or undermining his predecessor and the third is, by a furious zeal in public assemblies against the corruptions of the Court But a wise prince would rather choose to employ those who practise the last of these methods, because such zealots prove always the most obsequious and subservient to the will and passions of their master That these

ministers, having all employments at their disposal, preserve themselves in power by bribing the majority of a senate or great council, and at last, by an expedient called an Act of Indemnity (whereof I described the nature to him) they secure themselves from after reckonings, and retire from the public, laden with the spoils of the nation

The palace of the chief minister is a seminary to breed up others in his own trade the pages, lacqueys, and porter, by imitating their master, become ministers of state in their several districts, and learn to excel in the three principal ingredients of insolence, lying, and bribery Accordingly, they have a subaltern court paid to them by persons of the best rank, and sometimes, by the force of dexterity and impudence, arrive, through several gradations, to be successors to their lord

He is usually governed by a decayed wench, or favourite footman, who are the tunnels through which all graces are conveyed, and may properly be called, in the last resort, the governors of the kingdom

One day, in discourse, my master, having heard me mention the nobility of my country, was pleased to make me a compliment, which I could not pretend to deserve that he was sure I must have been born of some noble family, because I far exceeded, in shape, colour, and cleanliness, all the Yahoos of his nation, although I seemed to fail in strength and agility, which must be imputed to my different way of living from those other brutes, and, besides, I was not only endowed with the faculty of speech, but likewise with some rudiments of reason, to a degree that, with all his acquaintance, I passed for a prodigy

He made me observe, that, among the Houyhnhnms, the white, the sorrel, and the iron grey were not so exactly shaped as the bay, the dapple grey, and the black, nor born with equal talents of the mind, or a capacity to improve them, and therefore continued always in the condition of servants, without ever aspiring to match out of their own race, which, in that country, would be reckoned monstrous and unnatural

I made his honour my humble acknowledgments for the good opinion he was pleased to conceive of me, but assured him, at the same time, that my birth was of the lower sort, having been born of plain honest parents, who were just able to give me a tolerable educa-

tion that nobility, among us, was altogether a different thing from the idea he had of it, that our young noblemen are bred from their childhood in idleness and luxury, that, as soon as years will permit, they consume their vigour, and contract odious diseases among lewd females, and when their fortunes are almost ruined, they marry some woman of mean birth, disagreeable person, and unsound constitution, merely for the sake of money, whom they hate and despise That the productions of such marriages are generally scrofulous, ricketty, or deformed children, by which means, the family seldom continues above three generations, unless the wife takes care to provide a healthy father among her neighbours or domestics, in order to improve and continue the breed That a weak diseased body, a meagre countenance, and sallow complexion are the true marks of noble blood, and a healthy robust appearance is so disgraceful in a man of quality, that the world concludes his real father to have been a groom or a coachman The imperfections of his mind run parallel with those of his body, being a composition of spleen, dulness, ignorance, caprice, sensuality, and pride

Without the consent of this illustrious body, no law can be made, repeated, or altered, and these have the decisions of all our possessions, without appeal

CHAPTER VII

The reader may be disposed to wonder how I could prevail on myself to give so free a representation of my own species, among a race of mortals who are already too apt to conceive the vilest opinion of humankind, from that entire congruity betwixt me and their Yahoos But I must freely confess that the many virtues of those excellent quadrupeds, placed in opposite view to human corruptions, had so far opened my eyes, and enlarged my understanding, that I began to view the actions and passions of man in a very different light, and to think the honour of my own kind not worth managing, which, besides, it was impossible for me to do before a person of so acute a judgment as my master, who daily convinced me of a thousand faults in myself, whereof I had not the least perception before, and which, among us, would never be numbered even among human infirmities. I had likewise learned, from his example, an utter

detestation of all falsehood or disguise, and truth appeared so amiable to me, that I determined upon sacrificing everything to it

Let me deal so candidly with the reader as to confess, that there was yet a much stronger motive for the freedom I took in my representation of things I had not been a year in this country before I contracted such a love and veneration for the inhabitants, that I entered on a firm resolution never to return to human kind, but to pass the rest of my life among these admirable Houyhnhnms, in the contemplation and practice of every virtue, where I could have no example or incitement to vice But it was decreed by fortune, my perpetual enemy, that so great a felicity should not fall to my share However, it is now some comfort to reflect that, in what I said of my countrymen, I extenuated their faults as much as I durst, before so strict an examiner, and, upon every article, gave as favourable a turn as the matter would bear For, indeed, who is there alive that would not be swayed by his bias and partiality to the place of his birth?

I have related the substance of several conversations I had with my master during the greatest part of the time I had the honour to be in his service, but have, indeed, for brevity sake, omitted much more than is here set down

When I had answered all his questions, and his curiosity seemed to be fully satisfied, he sent for me one morning early, and commanding me to sit down at some distance (an honour which he had never before conferred on me), he said, he had been very seriously considering my whole story, as far as it related both to myself and my country, that he looked upon us as a sort of animals, to whose share, by what accident he could not conjecture, some small pittance of reason had fallen, whereof we made no other use than, by its assistance, to aggravate our natural corruptions, and to acquire new ones which nature had not given us that we disarmed ourselves of the few abilities she had bestowed, had been very successful in multiplying our original wants, and seemed to spend our whole lives in vain endeavours to supply them by our own inventions That as to myself, it was manifest I had neither the strength or agility of a common Yahoo, that I walked infirmly on my hinder feet; had found out a contrivance to make my claws of no use or defence, and to remove the hair from my chin,

which was intended as a shelter from the sun and the weather. Lastly, that I could neither run with speed, nor climb trees like my brethren (as he called them) the Yahoos in this country.

That our institutions of government and law were plainly owing to our gross defects in reason, and by consequence, in virtue, because reason alone is sufficient to govern a rational creature, which was therefore a character we had no pretence to challenge, even from the account I had given of my own people, although he manifestly perceived, that in order to favour them, I had concealed many particulars, and often said the thing which was not.

He was the more confirmed in this opinion, because he observed, that as I agreed in every feature of my body with other Yahoos, except where it was to my real disadvantage, in point of strength, speed, and activity, the shortness of my claws, and some other particulars, where Nature had no part, so, from the representation I had given him of our lives, our manners, and our actions, he found as near a resemblance in the disposition of our minds. He said, the Yahoos were known to hate one another, more than they did any different species of animals, and the reason, usually assigned, was the odiousness of their own shapes, which all could see in the rest, but not in themselves. He had therefore begun to think it not unwise in us to cover our bodies, and, by that invention, conceal many of our own deformities from each other, which would else be hardly supportable. But he now found he had been mistaken, and that the dissensions of those brutes, in his country, were owing to the same cause with ours, as I had described them. "For if" (said he) "you throw among five Yahoos as much food as would be sufficient for fifty, they will, instead of eating peaceably, fall together by the ears, each single one impatient to have all to itself," and therefore a servant was usually employed to stand by, while they were feeding abroad, and those kept at home were tied at a distance from each other, that if a cow died of age or accident, before a Houyhnhnm could secure it for his own Yahoos, those in the neighbourhood would come in herds to seize it, and then would ensue such a battle as I had described, with terrible wounds made by their claws on both sides, although they seldom were able to kill one another, for want of

such convenient instruments of death as we had invented. At other times, the like battles have been fought between the Yahoos of several neighbourhoods, without any visible cause those of one district watching all opportunities to surprise the next, before they are prepared. But, if they find their project hath miscarried, they return home, and, for want of enemies, engage in what I call a civil war among themselves.

That, in some fields of his country, there are certain shining stones of several colours, whereof the Yahoos are violently fond, and when part of these stones is fixed in the earth, as it sometimes happeneth, they will dig with their claws for whole days to get them out, then carry them away, and hide them by heaps in their kennels, but still looking round with great caution, for fear their comrades should find out their treasure. My master said, he could never discover the reason of this unnatural appetite, or how these stones could be of any use to a Yahoo, but now he believed it might proceed from the same principle of avarice, which I had ascribed to mankind that he had once, by way of experiment, privately removed a heap of these stones from the place where one of his Yahoos had buried it, whereupon, the sordid animal missing his treasure, by his loud lamenting brought the whole herd to the place, there miserably howled, then fell to biting and tearing the rest, began to pine away, would neither eat, nor sleep, nor work, till he ordered a servant privately to convey the stones into the same hole, and hide them as before, which when his Yahoo had found, he presently recovered his spirits and good humour, but took care to remove them to a better hiding-place, and hath ever since been a very serviceable brute.

My master further assured me, which I also observed myself, that, in the fields where the shining stones abound, the fiercest and most frequent battles are fought, occasioned by perpetual inroads of the neighbouring Yahoos.

He said, it was common, when two Yahoos discovered such a stone in a field, and were contending which of them should be the proprietor, a third would take the advantage, and carry it away from them both, which my master would needs contend to have some kind of resemblance with our suits at law, wherein I thought it for our credit not to undeceive him; since the decision he mentioned was much more equitable than many

decrees among us because the plaintiff and defendant there lost nothing beside the stone they contended for, whereas our courts of equity would never have dismissed the cause, while either of them had anything left

My master, continuing his discourse, said, there was nothing that rendered the Yahoos more odious, than their undistinguishing appetite to devour everything that came in their way, whether herbs, roots, berries, the corrupted flesh of animals, or all mingled together and it was peculiar in their temper, that they were fonder of what they could get by rapine or stealth, at a greater distance, than much better food provided for them at home. If their prey held out, they would eat till they were ready to burst, after which, Nature had pointed out to them a certain root that gave them a general evacuation

There was also another kind of root, very juicy, but somewhat rare and difficult to be found, which the Yahoos fought for with much eagerness, and would suck it with great delight, it produced in them the same effects that wine hath upon us. It would make them sometimes hug, and sometimes tear one another, they would howl and grin, and chatter, and reel, and tumble, and then fall asleep in the mud

I did, indeed, observe that the Yahoos were the only animals in this country subject to any diseases, which, however, were much fewer than horses have among us, and contracted not by any ill treatment they meet with, but by the nastiness and greediness of that sordid brute. Neither has their language any more than a general appellation for those maladies, which is borrowed from the name of the beast, and called *Hnea-Yahoo*, or the Yahoo's-evil, and the cure prescribed is a mixture of their own dung and urine, forcibly put down the Yahoo's throat. This I have since often known to have been taken with success, and do freely recommend it to my countrymen, for the public good, as an admirable specific against all diseases produced by repletion

As to learning, government, arts, manufactures, and the like, my master confessed he could find little or no resemblance between the Yahoos of that country and those in ours. For he only meant to observe what parity there was in our natures. He had heard, indeed, some curious Houyhnhnms observe, that, in most herds, there was a sort of ruling Yahoo (as, among us, there is generally some leading

or principal stag in a park) who was always more deformed in body, and mischievous in disposition, than any of the rest. That this leader had usually a favourite as like himself as he could get, whose employment was to lick his master's feet and posteriors, and drive the female Yahoos to his kennel, for which he was now and then rewarded with a piece of ass's flesh. This favourite is hated by the whole herd, and therefore, to protect himself, keeps always near the person of his leader. He usually continues in office till a worse can be found, but, the very moment he is discarded, his successor at the head of all the Yahoos in that district, young and old, male and female, come in a body, and discharge their excrements upon him from head to foot. But how far this might be applicable to our Courts and favourites, and ministers of state, my master said I could best determine

I durst make no return to this malicious insinuation, which debased human understanding below the sagacity of a common hound, who has judgment enough to distinguish and follow the cry of the ablest dog in the pack, without being ever mistaken

My master told me, there were some qualities remarkable in the Yahoos, which he had not observed me to mention, or at least very slightly, in the accounts I had given him of human kind, he said, those animals, like other brutes, had their females in common, but in this they differed, that the she-Yahoo would admit the male while she was pregnant, and that the he's would quarrel and fight with the females as fiercely as with each other. Both which practices were such degrees of infamous brutality, that no other sensitive creature ever arrived at

Another thing he wondered at in the Yahoos, was their strange disposition to nastiness and dirt, whereas there appears to be a natural love of cleanliness in all other animals. As to the two former accusations, I was glad to let them pass without any reply, because I had not a word to offer upon them in defence of my species, which otherwise I certainly had done from my own inclinations. But I could have easily vindicated human kind from the imputation of singularity upon the last article, if there had been any swine in that country (as unluckily for me there was not) which, although it may be a sweeter quadruped than a Yahoo, cannot, I humbly con-

CHAPTER VIII

ceive in justice, pretend to more cleanliness, and so his honour himself must have owned, if he had seen their filthy way of feeding, and their custom of wallowing and sleeping in the mud

My master likewise mentioned another quality which his servants had discovered in several Yahoos, and to him was wholly unaccountable. He said, a fancy would sometimes take a Yahoo, to retire into a corner, to lie down, and howl and groan, and spurn away all that came near him, although he were young and fat, wanted neither food nor water, nor did the servants imagine what could possibly ail him. And the only remedy they found was, to set him to hard work, after which he would infallibly come to himself. To this I was silent, out of partiality to my own kind, yet here I could plainly discover the true seeds of spleen, which only seizeth on the lazy, the luxurious, and the rich, who, if they were forced to undergo the same regimen, I would undertake for the cure

His honour had further observed that a female Yahoo would often stand behind a bank or a bush, to gaze on the young males passing by, and then appear, and hide, using many antic gestures and grimaces at which time it was observed, that she had a most offensive smell, and, when any of the males advanced, would slowly retire, looking often back, and, with a counterfeit show of fear, run off into some convenient place, where she knew the male would follow her

At other times, if a female stranger came among them, three or four of her own sex would get about her, and stare, and chatter, and grin, and smell her all over, and then turn off with gestures that seemed to express contempt and disdain

Perhaps my master might refine a little in these speculations, which he had drawn from what he observed himself, or had been told him by others. However, I could not reflect without some amazement, and much sorrow, that the rudiments of lewdness, coquetry, censure, and scandal, should have place, by instinct, in womankind

I expected, every moment, that my master would accuse the Yahoos of those unnatural appetites in both sexes, so common among us. But Nature, it seems, hath not been so expert a schoolmistress, and these politer pleasures are entirely the productions of art and reason, on our side of the globe

As I ought to have understood human nature much better than I supposed it possible for my master to do, so it was easy to apply the character he gave of the Yahoos to myself and my countrymen, and I believed I could yet make further discoveries from my own observation. I therefore often begged his favour to let me go among the herds of Yahoos in the neighbourhood, to which he always very graciously consented, being perfectly convinced that the hatred I bore those brutes would never suffer me to be corrupted by them, and his honour ordered one of his servants, a strong sorrel nag, very honest and good-natured, to be my guard, without whose protection I durst not undertake such adventures. For I have already told the reader, how much I was pestered by those odious animals upon my first arrival. And I afterwards failed very narrowly three or four times of falling into their clutches, when I happened to stray at any distance without my hanger. And I have reason to believe they had some imagination that I was of their own species, which I often assisted myself, by stripping up my sleeves, and showing my naked arms and breast in their sight, when my protector was with me. At which times they would approach as near as they durst, and imitate my actions after the manner of monkeys, but ever with great signs of hatred, as a tame jack-daw, with cap and stockings, is always persecuted by the wild ones, when he happens to be got among them

They are prodigiously nimble from their infancy, however, I once caught a young male of three years old, and endeavoured, by all marks of tenderness, to make it quiet, but the little imp fell a-squalling, and scratching, and biting, with such violence, that I was forced to let it go, and it was high time, for a whole troop of old ones came about us at the noise, but finding the cub was safe (for away it ran) and my sorrel nag being by, they durst not venture near us. I observed the young animal's flesh to smell very rank, and the stink was somewhat between a weasel and a fox, but much more disagreeable. I forgot another circumstance (and perhaps I might have the reader's pardon, if it were wholly omitted) that, while I held the odious vermin in my hands, it voided its filthy excrements, of a yellow liquid substance, all over my

clothes, but, by good fortune, there was a small brook hard by, where I washed myself as clean as I could, although I durst not come into my master's presence until I was sufficiently aired

By what I could discover, the Yahoos appear to be the most unteachable of all animals, their capacities never reaching higher than to draw or carry burthens. Yet I am of opinion this defect ariseth chiefly from a perverse, restive disposition. For they are cunning, malicious, treacherous, and revengeful. They are strong and hardy, but of a cowardly spirit, and by consequence, insolent, abject, and cruel. It is observed, that the red haired of both sexes are more libidinous and mischievous than the rest, whom yet they much exceed in strength and activity

The Houyhnhnms keep the Yahoos for present use in huts not far from the house, but the rest are sent abroad to certain fields, where they dig up roots, eat several kinds of herbs, and search about for carrion, or sometimes catch weasels and luhumuhs (a sort of wild rat) which they greedily devour. Nature hath taught them to dig holes with their nails on the side of a rising ground, wherein they lie by themselves, only the kennels of the females are larger, sufficient to hold two or three cubs

They swim from their infancy like frogs, and are able to continue long under water, where they often take fish, which the females carry home to their young. And, upon this occasion, I hope the reader will pardon my relating an odd adventure

Being one day abroad with my protector the sorrel nag, and the weather exceeding hot, I entreated him to let me bathe in a river that was near. He consented, and I immediately stripped myself stark naked, and went down softly into the stream. It happened that a young female Yahoo, standing behind a bank, saw the whole proceeding, and enflamed by desire, as the nag and I conjectured, came running with all speed, and leaped into the water within five yards of the place where I bathed. I was never in my life so terribly frightened, the nag was grazing at some distance, not suspecting any harm. She embraced me after a most fulsome manner, I roared as loud as I could, and the nag came galloping towards me, whereupon she quitted her grasp with the utmost reluctance, and leaped upon the opposite bank, where she stood gazing and howling all the time I was putting on my clothes

This was a matter of diversion to my master and his family, as well as of mortification to myself. For now I could no longer deny that I was a real Yahoo, in every limb and feature, since the females had a natural propensity to me, as one of their own species. Neither was the hair of this brute a red colour (which might have been some excuse for an appetite a little irregular) but black as a sloe, and her countenance did not make an appearance altogether so hideous as the rest of her kind, for, I think, she could not be above eleven years old

Having lived three years in this country, the reader, I suppose, will expect that I should, like other travellers, give him some account of the manners and customs of its inhabitants, which it was, indeed, my principal study to learn

As these noble Houyhnhnms are endowed by nature with a general disposition to all virtues, and have no conceptions or ideas of what is evil in a rational creature, so their grand maxim is, to cultivate reason, and to be wholly governed by it. Neither is reason, among them, a point problematical, as with us, where men can argue with plausibility on both sides of a question, but strikes you with immediate conviction, as it must needs do, where it is not mingled, obscured, or discoloured by passion and interest. I remember it was with extreme difficulty that I could bring my master to understand the meaning of the word opinion, or how a point could be disputable, because reason taught us to affirm or deny only where we are certain, and, beyond our knowledge, we cannot do either. So that controversies, wranglings, disputes, and positiveness, in false or dubious propositions, are evils unknown among the Houyhnhnms. In the like manner, when I used to explain to him our several systems of natural philosophy, he would laugh, that a creature, pretending to reason, should value itself upon the knowledge of other people's conjectures, and in things where that knowledge, if it were certain, could be of no use. Wherein he agreed entirely with the sentiments of Socrates, as Plato delivers them, which I mention as the highest honour I can do that prince of philosophers. I have often since reflected, what destruction such a doctrine would make in the libraries of Europe, and how many paths to fame would be then shut up in the learned world

Friendship and benevolence are the two principal virtues among the Houyhnhnms, and

these not confined to particular objects, but universal to the whole race. For a stranger, from the remotest part, is equally treated with the nearest neighbour, and, wherever he goes, looks upon himself as at home. They preserve decency and civility in the highest degrees, but are altogether ignorant of ceremony. They have no fondness for their colts or foals, but the care they take in educating them proceeds entirely from the dictates of reason. And I observed my master to show the same affection to his neighbour's issue that he had for his own. They will have it, that Nature teaches them to love the whole species, and it is reason only that maketh a distinction of persons, where there is a superior degree of virtue.

When the matron Houyhnhnms have produced one of each sex, they no longer accompany with their consorts, except they lose one of their issue by some casualty, which very seldom happens, but in such a case they meet again; or when the like accident befalls a person whose wife is past bearing, some other couple bestow him one of their own colts, and then go together again until the mother is pregnant. This caution is necessary, to prevent the country from being overburthened with numbers. But the race of inferior Houyhnhnms, bred up to be servants, is not so strictly limited upon this article, these are allowed to produce three of each sex, to be domestics in the noble families.

In their marriages, they are exactly careful to choose such colours as will not make any disagreeable mixture in the breed. Strength is chiefly valued in the male, and comeliness in the female, not upon the account of love, but to preserve the race from degenerating, for where a female happens to excel in strength, a consort is chosen with regard to comeliness. Courtship, love, presents, jointures, settlements, have no place in their thoughts, or terms whereby to express them in their language. The young couple meet and are joined, merely because it is the determination of their parents and friends: it is what they see done every day, and they look upon it as one of the necessary actions of a reasonable being. But the violation of marriage, or any other unchastity, was never heard of. and the married pair pass their lives with the same friendship, and mutual benevolence, that they bear to all others of the same species, who come in their way, without jealousy, fondness, quarrelling, or discontent.

In educating the youth of both sexes, their method is admirable, and highly deserves our imitation. These are not suffered to take a grain of oats, except upon certain days, till eighteen years old, nor milk but very rarely, and in summer they graze two hours in the morning, and as many in the evening, which their parents likewise observe, but the servants are not allowed above half that time, and a great part of their grass is brought home, which they eat at the most convenient hours, when they can be best spared from work.

Temperance, industry, exercise, and cleanliness, are the lessons equally enjoined to the young ones of both sexes, and my master thought it monstrous in us to give the females a different kind of education from the males, except in some articles of domestic management, whereby, as he truly observed, one half of our natives were good for nothing but bringing children into the world and to trust the care of our children to such useless animals, he said, was yet a greater instance of brutality.

But the Houyhnhnms train up their youth to strength, speed, and hardness, by exercising them in running races up and down steep hills, and over hard stony grounds, and when they are all in a sweat, they are ordered to leap over head and ears into a pond or river. Four times a year, the youth of a certain district meet to shew their proficiency in running, and leaping, and other feats of strength and agility, where the victor is rewarded with a song in his or her praise. On this festival, the servants drive a herd of Yahoos into the field, laden with hay, and oats, and milk, for a repast to the Houyhnhnms, after which these brutes are immediately driven back again, for fear of being noisome to the assembly.

Every fourth year, at the Vernal Equinox, there is a representative council of the whole nation, which meets in a plain about twenty miles from our house, and continues about five or six days. Here they enquire into the state and condition of the several districts, whether they abound or be deficient in hay or oats, or cows or Yahoos? And wherever there is any want (which is but seldom) it is immediately supplied by unanimous consent and contribution. Here likewise the regulation of children is settled as for instance, if a Houyhnhnm hath two males, he changeth one of them with another that hath two females and when a child hath been lost by any casualty, where the mother is past breeding, it is determined

what family in the district shall breed another to supply the loss

CHAPTER IX

One of these grand assemblies was held in my time, about three months before my departure, whither my master went, as the representative of our district. In this council was resumed their old debate, and, indeed, the only debate which ever happened in that country, whereof my master, after his return, gave me a very particular account

The question to be debated was, whether the Yahoos should be exterminated from the face of the earth? One of the members for the affirmative offered several arguments of great strength and weight, alleging, that as the Yahoos were the most filthy, noisome, and deformed animal which Nature ever produced, so they were the most restive and indocile, mischievous and malicious they would privately suck the teats of the Houyhnhnms' cows, kill and devour their cats, trample down their oats and grass, if they were not continually watched, and commit a thousand other extravagancies. He took notice of a general tradition, that Yahoos had not been always in that country, but that, many ages ago, two of these brutes appeared together upon a mountain, whether produced by the heat of the sun upon corrupted mud and slime, or from the ooze and froth of the sea, was never known. That these Yahoos engendered, and their brood, in a short time, grew so numerous as to overrun and infest the whole nation. That the Houyhnhnms, to get rid of this evil, made a general hunting, and at last enclosed the whole herd, and, destroying the elder, every Houyhnhnm kept two young ones in a kennel, and brought them to such a degree of tameness as an animal, so savage by nature, can be capable of acquiring, using them for draught and carriage. That there seemed to be much truth in this tradition, and that those creatures could not be *Ylnhnamsky* (or aborigines of the land) because of the violent hatred the Houyhnhnms, as well as all other animals, bore them, which, although their evil disposition sufficiently deserved, could never have arrived at so high a degree if they had been aborigines, or else they would have long since been rooted out. That the inhabitants, taking a fancy to use the service of the Yahoos, had very imprudently neglected to

cultivate the breed of asses, which were a comely animal, easily kept, more tame and orderly, without any offensive smell, strong enough for labour, although they yield to the other in agility of body, and, if their braying be no agreeable sound, it is far preferable to the horrible howlings of the Yahoos

Several others declared their sentiments to the same purpose, when my master proposed an expedient to the assembly, whereof he had, indeed, borrowed the hint from me. He approved of the tradition mentioned by the honourable member who spoke before, and affirmed that the two Yahoos, said to be the first seen among them, had been driven thither over the sea, that coming to land, and being forsaken by their companions, they retired to the mountains, and, degenerating by degrees, became, in process of time, much more savage than those of their own species in the country from whence these two originals came. The reason of this assertion was, that he had now in his possession a certain wonderful Yahoo (meaning myself) which most of them had heard of, and many of them had seen. He then related to them how he first found me, that my body was all covered with an artificial composure of the skins and hairs of other animals that I spoke in a language of my own, and had thoroughly learned theirs that I had related to him the accidents which brought me thither that, when he saw me without my covering, I was an exact Yahoo in every part, only of a whiter colour, less hairy, and with shorter claws. He added, how I had endeavoured to persuade him that, in my own and other countries, the Yahoos acted as the governing, rational animal, and held the Houyhnhnms in servitude that he observed in me all the qualities of a Yahoo, only a little more civilised by some tincture of reason, which, however, was in a degree as far inferior to the Houyhnhnm race, as the Yahoos of their country were to me that, among other things, I mentioned a custom we had of castrating Houyhnhnms when they were young, in order to render them tame, that the operation was easy and safe, that it was no shame to learn wisdom from brutes, as industry is taught by the ant, and building by the swallow (for so I translate the word *lyhamh*, although it be a much larger fowl) That this invention might be practised upon the younger Yahoos here, which, besides rendering them tractable, and fitter for use, would, in an age, put an end to

the whole species, without destroying life. That, in the meantime, the Houyhnhnms should be exhorted to cultivate the breed of asses, which, as they are in all respects more valuable brutes, so they have this advantage, to be fit for service at five years old, which the others are not till twelve.

This was all my master thought fit to tell me at that time of what passed in the Grand Council. But he was pleased to conceal one particular, which related personally to myself, whereof I soon felt the unhappy effect, as the reader will know in its proper place, and from whence I date all the succeeding misfortunes of my life.

The Houyhnhnms have no letters, and consequently their knowledge is all traditional. But there happening few events of any moment among a people so well united, naturally disposed to every virtue, wholly governed by reason and cut off from all commerce with other nations, the historical part is easily preserved without burthening their memories. I have already observed that they are subject to no diseases, and therefore can have no need of physicians. However, they have excellent medicines composed of herbs, to cure accidental bruises and cuts in the pastern, or frog of the foot by sharp stones, as well as other maums and hurts in the several parts of the body.

They calculate the year by the revolution of the sun and the moon, but use no subdivisions into weeks. They are well enough acquainted with the motions of those two luminaries, and understand the nature of eclipses, and this is the utmost progress of their astronomy.

In poetry, they must be allowed to excel all other mortals, wherein the justness of their similes, and the minuteness as well as exactness of their descriptions are, indeed, inimitable. Their verses abound very much in both of these, and usually contain either some exalted notions of friendship and benevolence, or the praises of those who were victors in races and other bodily exercises. Their buildings, although very rude and simple, are not inconvenient, but well contrived to defend them from all injuries of cold and heat. They have a kind of tree, which, at forty years old, loosens in the root, and falls with the first storm, it grows very straight, and being pointed like stakes, with a sharp stone (for the Houyhnhnms know not the use of iron)

they stick them erect in the ground about ten inches asunder, and then weave in oat-straw, or sometimes wattles, betwixt them. The roof is made after the same manner, and so are the doors.

The Houyhnhnms use the hollow part, between the pastern and the hoof, of their fore-feet, as we do our hands, and this with greater dexterity than I could at first imagine. I have seen a white mare of our family thread a needle (which I lent her on purpose) with that joint. They milk their cows, reap their oats, and do all the work which requires hands in the same manner. They have a kind of hard flints, which, by grinding against other stones, they form into instruments that serve instead of wedges, axes, and hammers. With tools made of these flints they likewise cut their hay, and reap their oats, which there grow naturally in several fields. The Yahoos draw home the sheaves in carriages, and the servants tread them in certain covered huts, to get out the grain, which is kept in stores. They make a rude kind of earthen and wooden vessels, and bake the former in the sun.

If they can avoid casualties, they die only of old age, and are buried in the obscurest places that can be found, their friends and relations expressing neither joy nor grief at their departure, nor does the dying person discover the least regret that he is leaving the world, any more than if he were upon returning home from a visit to one of his neighbours. I remember, my master having once made an appointment with a friend and his family to come to his house upon some affair of importance, on the day fixed the mistress, and her two children, came very late, she made two excuses, first for her husband, who, as she said, happened that very morning to *Unuwerh*. The word is strongly expressive in their language, but not easily rendered into English; it signifies, to retire to his first mother. Her excuse for not coming sooner was, that her husband dying late in the morning, she was a good while consulting her servants about a convenient place where his body should be laid, and, I observed, she behaved herself at our house as cheerfully as the rest. She died about three months after.

They live generally to seventy, or seventy-five years, very seldom to four-score. Some weeks before their death, they feel a gradual decay, but without pain. During this time, they are much visited by their friends be-

cause they cannot go abroad with their usual ease and satisfaction. However, about ten days before their death, which they seldom fail in computing, they return the visits that have been made them, by those who are nearest in the neighbourhood, being carried in a convenient sledge, drawn by Yahoos, which vehicle they use, not only upon this occasion, but when they grow old, upon long journeys, or when they are lamed by any accident. And, therefore, when the dying Houyhnhnms return those visits, they take a solemn leave of their friends, as if they were going to some remote part of the country, where they designed to pass the rest of their lives.

I know not whether it may be worth observing, that the Houyhnhnms have no word in their language to express any thing that is evil, except what they borrow from the deformities or ill qualities of the Yahoos. Thus they denote the folly of a servant, an omission of a child, a stone that cuts their feet, a continuance of foul or unseasonable weather, and the like, by adding to each the epithet of Yahoo. For instance, *Hnm Yahoo*, *Whnaholm Yahoo*, *Ynlhmndwihlma Yahoo*, and an ill contrived house, *Ynholmhmrohlrw Yahoo*.

I could with great pleasure enlarge farther upon the manners and virtues of this excellent people, but, intending in a short time to publish a volume by itself expressly upon that subject, I refer the reader thither, and, in the meantime, proceed to relate my own sad catastrophe.

CHAPTER X

I had settled my little economy to my own heart's content. My master had ordered a room to be made for me after their manner, about six yards from the house, the sides and floors of which I plastered with clay, and covered with rush-mats of my own contriving. I had beaten hemp, which there grows wild, and made of it a sort of ticking, this I filled with the feathers of several birds I had taken with springes made of Yahoo's hairs, and were excellent food. I had worked two chairs with my knife, the sorrel nag helping me in the grosser and more laborious part. When my clothes were worn to rags, I made myself others with the skins of rabbits, and of a certain beautiful animal about the same size, called *Nnuhnoh*, the skin of which is

covered with a fine down. Of these I also made very tolerable stockings. I soled my shoes with wood which I cut from a tree, and fitted to the upper leather, and, when this was worn out, I supplied it with the skins of Yahoos, dried in the sun. I often got honey out of hollow trees, which I mingled with water, or ate with my bread. No man could more verify the truth of these two maxims, that Nature is very easily satisfied, and that necessity is the mother of invention. I enjoyed perfect health of body, and tranquillity of mind, I did not feel the treachery or inconstancy of a friend, nor the injuries of a secret or open enemy. I had no occasion of bribing, flattering, or pumping, to procure the favour of any great man, or of his minion. I wanted no fence against fraud or oppression, here was neither physician to destroy my body, nor lawyer to ruin my fortune, no informer to watch my words and actions, or forge accusations against me for hire. Here were no gibbers, censurers, back-biters, pick-pockets, highwaymen, house-breakers, attorneys, bawds, buffoons, gamesters, politicians, wits, splenetics, tedious talkers, controvertists, ravishers, murderers, robbers, virtuosos, no leaders or followers of party and faction, no encouragers to vice, by seducement or examples, no dungeon, axes, gibbets, whipping-posts, or pillories, no cheating shopkeepers or mechanics, no pride, vanity, or affectation, no fops, bullies, drunkards, strolling whores, or poxes, no ranting, lewd, expensive wives, no stupid, proud pedants, no importunate, over-bearing, quarrelsome, noisy, roaring, empty, concerted, swearing companions, no scoundrels, raised from the dust, for the sake of their vices, or nobility thrown into it, on account of their virtues, no lords, fiddlers, judges, or dancing-masters.

I had the favour of being admitted to several Houyhnhnms, who came to visit or dine with my master, where his honour graciously suffered me to wait in the room, and listen to their discourse. Both he and his company would often descend to ask me questions, and receive my answers. I had also sometimes the honour of attending my master in his visits to others. I never presumed to speak, except in answer to a question, and then I did it with inward regret, because it was a loss of so much time for improving myself. But I was infinitely delighted with the station of an humble auditor in such conversations, where nothing passed but what was useful, expressed

in the fewest and most significant words, where (as I have already said) the greatest decency was observed, without the least degree of ceremony, where no person spoke, without being pleased himself, and pleasing his companions, where there was no interruption, tediousness, heat, or difference of sentiments. They have a notion that, when people are met together, a short silence doth much improve conversation: this I found to be true, for, during those little intermissions of talk, new ideas would arise in their thoughts, which very much enlivened the discourse. Their subjects are generally on friendship and benevolence, or order and economy, sometimes upon the visible operations of Nature, or ancient traditions, upon the bounds and limits of virtue, upon the unerring rules of reason, or upon some determinations, to be taken at the next great assembly, and often upon the various excellences of poetry. I may add, without vanity, that my presence often gave them sufficient matter for discourse, because it afforded my master an occasion of letting his friends into the history of me and my country, upon which they were all pleased to descant in a manner not very advantageous to human kind, and, for that reason, I shall not repeat what they said: only I may be allowed to observe, that his honour, to my great admiration, appeared to understand the nature of Yahoos much better than myself. He went through all our vices and follies, and discovered many which I had never mentioned to him, by only supposing what qualities a Yahoo of their country, with a small proportion of reason, might be capable of exerting, and concluded, with too much probability, how vile, as well as miserable, such a creature must be.

I freely confess, that all the little knowledge I have, of any value, was acquired by the lectures I received from my master and from hearing the discourses of him and his friends, to which I should be prouder to listen, than to dictate to the greatest and wisest assembly in Europe. I admired the strength, comeliness, and speed of the inhabitants, and such a constellation of virtues, in such amiable persons, produced in me the highest veneration. At first, indeed, I did not feel that natural awe which the Yahoos, and all other animals, bear towards them, but it grew upon me by degrees, much sooner than I imagined, and was mingled with a respectful love and gratitude, that they

would condescend to distinguish me from the rest of my species.

When I thought of my family, my friends, my countrymen, or human race in general, I considered them as they really were, Yahoos in shape and disposition, perhaps a little more civilized, and qualified with the gift of speech, but making no other use of reason than to improve and multiply those vices, whereof their brethren in this country had only the share that nature allotted them. When I happened to behold the reflection of my own form in a lake or a fountain, I turned away my face in horror and detestation of myself, and could better endure the sight of a common Yahoo than of my own person. By conversing with the Houyhnhnms, and looking upon them with delight, I fell to imitate their gait and gesture, which is now grown into an habit, and my friends often tell me in a blunt way, that I trot like a horse, which, however, I take for a great compliment: neither shall I disown, that, in speaking, I am apt to fall into the voice and manner of the Houyhnhnms, and hear myself ridiculed on that account, without the least mortification.

In the midst of all this happiness, and when I looked upon myself to be fully settled for life, my master sent for me one morning, a little earlier than his usual hour. I observed by his countenance that he was in some perplexity, and at a loss how to begin what he had to speak. After a short silence, he told me, he did not know how I would take what he was going to say, that in the last general assembly, when the affairs of the Yahoos was entered upon, the representatives had taken offence at his keeping a Yahoo (meaning myself) in his family, more like a Houyhnhnm than a brute animal. That he was known frequently to converse with me, as if he could receive some advantage or pleasure in my company: that such a practice was not agreeable to reason or nature, or a thing ever heard of before among them. The assembly did therefore exhort him either to employ me like the rest of my species, or command me to swim back to the place from whence I came. That the first of these expedients was utterly rejected by all the Houyhnhnms who had ever seen me at his house or their own for they alleged that, because I had some rudiments of reason, added to the natural pravity of those animals, it was to be feared I might be able to seduce them into the woody and mountain-

ous parts of the country, and bring them in troops by night to destroy the Houyhnhnms' cattle, as being naturally of the ravenous kind, and averse from labour

My master added, that he was daily pressed by the Houyhnhnms of the neighbourhood to have the assembly's exhortation executed, which he could not put off much longer. He doubted it would be impossible for me to swim to another country, and therefore wished I would contrive some sort of vehicle resembling those I had described to him, that might carry me on the sea, in which work I should have the assistance of his own servants, as well as those of his neighbours. He concluded, that, for his own part, he could have been content to keep me in his service as long as I lived, because he found I had cured myself of some bad habits and dispositions, by endeavouring, as far as my inferior nature was capable, to imitate the Houyhnhnms

I should here observe to the reader, that a decree of the general assembly, in this country, is expressed by the word *Hnhloayn*, which signifies an exhortation, as near as I can render it for they have no conception how a rational creature can be compelled, but only advised or exhorted, because no person can disobey reason, without giving up his claim to be a rational creature

I was struck with the utmost grief and despair at my master's discourse, and, being unable to support the agonies I was under, I fell into a swoon at his feet when I came to myself, he told me, that he concluded I had been dead (for these people are subject to no such imbecilities of nature). I answered in a faint voice, that death would have been too great an happiness, that although I could not blame the assembly's exhortation, or the urgency of his friends, yet, in my weak and corrupt judgment, I thought it might consist with reason, to have been less rigorous. That I could not swim a league, and, probably, the nearest land to theirs might be distant above an hundred that many materials, necessary for making a small vessel to carry me off, were wholly wanting in this country, which, however, I would attempt, in obedience and gratitude to his honour, although I concluded the thing to be impossible, and therefore looked on myself as already devoted to destruction. That the certain prospect of an unnatural death was the least of my evils for, supposing I should escape with life by some

strange adventure, how could I think with temper, of passing my days among Yahoos, and relapsing into my old corruptions, for want of examples to lead and keep me within the paths of virtue. That I knew, too well, upon what solid reasons all the determinations of the wise Houyhnhnms were founded, not to be shaken by arguments of mine, a miserable Yahoo, and therefore, after presenting him with my humble thanks for the offer of his servants' assistance in making a vessel, and desiring a reasonable time for so difficult a work, I told him I would endeavour to preserve a wretched being, and, if ever I returned to England, was not without hopes of being useful to my own species, by celebrating the praises of the renowned Houyhnhnms, and proposing their virtues to the imitation of mankind

My master, in a few words, made me a very gracious reply, allowed me the space of two months to finish my boat, and ordered the sorrel nag, my fellow-servant (for so at this distance I may presume to call him) to follow my instructions, because I told my master that his help would be sufficient, and I knew he had a tenderness for me

In his company, my first business was to go to that part of the coast where my rebellious crew had ordered me to be set on shore. I got upon a height, and, looking on every side into the sea, fancied I saw a small island, towards the north-east. I took out my pocket-glass, and could then clearly distinguish it about five leagues off, as I computed, but it appeared to the sorrel nag to be only a blue cloud for, as he had no conception of any country beside his own, so he could not be as expert in distinguishing remote objects at sea as we who so much converse in that element

After I had discovered this island, I considered no further, but resolved it should, if possible, be the first place of my banishment, leaving the consequence to fortune

I returned home, and consulting with the sorrel nag, we went into a copse at some distance, where I with my knife, and he with a sharp flint fastened very artificially, after their manner, to a wooden handle, cut down several oak wattles, about the thickness of a walking staff, and some larger pieces. But I shall not trouble the reader with a particular description of my own mechanics, let it suffice to say, that in six weeks' time, with the help of the sorrel nag, who performed the parts that required most labour, I finished a sort of

Indian canoe, but much larger, covering it with the skins of Yahoos, well stitched together with hempen threads of my own making. My sail was likewise composed of the skins of the same animal, but I made use of the youngest I could get, the older being too tough and thick, and I likewise provided myself with four paddles. I laid in a stock of bouled flesh, of rabbits and fowls, and took with me two vessels, one filled with milk, and the other with water.

I tried my canoe in a large pond, near my master's house, and then corrected in it what was amiss, stopping all the chinks with Yahoos' tallow, till I found it staunch, and able to bear me and my freight. And when it was as complete as I could possibly make it, I had it drawn on a carriage, very gently, by Yahoos, to the seaside, under the conduct of the sorrel nag and another servant.

When all was ready, and the day came for my departure, I took leave of my master and lady, and the whole family, my eyes flowing with tears, and my heart quite sunk with grief. But his honour, out of curiosity, and perhaps (if I may speak it without vanity) partly out of kindness, was determined to see me in my canoe, and got several of his neighbouring friends to accompany him. I was forced to wait above an hour for the tide, and then observing the wind very fortunately bearing towards the island to which I intended to steer my course, I took a second leave of my master, but as I was going to prostrate myself to kiss his hoof, he did me the honour to raise it gently to my mouth. I am not ignorant how much I have been censured for mentioning this last particular. For my detractors are pleased to think it improbable, that so illustrious a person should descend to give so great a mark of distinction to a creature so inferior as I. Neither have I forgot, how apt some travellers are to boast of extraordinary favours they have received. But if these censurers were better acquainted with the noble and courteous disposition of the Houyhnhnms, they would soon change their opinion.

I paid my respect to the rest of the Houyhnhnms in his honour's company, then, getting into my canoe, I pushed off from shore.

CHAPTER XI

I began this desperate voyage on February 15, 1714-15, at nine o'clock in the morning

The wind was very favourable, however, I made use, at first, only of my paddles, but considering I should soon be weary, and that the wind might probably chop about, I ventured to set up my little sail, and thus, with the help of the tide, I went at the rate of a league and a half an hour, as near as I could guess. My master and his friends continued on the shore till I was almost out of sight, and I often heard the sorrel nag (who always loved me) crying out, *Hmuy illa nyha majah Yahoo*, Take care of thyself, gentle Yahoo.

My design was, if possible, to discover some small island uninhabited, yet sufficient with my labour to furnish me with the necessaries of life, which I would have thought a greater happiness than to be first minister in the politest Court of Europe, so horrible was the idea I conceived of returning to live in the society and under the government of Yahoos. For, in such a solitude as I desired, I could, at least, enjoy my own thoughts, and reflect with delight on the virtues of those inimitable Houyhnhnms, without any opportunity of degenerating into the vices and corruptions of my own species.

The reader may remember what I related when my crew conspired against me, and confined me to my cabin. How I continued there several weeks, without knowing what course we took, and when I was put ashore in the long-boat, how the sailors told me with oaths, whether true or false, that they knew not in what part of the world we were. However, I did then believe us to be about ten degrees southward of the Cape of Good Hope, or about forty-five degrees southern latitude, as I gathered from some general words I overheard among them, being, I supposed, to the south-east in their intended voyage to Madagascar. And, although this were but little better than conjecture, yet I resolved to steer my course eastward, hoping to reach the south-west coast of New Holland, and perhaps some such island as I desired, lying westward of it. The wind was full west, and, by six in the evening I computed I had gone eastward at least eighteen leagues; when I spied a very small island about half a league off, which I soon reached. It was nothing but a rock with one creek, naturally arched by the force of tempests. Here I put in my canoe, and, climbing up a part of the rock, I could plainly discover land to the east, extending from south to north. I lay all night in my canoe; and,

repeating my voyage early in the morning, I arrived in seven hours to the south-east point of New Holland. This confirmed me in the opinion I have long entertained, that the maps and charts place this country at least three degrees more to the east than it really is, which thought I communicated, many years ago, to my worthy friend, Mr Herman Moll, and gave him my reasons for it, although he hath rather chosen to follow other authors.

I saw no inhabitants in the place where I landed, and, being unarmed, I was afraid of venturing far into the country. I found some shell-fish on the shore, and ate them raw, not daring to kindle a fire for fear of being discovered by the natives. I continued three days feeding on oysters and limpets, to save my own provisions, and I fortunately found a brook of excellent water, which gave me great relief.

On the fourth day, venturing out early a little too far, I saw twenty or thirty natives upon a height, not above five hundred yards from me. They were stark naked, men, women, and children, round a fire, as I could discover by the smoke. One of them spied me, and gave notice to the rest, five of them advanced towards me, leaving the women and children at the fire. I made what haste I could to the shore, and, getting into my canoe, shoved off. The savages, observing me retreat, ran after me, and, before I could get far enough into the sea, discharged an arrow, which wounded me deeply on the inside of my left knee (I shall carry the mark to my grave). I apprehended the arrow might be poisoned, and paddling out of the reach of their darts (being a calm day) I made a shift to suck the wound, and dress it as I could.

I was at a loss what to do, for I durst not return to the same landing-place, but stood to the north, and was forced to paddle, for the wind, though very gentle, was against me, blowing north-west. As I was looking about for a secure landing-place, I saw a sail to the north-north-east, which appearing every minute more visible, I was in some doubt whether I should wait for them or no, but, at last, my detestation of the Yahoo race prevailed, and, turning my canoe, I sailed and paddled together to the south, and got into the same creek from whence I set out in the morning, choosing rather to trust myself among these barbarians than live with European Yahoos. I drew up my canoe as close as I could to the shore, and hid myself behind a stone by the

little brook, which, as I have already said, was excellent water.

The ship came within half a league of this creek, and sent out her long-boat, with vessels to take in fresh water (for the place, it seems, was very well known) but I did not observe it, till the boat was almost on shore, and it was too late to seek another hiding-place. The seamen, at their landing, observed my canoe, and, rummaging it all over, easily conjectured that the owner could not be far off. Four of them, well armed, searched every cranny and lurking-hole, till at last they found me flat on my face behind the stone. They gazed awhile in admiration at my strange uncouth dress, my coat made of skins, my wooden-soled shoes, and my furred stockings, from whence, however, they concluded, I was not a native of the place, who all go naked. One of the seamen, in Portuguese, bid me rise, and asked who I was. I understood that language very well, and getting upon my feet, said, I was a poor Yahoo, banished from the Houyhnhnms, and desired they would please to let me depart. They admired to hear me answer them in their own tongue, and saw by my complexion I must be a European, but were at a loss to know what I meant by Yahoos, and Houyhnhnms, and at the same time fell a-laughing at my strange tone in speaking, which resembled the neighing of a horse. I trembled all the while betwixt fear and hatred. I again desired leave to depart, and was gently moving to my canoe, but they laid hold on me, desiring to know what country I was of? whence I came? with many other questions. I told them, I was born in England, from whence I came about five years ago, and then their country and ours were at peace. I therefore hoped they would not treat me as an enemy, since I meant them no harm, but was a poor Yahoo, seeking some desolate place where to pass the remainder of his unfortunate life.

When they began to talk, I thought I never heard or saw anything so unnatural, for it appeared to me as monstrous, as if a dog or a cow should speak in English, or a Yahoo in Houyhnhnm-land. The honest Portuguese were equally amazed at my strange dress, and the odd manner of delivering my words, which, however, they understood very well. They spoke to me with great humanity, and said they were sure the captain would carry me gratis to Lisbon, from whence I might return

to my own country, that two of the seamen would go back to the ship, inform the captain of what they had seen, and receive his orders, in the meantime, unless I would give my solemn oath not to fly, they would secure me by force. I thought it best to comply with their proposal. They were very curious to know my story, but I gave them very little satisfaction, and they all conjectured, that my misfortunes had impaired my reason. In two hours the boat, which went loaded with vessels of water, returned, with the captain's command, to fetch me on board. I fell on my knees to preserve my liberty, but all was in vain, and the men, having tied me with cords, heaved me into the boat, from whence I was taken into the ship, and from thence into the captain's cabin.

His name was Pedro de Mendez, he was a very courteous and generous person, he entreated me to give some account of myself, and desired to know what I would eat or drink, said I should be used as well as himself, and spoke so many obliging things, that I wondered to find such civilities from a Yahoo. However, I remained silent and sullen, I was ready to faint at the very smell of him and his men. At last I desired something to eat out of my own canoe, but he ordered me a chicken, and some excellent wine, and then directed that I should be put to bed in a very clean cabin. I would not undress myself, but lay on the bedclothes, and in half an hour stole out, when I thought the crew was at dinner, and getting to the side of the ship, was going to leap into the sea, and swim for my life, rather than continue among Yahoos. But one of the seamen prevented me, and, having informed the captain, I was chained to my cabin.

After dinner, Don Pedro came to me, and desired to know my reason for so desperate an attempt, assured me, he only meant to do me all the service he was able, and spoke so very movingly, that at last I descended to treat him like an animal which had some little portion of reason. I gave him a very short relation of my voyage; of the conspiracy against me by my own men, of the country where they set me on shore, and of my three years residence there. All which he looked upon as if it were a dream or a vision, whereat I took great offence, for I had quite forgot the faculty of lying, so peculiar to Yahoos in all countries where they preside, and consequently the disposition of suspecting truth in others of their own species. I asked him, whether it were the custom in his country to say the thing that was not? I assured him I had almost forgot what he meant by falsehood, and, if I had lived a thousand years in Houyhnhnmland, I should never have heard a lie from the meanest servant, that I was altogether indifferent whether he believed me or no, but however, in return for his favours, I would give so much allowance to the corruption of his nature, as to answer any objection he would please to make, and then he might easily discover the truth.

The captain, a wise man, after many endeavours to catch me tripping in some part of my story, at last began to have a better opinion of my veracity. But he added that, since I professed so inviolable an attachment to truth, I must give him my word and honour to bear him company in this voyage, without attempting anything against my life, or else he would continue me a prisoner till we arrived at Lisbon. I gave him the promise he required, but at the same time protested, that I would suffer the greatest hardships rather than return to live among Yahoos.

Our voyage passed without any considerable accident. In gratitude to the captain, I sometimes sat with him, at his earnest request, and strove to conceal my antipathy to human kind, although it often broke out, which he suffered to pass without observation. But, the greatest part of the day, I confined myself to my cabin, to avoid seeing any of the crew. The captain had often entreated me to strip myself of my savage dress, and offered to lend me the best suit of clothes he had. This I would not be prevailed on to accept, abhorring to cover myself with anything that had been on the back of a Yahoo. I only desired he would lend me two clean shirts, which having been washed since he wore them, I believed would not so much defile me. These I changed every second day, and washed them myself.

We arrived at Lisbon, Nov 5, 1715. At our landing the captain forced me to cover myself with his cloak, to prevent the rabble from crowding about me. I was conveyed to his own house, and, at my earnest request, he led me up to the highest room backwards. I conjured him to conceal from all persons what I had told him of the Houyhnhnms, because the least hint of such a story would not only draw numbers of people to see me, but prob-

ably put me in danger of being imprisoned, or burnt by the Inquisition. The captain persuaded me to accept a suit of clothes newly made, but I would not suffer the tailor to take my measure, however, Don Pedro being almost of my size, they fitted me well enough. He accoutred me with other necessaries, all new, which I aired for twenty-four hours, before I would use them.

The captain had no wife, nor above three servants, none of which were suffered to attend at meals, and his whole deportment was so obliging, added to a very good human understanding, that I really began to tolerate his company. He gained so far upon me, that I ventured to look out of the back window. By degrees, I was brought into another room, from whence I peeped into the street, but drew my head back in a fright. In a week's time he seduced me down to the door. I found my terror gradually lessened, but my hatred and contempt seemed to increase. I was at last bold enough to walk the street in his company, but kept my nose well stopped with rue, or sometimes with tobacco.

In ten days, Don Pedro, to whom I had given some account of my domestic affairs, put it upon me as a matter of honour and conscience, that I ought to return to my native country, and live at home with my wife and children. He told me there was an English ship in the port just ready to sail, and he would furnish me with all things necessary. It would be tedious to repeat his arguments and my contradictions. He said it was altogether impossible to find such a solitary island as I had desired to live in, but I might command in my own house, and pass my time in a manner as reclusive as I pleased.

I complied at last, finding I could not do better. I left Lisbon the 24th day of November, in an English merchantman, but who was the master I never enquired. Don Pedro accompanied me to the ship, and lent me twenty pounds. He took kind leave of me, and embraced me at parting, which I bore as well as I could. During the last voyage I had no

commerce with the master or any of his men, but, pretending I was sick, kept close in my cabin. On the 5th of December 1715 we cast anchor in the Downs about nine in the morning, and at three in the afternoon I got safe to my house at Rotherhithe.

My wife and family received me with great surprise and joy, because they concluded me certainly dead, but I must freely confess the sight of them filled me only with hatred, disgust, and contempt, and the more by reflecting on the near alliance I had to them. For, although since my unfortunate exile from the Houyhnhnm country, I had compelled myself to tolerate the sight of Yahoos, and to converse with Don Pedro de Mendez, yet my memory and imagination were perpetually filled with the virtues and ideas of those exalted Houyhnhnms. And when I began to consider that, by copulating with one of the Yahoo species, I had become a parent of more, it struck me with the utmost shame, confusion, and horror.

As soon as I entered the house, my wife took me in her arms, and kissed me, at which, having not been used to the touch of that odious animal for so many years, I fell in a swoon for almost an hour. At the time I am writing, it is five years since my last return to England. During the first year, I could not endure my wife or children in my presence, the very smell of them was intolerable, much less could I suffer them to eat in the same room. To this hour they dare not presume to touch my bread, or drink out of the same cup, neither was I ever able to let one of them take me by the hand. The first money I laid out was to buy two young stone-horses, which I kept in a good stable, and next to them the groom is my greatest favourite, for I feel my spirits revived by the smell he contracts in the stable. My horses understand me tolerably well, I converse with them at least four hours every day. They are strangers to bridle or saddle, they live in great amity with me, and friendship to each other.

RICHARD STEELE (1672-1729)

From his Irish ancestors Steele, who was born in Dublin, inherited his good fellowship and prodigal generosity. At Charterhouse School he formed a friendship with Addison to be continued at Oxford. Steele, however, left Oxford in 1694 before obtaining a degree to enlist in the army, where he finally rose to the rank of captain. Apparently he never had very arduous duties, for he frequented the coffee-houses, enjoyed the society of literary men, and wrote *The Christian Hero* and three comedies, *The Funeral*, *The Lying Lover*, and *The Tender Husband*. These works were moral in tone, praising the simple virtues and protesting against affectation. The gay life of the army, however, brought him financial difficulties, which he endeavored to relieve by marrying an heiress, Margaret Stretch. She accommodately died the following year and bequeathed him the income from an estate in the Barbados. Shortly afterward he married for love Mary Scurlock, the "Dear Prue" of his delightful letters.

After Steele withdrew from the army in 1706, he turned his attention to politics and journalism. He wrote first for the official *London Gazette*, with which he was connected until the Tonnes came into power in 1710. This experience undoubtedly suggested to him the starting of the *Tatler*, when in 1709 he found it imperative to increase by some means a never adequate income. In fact, Steele was always in debt and frequently met the claims of pressing creditors by borrowing from his friends. The success of the *Tatler* led him to bring out with Addison the *Spectator* and later the *Guardian*. In these papers he presented his political and social ideas but in addition discussed subjects of interest to every class of reader. A more definitely party paper was the *Englishman*. During these years Steele also wrote some political pamphlets criticizing the government. One of these, *The Crisis*, caused his expulsion from the House of Commons for writing seditious literature.

At the accession of George I, Steele's party was again in power. From that time until 1724 he held several official positions and was at times a member of Parliament. In 1715 he was knighted as a reward for his services to the Whigs. His most important appointment was supervisor of Drury Lane Theatre. Except for a brief period when he was opposed by the Lord Chamberlain, Steele was actively engaged in the management of this playhouse. He wrote for it *The Conscious*

Lovers, a sentimental comedy, which by its success both in England and on the continent aided greatly in the reaction against the Restoration Drama. Steele proved that a play need not be coarse or immoral to be entertaining. The noble uprightness of the hero, however, makes him somewhat of a bore.

In 1724 Steele retired from public life to devote his time to his personal affairs, for he had wasted a considerable amount of money in the Fish Pool, a plan for transporting live fish to distant markets, as well as in other doubtful undertakings. He lived during his last years, saddened by a stroke of paralysis, on his wife's estate in Wales.

Steele modeled the *Tatler* on Defoe's *Review*. He saw an opportunity to produce a paper which would appeal to more classes than the *Review* had and which would build a reading public. He discussed in the *Tatler* politics, literature, entertainments, and general social subjects. Frequently he presented this information in narrative form and created characters to expound his ideas. Although he borrowed Isaac Bickerstaff from Swift's pamphlet prophesying the death of Partridge, an astrologer, he made the character his own by endowing Isaac with a delightful sense of humor. For the feminine readers Jenny Distaff commented on domestic topics. In his critical papers Steele sought to point out the literary qualities of the works he considered rather than the ethical significance. The *Spectator* continued these discussions but was an improvement over the *Tatler* because Addison and Steele introduced more varied characters and gave the papers a closer connection with each other. Both periodicals were so popular that they greatly increased the reading public.

Steele's graceful and witty style also did much to popularize this form of writing. Gay's remarks on the *Tatler* indicate that Steele accomplished what he promised in the first number. Gay wrote " 'Tis incredible to conceive the effect his writings have had in the town, how many thousand follies they have either quite banished or given a very great check to; how much countenance they have added to virtue and religion, how many people they have rendered happy by showing them it was their own fault they were not so, and lastly, how entirely they have convinced our fops and young fellows of the value and advantages of learning."

PROSPECTUS OF THE "TATLER"

QUICQUID AGUNT HOMINES NOSTRI FARRAGO
LIBELLI

Though the other papers which are published for the use of the good people of

England have certainly very wholesome effects and are laudable in their particular kinds, they do not seem to come up to the main design of such narrations, which, I humbly presume, should be principally intended for the use of politic persons, who are so public-

spirited as to neglect their own affairs to look into transactions of state Now these gentlemen, for the most part, being persons of strong zeal and weak intellects, it is both a charitable and necessary work to offer something whereby such worthy and well-affected members of the commonwealth may be instructed, after their reading, what to think, which shall be the end and purpose of this my paper, wherein I shall from time to time report and consider all matters of what kind soever that shall occur to me, and publish such my advices and reflections every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday in the week, for the convenience of the post I resolve also to have something which may be of entertainment to the fair sex, in honour of whom I have invented the title of this paper I therefore earnestly desire all persons, without distinction, to take it in for the present gratis, and hereafter at the price of one penny, forbidding all hawkers to take more for it at their peril And I desire all persons to consider that I am at a very great charge for proper materials for this work, as well as that, before I resolved upon it, I had settled a correspondence in all parts of the known and knowing world And forasmuch as this globe is not trodden upon by mere drudges of business only, but that men of spirit and genius are justly to be esteemed as considerable agents in it, we shall not upon a dearth of news present you with musty foreign edicts, or dull proclamations, but shall divide our relation of the passages which occur in action or discourse throughout this town, as well as elsewhere, under such dates of places as may prepare you for the matter you are to expect, in the following manner

All accounts of gallantry, pleasure, and entertainment shall be under the article of White's Chocolate-house, poetry, under that of Will's Coffee-house, learning, under the title of Grecian, foreign and domestic news, you will have from Saint James's Coffee-house, and what else I have to offer on any other subject shall be dated from my own apartment

I once more desire my reader to consider that, as I cannot keep an ingenious man to go daily to Will's under twopence each day, merely for his charges, to White's under sixpence, nor to the Grecian, without allowing him some plain Spanish, to be as able as others at the learned table, and that a good observer cannot speak with even Kidney at

Saint James's without clean linen, I say, these considerations will, I hope, make all persons willing to comply with my humble request (when my gratis stock is exhausted) of a penny a piece, especially since they are sure of some proper amusement, and that it is impossible for me to want means to entertain them, having, besides the force of my own parts, the power of divination, and that I can, by casting a figure, tell you all that will happen before it comes to pass

But this last faculty I shall use very sparingly, and speak but of few things until they are passed, for fear of divulging matters which may offend our superiors

Tatler, No 1 Tuesday, April 12, 1709

THE CLUB

—*Ast alii sex
Et plures, uno conclamant ore*
JUV

The first of our society is a gentleman of Worcestershire, of ancient descent, a baronet, his name Sir Roger de Coverley His great-grandfather was inventor of that famous country-dance which is called after him All who know that shire are very well acquainted with the parts and merits of Sir Roger He is a gentleman that is very singular in his behaviour, but his singularities proceed from his good sense, and are contradictions to the manners of the world only as he thinks the world is in the wrong However, this humour creates him no enemies, for he does nothing with sourness or obstinacy, and his being unconfin'd to modes and forms, makes him but the reader and more capable to please and oblige all who know him When he is in town, he lives in Soho Square It is said he keeps himself a bachelor by reason he was crossed in love by a perverse, beautiful widow of the next county to him Before this disappointment, Sir Roger was what you call a fine gentleman, had often supped with my Lord Rochester and Sir George Etherege, fought a duel upon his first coming to town, and kicked Bully Dawson in a public coffee-house for calling him "youngster" But being ill-used by the above-mentioned widow, he was very serious for a year and a half, and though, his temper being naturally jovial, he at last got over it, he grew careless of himself, and never dressed afterward He con-

tinues to wear a coat and doublet of the same cut that were in fashion at the time of his repulse, which, in his merry humours, he tells us, has been in and out twelve times since he first wore it. 'Tis said Sir Roger grew humble in his desires after he had forgot this cruel beauty, but this is looked upon by his friends rather as matter of railery than truth. He is now in his fifty-sixth year, cheerful, gay, and hearty, keeps a good house both in town and country, a great lover of mankind, but there is such a mirthful cast in his behaviour that he is rather beloved than esteemed. His tenants grow rich, his servants look satisfied, all the young women profess love to him, and the young men are glad of his company, when he comes into a house he calls the servants by their names, and talks all the way up stairs to a visit. I must not omit that Sir Roger is a justice of the quorum, that he fills the chair at a quarter-session with great abilities, and, three months ago, gained universal applause by explaining a passage in the Game Act.

The gentleman next in esteem and authority among us is another bachelor, who is a member of the Inner Temple, a man of great probity, wit, and understanding, but he has chosen his place of residence rather to obey the direction of an old humoursome father, than in pursuit of his own inclinations. He was placed there to study the laws of the land, and is the most learned of any of the house in those of the stage. Aristotle and Longinus are much better understood by him than Littleton or Coke. The father sends up every post questions relating to marriage-articles, leases, and tenures, in the neighbourhood, all which questions he agrees with an attorney to answer and take care of in the lump. He is studying the passions themselves, when he should be inquiring into the debates among men which arise from them. He knows the argument of each of the orations of Demosthenes and Tully, but not one case in the reports of our own courts. No one ever took him for a fool, but none, except his intimate friends, know he has a great deal of wit. This turn makes him at once both disinterested and agreeable, as few of his thoughts are drawn from business, they are most of them fit for conversation. His taste of books is a little too just for the age he lives in, he has read all, but approves of very

few. His familiarity with the customs, manners, actions, and writings of the ancients makes him a very delicate observer of what occurs to him in the present world. He is an excellent critic, and the time of the play is his hour of business, exactly at five he passes through New Inn, crosses through Russell Court, and takes a turn at Will's till the play begins, he has his shoes rubbed and his perwig powdered at the barber's as you go into the Rose. It is for the good of the audience when he is at a play, for the actors have an ambition to please him.

The person of next consideration is Sir Andrew Freeport, a merchant of great eminence in the city of London, a person of indefatigable industry, strong reason, and great experience. His notions of trade are noble and generous, and (as every rich man has usually some sly way of jesting which would make no great figure were he not a rich man) he calls the sea the British Common. He is acquainted with commerce in all its parts, and will tell you that it is a stupid and barbarous way to extend dominion by arms, for true power is to be got by arts and industry. He will often argue that if this part of our trade were well cultivated, we should gain from one nation, and if another, from another. I have heard him prove that diligence makes more lasting acquisitions than valour, and that sloth has ruined more nations than the sword. He abounds in several frugal maxims, among which the greatest favourite is, "A penny saved is a penny got." A general trader of good sense is pleasanter company than a general scholar, and Sir Andrew having a natural unaffected eloquence, the perspicuity of his discourse gives the same pleasure that wit would in another man. He has made his fortunes himself, and says that England may be richer than other kingdoms by as plain methods as he himself is richer than other men, though at the same time I can say this of him, that there is not a point in the compass but blows home a ship in which he is an owner.

Next to Sir Andrew in the club-room sits Captain Sentry, a gentleman of great courage, good understanding, but invincible modesty. He is one of those that deserve very well, but are very awkward at putting their talents within the observation of such as should take notice of them. He was some years a captain, and behaved himself with great gallantry in

several engagements and at several sieges, but having a small estate of his own, and being next heir to Sir Roger, he has quitted a way of life in which no man can rise suitably to his merit who is not something of a courtier as well as a soldier. I have heard him often lament that in a profession where merit is placed in so conspicuous a view, impudence should get the better of modesty. When he has talked to this purpose I never heard him make a sour expression, but frankly confess that he left the world because he was not fit for it. A strict honesty and an even, regular behaviour are in themselves obstacles to him that must press through crowds who endeavour at the same end with himself,—the favour of a commander. He will, however, in his way of talk, excuse generals for not disposing according to men's desert, or inquiring into it. "For," says he, "that great man who has a mind to help me, has as many to break through to come at me as I have to come at him", therefore he will conclude that the man who would make a figure, especially in a military way, must get over all false modesty, and assist his patron against the opportunity of other pretenders by a proper assurance of his own vindication. He says it is a civil cowardice to be backward in asserting what you ought to expect, as it is a military fear to be slow in attacking when it is your duty. With this candour does the gentleman speak of himself and others. The same frankness runs through all his conversation. The military part of his life has furnished him with many adventures, in the relation of which he is very agreeable to the company; for he is never overbearing, though accustomed to command men in the utmost degree below him, nor ever too obsequious from an habit of obeying men highly above him.

But that our society may not appear a set of humourists unacquainted with the gallantries and pleasures of the age, we have among us the gallant Will Honeycomb, a gentleman who, according to his years, should be in the decline of his life, but having ever been very careful of his person, and always had a very easy fortune, time has made but very little impression either by wrinkles on his forehead or traces in his brain. His person is well turned, of a good height. He is very ready at that sort of discourse with which men usually entertain women. He has all his

life dressed very well, and remembers habits as others do men. He can smile when one speaks to him, and laughs easily. He knows the history of every mode, and can inform you from which of the French king's wenches our wives and daughters had this manner of curling their hair, that way of placing their hoods, whose frailty was covered by such a sort of petticoat, and whose vanity to show her foot made that part of the dress so short in such a year. In a word, all his conversation and knowledge has been in the female world. As other men of his age will take notice to you what such a minister said upon such and such an occasion, he will tell you when the Duke of Monmouth danced at court, such a woman was then smitten, another was taken with him at the head of his troop in the Park. In all these important relations, he has ever about the same time received a kind glance or a blow of a fan from some celebrated beauty, mother of the present Lord Such-a-one. If you speak of a young commoner that said a lively thing in the House, he starts up "He has good blood in his veins, Tom Mirabell begot him, the rogue cheated me in that affair, that young fellow's mother used me more like a dog than any woman I ever made advances to." This way of talking of his very much enlivens the conversation among us of a more sedate turn, and I find there is not one of the company but myself, who rarely speak at all, but speaks of him as of that sort of man who is usually called a well-bred, fine gentleman. To conclude his character, where women are not concerned, he is an honest, worthy man.

I cannot tell whether I am to account him whom I am next to speak of as one of our company, for he visits us but seldom, but when he does, it adds to every man else a new enjoyment of himself. He is a clergyman, a very philosophic man, of general learning, great sanctity of life, and the most exact good breeding. He has the misfortune to be of a very weak constitution, and consequently cannot accept of such cares and business as preferments in his function would oblige him to, he is therefore among divines what a chamber-counsellor is among lawyers. The probity of his mind and the integrity of his life create him followers, as being eloquent or loud advances others. He seldom introduces the subject he speaks upon, but

we are so far gone in years that he observes, when he is among us, an earnestness to have him fall on some divine topic, which he always treats with much authority, as one who has no interest in this world, as one who is hastening to the object of all his wishes and conceives hope from his decays and infirmities. These are my ordinary companions

Spectator, No 2 Friday, March 2, 1711

SIR ROGER AND THE WIDOW

—*Hærent infixi pectore vultus*
VIRG

In my first description of the company in which I pass most of my time, it may be remembered, that I mentioned a great affliction which my friend Sir Roger had met with in his youth, which was no less than a disappointment in love. It happened this evening, that we fell into a very pleasing walk at a distance from his house. As soon as we came into it, "It is," quoth the good old man, looking round him with a smile, "very hard, that any part of my land should be settled upon one who has used me so ill as the perverse widow did, and yet I am sure I could not see a sprig of any bough of this whole walk of trees, but I should reflect upon her and her severity. She has certainly the finest hand of any woman in the world. You are to know, this was the place wherein I used to muse upon her, and by that custom I can never come into it, but the same tender sentiments revive in my mind, as if I had actually walked with that beautiful creature under these shades. I have been fool enough to carve her name on the bark of several of these trees, so unhappy is the condition of men in love, to attempt the removing of their passion by the methods which serve only to imprint it deeper. She has certainly the finest hand of any woman in the world."

Here followed a profound silence; and I was not displeased to observe my friend falling so naturally into a discourse, which I had ever before taken notice he industriously avoided.—After a very long pause, he entered upon an account of this great circumstance in his life, with an air which I thought raised my idea of him above what I had ever had before: and gave me the picture of that cheerful mind of his, before it received

that stroke which has ever since affected his words and actions. But he went on as follows

"I came to my estate in my twenty-second year, and resolved to follow the steps of the most worthy of my ancestors who have inhabited this spot of earth before me, in all the methods of hospitality and good neighbourhood, for the sake of my fame, and in country sports and recreations, for the sake of my health. In my twenty-third year I was obliged to serve as sheriff of the county, and in my servants, officers, and whole equipage, indulged the pleasure of a young man (who did not think ill of his own person) in taking that public occasion of showing my figure and behavior to advantage. You may easily imagine to yourself what appearance I made, who am pretty tall, rid well, and was very well dressed, at the head of a whole county, with music before me, a feather in my hat, and my horse well bitted. I can assure you, I was not a little pleased with the kind looks and glances I had from all the balconies and windows as I rode to the hall where the assizes were held. But when I came there, a beautiful creature, in a widow's habit, sat in court to hear the event of a cause concerning her dower. This commanding creature (who was born for the destruction of all who behold her) put on such a resignation in her countenance, and bore the whispers of all around the court with such a pretty uneasiness, I warrant you, and then recovered herself from one eye to another, until she was perfectly confused by meeting something so wistful in all she encountered, that at last, with a murrain to her, she cast her bewitching eye upon me. I no sooner met it but I bowed like a great surprised booby, and knowing her cause was to be the first which came on, I cried, like a great captivated calf as I was, 'Make way for the defendant's witnesses.' This sudden partiality made all the county immediately see the sheriff also was become a slave to the fine widow. During the time her cause was upon trial, she behaved herself, I warrant you, with such a deep attention to her business, took opportunities to have little billets handed to her counsel, then would be in such a pretty confusion, occasioned, you must know, by acting before so much company, that not only I but the whole court was prejudiced in her favor, and all

that the next heir to her husband had to urge, was thought so groundless and frivolous, that when it came to her counsel to reply, there was not half so much said as every one besides in the court thought he could have urged to her advantage. You must understand, sir, this perverse woman is one of those unaccountable creatures that secretly rejoice in the admiration of men, but indulge themselves in no farther consequences. Hence it is that she has ever had a train of admirers, and she removes from her slaves in town to those in the country, according to the seasons of the year. She is a reading lady, and far gone in the pleasures of friendship. She is always accompanied by a confidant, who is witness to her daily protestations against our sex, and consequently a bar to her first steps towards love, upon the strength of her own maxims and declarations.

"However, I must needs say, this accomplished mistress of mine has distinguished me above the rest, and has been known to declare Sir Roger de Coverley was the tamest and most humane of all the brutes in the country. I was told she said so by one who thought he rallied me, but upon the strength of this slender encouragement of being thought least detestable, I made new liveries, new-paired my coach-horses, sent them all to town to be bitted, and taught to throw their legs well, and move altogether, before I pretended to cross the country, and wait upon her. As soon as I thought my retinue suitable to the character of my fortune and youth, I set out from hence to make my addresses. The particular skill of this lady has ever been to inflame your wishes, and yet command respect. To make her mistress of this art, she has a greater share of knowledge, wit, and good sense, than is usual even among men of merit. Then she is beautiful beyond the race of women. If you will not let her go on with a certain artifice with her eyes, and the skill of beauty, she will arm herself with her real charms, and strike you with admiration instead of desire. It is certain that if you were to behold the whole woman, there is that dignity in her aspect, that composure in her motion, that complacency in her manner, that if her form makes you hope, her merit makes you fear. But then again, she is such a desperate scholar, that no country gentleman can approach her without being a jest. As I was

going to tell you, when I came to her house, I was admitted to her presence with great civility, at the same time she placed herself to be first seen by me in such an attitude, as I think you call the posture of a picture, that she discovered new charms, and I at last came towards her with such an awe as made me speechless. This she no sooner observed but she made her advantage of it, and began a discourse to me concerning love and honour, as they both are followed by pretenders, and the real votaries to them. When she discussed these points in a discourse, which I verily believe was as learned as the best philosopher in Europe could possibly make, she asked me whether she was so happy as to fall in with my sentiments on these important particulars. Her confidant sat by her, and upon my being in the last confusion and silence, this malicious aid of hers turning to her, says, 'I am very glad to observe Sir Roger pauses upon this subject, and seems resolved to deliver all his sentiments upon the matter when he pleases to speak.' They both kept their countenances, and after I had sat half an hour meditating how to behave before such profound casuists, I rose up and took my leave. Chance has since that time thrown me very often in her way, and she as often directed a discourse to me which I do not understand. This barbarity has kept me ever at a distance from the most beautiful object my eyes ever beheld. It is thus also she deals with all mankind, and you must make love to her, as you would conquer the sphinx, by posing her. But were she like other women, and that there were any talking to her, how constant must the pleasure of that man be, who could converse with a creature—But, after all, you may be sure her heart is fixed on some one or other, and yet I have been credibly informed—but who can believe half that is said! After she had done speaking to me, she put hand to her bosom, and adjusted her tucker. Then she cast her eyes a little down, upon my beholding her too earnestly. They say she sings excellently: her voice in her ordinary speech has something in it inexpressibly sweet. You must know I dined with her at a public table the day after I first saw her, and she helped me to some tansy in the eye of all the gentlemen in the country. She has certainly the finest hand of any woman in the world. I can assure you,

sir, were you to behold her, you would be in the same condition, for as her speech is music, her form is angelic But I find I grow irregular while I am talking of her, but indeed it would be stupidity to be unconcerned at such perfection Oh, the excellent creature! she is as inimitable to all women, as she is inaccessible to all men "

I found my friend begin to rave, and insensibly led him towards the house, that we might be joined by some other company, and am convinced that the widow is the secret cause of all that inconsistency which appears in some parts of my friend's discourse, though he has so much command of himself as not directly to mention her, yet according to that of Martial, which one knows not how to render in English, *Dum tacet hanc loquitur* I shall end this paper with that whole epigram, which represents with much humour my honest friend's condition

Quicquid agit Rufus, nihil est, nisi Nævia Rufo,
Si gaudet, si flet, si tacet, hanc loquitur
Cœnat, propinat, poscit, negat, annuit, una est
Nævia, si non sit Nævia, mutus erit
Scriberet hesternâ patri cùm luce salutem,
Nævia lux, inquit, Nævia numen, ave

Epig 69 1 1

"Let Rufus weep, rejoice, stand, sit, or walk,
Still he can nothing but of Nævia talk,
Let him eat, drink, ask questions, or dispute,
Still he must speak of Nævia, or be mute
He writ to his father, ending with this line,
I am, my lovely Nævia, ever thine "

Spectator, No 113 Tuesday, July 10, 1711

A VOYAGE IN LONDON

*Sine me, vacuum tempus ne quod dem mihi
Laboris*

TER Heau

It is an inexpressible pleasure to know a little of the world, and to be of no character or significance in it

To be ever unconcerned, and ever looking on new objects with an endless curiosity, is a delight known only to those who are turned for speculation nay, they who enjoy it must value things only as they are the objects of speculation, without drawing any worldly advantage to themselves from them, but just as they are what contribute to their amusement, or the improvement of the mind I lay one night last week at Richmond, and being restless, not out of dissatisfaction, but a

certain busy inclination one sometimes has, I rose at four in the morning, and took boat for London, with a resolution to rove by boat and coach for the next four-and-twenty hours, till the many different objects I must needs meet with should tire my imagination, and give me an inclination to a repose more profound than I was at that time capable of I beg people's pardon for an odd humour I am guilty of, and was often that day, which is saluting any person whom I like, whether I know him or not This is a particularity would be tolerated in me, if they considered that the greatest pleasure I know I receive at my eyes, and that I am obliged to an agreeable person for coming abroad into my view, as another is for a visit of conversation at their own houses

The hours of the day and night are taken up in the cities of London and Westminster by people as different from each other as those who are born in different centuries Men of six o'clock give way to those of nine, they of nine to the generation of twelve, and they of twelve disappear, and make room for the fashionable world, who have made two o'clock the noon of the day

When we first put off from shore, we soon fell in with a fleet of gardeners, bound for the several market ports of London, and it was the most pleasing scene imaginable to see the cheerfulness with which those industrious people plied their way to a certain sale of their goods The banks on each side are as well peopled, and beautified with as agreeable plantations, as any spot on the earth, but the Thames itself, loaded with the product of each shore, added very much to the landscape It was very easy to observe by their sailing and the countenances of the ruddy virgins who were supercargoes, the parts of the town to which they were bound There was an air in the purveyors for Covent Garden, who frequently converse with morning rakes, very unlike the seeming sobriety of those bound for Stocks Market

Nothing remarkable happened in our voyage, but I landed with ten sail of apricot-boats, at Strand Bridge, after having put in at Nine Elms, and taken in melons, consigned by Mr Cuffe, of that place, to Sarah Sewell and Company, at their stall in Covent Garden We arrived at Strand Bridge at six of the clock, and were unloading, when the hackney-coachmen of the foregoing night took their

leave of each other at the Darkhouse, to go to bed before the day was too far spent. Chimney-sweepers passed by us as we made up to the market, and some raillery happened between one of the fruit-wench^{es} and those black men about the Devil and Eve, with allusion to their several professions. I could not believe any place more entertaining than Covent Garden, where I strolled from one fruit-shop to another, with crowds of agreeable young women around me, who were purchasing fruit for their respective families. It was almost eight of the clock before I could leave that variety of objects. I took coach and followed a young lady, who tripped into another just before me, attended by her maid. I saw immediately she was of the family of the Vainloves. There are a set of these, who, of all things, affect the play of blindman's-buff, and leading men into love for they know not whom, who are fled they know not where. This sort of woman is usually a jaunty slattern, she hangs on her clothes, plays her head, varies her posture, and changes place incessantly, and all with an appearance of striving at the same time to hide herself, and yet give you to understand she is in humour to laugh at you. You must have often seen the coachmen make signs with their fingers, as they drive by each other, to intimate how much they have got that day. They can carry on that language to give intelligence where they are driving. In an instant my coachman took the wink to pursue, and the lady's driver gave the hint that he was going through Longacre toward St James's, while he whipped up James Street, we drove for King Street, to save the pass at St Martin's Lane. The coachmen took care to meet, jostle, and threaten each other for way, and be entangled at the end of Newport Street and Longacre. The fright, you must believe, brought down the lady's coach-door, and obliged her, with her mask off, to inquire into the bustle,—when she sees the man she would avoid. The tackle of the coach-window is so bad she cannot draw it up again, and she drives on, sometimes wholly discovered, and sometimes half escaped, according to the accident of carriages in her way. One of these ladies keeps her seat in a hackney-coach as well as the best rider does on a managed horse. The laced shoe on her left foot, with a careless gesture, just appearing on the opposite cushion,

held her both firm and in a proper attitude to receive the next jolt.

As she was an excellent coach-woman, many were the glances at each other which we had for an hour and a half, in all parts of the town, by the skill of our drivers, till at last my lady was conveniently lost, with notice from her coachman to ours to make off, and he should hear where she went. This chase was now at an end, and the fellow who drove her came to us, and discovered that he was ordered to come again in an hour, for that she was a silk-worm. I was surprised with this phrase, but found it was a cant among the hackney fraternity for their best customers, women who ramble twice or thrice a week from shop to shop, to turn over all the goods in town without buying anything. The silk-worms are, it seems, indulged by the tradesmen, for, though they never buy, they are ever talking of new silks, laces, and ribbons, and serve the owners in getting them customers, as their common dunners do in making them pay.

The day of people of fashion began now to break, and carts and hacks were mingled with equipages of show and vanity, when I resolved to walk it, out of cheapness, but my unhappy curiosity is such, that I find it always my interest to take a coach, for some odd adventure among beggars, ballad-singers, or the like, detains and throws me into expense. It happened so immediately, for at the corner of Warwick Street, as I was listening to a new ballad, a ragged rascal, a beggar who knew me, came up to me, and began to turn the eyes of the good company upon me, by telling me he was extreme poor, and should die in the street for want of drink, except I immediately would have the charity to give him sixpence to go into the next ale-house and save his life. He urged with a melancholy face, that all his family had died of thirst. All the mob have humour, and two or three began to take the jest, by which Mr Sturdy carried his point, and let me sneak off to a coach. As I drove along, it was a pleasing reflection to see the world so prettily checkered since I left Richmond, and the scene still filling with children of a new hour. This satisfaction increased as I moved towards the city, and gay signs, well-disposed streets, magnificent public structures, and wealthy shops adorned with contented faces, made the joy still rising till we came

into the centre of the city, and centre of the world of trade, the Exchange of London. As other men in the crowds about me were pleased with their hopes and bargains, I found my account in observing them, in attention to their several interests. I, indeed, looked upon myself as the richest man that walked the Exchange that day, for my benevolence made me share the gains of every bargain that was made. It was not the least of my satisfaction in my survey, to go up stairs and pass the shops of agreeable females, to observe so many pretty hands busy in the folding of ribbons, and the utmost eagerness of agreeable faces in the sale of patches, pins, and wires, on each side of the counters, was an amusement in which I could longer have indulged myself, had not the dear creatures called to me, to ask what I wanted, when I could not answer, "Only to look at you." I went to one of the windows which opened to the area below, where all the several voices lost their distinction, and rose up in a confused humming, which created in me a reflection that could not come into the mind of any but of one a little too studious, for I said to myself with a kind of pun in thought, "What nonsense is all the hurry of this world to those who are above it?" In these, or not much wiser thoughts, I had like to have lost my place at the chop-house, where every man, according to the natural bashfulness or sullenness of our nation, eats in a public room a mess of broth, or chop of meat, in dumb silence, as if they had no pretence to speak to each other on the foot of being men, except they were of each other's acquaintance.

I went afterward to Robin's, and saw people who had dined with me at the five-penny ordinary just before, give bills for the value of large estates, and could not but behold with great pleasure property lodged in and transferred in a moment from such as would never be masters of half as much as is seemingly in them, and given from them, every day they live. But before five in the afternoon I left the city, came to my common scene of Covent Garden, and passed the evening at Will's in attending the discourses of several sets of people, who relieved each other within my hearing on the subjects of cards, dice, love, learning, and politics. The last subject kept me till I heard the streets in the possession of the bellman, who had

now the world to himself, and cried, "Past two o'clock." This roused me from my seat, and I went to my lodgings, led by a light, whom I put into the discourse of his private economy, and made him give me an account of the charge, hazard, profit, and loss of a family that depended upon a link, with a design to end my trivial day with the generosity of sixpence, instead of a third part of that sum. When I came to my chambers, I writ down these minutes, but was at a loss what instruction I should propose to my reader from the enumeration of so many insignificant matters and occurrences, and I thought it of great use, if they could learn with me to keep their minds open to gratification, and ready to receive it from anything it meets with. This one circumstance will make every face you see give you the satisfaction you now take in beholding that of a friend, will make every object a pleasing one, will make all the good which arrives to any man an increase of happiness to yourself.

Spectator, No 454 Monday, August 11, 1712

ALEXANDER SELKIRK

Talia monstrabat relegens errata retrorsum
VIRG

Under the title of this paper, I do not think it foreign to my design to speak of a man born in Her Majesty's dominions, and relate an adventure in his life so uncommon that it's doubtful whether the like has happened to any other of human race. The person I speak of is Alexander Selkirk, whose name is familiar to men of curiosity, from the fame of his having lived four years and four months alone in the Island of Juan Fernandez. I had the pleasure frequently to converse with the man soon after his arrival in England, in the year 1711. It was matter of great curiosity to hear him, as he is a man of good sense, give an account of the different revolutions in his own mind in that long solitude. When we consider how painful absence from company, for the space of but one evening, is to the generality of mankind, we may have a sense how painful this necessary and constant solitude was to a man bred a sailor, and ever accustomed to enjoy and suffer, eat, drink, and sleep, and perform all offices of life in fellowship

and company He was put ashore from a leaky vessel, with the captain of which he had had an irreconcilable difference, and he chose rather to take his fate in this place than in a crazy vessel, under a disagreeable commander His portion were a sea-chest, his wearing clothes and bedding, a fire-lock, a pound of gunpowder, a large quantity of bullets, a flint and steel, a few pounds of tobacco, an hatchet, a knife, a kettle, a Bible and other books of devotion, together with pieces that concerned navigation and his mathematical instruments Resentment against his officer, who had ill used him, made him look forward on this change of life as the more eligible one till the instant in which he saw the vessel put off, at that moment his heart yearned within him, and melted at the parting with his comrades and all human society at once He had in provisions for the sustenance of life but the quantity of two meals, the island abounding only with wild goats, cats, and rats He judged it most probable that he should find more immediate and easy relief by finding shell-fish on the shore than seeking game with his gun He accordingly found great quantities of turtles, whose flesh is extremely delicious, and of which he frequently ate very plentifully on his first arrival, till it grew disagreeable to his stomach, except in jellies The necessities of hunger and thirst were his greatest diversions from the reflection on his lonely condition When those appetites were satisfied, the desire of society was as strong a call upon him, and he appeared to himself least necessitous when he wanted everything, for the supports of his body were easily attained, but the eager longings for seeing again the face of man, during the interval of craving bodily appetites, were hardly supportable He grew dejected, languid, and melancholy, scarce able to refrain from doing himself violence, till by degrees, by the force of reason, and frequent reading of the Scriptures, and turning his thoughts upon the study of navigation, after the space of eighteen months, he grew thoroughly reconciled to his condition When he had made this conquest, the vigour of his health, disengagement from the world, a constant, cheerful, serene sky, and a temperate air, made his life one continual feast, and his being much more joyful than it had before been irksome He, now taking delight in everything, made the hut in which he lay,

by ornaments, which he cut down from a spacious wood, on the side of which it was situated, the most delicious bower, fanned with continual breezes and gentle aspirations of wind, that made his repose after the chase equal to the most sensual pleasures

I forget to observe that, during the time of his dissatisfaction, monsters of the deep, which frequently lay on the shore, added to the terrors of his solitude, the dreadful howlings and voices seemed too terrible to be made for human ears but upon the recovery of his temper, he could with pleasure not only hear their voices but approach the monsters themselves with great intrepidity He speaks of sea-lions whose jaws and tails were capable of seizing or breaking the limbs of a man, if he approached them But at that time his spirits and life were so high that he could act so regularly and unconcerned that, merely from being unruffled in himself, he killed them with the greatest ease imaginable, for, observing that though their jaws and tails were so terrible, yet the animals being mighty slow in working themselves round, he had nothing to do but place himself exactly opposite to their middle, and as close to them as possible, and he dispatched them with his hatchet at will

The precaution which he took against want, in case of sickness, was to lame kids when very young, so as that they might recover their health but never be capable of speed These he had in great numbers about his hut, and when he was himself in full vigour, he could take at full speed the swiftest goat running up a promontory, and never failed of catching them but on a descent

His habitation was extremely pestered with rats, which gnawed his clothes and feet when sleeping To defend himself against them, he fed and tamed numbers of young kitlings, who lay about his bed, and preserved him from the enemy When his clothes were quite worn out, he dried and tacked together the skins of goats, with which he clothed himself, and was inured to pass through woods, bushes, and brambles, with as much carelessness and precipitance as any other animal It happened once to him that, running on the summit of a hill, he made a stretch to seize a goat, with which under him he fell down a precipice, and lay senseless for the space of three days, the length of which time he measured by the moon's growth since his

last observation This manner of life grew so exquisitely pleasant that he never had a moment heavy upon his hands, his nights were untroubled and his days joyous, from the practice of temperance and exercise It was his manner to use stated hours and places for exercises of devotion, which he performed aloud, in order to keep up the faculties of speech and to utter himself with greater energy

When I first saw him, I thought, if I had not been let into his character and story, I should have discerned that he had been much separated from company, from his aspect and gesture, there was a strong but cheerful seriousness in his look, and a certain disregard to the ordinary things about him, as if he had been sunk in thought When the ship which brought him off the island came in, he received them with the greatest indifference, with relation to the prospect of going off with them, but with great satisfaction in an opportunity to refresh and

help them, the man frequently bewailed his return to the world, which could not, he said, with all its enjoyments, restore him to the tranquillity of his solitude Though I had frequently conversed with him, after a few months' absence, he met me in the street, and though he spoke to me, I could not recollect that I had seen him familiar converse in this town had taken off the loneliness of his aspect, and quite altered the air of his face

This plain man's story is a memorable example that he is happiest who confines his wants to natural necessities, and he that goes further in his desires increases his wants in proportion to his acquisitions, or to use his own expression, "I am now worth eight hundred pounds, but shall never be so happy as when I was not worth a farthing"

Englishman, No 26 Saturday, November 28 to Tuesday, December 1, 1713

JOSEPH ADDISON

(1672-1719)

As the son of a prominent Wiltshire clergyman with some literary ability, Addison was brought up in a scholarly atmosphere. Having a studious temperament he read the major classics and wrote Latin verse. His scholastic attainments at Oxford, where he entered Queen's College in 1687, gained him a demyship and later a fellowship at Magdalen. He was about to become a clergyman when Charles Montagu decided that this Oxford scholar had qualities which could be put to the service of the government. Therefore, Montagu obtained for him a pension of £300, permitting him to travel and to study statesmanship. After four years of travel, principally in France and Italy, which he loved as classic ground, Addison returned just in time to gain recognition by his poem, *The Campaign*, celebrating the victory of Marlborough at Blenheim. He was appointed Commissioner of Appeal in the Excise and in 1706 became an under-secretary of state. Later he was Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, where he met Swift and Budgell, the contributors of some of the papers in the *Spectator*. He was also a member of the House of Commons for eleven years, retaining his seat even when his party was defeated. In 1717 he was appointed Secretary of State but resigned the next year because of ill-health.

His first venture in journalism was the *Whig Examiner*, which ran for only five numbers. He soon recognized that Steele, who had been an intimate friend since his school days at Charterhouse School, was the author of the *Tatler* and offered to aid him with this paper. Forty-two of the *Tatler* papers came from Addison's pen. Together these journalists founded the *Spectator*, a paper to establish a rational standard of conduct in morals, manners, art, and literature. Of the 555 papers Addison wrote 247. The *Spectator* became popular immediately with a circulation of 10,000 copies. Accounts of the interesting personalities of the various members of the club and of their experiences were interspersed among the critical essays and the discussions of current events. The *Spectator* prepared the way for modern fiction by presenting Sir Roger de Coverley, Will Honeycomb, Sir Andrew Freeport, Cap-

tain Sentry, and the Spectator himself. This paper gave advice on reading, dress, amusement, and life in general. It recommended by allegories and references to classical literature a sane philosophy of life. Addison endeavored to educate the commercial class, rapidly acquiring an important position, and to correct the views of the idle and dissipated nobility. His satire was never so harsh as Swift's, for he looked upon the vices of mankind as foolish errors and appreciated the good qualities. His last paper was the *Freeholder*, written in 1715 to support the new king, George I, and to urge the English nation to be loyal to him.

With the exception of a few hymns Addison's poetry is written in the conventional eighteenth century manner. *The Letter from Italy* contains some effective lines but shows little true feeling for nature. *Cato*, a classical drama, is more declamatory than dramatic. His natural tendency to restrained and careful composition made his poetry coldly precise.

In an age noted for its literary quarrels and political dissensions Addison was universally admired and respected. Only Pope reflected upon his integrity by the description of Atticus in the *Epistle to Dr Arbuthnot*. This satirical portrait was due to Pope's personal vexation because Addison preferred Tickell's translation of the *Iliad* to his own. When Addison became a member of the government, the friendship between him and Steele seems to have been less cordial. They held different opinions on public questions and frequented different society, for Addison had married the Countess of Warwick. After Addison's death, however, Steele referred in admiring words to his friend Addison's general popularity was indicated by Swift in the *Journal to Stella*, "I believe if he had a mind to be chosen king he would hardly be refused."

Addison's chief service to English literature was the creation of a reading public. The *Spectator* became an indispensable item in the day's program for every one desiring to be well-informed. Queen Anne enjoyed its genial humor as well as the wits of the coffee-houses.

TRUE HUMOUR

Rasus inepto res ineptior nulla est—MART

Among all kinds of writing, there is none in which authors are more apt to miscarry than in works of humour, as there is none in which they are more ambitious to excel. It is not an imagination that teems with monsters, an

head that is filled with extravagant conceptions, which is capable of furnishing the world with diversions of this nature, and yet if we look into the productions of several writers, who set up for men of humour, what wild irregular fancies, what unnatural distortions of thought, do we meet with? If they speak nonsense, they believe they are

talking humour, and when they have drawn together a scheme of absurd inconsistent ideas, they are not able to read it over to themselves without laughing. These poor gentlemen endeavour to gain themselves the reputation of wits and humourists, by such monstrous conceits as almost qualify them for Bedlam, not considering that humour should always lie under the cheek of reason, and that it requires the direction of the nicest judgment, by so much the more as it indulges itself in the most boundless freedoms. There is a kind of nature that is to be observed in this sort of compositions, as well as in all other, and a certain regularity of thought which must discover the writer to be a man of sense, at the same time that he appears altogether given up to caprice. For my part, when I read the delirious mirth of an unskilful author, I cannot be so barbarous as to divert myself with it, but am rather apt to pity the man, than to laugh at anything he writes.

The deceased Mr Shadwell, who had himself a great deal of the talent which I am treating of, represents an empty rake, in one of his plays, as very much surprised to hear one say that breaking of windows was not humour, and I question not but several English readers will be as much startled to hear me affirm, that many of those raving incoherent pieces, which are often spread among us, under old chimerical titles, are rather the offsprings of a distempered brain, than works of humour.

It is indeed much easier to describe what is not humour, than what is, and very difficult to define it otherwise than as Cowley has done wit, by negatives. Were I to give my own notions of it, I would deliver them after Plato's manner, in a kind of allegory, and by supposing Humour to be a person, deduce to him all his qualifications, according to the following genealogy. Truth was the founder of the family, and the father of Good Sense. Good Sense was the father of Wit, who married a lady of a collateral line called Mirth, by whom he had issue Humour. Humour therefore being the youngest of this illustrious family, and descended from parents of such different dispositions, is very various and unequal in his temper, sometimes you see him putting on grave looks and a solemn habit, sometimes airy in his behaviour, and fantastic in his dress.

insomuch that at different times he appears as serious as a judge, and as jocular as a Merry-Andrew. But as he has a great deal of the mother in his constitution, whatever mood he is in, he never fails to make his company laugh.

But since there is an impostor abroad, who takes upon him the name of this young gentleman, and would willingly pass for him in the world, to the end that well-meaning persons may not be imposed upon by cheats, I would desire my readers, when they meet with this pretender, to look into his parentage, and to examine him strictly, whether or no he be remotely allied to Truth, and lineally descended from Good Sense, if not, they may conclude him a counterfeit. They may likewise distinguish him by a loud and excessive laughter, in which he seldom gets his company to join with him. For as True Humour generally looks serious, while everybody laughs about him, False Humour is always laughing, whilst everybody about him looks serious. I shall only add, if he has not in him a mixture of both parents, that is, if he would pass for the offspring of Wit without Mirth, or Mirth without Wit, you may conclude him to be altogether spurious, and a cheat.

The impostor of whom I am speaking, descends originally from Falsehood, who was the mother of Nonsense, who was brought to bed of a son called Frenzy, who married one of the daughters of Folly, commonly known by the name of Laughter, on whom he begot that monstrous infant of which I have been here speaking. I shall set down at length the genealogical table of False Humour, and, at the same time, place under it the genealogy of True Humour, that the reader may at one view behold their different pedigrees and relations.

Falsehood
Nonsense
Frenzy ——— Laughter.
False Humour

Truth
Good Sense
Wit ——— Mirth
Humour

I might extend the allegory, by mentioning several of the children of False Humour, who

are more in number than the sands of the sea, and might in particular enumerate the many sons and daughters which he has begot in this island. But as this would be a very invidious task, I shall only observe in general, that False Humour differs from the True, as a monkey does from a man.

First of all, he is exceedingly given to little apish tricks and buffooneries.

Secondly, he so much delights in mimicry, that it is all one to him whether he exposes by it vice and folly, luxury and avarice, or, on the contrary, virtue and wisdom, pain and poverty.

Thirdly, he is wonderfully unlucky, inso-much that he will bite the hand that feeds him, and endeavour to ridicule both friends and foes indifferently. For having but small talents, he must be merry where he can, not where he should.

Fourthly, being entirely void of reason, he pursues no point either of morality or instruction, but is ludicrous only for the sake of being so.

Fifthly, being incapable of anything but mock representations, his ridicule is always personal, and aimed at the vicious man, or the writer, not at the vice or at the writing.

I have here only pointed at the whole species of false humourists, but, as one of my principal designs in this paper is to beat down that malignant spirit, which discovers itself in the writings of the present age, I shall not scruple, for the future, to single out any of the small wits, that infest the world with such compositions as are ill-natured, immoral and absurd. This is the only exception which I shall make to the general rule I have prescribed myself, of attacking multitudes since every honest man ought to look upon himself as in a natural state of war with the libeller and lampooner, and to annoy them wherever they fall in his way. This is but retaliating upon them, and treating them as they treat others.

Spectator, No 35 Tuesday, April 10, 1711

THE ROYAL EXCHANGE

*Hic segetes, illic veniunt felicius uva,
Arbores fatiis alibi, atque in iussa virescunt
Gramina. Nonne vides, croceos ut Tmolus odores,
Inda mitti ebur, molles sua thura Sabae?
At Chalibes nudi ferrum, virosaque Pontus
Castorea, Ebladum palmas Epirus equarum?
Contusio has leges aeternaque fœdera ceris
Imposuit natura locis.*

VIRG

There is no place in the town which I so much love to frequent as the Royal Exchange. It gives me a secret satisfaction, and, in some measure, gratifies my vanity, as I am an Englishman, to see so rich an assembly of countrymen and foreigners consulting together upon the private business of mankind, and making this metropolis a kind of emporium for the whole earth. I must confess I look upon High Change to be a great council, in which all considerable nations have their representatives. Factors in the trading world are what ambassadors are in the politic world, they negotiate affairs, conclude treaties, and maintain a good correspondence between those wealthy societies of men that are divided from one another by seas and oceans, or live on the different extremities of a continent. I have often been pleased to hear disputes adjusted between an inhabitant of Japan and an alderman of London, or to see a subject of the great Mogul entering into a league with one of the Czar of Muscovy. I am infinitely delighted in mixing with these several ministers of commerce, as they are distinguished by their different walks and different languages, sometimes I am jostled among a body of Armenians, sometimes I am lost in a crowd of Jews, and sometimes make one in a group of Dutchmen. I am a Dane, Swede, or Frenchman at different times, or rather fancy my self like the old philosopher, who upon being asked what countryman he was, replied, that he was a citizen of the world.

Though I very frequently visit this busy multitude of people, I am known to nobody there but my friend Sir Andrew, who often smiles upon me as he sees me bustling in the crowd, but at the same time conveys at my presence without taking any further notice of me. There is indeed a merchant of Egypt, who just knows me by sight, having formerly remitted me some money to Grand Cairo, but as I am not versed in the modern Coptic, our conferences go no further than a bow and a grimace.

This grand scene of business gives me an infinite variety of solid and substantial entertainments. As I am a great lover of mankind, my heart naturally overflows with pleasure at the sight of a prosperous and happy multitude, inso-much that at many public solemnities I cannot forbear ex-

pressing my joy with tears that have stolen down my cheeks For this reason I am wonderfully delighted to see such a body of men thriving in their own private fortunes, and at the same time promoting the public stock, or in other words, raising estates for their own families, by bringing into their country whatever is wanting, and carrying out of it whatever is superfluous

Nature seems to have taken a particular care to disseminate her blessings among the different regions of the world, with an eye to this mutual intercourse and traffic among mankind, that the natives of the several parts of the globe might have a kind of dependence upon one another, and be united together by their common interest Almost every degree produces something peculiar to it The food often grows in one country, and the sauce in another The fruits of Portugal are corrected by the products of Barbadoes the infusion of a China plant sweetened with the pith of an Indian cane The Philippick Islands give a flavour to our European bowls The single dress of a woman of quality is often the product of an hundred climates The muff and the fan come together from the different ends of the earth The scarf is sent from the torrid zone, and the tippet from beneath the pole The brocade petticoat rises out of the mines of Peru, and the diamond necklace out of the bowels of Indostan

If we consider our own country in its natural prospect, without any of the benefits and advantages of commerce, what a barren uncomfortable spot of earth falls to our share! Natural historians tell us, that no fruit grows originally among us, besides hips and haws, acorns and pig-nuts, with other delicacies of the like nature, that our climate of itself, and without the assistances of art, can make no further advances toward a plum than to a sloe, and carries an apple to no greater a perfection than a crab, that our melons, our peaches, our figs, our apricots, and cherries, are strangers among us, imported in different ages, and naturalized in our English gardens, and that they would all degenerate and fall away into the trash of our own country, if they were wholly neglected by the planter, and left to the mercy of our sun and soil Nor has traffic more enriched our vegetable world, than it has improved the whole face of nature among us Our

ships are laden with the harvest of every climate our tables are stored with spices, and oils, and wines our rooms are filled with pyramids of China, and adorned with the workmanship of Japan our morning's draught comes to us from the remotest corners of the earth we repair our bodies by the drugs of America, and repose our selves under Indian canopies My friend Sir Andrew calls the vineyards of France our gardens, the Spice Islands our hot-beds, the Persians our silk-weavers, and the Chinese our potters Nature indeed furnishes us with the bare necessities of life, but traffic gives us a great variety of what is useful and at the same time supplies us with every thing that is convenient and ornamental Nor is it the least part of this our happiness, that whilst we enjoy the remotest products of the North and South, we are free from those extremities of weather which give them birth, that our eyes are refreshed with the green fields of Britain, at the same time that our palates are feasted with fruits that rise between the tropics

For these reasons there are not more useful members in a commonwealth than merchants They knit mankind together in a mutual intercourse of good offices, distribute the gifts of nature, find work for the poor, add wealth to the rich, and magnificence to the great Our English merchant converts the tin of his own country into gold, and exchanges his wool for rubies The Mahometans are clothed in our British manufacture, and the inhabitants of the frozen zone warmed with the fleeces of our sheep

When I have been upon the 'Change, I have often fancied one of our old kings standing in person, where he is represented in effigy, and looking down upon the wealthy course of people with which that place is every day filled In this case, how would he be surprised to hear all the languages of Europe spoken in this little spot of his former dominions, and to see so many private men, who in his time would have been the vassals of some powerful baron, negotiating like princes for greater sums of money than were formerly to be met with in the royal treasury! Trade, without enlarging the British territories, has given us a kind of additional empire it has multiplied the number of the rich, made our landed estates infinitely more valuable than they were formerly, and added to them

an accession of other estates as valuable as the lands themselves

Spectator, No 69 Saturday, May 19, 1711

SIR ROGER AT HOME

—*Hinc tibi copia
Manabit ad plenum, benigno
Ruris honorum opulenta cornu*
HOR

Having often received an invitation from my friend Sir Roger de Coverley to pass away a month with him in the country, I last week accompanied him thither, and am settled with him for some time at his country-house, where I intend to form several of my ensuing speculations. Sir Roger, who is very well acquainted with my humour, lets me rise and go to bed when I please, dine at his own table or in my chamber, as I think fit, sit still and say nothing without bidding me be merry. When the gentlemen of the country come to see him, he only shows me at a distance. As I have been walking in his fields I have observed them stealing a sight of me over a hedge, and have heard the knight desiring them not to let me see them, for that I hated to be stared at.

I am the more at ease in Sir Roger's family, because it consists of sober and staid persons; for as the knight is the best master in the world, he seldom changes his servants, and as he is beloved by all about him, his servants never care for leaving him. by this means his domestics are all in years, and grown old with their master. You would take his valet de chambre for his brother, his butler is gray-headed, his groom is one of the gravest men that I have ever seen, and his coachman has the looks of a privy counsellor. You see the goodness of the master even in the old house-dog, and in a gray pad that is kept in the stable with great care and tenderness out of regard to his past services, though he has been useless for several years.

I could not but observe with a great deal of pleasure the joy that appeared in the countenances of these ancient domestics upon my friend's arrival at his country-seat. Some of them could not refrain from tears at the sight of their old master, every one of them pressed forward to do something for him, and seemed discouraged if they were

not employed. At the same time the good old knight, with a mixture of the father and the master of the family, tempered the inquiries after his own affairs with several kind questions relating to themselves. This humanity and good-nature engages everybody to him, so that when he is pleasant upon any of them, all his family are in good humour, and none so much as the person whom he diverts himself with. on the contrary, if he coughs, or betrays any infirmity of old age, it is easy for a stander-by to observe a secret concern in the looks of all his servants.

My worthy friend has put me under the particular care of his butler, who is a very prudent man, and, as well as the rest of his fellow-servants, wonderfully desirous of pleasing me, because they have often heard their master talk of me as of his particular friend.

My chief companion, when Sir Roger is diverting himself in the woods or the fields, is a very venerable man who is ever with Sir Roger, and has lived at his house in the nature of a chaplain above thirty years. This gentleman is a person of good sense and some learning, of a very regular life and obliging conversation. he heartily loves Sir Roger, and knows that he is very much in the old knight's esteem, so that he lives in the family rather as a relation than a dependent.

I have observed in several of my papers, that my friend Sir Roger, amidst all his good qualities, is something of a humorist; and that his virtues, as well as imperfections, are as it were tinged by a certain extravagance, which makes them particularly his, and distinguishes them from those of other men. This cast of mind, as it is generally very innocent in itself, so it renders his conversation highly agreeable, and more delightful than the same degree of sense and virtue would appear in their common and ordinary colours. As I was walking with him last night, he asked me how I liked the good man whom I have just now mentioned? and without staying for my answer told me, that he was afraid of being insulted with Latin and Greek at his own table, for which reason he desired a particular friend of his at the university to find him out a clergyman rather of plain sense than much learning, of a good aspect, a clear voice, a sociable temper, and, if possible, a man that understood a little of backgammon. "My friend," says Sir Roger,

"found me out this gentleman, who, besides the endowments required of him, is, they tell me, a good scholar, though he does not show it I have given him the parsonage of the parish, and because I know his value, I have settled upon him a good annuity for life If he out-lives me, he shall find that he was higher in my esteem than perhaps he thinks he is He has now been with me thirty years, and though he does not know I have taken notice of it, has never in all that time asked anything of me for himself, though he is every day soliciting me for something in behalf of one or other of my tenants, his parishioners There has not been a lawsuit in the parish since he has lived among them, if any dispute arises they apply themselves to him for the decision, if they do not acquiesce in his judgment, which I think never happened above once or twice at most, they appeal to me At his first settling with me, I made him a present of all the good sermons which have been printed in English, and only begged of him that every Sunday he would pronounce one of them in the pulpit Accordingly he has digested them into such a series, that they follow one another naturally, and make a continued system of practical divinity"

As Sir Roger was going on in his story, the gentleman we were talking of came up to us, and upon the knight's asking him who preached to-morrow (for it was Saturday night), told us the bishop of St Asaph in the morning, and Dr South in the afternoon He then showed us his list of preachers for the whole year, where I saw with a great deal of pleasure, Archbishop Tillotson, Bishop Saunderson, Dr Barrow, Dr Calamy, with several living authors who have published discourses of practical divinity I no sooner saw this venerable man in the pulpit, but I very much approved of my friend's insisting upon the qualifications of a good aspect and a clear voice, for I was so charmed with the gracefulness of his figure and delivery, as well as with the discourses he pronounced, that I think I never passed any time more to my satisfaction A sermon repeated after this manner, is like the composition of a poet in the mouth of a graceful actor

I could heartily wish that more of our country clergy would follow this example, and instead of wasting their spirits in laborious compositions of their own, would en-

deavour after a handsome elocution, and all those other talents that are proper to enforce what has been penned by greater masters This would not only be more easy to themselves, but more edifying to the people

Spectator, No 106 Monday, July 2, 1711

FIRST VISION OF MIRZA

*—Omnem, quæ nunc obducta tuenti
Mortales hebetat visus tibi, et humida circum
Cahgat, nubem eripiam—*

VIRG

When I was at Grand Cairo, I picked up several Oriental manuscripts, which I have still by me Among others I met with one entitled *The Visions of Mirza*, which I have read over with great pleasure I intend to give it to the public when I have no other entertainment for them, and shall begin with the first vision, which I have translated word for word as follows —

"On the fifth day of the moon, which according to the custom of my forefathers I always keep holy, after having washed myself, and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hills of Bagdad, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer As I was here airing myself on the tops of the mountains, I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human life, and passing from one thought to another, 'Surely,' said I, 'man is but a shadow, and life a dream' Whilst I was thus musing, I cast my eyes towards the summit of a rock that was not far from me, where I discovered one in the habit of a shepherd, with a little musical instrument in his hand As I looked upon him he applied it to his lips, and began to play upon it The sound of it was exceeding sweet, and wrought into a variety of tunes that were inexpressibly melodious, and altogether different from anything I had ever heard They put me in mind of those heavenly airs that are played to the departed souls of good men upon their first arrival in Paradise, to wear out the impressions of their last agonies, and qualify them for the pleasures of that happy place My heart melted away in secret raptures

"I had been often told that the rock before me was the haunt of a Genius, and that several had been entertained with music who had passed by it, but never heard that the musician had before made himself visible. When

he had raised my thoughts by those transporting airs which he played to taste the pleasures of his conversation, as I looked upon him like one astonished, he beckoned to me, and by the waving of his hand directed me to approach the place where he sat. I drew near with that reverence which is due to a superior nature, and as my heart was entirely subdued by the captivating strains I had heard, I fell down at his feet and wept. The Genius smiled upon me with a look of compassion and affability that familiarized him to my imagination, and at once dispelled all the fears and apprehensions with which I approached him. He lifted me from the ground, and taking me by the hand, 'Mirza,' said he, 'I have heard thee in thy soliloquies, follow me.'

'He then led me to the highest pinnacle of the rock, and placing me on the top of it, 'Cast thy eyes eastward,' said he, 'and tell me what thou seest.' 'I see,' said I, 'a huge valley, and a prodigious tide of water rolling through it.' 'The valley that thou seest,' said he, 'is the Vale of Misery, and the tide of water that thou seest is part of the great Tide of Eternity.' 'What is the reason,' said I, 'that the tide I see rises out of a thick mist at one end, and again loses itself in a thick mist at the other?' 'What thou seest,' said he, 'is that portion of eternity which is called time, measured out by the sun, and reaching from the beginning of the world to its consummation. Examine now,' said he, 'this sea that is bounded with darkness at both ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it.' 'I see a bridge,' said I, 'standing in the midst of the tide.' 'The bridge thou seest,' said he, 'is Human Life, consider it attentively.' Upon a more leisurely survey of it, I found that it consisted of three-score and ten entire arches, with several broken arches, which added to those that were entire, made up the number about an hundred. As I was counting the arches, the Genius told me that this bridge consisted at first of a thousand arches, but that a great flood swept away the rest, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it. 'But tell me farther,' said he, 'what thou discoverest on it.' 'I see multitudes of people passing over it,' said I, 'and a black cloud hanging on each end of it.' As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the passengers dropping through the bridge into the great tide that flowed underneath it; and upon farther

examination, perceived there were innumerable trap-doors that lay concealed in the bridge, which the passengers no sooner trod upon, but they fell through them into the tide, and immediately disappeared. These hidden pitfalls were set very thick at the entrance of the bridge, so that the throngs of people no sooner broke through the cloud, but many of them fell into them. They grew thinner towards the middle, but multiplied and lay closer together towards the end of the arches that were entire.

'There were indeed some persons, but their number was very small, that continued a kind of hobbling march on the broken arches but fell through one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a walk.

'I passed some time in the contemplation of this wonderful structure, and the great variety of objects which it presented. My heart was filled with a deep melancholy to see several dropping unexpectedly in the midst of mirth and jollity, and catching at everything that stood by them to save themselves. Some were looking up towards the heavens in a thoughtful posture, and in the midst of speculation stumbled and fell out of sight. Multitudes were very busy in the pursuit of bubbles that glittered in their eyes and danced before them, but often when they thought themselves within the reach of them, their footing failed and down they sunk. In this confusion of objects, I observed some with scimitars in their hands, and others with urns, who ran to and fro upon the bridge, thrusting several persons on trap-doors which did not seem to be in their way, and which they might have escaped had they not been thus forced upon them.

'The Genius seeing me indulge myself in this melancholy prospect, told me I had dwelt long enough upon it. 'Take thine eyes off the bridge,' said he, 'and tell me if thou yet seest any thing thou dost not comprehend.' Upon looking up, 'What mean,' said I, 'those great flights of birds that are perpetually hovering about the bridge, and settling upon it from time to time? I see vultures, harpies, ravens, cormorants, and among many other feathered creatures several little winged boys, that perch in great numbers upon the middle arches.' 'These,' said the Genius, 'are Envy, Avarice, Superstition, Despair, Love, with the like cares and passions that infest human life.' 'I here fetched a deep sigh. 'Alas,' said I,

'Man was made in vain' how is he given
 away to misery and mortality' tortured in
 life, and swallowed up in death!' The Genius
 being moved with compassion towards me,
 bid me quit so uncomfortable a prospect 5
 'Look no more,' said he, 'on man in the first
 stage of his existence, in his setting out for
 eternity, but cast thine eye on that thick
 mist into which the tide bears the several
 generations of mortals that fall into it' I 10
 directed my sight as I was ordered, and
 (whether or no the good Genius strength-
 ened it with any supernatural force, or dis-
 sipated part of the mist that was before too
 thick for the eye to penetrate) I saw the 15
 valley opening at the further end, and spread-
 ing forth into an immense ocean, that had a
 huge rock of adamant running through the
 midst of it, and dividing it into two equal
 parts The clouds still rested on one half 20
 of it, insomuch that I could discover nothing
 in it, but the other appeared to me a vast
 ocean planted with innumerable islands, that
 were covered with fruits and flowers, and
 interwoven with a thousand little shining 25
 seas that ran among them I could see per-
 sons dressed in glorious habits with garlands
 upon their heads, passing among the trees,
 lying down by the sides of fountains, or rest-
 ing on beds of flowers, and could hear a con- 30
 fused harmony of singing birds, falling
 waters, human voices, and musical instru-
 ments Gladness grew in me upon the dis-
 covery of so delightful a scene I wished
 for the wings of an eagle, that I might fly 35
 away to those happy seats, but the Genius
 told me there was no passage to them, except
 through the gates of death that I saw open-
 ing every moment upon the bridge 'The is-
 lands,' said he, 'that lie so fresh and green 40

before thee, and with which the whole face
 of the ocean appears spotted as far as thou
 canst see, are more in number than the sands
 on the seashore, there are myriads of islands
 behind those which thou here discoverest,
 reaching further than thine eye, or even thine
 imagination can extend itself These are the
 mansions of good men after death, who, ac-
 cording to the degree and kinds of virtue in
 which they excelled, are distributed among
 these several islands, which abound with
 pleasures of different kinds and degrees, suit-
 able to the relishes and perfections of those
 who are settled in them, every island is a
 paradise accommodated to its respective in-
 habitants Are not these, O Mirza, habita-
 tions worth contending for? Does life appear
 miserable that gives thee opportunities of
 earning such a reward? Is death to be feared
 that will convey thee to so happy an exist-
 ence? Think not man was made in vain, who
 has such an eternity reserved for him' I
 gazed with inexpressible pleasure on these
 happy islands At length, said I, 'Show me
 now, I beseech thee, the secrets that lie hid
 under those dark clouds which cover the
 ocean on the other side of the rock of ada-
 mant' The Genius making me no answer, I
 turned about to address myself to him a
 second time, but I found that he had left
 me, I then turned again to the vision which
 I had been so long contemplating, but instead
 of the rolling tide, the arched bridge, and
 the happy islands, I saw nothing but the long
 hollow valley of Bagdad, with oxen, sheep,
 and camels grazing upon the sides of it"

The End of the First Vision of Mirza

Spectator, No 159 Saturday, September

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ALEXANDER POPE

(1688-1744)

The English public schools and universities would not admit Roman Catholics in the eighteenth century. So after an elementary training under the priests Pope educated himself by dipping into the classical and modern poets according to his own inclinations. Since the family lived at Binfield near Windsor Forest, the pastoral poetry of Virgil particularly interested him. By imitating this poetry in *The Pastorals* and *Windsor Forest* he tried to improve his own style and gain facility in writing verse.

When he came to London, Wycherley introduced him at the coffee-houses, where he met Steele, Addison, Swift, and the other literary men of the day. Unfortunately he was later to quarrel with most of these men because his sensitive nature was wounded by their remarks concerning his work. Sometimes, as in the case of Theobald's criticism of Pope's carelessness in editing Shakespeare's plays, these remarks were justified. Pope, however, considered them intentional slights resulting from jealousy at his success. He revenged himself upon his critics by abusing them in the *Dunciad* and other satires.

His personal relationships were also affected by his sensitiveness. He never forgave Lady Mary Wortley Montagu for laughing at his declaration of love. Even his long intimate friendship with Teresa and Martha Blount was strained by misunderstandings. His temper was too uneven to allow him to form untroubled friendships with either men or women. But Pope may be excused to some extent, for he suffered during his whole life from a weak constitution and physical deformity.

Pope stated his views of poetry in his *Essay on Criticism*, which expounds the rules for a critic. He stressed the necessity of studying the classical authors as the standards for good judgment. He advised the aspirant to a critic's fame in these words:

"Be Homer's works your study and delight,
Read them by day, and meditate by night."

He practiced this theory by translating the *Iliad* and part of the *Odyssey*. Although these versions lack the natural freedom of Homer's verse, they have some of its vigor. He was considerably more successful in his imitations of the satires and epistles of Horace. The regularity and balance of his heroic couplets produce an effect of classical precision. Pope polished this verse form, which Dryden had developed, by moulding it on classical forms and by using classical phraseology. As the chief exponent of this style, he formulated his ideas of the poet's craft.

Augustine Birrell said that Pope was "the ab-

stract and brief chronicle of his time, a man who had some of its virtues and most of its vices, one whom it is easy to hate, but easier to quote." To appreciate fully Pope's poetry, therefore, the reader must be familiar with the customs and ideas current in eighteenth century London. His satires contain many personal references, his moral essays were based upon the materialistic philosophy of Bolingbroke, and his *Rape of the Lock* exposes the foibles of aristocratic society.

The most famous of the moral essays was *An Essay on Man*. In it Pope discussed man's relationship to the universe, to himself, and to society. Its comprehensive plan gave him an opportunity to express his philosophical ideas. This poem appealed strongly to an age which believed, "the proper study of mankind is man." Voltaire expressed the general view of the *Essay on Man*, when he designated it as "the most beautiful, the most awful, the most sublime didactic poem that has even been written in any language."

The modern reader, however, prefers *The Rape of the Lock* with its delightful satire against the customs of Queen Anne society. In this mock epic, telling how Lord Petre stole a lock of Arabella Fermor's hair, Pope's wit had full play. The type of poetry which applied the method of the epic to a trivial happening had had considerable popularity in Italy and France and had been attempted in England. But it took the genius of Pope to produce a masterpiece, for the theme was particularly suited to his clever satire and ornamental style. Hazlitt gave *The Rape of the Lock* well-deserved praise when in his essay *On Dryden and Pope* he wrote, "It is made of gauze and silver spangles. The most glittering appearance is given to everything,—to paste, pomatum, billet-doux, and patches. Airs, languid airs, breathe around, the atmosphere is perfumed with affectation. A toilette is described with the solemnity of an altar raised to the Goddess of Vanity, and the history of a silver bodkin is given with all the pomp of heraldry. No pains are spared, no profusion of ornaments, no splendor of poetic diction, to set off the meanest things. The balance between the concealed irony and the assumed gravity is as nicely trimmed as the balance of power in Europe. The little is made great, and the great little. You hardly know whether to laugh or weep. It is the triumph of insignificance, the apotheosis of foppery and folly. It is the perfection of the mock-heroic."

Pope has been quoted more than any other English author with the exception of Shakespeare. His epigrammatic style, his terse expression, and his keen wit have made his studied phrases and balanced couplets well known even by those who no longer read his poetry.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK

CANTO I

What dire offence from am'rous causes
springs,

What mighty contests rise from trivial things,
I sing—This verse to CARYL, Muse! is due
This, ev'n Belinda may vouchsafe to view,
Slight is the subject, but not so the praise, 5
If She inspire, and He approve my lays

Say what strange motive, Goddess! could
compel

A well-bred Lord t'assault a gentle Belle?
O say what stranger cause, yet unexplor'd,
Could make a gentle Belle reject a Lord? 10
In tasks so bold can little men engage,
And in soft bosoms dwells such mighty Rage?

Sol thro' white curtains shot a tim'rous
ray,
And op'd those eyes that must eclipse the
day

Now lap-dogs give themselves the rousing
shake, 15

And sleepless lovers just at twelve awake
Thrice rung the bell, the slipper knock'd the
ground,

And the press'd watch return'd a silver sound
Belinda still her downy pillow prest,
Her guardian Sylph prolong'd the balmy
rest, 20

'Twas He had summon'd to her silent bed
The morning dream that hover'd o'er her
head,

A youth more glitt'ring than a Birth-night
Beau,
(That ev'n in slumber caus'd her cheek to
glow)

Seem'd to her ear his winning lips to lay, 25
And thus in whispers said, or seem'd to say

"Fairest of mortals, thou distinguish'd care
Of thousand bright Inhabitants of Air!
If e'er one Vision touch'd thy infant thought,
Of all the Nurse and all the Priest have
taught; 30

Of airy Elves by moonlight shadows seen,
The silver token, and the circled green,
Or virgins visited by Angel-pow'rs,
With golden crowns and wreaths of heav'nly
flow'rs,

Hear and believe! thy own importance
know, 35

Nor bound thy narrow views to things below
Some secret truths, from learned pride con-
ceal'd

To Maids alone and Children are reveal'd
What tho' no credit doubting Wits may give?
The Fair and Innocent shall still believe 40
Know, then, unnumber'd Spirits round thee
fly,

The light Militia of the lower sky
These, tho' unseen, are ever on the wing,
Hang o'er the Box, and hover round the
Ring

Think what an equipage thou hast in Air, 45
And view with scorn two Pages and a Chair
As now your own, our beings were of old,
And once inclos'd in Woman's beauteous
mould,

Thence, by a soft transition, we repair
From earthly Vehicles to these of air 50
Think not, when Woman's transient breath is
fled,

That all her vanities at once are dead,
Succeeding vanities she still regards,
And tho' she plays no more, o'erlooks the
cards

Her joy in gilded chariots, when alive, 55
And love of Ombre, after death survive
For when the Fair in all their pride expire,
To their first Elements their Souls retire
The Sprites of fiery Termagants in Flame
Mount up and take a Salamander's name 60
Soft yielding minds to Water glide away,
And sip, with Nymphs, their elemental Tea
The graver Prude sinks downward to a
Gnome,

In search of mischief still on Earth to roam
The light Coquettes in Sylphs aloft repair, 65
And sport and flutter in the fields of Air

"Know further yet, whoever fair and
chaste

Rejects mankind, is by some Sylph embrac'd
For Spirits, freed from mortal laws, with ease
Assume what sexes and what shapes they
please 70

What guards the purity of melting Maids,
In courtly balls, and midnight masquerades,
Safe from the treach'rous friend, the daring
spark,

The glance by day, the whisper in the dark,
When kind occasion prompts their warm de-
sires, 75

When music softens, and when dancing fires?
'Tis but their Sylph, the wise Celestials know,
Tho' Honour is the word with Men below

"Some nymphs there are, too conscious of
their face,
For life predestun'd to the Gnome's em-
brace 80

These swell their prospects and exalt their
pride,
When offers are disdain'd and love deny'd
Then gay Ideas crowd the vacant brain,
While Peers, and Dukes, and all their sweep-
ing train,
And Garters, Stars, and Coronets appear, ⁸⁵
And in soft sounds, 'Your Grace' salutes their
ear
'Tis these that early taint the female soul,
Instruct the eyes of young Coquettes to
roll
Teach Infant-cheeks a bidden blush to know,
And little hearts to flutter at a Beau ⁹⁰
"Oft, when the world imagine women stray,
The Sylphs thro' mystic mazes guide their
way,
Thro' all the giddy circle they pursue,
And old impertinence expel by new
What tender maid, but must a victim fall ⁹⁵
To one man's treat, but for another's ball?
When Florio speaks, what virgin could with-
stand,
If gentle Damon did not squeeze her hand?
With varying vanities, from ev'ry part,
They shift the moving Toy-shop of their
heart, ¹⁰⁰
Where wigs with wigs, with sword-knots
sword-knots strive,
Beaux banish beaux, and coaches coaches
drive
This erring mortals Levity may call,
Oh blind to truth! the Sylphs contrive it all
"Of these am I, who thy protection
claim, ¹⁰⁵
A watchful sprite, and Ariel is my name
Late, as I rang'd the crystal wilds of air,
In the clear Mirror of thy ruling Star
I saw, alas! some dread event impend,
Ere to the main this morning sun descend, ¹¹⁰
But Heav'n reveals not what, or how, or
where
Warn'd by the Sylph, oh, pious maid, be-
ware!
This to disclose is all thy guardian can
Beware of all, but most beware of Man!"
He said, when Shock, who thought she
slept too long, ¹¹⁵
Leap'd up and wak'd his mistress with his
tongue
'Twas then, Belinda, if report say true,
Thy eyes first open'd on a Billet-doux,
Wounds, Charms, and Ardours, were no
sooner read,
But all the Vision vanish'd from thy head ¹²⁰

And now, unveil'd, the Toilet stands dis-
play'd,
Each silver Vase in mystic order laid
First, rob'd in white, the Nymph intent adores,
With head uncover'd, the Cosmetic powers
A heav'nly Image in the glass appears, ¹²⁵
To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears,
Th' inferior Priestess, at her altar's side,
Trembling, begins the sacred rites of Pride
Unnumber'd treasures ope at once, and here
The various off'rings of the world appear, ¹³⁰
From each she nicely culls with curious toil,
And decks the Goddess with the glitt'ring
spoil
This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box
The Tortoise here and Elephant unite, ¹³⁵
Transform'd to combs, the speckled and the
white
Here files of pins extend their shining rows,
Puffs, Powders, Patches, Bibles, Billet-doux
Now awful beauty puts on all its arms,
The fair each moment rises in her charms, ¹⁴⁰
Repairs her smiles, awakens ev'ry grace,
And calls forth all the wonders of her face,
Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,
And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes
The busy Sylphs surround their darling
care, ¹⁴⁵
These set the head, and those divide the hair,
Some fold the sleeve, while others plait the
gown,
And Betty's prais'd for labours not her own

CANTO II

Not with more glories, in th' ethereal plain,
The Sun first rises o'er the purpled main,
Than, issuing forth, the rival of his beams
Launch'd on the bosom of the silver Thames
Fair Nymphs and well-dress'd Youths around
her shone, ⁵
But ev'ry eye was fix'd on her alone
On her white breast a sparkling Cross she
wore,
Which Jews might kiss, and Infidels adore
Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,
Quick as her eyes, and as unfix'd as those ¹⁰
Favours to none, to all she smiles extends,
Oft she rejects, but never once offends
Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike,
And, like the sun, they shine on all alike
Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of
pride ¹⁵
Might hide her faults, if Belles had faults to
hide

If to her share some female errors fall,
 Look on her face and you'll forget 'em all
 This Nymph, to the destruction of man-
 kind,

Nourish'd two Locks, which graceful hung
 behind 20

In equal curls, and well conspir'd to deck
 With shining ringlets the smooth iv'ry neck
 Love in these labyrinths his slave detains,
 And mighty hearts are held in slender chains
 With hairy springes we the birds betray, 25
 Slight lines of hair surprize the finny prey,
 Fair tresses man's imperial race insnare,
 And beauty draws us with a single hair

Th' advent'rous Baron the bright locks
 admir'd,

He saw, he wish'd, and to the prize aspir'd 30
 Resolv'd to win, he meditates the way,
 By force to ravish, or by fraud betray,
 For when success a Lover's toils attends,
 Few ask, if fraud or force attain'd his ends

For this, ere Phœbus rose, he had im-
 plor'd 35

Propitious Heav'n, and ev'ry Pow'r ador'd
 But chiefly Love—to Love an Altar built,
 Of twelve vast French Romances, neatly gilt
 There lay three garters, half a pair of gloves,
 And all the trophies of his former loves, 40
 With tender billet-doux he lights the pyre,
 And breathes three am'rous sighs to raise the
 fire

Then prostrate falls, and begs with ardent eyes
 Soon to obtain and long possess the prize
 The Pow'rs gave ear, and granted half his
 pray'r, 45

The rest, the winds dispers'd in empty air
 But now secure the painted vessel ghdes,
 The sun-beams trembling on the floating tides,
 While melting music steals upon the sky,
 And soften'd sounds along the waters die, 50
 Smooth flow the waves, the Zephyrs gently
 play,

Belinda smil'd, and all the world was gay
 All but the Sylph—with careful thoughts
 oppress,

Th' impending woe sat heavy on his breast
 He summons straight his Denizens of air, 55
 The lucid squadrons round the sails repair
 Soft o'er the shrouds aerial whispers breathe,
 That seem'd but Zephyrs to the train be-
 neath

Some to the sun their insect-wings unfold,
 Waft on the breeze, or sink in clouds of
 gold, 60

Transparent forms, too fine for mortal sight,

Their fluid bodies half dissolv'd in light
 Loose to the wind their airy garments flew,
 Thin glitt'ring textures of the filmy dew,
 Dipt in the richest tincture of the skies, 65
 Where light disports in ever-mingling dyes,
 While ev'ry beam new transient colours flings,
 Colours that change whene'er they wave their
 wings

Amid the circle, on the gilded mast,
 Superior by the head, was Ariel plac'd; 70
 His purple pinnions op'ning to the sun,
 He raised his azure wand, and thus begun

"Ye Sylphs and Sylphids, to your chief
 give ear,

Fays, Fairies, Genn, Elves, and Dæmons, hear
 Ye know the spheres, and various tasks as-
 sign'd 75

By laws eternal to th' aerial kind
 Some in the fields of purest Æther play,
 And bask and whiten in the blaze of day
 Some guide the course of wand'ring orbs on
 high,

Or roll the planets thro' the boundless sky 80
 Some less refin'd beneath the moon's pale light
 Pursue the stars that shoot athwart the night,
 Or suck the mists in grosser air below,
 Or dip their pinnions in the painted bow,
 Or brew fierce tempests on the wintry main, 85
 Or o'er the glebe distil the kindly rain
 Others on earth o'er human race preside,
 Watch all their ways, and all their actions
 guide

Of these the chief the care of Nations own,
 And guard with Arms divine the British
 Throne 90

"Our humbler province is to tend the Fair,
 Not a less pleasing, tho' less glorious care,
 To save the powder from too rude a gale,
 Nor let th' imprison'd essences exhale;
 To draw fresh colours from the vernal
 flow'rs, 95

To steal from rainbows, ere they drop in
 show'rs

A brighter wash, to curl their waving hairs,
 Assist their blushes, and inspire their airs,
 Nay oft, in dreams, invention we bestow,
 To change a Flounce, or add a Furbelow 100

"This day, black Omens threat the brightest
 Fair

That e'er deserv'd a watchful spirit's care,
 Some dire disaster, or by force, or slight,
 But what, or where, the Fates have wrapt in
 night

Whether the nymph shall break Diana's
 law, 105

Or some frail China jar receive a flaw,
 Or stain her honour, or her new brocade,
 Forget her pray'rs, or miss a masquerade,
 Or lose her heart, or necklace, at a ball,
 Or whether Heav'n has doom'd that Shock
 must fall ¹¹⁰

Haste then, ye Spirits! to your charge repair
 The flutt'ring fan be Zephyretta's care,
 The drops to thee, Brillante, we consign,
 And, Momentilla, let the watch be thine,
 Do thou, Crispissa, tend her fav'rite Lock, ¹¹⁵
 Ariel himself shall be the guard of Shock

"To fifty chosen Sylphs, of special note,
 We trust th' important charge, the Petticoat
 Oft have we known that seven-fold fence to
 fail,

Tho' stiff with hoops, and arm'd with ribs of
 whale, ¹²⁰

Form a strong line about the silver bound,
 And guard the wide circumference around

"Whatever spirit, careless of his charge,
 His post neglects, or leaves the fair at large,
 Shall feel sharp vengeance soon o'ertake his
 sins, ¹²⁵

Be stopp'd in vials, or transfix'd with pins,
 Or plung'd in lakes of bitter washes lie,
 Or wedg'd whole ages in a bodkin's eye
 Gums and Pomatums shall his flight restrain,
 While clogg'd he beats his silken wings in
 vain ¹³⁰

Or Alum styptics with contracting pow'r
 Shrink his thin essence like a rivell'd flow'r
 Or, as Ixion fix'd, the wretch shall feel
 The giddy motion of the whirling Mill,
 In fumes of burning Chocolate shall glow, ¹³⁵
 And tremble at the sea that froths below!"

He spoke, the spirits from the sails descend,
 Some, orb in orb, around the nymph extend,
 Some thread the mazy ringlets of her hair,
 Some hang upon the pendants of her ear ¹⁴⁰
 With beating hearts the dire event they wait,
 Anxious and trembling for the birth of Fate

CANTO III

Close by those meads, for ever crown'd with
 flow'rs,

Where Thames with pride surveys his rising
 tow'rs,

There stands a structure of majestic frame,
 Which from the neighb'ring Hampton takes
 its name.

Here Britain's statesmen oft the fall fore-
 doom ⁵

Of foreign Tyrants, and of Nymphs at home;

Here thou, great ANNA! whom three realms
 obey,

Dost sometimes counsel take—and sometimes
 Tea

Hither the Heroes and the Nymphs resort,
 To taste a while the pleasures of a Court, ¹⁰
 In various talk th' instructive hours they
 past,

Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last,
 One speaks the glory of the British Queen,
 And one describes a charming Indian screen,
 A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes, ¹⁵
 At ev'ry word a reputation dies

Snuff, or the fan, supply each pause of chat,
 With singing, laughing, ogling, *and all that*
 Meanwhile, declining from the noon of
 day,

The sun obliquely shoots his burning ray, ²⁰
 The hungry Judges soon the sentence sign,
 And wretches hang that Jury-men may dine,
 The merchant from th' Exchange returns in
 peace,

And the long labours of the Toilet cease
 Belinda now, whom thirst of fame invites, ²⁵
 Burns to encounter two adventurous Knights,
 At Ombre singly to decide their doom,
 And swells her breast with conquests yet to
 come

Straight the three bands prepare in arms to
 join,

Each band the number of the sacred Nine ³⁰
 Soon as she spreads her hand, th' aerial guard
 Descend, and sit on each important card
 First Ariel perch'd upon a Matadore,
 Then each according to the rank he bore,
 For Sylphs, yet mindful of their ancient
 race, ³⁵

Are, as when women, wondrous fond of place
 Behold, four Kings in majesty rever'd,
 With hoary whiskers and a forked beard,
 And four fair Queens, whose hands sustain
 a flow'r,

Th' expressive emblem of their softer
 pow'r, ⁴⁰

Four Knaves in garbs succinct, a trusty band,
 Caps on their heads, and halberts in their
 hand;

And parti-colour'd troops, a shining train,
 Drawn forth to combat on the velvet plain

The skilful Nymph reviews her force with
 care: ⁴⁵

"Let Spades be trumps!" she said, and trumps
 they were

Now move to war her sable Matadores,
 In show like leaders of the swarthy Moors

Spadillio first, unconquerable Lord!
 Led off two captive trumps, and swept the
 board⁵⁰
 As many more Manillio forc'd to yield,
 And march'd a victor from the verdant field
 Him Basto follow'd, but his fate more hard
 Gain'd but one trump, and one Plebeian
 card
 With his broad sabre next, a chief in years,⁵⁵
 The hoary Majesty of Spades appears,
 Puts forth one manly leg, to sight reveal'd,
 The rest, his many-colour'd robe conceal'd
 The rebel Knave, who dares his prince en-
 gage,
 Proves the just victim of his royal rage⁶⁰
 Ev'n mighty Pam, that Kings and Queens
 o'erthrew,
 And mow'd down armies in the fights of Loo,
 Sad chance of war! now destitute of aid,
 Falls undistinguish'd by the victor Spade!
 Thus far both armies to Belinda yield,⁶⁵
 Now to the Baron fate inclines the field
 His warlike Amazon her host invades,
 Th' imperial consort of the crown of Spades
 The Club's black Tyrant first her victim dy'd,
 Spite of his haughty mien, and barb'rous
 pride⁷⁰
 What boots the regal circle on his head,
 His giant limbs, in state unwieldy spread,
 That long behind he trails his pompous robe,
 And, of all monarchs, only grasps the globe?
 The Baron now his Diamonds pours⁷⁵
 apace,
 Th' embroider'd King who shows but half his
 face,
 And his refulgent Queen, with pow'rs com-
 bin'd,
 Of broken troops an easy conquest find
 Clubs, Diamonds, Hearts, in wild disorder
 seen,
 With throngs promiscuous strew the level⁸⁰
 green
 Thus when dispers'd a routed army runs,
 Of Asia's troops, and Afric's sable sons,
 With like confusion different nations fly,
 Of various habit, and of various dye,
 The pierc'd battalions dis-united fall,⁸⁵
 In heaps on heaps, one fate o'erwhelms them
 all
 The Knave of Diamonds tries his wily arts,
 And wins (oh shameful chance!) the Queen
 of Hearts
 At this, the blood the virgin's cheek for-
 sook,
 A livid paleness spreads o'er all her look,⁹⁰

She sees, and trembles at th' approaching
 ill,
 Just in the jaws of ruin, and Codille
 And now (as oft in some distemper'd State)
 On one nice Trick depends the gen'ral fate
 An Ace of Hearts steps forth the King un-
 seen⁹⁵
 Lurk'd in her hand, and mourn'd his cap-
 tive Queen
 He springs to vengeance with an eager pace,
 And falls like thunder on the prostrate Ace
 The nymph exulting fills with shouts the
 sky,
 The walls, the woods, and long canals re-
 ply¹⁰⁰
 O thoughtless mortals! ever blind to fate,
 Too soon dejected, and too soon elate
 Sudden, these honours shall be snatch'd away,
 And curs'd for ever this victorious day
 For lo! the board with cups and spoons¹⁰⁵
 is crown'd,
 The berries crackle, and the mill turns round,
 On shining altars of Japan they raise
 The silver lamp, the fiery spirits blaze
 From silver spouts the grateful liquors glide,
 While China's earth receives the smoking¹¹⁰
 tide
 At once they gratify their scent and taste,
 And frequent cups prolong the rich repast
 Straight hover round the Fair her airy band,
 Some, as she sup'd, the fuming liquor fann'd,
 Some o'er her lap their careful plumes dis-
 play'd,¹¹⁵
 Trembling, and conscious of the rich bro-
 cade
 Coffee (which makes the politician wise,
 And see thro' all things with his half-shut
 eyes)
 Sent up in vapours to the Baron's brain
 New stratagems, the radiant Lock to gain¹²⁰
 Ah cease, rash youth! desist ere 'tis too late,
 Fear the just Gods, and think of Scylla's
 Fate!
 Chang'd to a bird, and sent to fit in air,
 She dearly pays for Nisus' injur'd hair!
 But when to Mischief mortals bend their¹²⁵
 will,
 How soon they find fit instruments of ill!
 Just then, Clarissa drew with tempting grace
 A two-edg'd weapon from her shining case
 So Ladies, in Romance, assist their Knight,
 Present the spear, and arm him for the¹³⁰
 fight
 He takes the gift with rev'rence and extends
 The little engine on his fingers' ends,

This just behind Belinda's neck he spread,
 As o'er the fragrant steams she bends her
 head
 Swift to the Lock a thousand Sprites re-
 pair, ¹³⁵
 A thousand wings, by turns, blow back the
 hair,
 And thrice they twitch'd the diamond in her
 ear,
 Thrice she look'd back, and thrice the foe
 drew near
 Just in that instant, anxious Ariel sought
 The close recesses of the Virgin's thought, ¹⁴⁰
 As on the nosegay in her breast reclin'd,
 He watch'd th' Ideas rising in her mind,
 Suddenly he view'd, in spite of all her art,
 An earthly Lover lurking at her heart
 Amaz'd, confus'd, he found his pow'r ex-
 pir'd, ¹⁴⁵
 Resign'd to fate, and with a sigh retir'd
 The Peer now spreads the glitt'ring Forfex
 wide,
 T' inclose the Lock, now joins it, to divide
 Ev'n then, before the fatal engine clos'd,
 A wretched Sylph too fondly interposed, ¹⁵⁰
 Fate urged the shears, and cut the Sylph in
 twain,
 (But airy substance soon unites again)
 The meeting points the sacred hair dis sever
 From the fair head, for ever, and for ever!
 Then flash'd the living light'ning from her
 eyes, ¹⁵⁵
 And screams of horror rend th' affrighted
 skies
 Not louder shrieks to pitying Heav'n are
 cast,
 When husbands, or when lap-dogs breathe
 their last,
 Or when rich China vessels, fall'n from high,
 In glitt'ring dust and painted fragments
 lie! ¹⁶⁰
 "Let wreaths of triumph now my temples
 twine,
 (The Victor cry'd) the glorious Prize is mine!
 While fish in streams, or birds delight in air,
 Or in a coach and six the British Fair,
 As long as *Atalanta* shall be read, ¹⁶⁵
 Or the small pillow grace a Lady's bed,
 While visits shall be paid on solemn days,
 When num'rous wax-lights in bright order
 blaze,
 While nymphs take treats, or assignations
 give,
 So long my honour, name, and praise shall
 live! ¹⁷⁰

What Time would spare, from Steel receives
 its date,
 And monuments like men submit to fate!
 Steel could the labour of the Gods destroy
 And strike to dust th' imperial tow'rs of
 Troy,
 Steel could the works of mortal pride con-
 found, ¹⁷
 And hew triumphal arches to the ground
 What wonder then, fair Nymph! thy hairs
 should feel
 The conqu'ring force of unresisted steel?"

CANTO IV

But anxious cares the pensive nymph op-
 press'd,
 And secret passions labour'd in her breast
 Not youthful kings in battle seiz'd alive,
 Not scornful virgins who their charms sur-
 vive,
 Not ardent lovers robb'd of all their bliss, ⁵
 Not ancient ladies when refus'd a kiss,
 Not tyrants fierce that unrepenting die,
 Not Cynthia when her mantua's pinn'd awry,
 E'er felt such rage, resentment, and despair,
 As thou, sad Virgin! for thy ravish'd Hair ¹⁰
 For, that sad moment, when the Sylphs
 withdrew,
 And Ariel weeping from Belinda flew,
 Umbriel, a dusky, melancholy sprite,
 As ever sully'd the fair face of light,
 Down to the central earth, his proper
 scene, ¹⁵
 Repair'd to search the gloomy Cave of Spleen
 Swift on his sooty pinions flits the Gnome,
 And in a vapour reach'd the dismal dome
 No cheerful breeze this sullen region knows,
 The dreaded East is all the wind that blows ²⁰
 Here in a grotto, shelter'd close from air,
 And screen'd in shades from day's detested
 glare,
 She sighs for ever on her pensive bed,
 Pain at her side, and Megrim at her head
 Two handmaids wait the throne alike in
 place, ²⁵
 But diff'ring far in figure and in face
 Here stood Ill-nature like an ancient maid,
 Her wrinkled form in black and white array'd,
 With store of pray'rs, for mornings, nights,
 and noons,
 Her hand is fill'd; her bosom with lam
 poons ³⁰
 There Affectation, with a sickly mien,
 Shows in her cheek the roses of eighteen,

Practis'd to lisp, and hang the head aside,
Faints into airs, and languishes with pride,
On the rich quilt sinks with becoming woe, ³⁵
Wrapp'd in a gown, for sickness, and for
show

The fair ones feel such maladies as these,
When each new night-dress gives a new
disease

A constant Vapour o'er the palace flies,
Strange phantoms rising as the mists arise, ⁴⁰
Dreadful, as hermits' dreams in haunted
shades,

Or bright, as visions of expiring maids
Now glaring fiends, and snakes on rolling
spires,

Pale spectres, gaping tombs, and purple fires
Now lakes of liquid gold, Elysian scenes, ⁴⁵
And crystal domes, and Angels in machines

Unnumber'd throngs on ev'ry side are seen,
Of bodies chang'd to various forms by Spleen
Here living Tea-pots stand, one arm held
out,

One bent, the handle this, and that the
spout ⁵⁰

A Pipkin there, like Homer's Tripod walks;
Here sighs a Jar, and there a Goose-pie
talks.

Men prove with child, as pow'rful fancy
works,

And maids turn'd bottles call aloud for corks
Safe pass'd the Gnome thro' this fantastic
band, ⁵⁵

A branch of healing Spleen-wort in his hand
Then thus address'd the Pow'r "Hail, way-
ward Queen!"

Who rule the sex to fifty from fifteen
Parent of vapours and of female wit, ⁶⁰
Who give th' hysteric, or poetic fit,

On various tempers act by various ways,
Make some take physic, others scribble plays;
Who cause the proud their visits to delay,

And send the godly in a pet to pray,
A nymph there is, that all thy pow'r dis-
dains, ⁶⁵

And thousands more in equal mirth main-
tain

But oh! if e'er thy Gnome could spoil a
grace,

Or raise a pimple on a beauteous face,
Like Citron-waters matrons' cheeks inflame,
Or change complexions at a losing game, ⁷⁰
If e'er with airy horns I planted heads,
Or rumpled petticoats, or tumbled beds,
Or caus'd suspicion when no soul was rude,
Or discompos'd the head-dress of a Prude,

Or e'er to costive lap-dog gave disease, ⁷⁵
Which not the tears of brightest eyes could
ease

Hear me, and touch Belinda with chagrin,
That single act gives half the world the
spleen"

The Goddess with a discontented air
Seems to reject him, tho' she grants his
pray'r ⁸⁰

A wond'rous Bag with both her hands she
binds,

Like that where once Ulysses held the winds,
There she collects the force of female lungs,
Sighs, sobs, and passions, and the war of
tongues

A Vial next she fills with fainting fears, ⁸⁵
Soft sorrows, melting griefs, and flowing
tears

The Gnome rejoicing bears her gifts away,
Spreads his black wings, and slowly mounts to
day

Sunk in Thalestris' arms the nymph he
found,

Her eyes dejected and her hair unbound ⁹⁰
Full o'er their heads the swelling Bag he
rent,

And all the Furies issu'd at the vent
Belinda burns with more than mortal ire,
And fierce Thalestris fans the rising fire,
"O wretched maid!" she spread her hands,
and cry'd, ⁹⁵

(While Hampton's echoes, "Wretched maid!"
reply'd)

"Was it for this you took such constant
care

The bodkin, comb, and essence to prepare?
For this your locks in paper durance bound,
For this with torturing irons wreath'd
around? ¹⁰⁰

For this with fillets strain'd your tender
head,

And bravely bore the double loads of lead?
Gods! shall the ravisher display your hair,
While the Fops envy and the Ladies stare! ¹⁰⁵

Honour forbid! at whose unrivall'd shrine
Ease, pleasure, virtue, all our sex resign
Methinks already I your tears survey,
Already hear the horrid things they say,
Already see you a degraded toast,
And all your honour in a whisper lost! ¹¹⁰
How shall I, then, your helpless fame de-
fend?

'Twill then be infamy to seem your friend!
And shall this prize, th' inestimable prize,
Expos'd thro' crystal to the gazing eyes,

And heighthen'd by the diamond's circling
rays, ¹¹⁵
On that rapacious hand for ever blaze?
Sooner shall grass in Hyde Park Circus grow,
And wits take lodgings in the sound of Bow,
Sooner let earth, air, sea, to chaos fall,
Men, monkeys, lap-dogs, parrots, perish
all!" ¹²⁰

She said, then raging to Sir Plume repairs,
And bids her Beau demand the precious hairs
(Sir Plume of amber snuff-box justly vain,
And nice conduct of a clouded cane).

With earnest eyes, and round, unthanking
face, ¹²⁵

He first the snuff-box open'd, then the case,
And then broke out—"My Lord, why, what
the devil?

Z—ds! damn the Lock! 'fore Gad, you must
be civil!

Plague on't! 'tis past a jest—nay prithee, pox!
Give her the hair"—He spoke, and rapp'd his
box ¹³⁰

"It grieves me much (reply'd the Peer again)
Who speaks so well should ever speak in vain
But by this Lock, this sacred Lock, I swear,
(Which never more shall join its parted hair,
Which never more its honours shall renew, ¹³⁵
Clipp'd from the lovely head where late it
grew)

That while my nostrils draw the vital air,
This hand, which won it, shall for ever wear."
He spoke, and speaking, in proud triumph
spread

The long-contended honours of her head ¹⁴⁰
But Umbriel, hateful Gnome! forbears not
so,

He breaks the Vial whence the sorrows flow
Then see! the nymph in beauteous grief ap-
pears,

Her eyes half-languishing, half-drown'd in
tears,

On her heav'd bosom hung her drooping
head, ¹⁴⁵

Which, with a sigh, she rais'd; and thus she
said

"For ever curs'd be this detested day,
Which snatch'd my best, my fav'rite curl
away!

Happy! ay ten times happy had I been,
If Hampton Court these eyes had never
seen! ¹⁵⁰

Yet am I not the first mistaken maid,
By love of courts to num'rous ills betray'd
Oh had I rather un-admir'd remain'd
In some lone isle, or distant northern land,

Where the gilt Chariot never marks the
way, ¹⁵⁵

Where none learn Ombre, none e'er taste
Bohea!

There kept my charms conceal'd from mortal
eye,

Like roses, that in deserts bloom and die
What mov'd my mind with youthful Lords
to roam?

Oh had I stay'd, and said my pray'rs at
home! ¹⁶⁰

'Twas this the morning omens seem'd to
tell.

Thrice from my trembling hand the patch-
box fell,

The tott'ring China shook without a wind,
Nay, Poll sat mute, and Shock was most un-
kind!

A Sylph too warn'd me of the threats of
fate, ¹⁶⁵

In mystic visions, now believ'd too late!
See the poor remnants of these slighted hairs!
My hands shall rend what ev'n thy rapine
spares

These, in two sable ringlets taught to break,
Once gave new beauties to the snowy
neck, ¹⁷⁰

The sister-lock now sits uncouth, alone,
And in its fellow's fate foresees its own,
Uncurl'd it hangs, the fatal shears demands,
And tempts, once more, thy sacrilegious hands
Oh hadst thou, cruel! been content to seize ¹⁷⁵
Hairs less in sight, or any hairs but these!"

CANTO V

She said the pitying audience melt in tears,
But Fate and Jove had stopp'd the Baron's
ears

In vain Thalestris with reproach assails,
For who can move when fair Belinda fails?
Not half so fix'd the Trojan could remain, ⁵
While Anna begg'd and Dido rag'd in vain
Then grave Clarissa graceful wav'd her fan,
Silence ensued, and thus the nymph began

"Say, why are beauties prais'd and honour'd
most,

The wise man's passion, and the vain man's
toast? ¹⁰

Why deck'd with all that land and sea afford,
Why angels call'd, and angel-like ador'd?

Why round our coaches crowd the white-
glov'd Beaux,

Why bows the side-box from its inmost rows?
How vain are all these glories, all our pains, ¹⁵

Unless good sense preserve what beauty gains
 That men may say, when we the front-box
 grace,
 'Behold the first in virtue as in face!'
 Oh! if to dance all night, and dress all day,
 Charm'd the small-pox, or chas'd old age
 away,
 Who would not scorn what housewife's cares
 produce,
 Or who would learn one earthly thing of
 use?
 To patch, nay, ogle, might become a Saint,
 Nor could it sure be such a sin to paint
 But since, alas! frail beauty must decay,
 Curl'd or uncurl'd, since locks will turn to
 grey,
 Since painted, or not painted, all shall fade,
 And she who scorns a man must die a maid,
 What then remains, but well our pow'r to
 use,
 And keep good-humour still whate'er we
 lose?
 And trust me, dear! good-humour can pre-
 vail,
 When airs, and flights, and screams, and
 scolding fail
 Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll,
 Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the
 soul"
 So spoke the Dame, but no applause en-
 su'd;
 Belinda frown'd, Thalestris call'd her Prude
 "To arms, to arms!" the fierce Virago cries,
 And swift as lightning to the combat flies
 All side in parties, and begin th' attack,
 Fans clap, silks rustle, and tough whalebones
 crack,
 Heroes' and Heroines' shouts confus'dly rise,
 And bass and treble voices strike the skies
 No common weapons in their hands are found,
 Like Gods they fight, nor dread a mortal
 wound
 So when bold Homer makes the Gods en-
 gage,
 And heav'nly breasts with human passions
 rage
 'Gainst Pallas, Mars, Latona, Hermes arms,
 And all Olympus rings with loud alarms
 Jove's thunder roars, Heav'n trembles all
 around,
 Blue Neptune storms, the bellowing deeps re-
 sound
 Earth shakes her nodding tow'rs, the ground
 gives way,
 And the pale ghosts start at the flash of day!

Triumphant Umbriel on a scone's height
 Clapp'd his glad wings, and sat to view the
 fight
 Propp'd on their bodkin spears, the Sprites
 survey
 The growing combat, or assist the fray
 While thro' the press enrag'd Thalestris
 flies,
 And scatters death around from both her
 eyes,
 A Beau and Witling perish'd in the throng,
 One dy'd in metaphor, and one in song
 "O cruel Nymph! a living death I bear,"
 Cry'd Dapperwit, and sunk beside his chair
 A mournful glance Sir Fopling upwards cast,
 "Those eyes are made so killing,"—was his
 last
 Thus on Mæander's flow'ry margin lies
 Th' expiring Swan, and as he sings he dies
 When bold Sir Plume had drawn Clarissa
 down,
 Chloe stepp'd in, and kill'd him with a frown,
 She smil'd to see the doughty hero slain,
 But, at her smile, the Beau reviv'd again
 Now Jove suspends his golden scales in air,
 Weighs the Men's wits against the Lady's
 hair,
 The doubtful beam long nods from side to
 side,
 At length the wits mount up, the hairs sub-
 side,
 See fierce Belinda on the Baron flies,
 With more than usual lightning in her eyes
 Nor fear'd the Chief th' unequal fight to try,
 Who sought no more than on his foe to die
 But this bold Lord with manly strength en-
 du'd,
 She with one finger and a thumb subdu'd
 Just where the breath of life his nostrils drew,
 A charge of snuff the wily virgin threw,
 The Gnomes direct, to every atom just,
 The pungent grains of titillating dust
 Sudden, with starting tears each eye o'er-
 flows,
 And the high dome re-echoes to his nose
 "Now meet thy fate," incens'd Belinda
 cry'd,
 And drew a deadly bodkin from her side
 (The same, his ancient personage to deck,
 Her great-great-grand sire wore about his
 neck,
 In three seal-rings; which after, melted down,
 Form'd a vast buckle for his widow's gown
 Her infant grandame's whistle next it grew,
 The bells she jingled, and the whistle blew,

Then in a bodkin grac'd her mother's hairs, 95
Which long she wore, and now Belinda wears)
"Boast not my fall, (he cry'd) insulting
foe!

Thou by some other shalt be laid as low
Nor think, to die dejects my lofty mind
All that I dread is leaving you behind! 100
Rather than so, ah, let me still survive,
And burn in Cupid's flames—but burn alive "

"Restore the lock!" she cries, and all
around
"Restore the lock!" the vaulted roofs re-
bound

Not fierce Othello in so loud a strain 105
Roar'd for the handkerchief that caus'd his
pain

But see how oft ambitious aims are cross'd,
And chiefs contend till all the prize is lost!
The lock, obtain'd with guilt, and kept with
pain,

In ev'ry place is sought, but sought in
vain. 110

With such a prize no mortal must be blest,
So Heav'n decrees! with Heav'n who can con-
test?

Some thought it mounted to the Lunar
sphere,
Since all things lost on earth are treasur'd
there

There Heroes' wits are kept in pond'rous
vases, 115

And Beau's in snuff-boxes and tweezer-cases
There broken vows, and death-bed alms are
found,

And lovers' hearts with ends of riband bound,
The courtier's promises, and sick man's
pray'rs,

The smiles of harlots, and the tears of heirs, 120
Cages for gnats, and chains to yoke a flea,
Dry'd butterflies, and tomes of casuistry

But trust the Muse—she saw it upward rise,
Tho' mark'd by none but quick, poetic eyes
(So Rome's great founder to the heav'ns
withdrew, 125

To Proculus alone confess'd in view)
A sudden Star, it shot thro' liquid air,
And drew behind a radiant trail of hair
Not Berenice's locks first rose so bright,
The heav'n's bespangling with dishevell'd
light. 130

The Sylphs behold it kindling as it flies,
And pleas'd pursue its progress thro' the
skies

This the Beau-monde shall from the Mall
survey,

And hail with music its propitious ray
This the blest Lover shall for Venus take, 135
And send up vows from Rosamonda's lake
This Partridge soon shall view in cloudless
skies,

When next he looks thro' Galileo's eyes,
And hence th' egregious wizard shall fore-
doom

The fate of Louis, and the fall of Rome 140
Then cease, bright Nymph! to mourn thy
ravish'd hair,

Which adds new glory to the shining sphere!
Not all the tresses that fair head can boast
Shall draw such envy as the Lock you lost
For, after all the murders of your eye, 145
When, after millions slain, yourself shall die,
When those fair suns shall set, as set they
must,

And all those tresses shall be laid in dust,
This Lock the Muse shall consecrate to fame,
And 'midst the stars inscribe Belinda's
name 150

AN ESSAY ON MAN

EPISTLE I

OF THE NATURE AND STATE OF MAN WITH
RESPECT TO THE UNIVERSE

AWAKE, my St JOHN! leave all meaner things
To low ambition and the pride of Kings

Let us (since life can little more supply
Than just to look about us and to die)
Expatiate free o'er all this scene of Man, 5
A mighty maze! but not without a plan,
A wild, where weeds and flowers promiscuous
shoot,

Or garden, tempting with forbidden fruit
Together let us beat this ample field,
Try what the open, what the covert yield, 10
The latent tracts, the giddy heights, explore
Of all who blindly creep or sightless soar,
Eye Nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies,
And catch the manners living as they rise,
Laugh where we must, be candid where we
can; 15

But vindicate the ways of God to Man

I Say first, of God above, or Man below,
What can we reason, but from what we
know?

Of Man, what see we but his station here,
From which to reason, or to which refer? 20
Thro' worlds unnumber'd tho' the God be
known,

'Tis ours to trace him only in our own
 He, who thro' vast immensity can pierce,
 See worlds on worlds compose one universe,
 Observe how system into system runs, ²⁵
 What other planets circle other suns,
 What varied being peoples every star,
 May tell why Heav'n has made us as we are
 But of this frame the bearings, and the ties,
 The strong connections, nice dependencies, ³⁰
 Gradations just, has thy pervading soul
 Look'd thro' or can a part contain the
 whole?

Is the great chain, that draws us all to
 agree,

And drawn supports, upheld by God or thee?

II Presumptuous Man! the reason wouldst
 thou find, ³⁵

Why form'd so weak, so little, and so blind?
 First, if thou canst, the harder reason guess,
 Why form'd no weaker, blinder, and no less?
 Ask of thy mother earth, why oaks are made
 Taller and stronger than the weeds they
 shade, ⁴⁰

Or ask of yonder argent fields above,
 Why Jove's Satellites are less than Jove

Of systems possible, if 'tis confest
 That wisdom infinite must form the best,
 Where all must fall or not coherent be, ⁴⁵
 And all that rises, rise in due degree,
 Then, in the scale of reas'ning life 'tis plain,
 There must be, somewhere, such a rank as
 Man:

And all the question (wrangle e'er so long)
 Is only this, if God has placed him wrong? ⁵⁰

Respecting Man, whatever wrong we call,
 May, must be right, as relative to all
 In human works, tho' labour'd on with pain,
 A thousand movements scarce one purpose
 gain;

In God's, one single can its end produce, ⁵⁵
 Yet serves to second too, some other use
 So Man, who here seems principal alone,
 Perhaps acts second to some sphere un-
 known,

Touches some wheel, or verges to some goal,
 'Tis but a part we see, and not a whole ⁶⁰

When the proud steed shall know why Man
 restrains

His fiery course, or drives him o'er the plains,
 When the dull ox, why now he breaks the
 clod,

Is now a victim, and now Egypt's God,
 Then shall Man's pride and dulness compre-
 hend ⁶⁵

His actions', passions', being's, use and end;

Why doing, suff'ring, check'd, impell'd, and
 why

This hour a slave, the next a deity
 Then say not Man's imperfect, Heav'n in
 fault,

Say rather, Man's as perfect as he ought ⁷⁰
 His knowledge measured to his state and
 place,

His time a moment, and a point his space
 If to be perfect in a certain sphere,
 What matter soon or late, or here or there?
 The blest to-day is as completely so, ⁷⁵
 As who began a thousand years ago

III Heav'n from all creatures hides the
 book of Fate,

All but the page prescribed, their present
 state

From brutes what men, from men what spir-
 its know

Or who could suffer being here below? ⁸⁰
 The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
 Had he thy reason, would he skip and play?
 Pleas'd to the last, he crops the flowery
 food,

And licks the hand just rais'd to shed his
 blood

Oh blindness to the future! kindly giv'n, ⁸⁵
 That each may fill the circle mark'd by
 Heav'n

Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
 A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,
 Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd,
 And now a bubble burst, and now a world ⁹⁰

Hope humbly then, with trembling pinions
 soar,

Wait the great teacher Death, and God adore
 What future bliss, He gives not thee to know,
 But gives that hope to be thy blessing now
 Hope springs eternal in the human breast ⁹⁵
 Man never is, but always to be, blest
 The soul, uneasy and confin'd from home,
 Rests and expatiates in a life to come

Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutor'd mind
 Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the
 wind, ¹⁰⁰

His soul proud Science never taught to stray
 Far as the solar walk or milky way,
 Yet simple nature to his hope has giv'n,
 Behind the cloud-topp'd hill, an humbler
 Heav'n,

Some safer world in depth of woods em-
 braced, ¹⁰⁵

Some happier island in the wat'ry waste,
 Where slaves once more their native land
 behold,

No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold

To be, contents his natural desire,
He asks no Angel's wings, no Seraph's fire, ¹¹⁰
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company

IV Go, wiser thou! and in thy scale of sense

Weigh thy opinion against Providence,
Call imperfection what thou fanciest such, ¹¹⁵
Say here he gives too little, there too much,
Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust,
Yet cry, if Man's unhappy, God's unjust,
If Man alone engross not Heaven's high care,
Alone made perfect here, immortal there ¹²⁰
Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,

Re-judge his justice, be the god of God
In pride, in reas'ning pride, our error lies,
All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies
Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes, ¹²⁵
Men would be Angels, Angels would be Gods
Aspiring to be Gods, if Angels fell,
Aspiring to be Angels, men rebel
And who but wishes to invert the laws
Of order, sins against th' Eternal Cause ¹³⁰

V Ask for what end the heav'nly bodies shine—

Earth for whose use—Pride answers, "Tis for mine

For me kind Nature wakes her genial power,
Suckles each herb, and spreads out ev'ry flower,

Annual for me the grape, the rose renew, ¹³⁵
The juice nectareous and the balmy dew,
For me the mine a thousand treasures brings,
For me health gushes from a thousand springs,

Seas roll to waft me, suns to light me rise,
My foot-stool earth, my canopy the skies" ¹⁴⁰

But errs not Nature from this gracious end,
From burning suns when livid deaths descend,
When earthquakes swallow, or when tempests sweep

Towns to one grave, whole nations to the deep?

"No, ('tis replied) the first Almighty Cause ¹⁴⁵
Acts not by partial but by gen'ral laws,
Th' exceptions few, some change since all began

And what created perfect?"—Why then Man?
If the great end be human happiness,
Then Nature deviates, and can Man do less? ¹⁵⁰

As much that end a constant course requires

Of showers and sun-shine, as of Man's desires,

As much eternal springs and cloudless skies,
As man for ever temp'rate, calm, and wise
If plagues or earthquakes break not Heav'n's design, ¹⁵⁵

Why then a Borgia or a Catiline?

Who knows but He, whose hand the light'ning forms,

Who heaves old ocean, and who wings the storms,

Pours fierce ambition in a Cæsar's mind,
Or turns young Ammon loose to scourge mankind? ¹⁶⁰

From pride, from pride, our very reas'ning springs,

Account for moral, as for natural things
Why charge we Heav'n in those, in these account?

In both, to reason right is to submit

Better for us, perhaps, it might appear, ¹⁶⁵
Were there all harmony, all virtue here,
That never air or ocean felt the wind,
That never passion discomposed the mind
But all subsists by elemental strife,
And passions are the elements of life ¹⁷⁰
The gen'ral order, since the whole began,
Is kept in Nature, and is kept in Man

VI What would this Man? Now upward will he soar,

And little less than Angel, would be more,
Now looking downwards, just as griev'd appears ¹⁷⁵

To want the strength of bulls, the fur of bears
Made for his use all creatures if he call,
Say what their use, had he the powers of all?
Nature to these without profusion kind,
The proper organs, proper powers assign'd, ¹⁸⁰
Each seeming want compensated of course,
Here with degrees of swiftness, there of force,
All in exact proportion to the state,
Nothing to add, and nothing to abate
Each beast, each insect, happy in its own ¹⁸⁵
Is Heav'n unkind to Man, and Man alone?

Shall he alone, whom rational we call,
Be pleas'd with nothing, if not blest with all?

The bliss of Man (could Pride that blessing find)

Is not to act or think beyond mankind, ¹⁹⁰
No powers of body or of soul to share,
But what his nature and his state can bear
Why has not Man a microscopic eye?
For this plain reason, Man is not a fly
Say what the use, were finer optics giv'n, ¹⁹⁵
T' inspect a mite, not comprehend the Heav'n?

Or touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,
To smart and agonise at every pore?
Or quick effluvia darting through the brain,
Die of a rose in aromatic pain? ²⁰⁰

If Nature thunder'd in his opening ears,
And stunn'd him with the music of the
spheres,

How would he wish that Heav'n had left him
still

The whisp'ring zephyr and the purling rill?
Who finds not Providence all good and wise, ²⁰⁵
Alike in what it gives and what denies?

VII Far as creation's ample range extends,
The scale of sensual, mental powers ascends
Mark how it mounts to Man's imperial race
From the green myriads in the peopled
grass ²¹⁰

What modes of sight betwixt each wide ex-
treme,

The mole's dim curtain and the lynx's beam
Of smell, the headlong lioness between,
And hound sagacious on the tainted green
Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood ²¹⁵
To that which warbles thro' the vernal wood
The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine,
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line
In the nice bee, what sense so subtly true
From pois'nous herbs extracts the healing
dew! ²²⁰

How instinct varies in the grov'ling swine,
Compared, half-reas'ning elephant, with thine!
'Twixt that and reason what a nice barrier!
For ever sep'rate, yet for ever near!
Remembrance and reflection, how allied, ²²⁵
What thin partitions Sense from Thought di-
vide!

And middle natures, how they long to join,
Yet never pass th' insuperable line!
Without this just gradation could they be
Subjected, these to those, or all to thee? ²³⁰
The powers of all subdued by thee alone,
Is not thy Reason all these powers in one?

VIII See, thro' this air, this ocean, and this
earth,

All matter quick, and bursting into birth
Above, how high progressive life may go! ²³⁵
Around, how wide! how deep extend below!
Vast chain of being! which from God began;
Natures ethereal, human, angel, man,
Beast, bird, fish, insect, what no eye can
see,

No glass can reach, from infinite to thee, ²⁴⁰
From thee to nothing—On superior powers
Were we to press, inferior might on ours,
Or in the full creation leave a void,

Where, one step broken, the great scale's de-
stroy'd

From Nature's chain whatever link you
strike, ²⁴⁵

Tenth, or ten thousandth, breaks the chain
alike

And, if each system in gradation roll,
Alike essential to th' amazing Whole,
The least confusion but in one, not all
That system only, but the Whole must fall ²⁵⁰
Let earth, unbalanced, from her orbit fly,
Planets and stars run lawless thro' the sky,
Let ruling angels from their spheres be hurl'd,
Being on being wreck'd, and world on world,
Heav'n's whole foundations to their centre
nod, ²⁵⁵

And Nature trembles to the throne of God
All this dread order break—for whom? for
thee?

Vile worm!—oh madness! pride! impiety!

IX What if the foot, ordain'd the dust to
tread,

Or hand to toil, aspired to be the head? ²⁶⁰
What if the head, the eye, or ear repin'd
To serve mere engines to the ruling mind?
Just as absurd for any part to claim
To be another in this gen'ral frame,
Just as absurd, to mourn the tasks or pains ²⁶⁵
The great directing Mind of All ordains

All are but parts of one stupendous Whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul,
That, changed thro' all, and yet in all the
same,

Great in the earth, as in th' ethereal frame, ²⁷⁰
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glow in the stars, and blossoms in the trees,
Lives thro' all life, extends thro' all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent,
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal
part, ²⁷⁵

As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart,
As full, as perfect, in vile Man that mourns,
As the rapt Seraph that adores and burns
To him no high, no low, no great, no small,
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals
all ²⁸⁰

X Cease then, nor Order imperfection
name

Our proper bliss depends on what we blame
Know thy own point This kind, this due de-
gree

Of blindness, weakness, Heav'n bestows on
thee

Submit—In this, or any other sphere, ²⁸⁵
Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear,

Safe in the hand of one disposing Power,	All discord, harmony not understood,
Or in the natal, or the mortal hour	All partial evil, universal good
All Nature is but Art, unknown to thee,	And, spite of Pride, in erring Reason's spite,
All chance, direction, which thou canst not	One truth is clear, WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT
see,	290

LORD CHESTERFIELD

(1694-1773)

Philip Dormer Stanhope, fourth Earl of Chesterfield, aspired to be the most astute diplomat in England. Unfortunately he had the fatal habit of seeking the favor of the wrong person or ignoring an important opportunity so that he failed to gain the desired prominence. If he had been more cordial to Dr. Johnson, the *Dictionary* might have been dedicated to him. Instead of such a dedication the *Dictionary* contained the famous letter under the heading "The Blast of Doom, proclaiming that patronage shall be no more." Because he neglected the Princess of Wales but paid court to the Prince's mistress, Chesterfield forfeited the advancement he might have had when George II became king. Until he made this mistake, his career had been most promising.

At his return from a tour of the Low Countries after two years at Cambridge, he had been appointed Gentleman of the Bed-Chamber to the Prince of Wales. He had also been elected to the House of Commons. It seemed that he was assured of a distinguished position when in 1726 he had succeeded to his father's title and a seat in the House of Lords. Then Queen Caroline prevented his further promotion in England, and so George II sent him to Holland as Ambassador. During the three years Chesterfield remained in Holland, he performed his duties admirably. His reward was the appointment of High Steward of His Majesty's Household. From this position he was, however, dismissed because of his opposition to the Excise Bill. Twelve years later as Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland he administered ably the affairs of that disturbed country for a short period. His last official position was Secretary of State for the North. In 1748 his diplomatic career came to an end without his having attained the power he sought so ardently.

The position Chesterfield was unable to gain

for himself, he was determined his illegitimate son should have. With the aim of training the boy in the necessary arts and subtleties of diplomacy as well as in the methods of shining in fashionable society, he sent him under the care of a tutor on a tour of the European countries to study their languages and customs. In a series of letters he advised the traveller and incidentally revealed his own character and philosophy. The keynote of this philosophy was that one should always conceal his feelings no matter what circumstances might arise. According to Chesterfield frankness and sincerity are qualities which the diplomat cannot afford to possess. He practiced this philosophy, for he treated with calm indifference every disconcerting event in his life. Even when he learned at his son's death that the boy had married secretly a woman without social position, he showed no resentment but supported her and his two grandsons, advising them as he had their father.

As Chesterfield did not intend the letters for publication, he expressed for the benefit of the boy his intimate thoughts. He wrote as "one man of the world writes to another." He gave his son instructions on every subject from the correct manner of walking across a ball-room floor to the proper style for a document of state. His continual admonition was, "Remember the Graces! I would have you sacrifice to the Graces." Only by means of the accomplishments of a courtier could a person hope to achieve success in the diplomatic world. The philosophy of the letters is thoroughly pagan, for they teach self-advancement as the goal of life with reason as the guide. Yet they contain much wisdom expressed effectively. Dr. Johnson said concerning the volume, "Take out the immorality, and it should be put into the hands of every young gentleman."

FRIENDSHIP

London, October 9, O S 1747

DEAR BOY,

People of your age have, commonly, an unguarded frankness about them, which makes them the easy prey and bubbles of the artful and the experienced. They look upon every knave, or fool, who tells them that he is their friend, to be really so, and pay that profession of simulated friendship, with an indiscreet and unbounded confidence, always to their loss,

often to their ruin. Beware, therefore, now that you are coming into the world, of these proffered friendships. Receive them with great civility, but with great incredulity too, and pay them with compliments, but not with confidence. Do not let your vanity, and self-love, make you suppose that people become your friends at first sight, or even upon a short acquaintance. Real friendship is a slow grower, and never thrives, unless ingrafted upon a stock of known and reciprocal merit. There is another kind of nominal friend-

ship, among young people, which is warm for the time, but, by good luck, of short duration. This friendship is hastily produced, by their being accidentally thrown together, and pursuing the same course of riot and debauchery. A fine friendship, truly¹ and well cemented by drunkenness and lewdness. It should rather be called a conspiracy against morals and good manners, and be punished as such by the civil magistrate. However, they have the impudence, and the folly, to call this confederacy a friendship. They lend one another money for bad purposes, they engage in quarrels, offensive and defensive, for their accomplices, they tell one another all they know, and often more too, when, of a sudden, some accident disperses them, and they think no more of each other, unless it be to betray and laugh at their imprudent confidence. Remember to make a great difference between companions and friends, for a very complaisant and agreeable companion may, and often does, prove a very improper and a very dangerous friend.

People will, in a great degree, and not without reason, form their opinion of you upon that which they have of your friends, and there is a Spanish proverb, which says very justly, *Tell me whom you live with, and I will tell you who you are*. One may fairly suppose that a man who makes a knave or a fool his friend, has something very bad to do or to conceal. But, at the same time that you carefully decline the friendship of knaves and fools, if it can be called friendship, there is no occasion to make either of them your enemies, wantonly and unprovoked, for they are numerous bodies; and I would rather choose a secure neutrality, than alliance, or war, with either of them. You may be a declared enemy to their vices and follies, without being marked out by them as a personal one. Their enmity is the next dangerous thing to their friendship. Have a real reserve with almost everybody, and have a seeming reserve with almost nobody, for it is very disagreeable to seem reserved, and very dangerous not to be so. Few people find the true medium, many are ridiculously mysterious and reserved upon trifles, and many imprudently communicative of all they know.

The next thing to the choice of your friends is the choice of your company. Endeavour, as much as you can, to keep company with people above you. There you rise, as much

as you sink with people below you, for (as I have mentioned before) you are whatever the company you keep is. Do not mistake, when I say company above you, and think that I mean with regard to their birth, that is the least consideration. But I mean with regard to their merit, and the light in which the world considers them.

There are two sorts of good company, one, which is called the *beau monde*, and consists of those people who have the lead in Courts, and in the gay part of life, the other consists of those who are distinguished by some peculiar merit, or who excel in some particular and valuable art or science. For my own part, I used to think myself in company as much above me, when I was with Mr Addison and Mr Pope, as if I had been with all the Princes in Europe. What I mean by low company, which should by all means be avoided, is the company of those who, absolutely insignificant and contemptible in themselves, think they are honoured by being in your company, and who flatter every vice and every folly you have, in order to engage you to converse with them. The pride of being the first of the company is but too common, but it is very silly, and very prejudicial. Nothing in the world lets down a character more than that wrong turn.

You may possibly ask me whether a man has it always in his power to get into the best company? and how? I say, Yes, he has, by deserving it, provided he is but in circumstances which enable him to appear upon the footing of a gentleman. Merit and good-breeding will make their way everywhere. Knowledge will introduce him, and good-breeding will endear him to the best companies, for, as I have often told you, politeness and good-breeding are absolutely necessary to adorn any or all other good qualities or talents. Without them, no knowledge, no perfection whatsoever, is seen in its best light. The scholar, without good-breeding, is a pedant, the philosopher, a cynic, the soldier, a brute, and every man disagreeable.

I long to hear, from my several correspondents at Leipsig, of your arrival there, and what impression you make on them at first, for I have Arguses, with a hundred eyes each, who will watch you narrowly, and relate to me faithfully. My accounts will certainly be true, it depends on you, entirely, of what kind they shall be. Adieu!

THE ART OF PLEASING

London, October 16, O S 1747

DEAR BOY,

The art of pleasing is a very necessary one to possess, but a very difficult one to acquire. It can hardly be reduced to rules, and your own good sense and observation will teach you more of it than I can. "Do as you would be done by" is the surest method that I know of pleasing. Observe carefully what pleases you in others, and probably the same things in you will please others. If you are pleased with the complaisance and attention of others to your humours, your tastes, or your weaknesses, depend upon it, the same complaisance and attention on your part to theirs, will equally please them. Take the tone of the company that you are in, and do not pretend to give it, be serious, gay, or even trifling, as you find the present humour of the company: this is an attention due from every individual to the majority. Do not tell stories in company, there is nothing more tedious and disagreeable if by chance you know a very short story, and exceedingly applicable to the present subject of conversation, tell it in as few words as possible, and even then, throw out that you do not love to tell stories, but that the shortness of it tempted you.

Of all things, banish egotism out of your conversation, and never think of entertaining people with your own personal concerns or private affairs, though they are interesting to you, they are tedious and impertinent to everybody else. Besides that, one cannot keep one's own private affairs too secret. Whatever you think your own excellencies may be, do not affectedly display them in company, nor labour, as many people do, to give that turn to the conversation which may supply you with an opportunity of exhibiting them. If they are real, they will infallibly be discovered without your pointing them out yourself, and with much more advantage. Never maintain an argument with heat and clamour, though you think or know yourself to be in the right, but give your opinions modestly and coolly, which is the only way to convince, and, if that does not do, try to change the conversation, by saying, with good-humour, "We shall hardly convince one another; nor is it necessary that we should, so let us talk of something else."

Remember that there is a local propriety

to be observed in all companies, and that what is extremely proper in one company may be, and often is, highly improper in another.

The jokes, the *bon-mots*, the little adventures, which may do very well in one company, will seem flat and tedious when related in another. The particular characters, the habits, the cant of one company may give merit to a word, or a gesture, which would have none at all if divested of those accidental circumstances. Here people very commonly err, and fond of something that has entertained them in one company, and in certain circumstances, repeat it with emphasis in another, where it is either insipid, or, it may be, offensive, by being ill-timed or misplaced.

Nay, they often do it with this silly preamble, "I will tell you an excellent thing," or, "I will tell you the best thing in the world." This raises expectations, which when absolutely disappointed, make the relator of this excellent thing look, very deservedly, like a fool.

If you would particularly gain the affection and friendship of particular people, whether men or women, endeavour to find out their predominant excellency, if they have one, and their prevailing weakness, which everybody has; and do justice to the one, and something more than justice to the other. Men have various objects in which they may excel, or at least would be thought to excel, and though they love to hear justice done to them, where they know that they excel, yet they are most and best flattered upon those points where they wish to excel, and yet are doubtful whether they do or not. As for example Cardinal Richelieu, who was undoubtedly the ablest statesman of his time, or perhaps of any other, had the idle vanity of being thought the best poet too. He envied the great Corneille his reputation, and ordered a criticism to be written upon the *Cid*. Those, therefore, who flattered skilfully, said little to him of his abilities in state affairs, or at least but *en passant*, and as it might naturally occur. But the incense which they gave him—the smoke of which they knew would turn his head in their favour—was as a *bel esprit* and a poet. Why?—Because he was sure of one excellency, and distrustful as to the other.

You will easily discover every man's prevailing vanity by observing his favourite topic of conversation; for every man talks most of what he has most a mind to be thought to

excel in Touch him but there, and you touch him to the quick The late Sir Robert Walpole (who was certainly an able man) was little open to flattery upon that head, for he was in no doubt himself about it, but his prevailing weakness was to be thought to have a polite and happy turn to gallantry—of which he had undoubtedly less than any man living It was his favourite and frequent subject of conversation, which proved to those who had any penetration that it was his prevailing weakness, and they applied to it with success

Women have, in general, but one object, which is their beauty, upon which scarce any flattery is too gross for them to follow Nature has hardly formed a woman ugly enough to be insensible to flattery upon her person, if her face is so shocking that she must, in some degree, be conscious of it, her figure and air, she trusts, make ample amends for it If her figure is deformed, her face, she thinks, counterbalances it If they are both bad, she comforts herself that she has graces; a certain manner; a *je ne sçais quoi*, still more engaging than beauty This truth is evident, from the studied and elaborate dress of the ugliest woman in the world An undoubted, uncontested, conscious beauty is, of all women, the least sensible of flattery upon that head, she knows it is her due, and is therefore obliged to nobody for giving it her She must be flattered upon her understanding, which, though she may possibly not doubt of herself, yet she suspects that men may distrust

Do not mistake me, and think that I mean to recommend to you abject and criminal flattery no, flatter nobody's vices or crimes on the contrary, abhor and discourage them But there is no living in the world without a complaisant indulgence for people's weaknesses, and innocent, though ridiculous vanities If a man has a mind to be thought wiser, and a woman handsomer, than they really are, their error is a comfortable one to themselves, and an innocent one with regard to other people; and I would rather make them my friends by indulging them in it, than my enemies by endeavouring (and that to no purpose) to undeceive them

There are little attentions, likewise, which are infinitely engaging, and which sensibly affect that degree of pride and self-love, which is inseparable from human nature; as they are unquestionably proofs of the regard and consideration which we have for the persons to

whom we pay them As for example to observe the little habits, the likings, the antipathies, and the tastes of those whom we would gain, and then take care to provide them with the one, and to secure them from the other, giving them genteelly to understand, that you had observed they liked such a dish or such a room, for which reason you had prepared it or, on the contrary, that having observed they had an aversion to such a dish, a dislike to such a person, etc., you had taken care to avoid presenting them Such attention to such trifles flatters self-love much more than greater things, as it makes people think themselves almost the only objects of your thoughts and care

These are some of the *arcana* necessary for your initiation in the great society of the world I wish I had known them better at your age, I have paid the price of three-and-fifty years for them, and shall not grudge it if you reap the advantage Adieu!

A SAMPLE CONVERSATION

London, September 12, O S 1749

DEAR BOY,

It seems extraordinary, but it is very true, that my anxiety for you increases in proportion to the good accounts which I receive of you from all hands I promise myself so much from you, that I dread the least disappointment You are now so near the port, which I have so long wished and laboured to bring you safe into, that my concern would be doubled, should you be shipwrecked within sight of it The object, therefore, of this letter is (laying aside all the authority of a parent) to conjure you as a friend, by the affection you have for me (and surely you have reason to have some), and by the regard you have for yourself, to go on, with assiduity and attention, to complete that work, which of late you have carried on so well, and which is now so near being finished My wishes and my plan were to make you shine, and distinguish yourself equally in the learned and the polite world Few have been able to do it. Deep learning is generally tainted with pedantry, or at least unadorned by manners, as, on the other hand, polite manners, and the turn of the world, are too often unsupported by knowledge, and consequently end contemptibly in the frivolous dissipation of drawing-rooms and *ruelles* You are now got

over the dry and difficult parts of learning, what remains, requires much more time than trouble

You have lost time by your illness, you must regain it now or never I therefore most earnestly desire, for your own sake, that, for these next six months, at least six hours every morning, uninterruptedly, may be inviolably sacred to your studies with Mr Harte I do not know whether he will require so much, but I know that I do, and hope you will, and consequently prevail with him to give you that time I own it is a good deal, but when both you and he consider that the work will be so much better and so much sooner done by such an assiduous and continued application, you will neither of you think it too much, and each will find his account in it So much for the mornings, which, from your own good sense, and Mr Harte's tenderness and care of you, will, I am sure, be thus well employed It is not only reasonable, but useful too, that your evenings should be devoted to amusements and pleasures, and therefore I not only allow, but recommend, that they should be employed at assemblies, balls, *spectacles*, and in the best companies, with this restriction only, that the consequences of the evenings' diversions may not break in upon the mornings' studies, by breakfastings, visits, and idle parties into the country At your age, you need not be ashamed, when any of these morning parties are proposed, to say you must beg to be excused, for you are obliged to devote your mornings to Mr Harte, that I will have it so, and that you dare not do otherwise Lay it all upon me, though I am persuaded it will be as much your own inclination as it is mine But those frivolous, idle people, whose time hangs upon their own hands, and who desire to make others lose theirs too, are not to be reasoned with, and indeed it would be doing them too much honour The shortest, civil answers are the best, *I cannot, I dare not*, instead of *I will not*, for, if you were to enter with them into the necessity of study, and the usefulness of knowledge, it would only furnish them with matter for their silly jests, which, though I would not have you mind, I would not have you invite

I will suppose you at Rome, studying six hours uninterruptedly with Mr Harte every morning, and passing your evenings with the best company of Rome, observing their manners and forming your own, and I will suppose a number of idle, sauntering, illiterate English, as there commonly is there, living entirely with one another, supping, drinking, and sitting up late at each others' lodgings, commonly in riots and scrapes when drunk, and never in good company when sober I will take one of these pretty fellows, and give you the dialogue between him and yourself, such as I dare say it will be on his side, and such as I hope it will be on yours

Englishman Will you come and breakfast with me to-morrow? there will be four or five of our countrymen, we have provided chaises, and we will drive somewhere out of town after breakfast

Stanhope I am very sorry I cannot, but I am obliged to be at home all morning

Englishman Why, then, we will come and breakfast with you

Stanhope I can't do that either, I am engaged

Englishman Well, then, let it be the next day

Stanhope To tell you the truth, it can be no day in the morning, for I neither go out, nor see anybody at home before twelve

Englishman And what the devil do you do with yourself till twelve o'clock?

Stanhope I am not by myself, I am with Mr Harte

Englishman Then what the devil do you do with him?

Stanhope We study different thmgs, we read, we converse

Englishman Very pretty amusement, indeed! Are you to take orders, then?

Stanhope Yes, my father's orders, I believe, I must take

Englishman Why, hast thou no more spirit than to mind an old fellow a thousand miles off?

Stanhope If I don't mind his orders, he won't mind my draughts

Englishman What! does the old prig threaten, then? threatened folks live long, never mind threats

Stanhope No, I can't say he has ever threatened me in his life, but I believe I had best not provoke him

Englishman Pooh! you would have one angry letter from the old fellow, and there would be an end of it

Stanhope You mistake him mightily, he always does more than he says He has never been angry with me yet, that I remember, in

his life, but, if I were to provoke him, I am sure he would never forgive me he would be coolly immovable, and I might beg and pray, and write my heart out, to no purpose

Englishman Why, then, he is an old dog, 5 that's all I can say, and pray, are you to obey your dry-nurse too, this same what's his name—Mr Harte?

Stanhope Yes

Englishman So, he stuffs you all morning 10 with Greek, and Latin, and Logic, and all that Egad, I have a dry-nurse too, but I never looked into a book with him in my life, I have not so much as seen the face of him this week, and don't care a louse if I never 15 see it again

Stanhope My dry-nurse never desires anything of me that is not reasonable and for my own good, and therefore I like to be with him

Englishman Very sententious and edifying, 20 upon my word! At this rate you will be reckoned a very good young man

Stanhope Why, that will do me no harm

Englishman Will you be with us to-morrow in the evening, then? We shall be ten, with 25 you, and I have got some excellent good wine, and we'll be very merry

Stanhope I am very much obliged to you, but I am engaged for all the evening, to-morrow, first at Cardinal Albani's, and then 30 to sup at the Venetian Ambassadors's

Englishman How the devil can you like being always with these foreigners? I never go amongst them, with all their formalities and ceremonies I am never easy in company 35 with them, and I don't know why, but I am ashamed

Stanhope I am neither ashamed nor afraid, I am very easy with them, they are very easy with me, I get the language, and I see their 40 characters by conversing with them, and that is what we are sent abroad for Is it not?

Englishman I hate your modest women's company, your women of fashion, as they call 'em I don't know what to say to them, for my 45 part

Stanhope Have you ever conversed with them?

Englishman No, I never conversed with them, but I have been sometimes in their 50 company, though much against my will

Stanhope. But at least they have done you no hurt, which is, probably, more than you can say of the women you do converse with

Englishman That's true, I own. but, for 55

all that, I would rather keep company with my surgeon half the year than with your women of fashion the year round

Stanhope Tastes are different, you know, and every man follows his own

Englishman That's true, but thine's a devilish odd one, Stanhope All morning with thy dry-nurse, all the evening in formal fine company, and all day long afraid of old daddy in England Thou art a queer fellow, and I am afraid there's nothing to be made of thee

Stanhope I am afraid so too

Englishman Well, then, good night to you, you have no objection, I hope, to my being drunk to-night, which I certainly will be

Stanhope Not in the least, nor to your being sick to-morrow, which you as certainly will be, and so good night too

You will observe that I have not put into your mouth those good arguments, which upon such an occasion would, I am sure, occur to you, as, piety and affection toward me, regard and friendship for Mr Harte, respect for your own moral character, and for all the relative duties of man, son, pupil, and citizen Such solid arguments would be thrown away upon such shallow puppies Leave them to their ignorance, and to their dirty, disgraceful vices They will severely feel the effects of them, 30 when it will be too late Without the comfortable refuge of learning, and with all the sickness and pains of a runed stomach and a rotten carcase, if they happen to arrive at old age, it is an uneasy and ignominious one The ridicule which such fellows endeavour to throw upon those who are not like them is, in the opinion of all men of sense, the most authentic panegyric Go on, then, my dear child, in the way you are in, only for a year and a half 40 more, that is all I ask of you After that, I promise that you shall be your own master, and that I will pretend to no other title than that of your best and truest friend You shall receive advice, but no orders, from me, and in truth you will want no other advice but such as youth and inexperience must necessarily require You shall certainly want nothing that is requisite, not only for your convenience, but also for your pleasures, which I always desire should be gratified You will suppose that I mean the pleasures *d'un honnête homme*

While you are learning Italian, which I hope you do with diligence, pray take care to continue your German, which you may have frequent opportunities of speaking. I would

also have you keep up your knowledge of the *Jus Publicum Imperii*, by looking over, now and then, those *inestimable manuscripts*, which Sir Charles Williams, who arrived here last week, assures me you have made upon that subject. It will be of very great use to you, when you come to be concerned in foreign affairs, as you shall be (if you qualify yourself for them) younger than ever any other was, I mean, before you are twenty. Sir Charles tells me that he will answer for your learning, and that he believes you will acquire that address, and those Graces, which are so necessary to give it its full lustre and value. But he confesses that he doubts more of the latter than of the former. The justice which he does Mr Harte, in his panegyrics of him, makes me hope that there is likewise a great deal of truth in his encomiums of you. Are you pleased with, and proud of, the reputation which you have already acquired? Surely you are, for I am sure I am. Will you do anything to lessen or forfeit it? Surely you will not. And will you not do all you can to extend and increase it? Surely you will. It is only going on for a year and a half longer, as you have gone on for the two years last past, and devoting half the day only to application, and you will be sure to make the earliest figure and fortune in the world, that ever man made. Adieu!

SAMUEL JOHNSON (1709-1784)

Dr Johnson's reputation as the chief literary figure of the period from 1740 to 1780 is based not on his works but on the fact that he had something important to say about every subject. By nature he was a philosopher, and by force of circumstances he became the literary dictator of his age. Even Oliver Goldsmith submitted to this dominating personality several of his poems for correction before he published them. In spite of his peculiarities and prejudices the doctor was surely an entertaining companion. Although his early difficulties left an indelible stamp of melancholy upon him, yet he never allowed it to sour his disposition. He hated sham and hypocrisy, never hesitating to expose them at all times. But he had a kind heart and was ever ready to help those in trouble. His home was a refuge for several penniless persons.

It is unfortunate that many students obtain their idea of Dr Johnson from Macaulay's essay rather than from Boswell's biography, for Macaulay has given an extremely biased portrait. He has exaggerated Johnson's eccentricities and overlooked the admirable traits. If Johnson were so uncouth, why was he welcomed at aristocratic tables and in fashionable drawing rooms? The ladies were always fond of his society and frequently vied with each other to gain his attention. He could be extremely gracious and witty as well as dictatorial. Fanny Burney wrote, "Dr Johnson has more fun, and comical humor, and love of nonsense about him than almost anybody I ever saw." He was, however, more often concerned with serious subjects because he was naturally a critical observer of the life about him. Whatever his faults were, they were condoned by a circle of admiring friends, including many prominent persons, who valued his greatness of mind and heart. He was the leader of the famous literary club composed of the most brilliant men of the time. To have endured the interminable questioning of Boswell for over twenty years is evidence of exceptional character.

A principal element in Johnson's character was his determination to conquer the obstacles of poverty in spite of a tendency to idleness. The son of a poor bookseller of Lichfield, he had suffered from scrofula in his childhood and was never in good health. From 1731 when he had to leave Pembroke College, Oxford, because of financial difficulties until he received a pension over thirty years later, he struggled to earn a living. He taught school, he translated French works, he wrote reports of Parliamentary debates, he contributed essays and reviews to periodicals, and he compiled a dictionary. His philosophical romance, *Rasselas*, was written to pay the expenses

of his mother's funeral. In his *Prayers and Meditations* he frequently bewailed his indolence and resolved to combat it. After 1737, when he came to London, Johnson gradually impressed his contemporaries by his writing and his personality. Oxford finally made him a Doctor of Laws.

Boswell's remark, "To me his conversation seems more admirable than his writing," has been generally quoted to prove that Johnson's essays and poems would never have gained him recognition, if his conversation had not been preserved. A few discriminating critics, however, have pointed out the value of his works as typical products of an age of reason and inquiry. Johnson believed that the function of literature was to teach unknown truths or to recommend known truths. Therefore, he was a moralist and instructor of mankind. His aim in writing the *Dictionary* was to teach the proper use of the English language by giving derivations, accurate definitions, and quotations from numerous writers. Occasionally he inserted a humorous remark or his own opinion when a word aroused his prejudice. *London* and the *Vanity of Human Wishes*, poems adapted from Juvenal's satires, enforced abstract ideas with illustrations drawn from history and contemporary life.

While Johnson was working on the *Dictionary*, he supported himself by writing the papers of the *Rambler*, which was modeled after the *Spectator*. These periodical essays, as well as those later to appear as the *Adventurer* and *Idler*, were designed "to inculcate wisdom and piety." They were serious discussions on the customs and ideas of the day. Johnson philosophized abstractly and recommended energetically wise precepts. Sometimes he enforced his teachings by describing typical characters or by drawing upon his own experiences. A favorite topic was literature, which Johnson judged on the basis of its technical excellencies and ethical qualities. He declared that literature should be "the interpreter of nature and legislator of mankind."

Rasselas also sets forth philosophical views. In this Eastern tale the poet-philosopher Imlac conducts the Prince of the Happy Valley on a tour into the world and interprets life for him in lengthy discourses. Johnson desired to show the falseness of the theory, advocated by one group of eighteenth century philosophers, that this is the best of all possible worlds. The travelers find only misery and dissatisfaction instead of happiness.

Johnson's last work, the *Lives of the Poets*, is the most readable of his writings because he dealt with real persons, many of whom he had

known, and because he was not trying to expound some thesis. He welcomed the chance to tell what he thought concerning these poets. Furthermore, he considered himself especially fitted to write biography. If he had not undertaken this task, many amusing anecdotes might not have been preserved for us. His critical comments, although they are the less valuable part of the *Lives*, are, nevertheless, generally sound. He based his judgment upon the truth, clearness, and universal appeal of the works he

was discussing. The style of the *Lives* is also less weighty than that of the earlier essays.

The distinguishing characteristics of Johnson's style are balance, long compound sentences, and abstract diction, often of Latin derivation. He sometimes coined words if he could not think of a term to suit his purpose. He liked balance because it gave harmony and weight to his utterances. With its force and lack of ornamentation such a style was especially adapted to express the ideas of an abstract thinker.

A LETTER FROM A YOUNG LADY OF FASHION

Cereus in vitium flecti, monitoribus asper
HOR. *Art of Poetry* 163

The youth—
Yielding like wax, th' impressive folly bears,
Rough to reproof, and slow to future cares
FRANCIS

TO THE RAMBLER

DEAR MR RAMBLER

I HAVE been four days confined to my chamber by a cold, which has already kept me from three plays, nine sales, five shows, and six card-tables, and put me seventeen visits behindhand, and the doctor tells my mamma, that if I fret and cry, it will settle in my head, and I shall not be fit to be seen these six weeks. But, dear Mr Rambler, how can I help it? At this very time Melissa is dancing with the prettiest gentleman, she will breakfast with him to-morrow, and then run to two auctions, and hear compliments, and have presents, then she will be dressed, and visit, and get a ticket to the play, then go to cards and win, and come home with two flambeaux before her chair. Dear Mr Rambler, who can bear it?

My aunt has just brought me a bundle of your papers for my amusement. She says, you are a philosopher, and will teach me to moderate my desires, and look upon the world with indifference. But, dear sir, I do not wish, nor intend, to moderate my desires, nor can I think it proper to look upon the world with indifference, till the world looks with indifference on me. I have been forced, however, to sit this morning a whole quarter of an hour with your paper before my face, but just as my aunt came in, Phyllida had brought me a letter from Mr Trip, which I put within the leaves, and read about 'absence' and 'inconsolableness,' and 'ardour,' and 'irresistible passion,' and 'eternal constancy,' while my aunt imagined that I was

puzzling myself with your philosophy, and often cried out, when she saw me look confused, "If there is any word that you do not understand, child, I will explain it."

Dear soul! How old people that think themselves wise may be imposed upon! But it is fit that they should take their turn, for I am sure, while they can keep poor girls close in the nursery, they tyrannize over us in a very shameful manner, and fill our imaginations with tales of terror, only to make us live in quiet subjection, and fancy that we can never be safe but by their protection.

I have a mamma and two aunts, who have all been formerly celebrated for wit and beauty, and are still generally admired by those that value themselves upon their understanding, and love to talk of vice and virtue, nature and simplicity, and beauty and propriety, but if there was not some hope of meeting me, scarcely a creature would come near them that wears a fashionable coat. These ladies, Mr Rambler, have had me under their government fifteen years and a half, and have all that time been endeavouring to deceive me by such representations of life as I now find not to be true, but I know not whether I ought to impute them to ignorance or malice, as it is possible the world may be much changed since they mingled in general conversation.

Being desirous that I should love books, they told me that nothing but knowledge could make me an agreeable companion to men of sense, or qualify me to distinguish the superficial glitter of vanity from the solid merit of understanding, and that a habit of reading would enable me to fill up the vacuities of life without the help of silly or dangerous amusements, and preserve me from the snares of idleness and the inroads of temptation.

But their principal intention was to make me afraid of men, in which they succeeded so well for a time, that I durst not look in their faces, or be left alone with them in a parlour,

for they made me fancy that no man ever spoke but to deceive, or looked but to allure, that the girl who suffered him that had once squeezed her hand, to approach her a second time, was on the brink of ruin, and that she who answered a billet, without consulting her relations, gave love such power over her, that she would certainly become either poor or infamous

From the time that my leading-strings were taken off, I scarce heard any mention of my beauty but from the milliner, the mantua-maker, and my own maid, for my mamma never said more, when she heard me commended, but "The girl is very well," and then endeavoured to divert my attention by some inquiry after my needle, or my book

It is now three months since I have been suffered to pay and receive visits, to dance at public assemblies, to have a place kept for me in the boxes, and to play at Lady Racket's rout, and you may easily imagine what I think of those who have so long cheated me with false expectations, disturbed me with fictitious terrors, and concealed from me all that I have found to make the happiness of woman

I am so far from perceiving the usefulness or necessity of books, that if I had not dropped all pretensions to learning, I should have lost Mr Trip, whom I once frightened into another box, by retailing some of Dryden's remarks upon a tragedy, for Mr Trip declares that he hates nothing like hard words, and, I am sure, there is not a better partner to be found, his very walk is a dance I have talked once or twice among ladies about principles and ideas, but they put their fans before their faces, and told me I was too wise for them, who for their part never pretended to read any thing but the play-bill, and then asked me the price of my best head

Those vacancies of time which are to be filled up with books I have never yet obtained, for, consider, Mr Rambler, I go to bed late, and therefore cannot rise early, as soon as I am up, I dress for the gardens; then walk in the park; then always go to some sale or show, or entertainment at the little theatre, then must be dressed for dinner; then must pay my visits; then walk in the park, then hurry to the play; and from thence to the card-table This is the general course of the day, when there happens nothing extraordinary, but sometimes I ramble

into the country, and come back again to a ball, sometimes I am engaged for a whole day and part of the night If, at any time, I can gain an hour by not being at home, I have so many things to do, so many orders to give to the milliner, so many alterations to make in my clothes, so many visitants' names to read over, so many invitations to accept or refuse, so many cards to write, and so many fashions to consider, that I am lost in confusion, forced at last to let in company or step into my chair, and leave half my affairs to the direction of my maid

This is the round of my day, and when shall I either stop my course, or so change it as to want a book? I suppose it cannot be imagined, that any of these diversions will soon be at an end There will always be gardens, and a park, and auctions, and shows, and playhouses, and cards, visits will always be paid, and clothes always be worn, and how can I have time unemployed upon my hands?

But I am most at a loss to guess for what purpose they related such tragic stories of the cruelty, perfidy, and artifices of men, who, if they ever were so malicious and destructive, have certainly now reformed their manners I have not, since my entrance into the world, found one who does not profess himself devoted to my service, and ready to live or die as I shall command him They are so far from intending to hurt me, that their only contention is, who shall be allowed most closely to attend, and most frequently to treat me When different places of entertainment or schemes of pleasure are mentioned, I can see the eye sparkle and the cheeks glow of him whose proposals obtain my approbation; he then leads me off in triumph, adores my condescension, and congratulates himself that he has lived to the hour of felicity. Are these, Mr Rambler, creatures to be feared? Is it likely that an injury will be done me by those who can enjoy life only while I favour them with my presence?

As little reason can I yet find to suspect them of stratagems and fraud When I play at cards, they never take advantage of my mistakes, nor exact from me a rigorous observation of the game Even Mr Shuffle, a grave gentleman, who has daughters older than myself, plays with me so negligently, that I am sometimes inclined to believe he loses his money by design, and yet he is so fond of play, that he says he will one day

take me to his house in the country, that we may try by ourselves who can conquer I have not yet promised him, but when the town grows a little empty, I shall think upon it, for I want some trinkets, like Letitia's, to my watch I do not doubt my luck, but must study some means of amusing my relations

For all these distinctions I find myself indebted to that beauty which I was never suffered to hear praised, and of which, therefore, I did not before know the full value. The concealment was certainly an intentional fraud, for my aunts have eyes like other people, and I am every day told that nothing but blindness can escape the influence of my charms. Their whole account of that world which they pretend to know so well, has been only one fiction entangled with another, and though the modes of life oblige me to continue some appearances of respect, I cannot think that they, who have been so clearly detected in ignorance or imposture, have any right to the esteem, veneration, or obedience of,

Sir, Yours,
BELLARIA

The Rambler, No 191 Tuesday, January 14, 1752

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE
EARL OF CHESTERFIELD

February 7, 1755

My LORD,

I have been lately informed, by the proprietor of the World, that two papers, in which my Dictionary is recommended to the public, were written by your Lordship. To be so distinguished, is an honour, which, being very little accustomed to favours from the great, I know not well how to receive, or in what terms to acknowledge

When, upon some slight encouragement, I first visited your Lordship, I was overpowered, like the rest of mankind, by the enchantment of your address, and could not forbear to wish that I might boast myself *Le vainqueur du vainqueur de la terre*,—that I might obtain that regard for which I saw the world contending, but I found my attendance so little encouraged, that neither pride nor modesty would suffer me to continue it. When I had once addressed your Lordship in public, I had exhausted all the art of pleasing

which a retired and uncourtly scholar can possess. I had done all that I could, and no man is well pleased to have his all neglected, be it ever so little

Seven years, my Lord, have now past, since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door, during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties, of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it, at last, to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favour. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a Patron before

The shepherd in Virgil grew at last acquainted with Love, and found him a native of the rocks

Is not a Patron, my Lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and, when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind, but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it, till I am solitary, and cannot impart it, till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity, not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the Public should consider me as owing that to a Patron, which Providence has enabled me to do for myself

Having carried on my work thus far with so little obligation to any favourer of learning, I shall not be disappointed though I should conclude it, if less be possible, with less, for I have been long wakened from that dream of hope, in which I once boasted myself with so much exultation,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most humble,

Most obedient servant,

SAM JOHNSON

THE ART OF ADVERTISING

The practice of appending to the narratives of public transactions more minute and domestic intelligence, and filling the newspapers with advertisements, has grown up by slow degrees to its present state

Genius is shewn only by invention. The man who first took advantage of the general curiosity that was excited by a siege of battle, to betray the readers of news into the knowl-

edge of the shop where the best puffs and powder were to be sold, was undoubtedly a man of great sagacity and profound skill in the nature of man. But when he had once shewn the way, it was easy to follow him, and every man now knows a ready method of informing the public of all that he desires to buy or sell, whether his wares be material or intellectual, whether he makes clothes, or teaches the mathematics, whether he be a tutor that wants a pupil, or a pupil that wants a tutor.

Whatever is common is despised. Advertisements are now so numerous that they are very negligently perused, and it is therefore become necessary to gain attention by magnificence of promises, and by eloquence sometimes sublime and sometimes pathetic.

Promise, large promise, is the soul of an advertisement. I remember a wash-ball that had a quality truly wonderful, it gave an exquisite edge to the razor. And there are now to be sold, for ready money only, some duvets for bedcoverings, of down, beyond comparison superior to what is called otter down, and indeed such, that its many excellencies cannot be here set forth. With one excellence we are made acquainted. It is warmer than four or five blankets, and lighter than one.

There are some, however, that know the prejudice of mankind in favour of modest sincerity. The vender of the Beautifying Fluid sells a lotion that repels pimples, washes away freckles, smooths the skin, and plumps the flesh, and yet, with a generous abhorrence of the ostentation, confesses, that it will not restore the bloom of fifteen to a lady of fifty.

The true pathos of advertisements must have sunk deep into the heart of every man that remembers the zeal shewn by the seller of the Anodyne Necklace, for the ease and safety of poor toothing infants, and the affection with which he warned every mother, that she would never forgive herself if her infant should perish without a necklace.

I cannot but remark to the celebrated author who gave, in his notifications of the Camel and Dromedary, so many specimens of the genuine sublime, that there is now arrived another subject yet more worthy of his pen. A famous Mohawk Indian Warrior, who took Dieskaw, the French General, prisoner, dressed in the same manner with the native Indians when they go to war, with his face and body painted, with his scalping knife, tom-ax, and

all other implements of war, a sight worthy the curiosity of every true Briton! This is a very powerful description, but a critic of great refinement would say that it conveys rather horror and terror. An Indian, dressed as he goes to war, may bring company together, but if he carries the scalping knife and tom-ax, there are many true Britons that will never be persuaded to see him but through a grate.

It has been remarked by the severer judges, that the salutary sorrow of tragic scenes is too soon effaced by the merriment of the Epilogue, the same inconveniences arise from the improper disposition of advertisements. The noblest objects may be so associated as to be made ridiculous. The Camel and Dromedary themselves might have lost much of their dignity between the true Flower of Mustard and the original Daffy's Elixir, and I could not but feel some indignation when I found this illustrious Indian Warrior immediately succeeded by a fresh parcel of Dublin Butter.

The trade of advertising is now so near to perfection, that it is not easy to propose any improvement. But as every art ought to be exercised in due subordination to the public good, I cannot but propose it as a moral question to these matters of the public ear, Whether they do not sometimes play too wantonly with our passions, as when the Registrar of Lottery Tickets invites us to shop by an account of the prize which he sold last year, and whether the advertising controversialists do not indulge asperity of language without any adequate provocation, as in the dispute about straps for razors, now happily subsided, and in the altercation which at present subsists concerning Eau de Luce.

In an advertisement it is allowed to every man to speak well of himself, but I know not why he should assume the privilege of censuring his neighbour. He may proclaim his own virtue or skill, but ought not to exclude others from the same pretensions.

Every man that advertises his own excellence, should write with some consciousness of a character which dares to call the attention of the public. He should remember that his name is to stand in the same paper with those of the King of Prussia and the Emperor of Germany, and endeavour to make himself worthy of such association.

Some regard is likewise to be paid to posterity. There are men of diligence and curiosity who treasure up the papers of the day merely because others neglect them, and in time they will be scarce. When these collections shall be read in another century, how will numberless contradictions be reconciled? and how shall Fame be possibly distributed among the taylor and bodice-makers of the present age?

Surely these things deserve consideration. It is enough for me to have hinted my desire that these abuses may be rectified, but such is the state of nature, that what all have the right of doing, many will attempt without sufficient care or due qualifications.

The Idler, No 40 Saturday, January 20, 1759

HORACE WALPOLE
(1717-1797)

In his *Last Journals* Walpole wrote, "Fortune, as usual, befriended me more than either my art or industry." He was most truly fortunate in that he was able to follow his inclinations wherever they might lead. As a member of an important family he was welcomed in the most exclusive society of London and Paris. He had the money and time for antiquarian investigations, leisurely travel, or the satisfaction of any extravagant whim. Desirous of no reward except self-satisfaction and the approval of his intimate friends, he paid little attention to what the general public might think about him. When he became the Earl of Orford at the age of seventy-four, he was annoyed because the estate brought him uncongenial duties. He always wanted to be able to escape a task as soon as it bored him.

Although Walpole was the son of a famous prime minister, he did not care for an active career in politics. He preferred to be a spectator of the life about him and to indulge his hobbies. Since he felt that the greatest sin was dullness, he had wide and varied interests. He collected not only prints and antiques but also anecdotes and gossip. He became, therefore, very well informed on political and social topics. In his letters and journals he recorded what he thought about people and events as well as what he had heard. His style was easy and well adapted to his correspondents. He was an entertaining letter writer because he wrote as though he were chatting with his friends about the information gathered from his numerous sources.

On his estate, Strawberry Hill, Walpole built a Gothic mansion. Here he stored his collections,

experimented in landscape gardening, and printed privately his books and tracts. It was a home to which he could always retire from London society or from his trips abroad. Walpole's aim was the pursuit of happiness. This goal he strove to attain by paying much attention to trifles and disregarding the serious. He turned his back upon what he did not like and sought the amusing. He was ever a dilettante, who abandoned a subject as soon as it lost its charm.

One of his most absorbing hobbies was antiquarian research. From his delvings into the past he obtained ideas for a Gothic story, *The Castle of Otranto*, in which he tried to reproduce the supernatural atmosphere of the older romances but to make his characters act naturally in unusual situations. Underground passages, animated armor, sudden gusts of wind, strange occurrences, and the sinister aspect of the Castle amazed the eighteenth century reader. Although this story is no longer awe-inspiring, it is worth reading for its importance in the development of fiction. It was the ancestor of many marvelous tales of horror and wonder.

Walpole's numerous letters, covering a period of more than sixty years, touch every side of social and political life. They are a minute record of littleness and intrigues as well as of accomplishments. His opinions are not always based on sound judgment, but they show the attitude of his class. If he was artificial and cynical, so was the society which he has so admirably preserved for us. He may not give a complete picture of the last half of the eighteenth century, but he certainly gives a significant one of English and French aristocratic circles.

HERCULANEUM

TO RICHARD WEST, ESQ.

Naples, June 14, 1740, NS 5

DEAR WEST,

One hates writing descriptions that are to be found in every book of travels, but we have seen something to-day that I am sure you never read of, and perhaps never heard of. Have you ever heard of a subterranean town? a whole Roman town, with all its edifices, remaining under ground? Don't fancy the inhabitants buried it there to save it from the Goths: they were buried with it themselves, which is a caution we are not told

that they ever took. You remember in Titus's time there were several cities destroyed by an eruption of Vesuvius, attended with an earthquake. Well, this was one of them, not very considerable, and then called Herculaneum. Above it has since been built Portici, about three miles from Naples, where the King has a villa. This under-ground city is perhaps one of the noblest curiosities that ever has been discovered. It was found out by chance, about a year and half ago. They began digging, they found statues, they dug further, they found more. Since that they have made a very considerable progress, and find continually. You may walk the compass of a mile; but by the misfortune of the

modern town being overhead, they are obliged to proceed with great caution, lest they destroy both one and t'other. By this occasion the path is very narrow, just wide enough and high enough for one man to walk upright. They have hollowed, as they found it easiest to work, and have carried their streets not exactly where were the ancient ones, but sometimes before houses, sometimes through them. You would imagine that all the fabrics were crushed together, on the contrary, except some columns, they have found all the edifices standing upright in their proper situations. There is one inside of a temple quite perfect, with the middle arch, two columns, and two pilasters. It is built of brick plastered over, and painted with architecture almost all the insides of the houses are in the same manner, and, what is very particular, the general ground of all the painting is red. Besides this temple, they make out very plainly an amphitheatre the stairs, of white marble, and the seats are very perfect, the inside was painted in the same colour with the private houses, and great part cased with white marble. They have found among other things some fine statues, some human bones, some rice, medals, and a few paintings extremely fine. These latter are preferred to all the ancient paintings that have ever been discovered. We have not seen them yet, as they are kept in the King's apartments, whither all these curiosities are transplanted, and 'tis difficult to see them—but we shall. I forgot to tell you, that in several places the beams of the houses remain, but burnt to charcoal, so little damaged that they retain visibly the grain of the wood, but upon touching crumble to ashes. What is remarkable, there are no other marks or appearance of fire, but what are visible on these beams.

There might certainly be collected great light from this reservoir of antiquities, if a man of learning had the inspection of it, if he directed the working, and would make a journal of the discoveries. But I believe there is no judicious choice made of directors. There is nothing of the kind known in the world; I mean a Roman city entire of that age, and that has not been corrupted with modern repairs. Besides scrutinising this very carefully, I should be inclined to search for the remains of the other towns that were partners with this in the general ruin. 'Tis

certainly an advantage to the learned world, that this has been laid up so long. Most of the discoveries in Rome were made in a barbarous age, where they only ransacked the ruins in quest of treasure, and had no regard to the form and being of the building, or to any circumstances that might give light into its use and history. I shall finish this long account with a passage which Gray has observed in Statius, and which directly pictures out this latent city —

Hæc ego Chalcidicus ad te, Marcelle, sonabam
Littoribus, fractas ubi Vesuvius egerit iras,
Æmula Trinnacrus volvens incendia flammis
Mira fides! credetne virum ventura propago,
Cum segetes iterum, cum jam hæc deserta
virebunt,

Infra urbes populosque premi?

SYLV lib iv epist 4

Adieu, my dear West! and believe me, yours
ever

THE HOUSEBREAKER

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ

Strawberry Hill, June 6, 1752

I have just been in London for two or three days, to fetch an adventure, and am returned to my hill and my castle. I can't say I lost my labour, as you shall hear. Last Sunday night, being as wet a night as you shall see in a summer's day, about half an hour after twelve, I was just come home from White's, and undressing to step into bed, I heard Harry, who you know lies forwards, roar out, "Stop thief!" and run down stairs. I ran after him. Don't be frightened, I have not lost one enamel, nor bronze, nor have been shot through the head again. A gentlewoman, who lives at Governor Pitt's, next door but one to me, and where Mr Bentley used to live, was going to bed too, and heard people breaking into Mr Freeman's house, who, like some acquaintance of mine in Albemarle Street, goes out of town, locks up his doors, and leaves the community to watch his furniture. N.B. It was broken open but two years ago, and I and all the chairmen vow they shall steal his house away another time, before we will trouble our heads about it. Well, madam called out "watch"; two men, who were centinels, ran away, and Harry's voice after them. Down came I, and with a posse of charmen and watchmen

found the third fellow in the area of Mr Freeman's house Mayhap you have seen all this in the papers, little thinking who commanded the detachment Harry fetched a blunderbuss to invite the thief up One of the charmen, who was drunk, cried, "Give me the blunderbuss, I'll shoot him!" But as the general's head was a little cooler, he prevented military execution, and took the prisoner without bloodshed, intending to make his triumphal entry into the metropolis of Twickenham with his captive tied to the wheels of his post-chaise I find my style rises so much with the recollection of my victory, that I don't know how to descend to tell you that the enemy was a carpenter, and had a leather apron on The next step was to share my glory with my friends I dispatched a courier to White's for George Selwyn, who, you know, loves nothing upon earth so well as a criminal, except the execution of him It happened very luckily that the drawer, who received my message, has very lately been robbed himself, and had the wound fresh in his memory He stalked up into the clubroom, stopped short, and with a hollow trembling voice said, "Mr Selwyn! Mr Walpole's compliments to you, and he has got a house-breaker for you!" A squadron immediately came to reinforce me, and having summoned Moreland with the keys of the fortress, we marched into the house to search for more of the gang Col Seabright with his sword drawn went first, and then I, exactly the figure of Robinson Crusoe, with a candle and lanthorn in my hand, a carbine upon my shoulder, my hair wet and about my ears, and in a linen night-gown and slippers We found the kitchen shutters forced, but not finished, and in the area a tremendous bag of tools, a hammer large enough for the hand of a Jael, and six chisels! All which *optima spolia*, as there was no temple of Jupiter Capitolinus in the neighbourhood, I was reduced to offer on the altar of Sir Thomas Clarges

I am now, as I told you, returned to my plough with as much humility and pride as any of my great predecessors We lead quite a rural life, have had a sheep-shearing, a hay-making, a syllabub under the cow, and a fishing of three gold fish out of Poyang, for a present to Madam Clive They breed with me excessively, and are grown to the size of small perch. Everything grows, if tempests

would let it, but I have had two of my largest trees broke to-day with the wind, and another last week I am much obliged to you for the flower you offer me, but by the description it is an Austrian rose, and I have several now in bloom Mr Bentley is with me, finishing the drawings for Gray's Odes, there are some mandarin-cats fishing for gold fish, which will delight you, *au reste*, he is just where he was, he has heard something about a journey to Haughton, to the great Cu of Haticuleo, but it don't seem fixed, unless he hears farther

Adieu! My compliments to Miss Montagu

AN EXPLOSION

TO THE HON H S CONWAY

Late Strawberry Hill, Jan 7, 1772

You have read of my calamity without knowing it, and will pity me when you do I have been blown up, my castle is blown up, Guy Fawkes has been about my house, and the 5th of November has fallen on the 6th of January! In short, nine thousand powder-mills broke loose yesterday morning on Hounslow-heath, a whole squadron of them came hither, and have broken eight of my painted-glass windows, and the north side of the castle looks as if it had stood a siege The two saints in the hall have suffered martyrdom! they have had their bodies cut off, and nothing remains but their heads The two next great sufferers are indeed two of the least valuable, being the passage-windows to the library and great parlour—a fine pane is demolished in the round-room, and the window by the gallery is damaged Those in the cabinet, and Holbein-room, and gallery, and blue-room, and green-closet, &c, have escaped As the storm came from the north-west, the china-closet was not touched, not a cup fell down The bow-window of brave old coloured glass, at Mr Hindley's, is massacred, and all the north sides of Twickenham and Brentford are shattered At London it was proclaimed an earthquake, and half the inhabitants ran into the street

As Lieutenant-General of the Ordnance, I must beseech you to give strict orders that no more powder-mills may blow up My aunt, Mrs Kerwood, reading one day in the papers that a distiller's had been burnt by the head of the still flying off, said, she wondered

they did not make an act of parliament against the heads of stills flying off Now, I hold it much easier for you to do a body this service, and would recommend to your consideration, whether it would not be prudent to have all magazines of powder kept under water till they are wanted for service In the mean time, I expect a pension to make me amends for what I have suffered under the government Adieu! Yours

EXECUTION OF LOUIS XVI

TO MISS HANNAH MORE

Berkeley Square, Feb 9, 1793

MY HOLY HANNAH,

With your innate and usual goodness and sense, you have done me justice by guessing exactly at the cause of my long silence You have been apt to tell me that my letters diverted you How then could I write, when it was impossible but to attrist you! when I could speak of nothing but unparalleled horrors! and but awaken your sensibility, if it slumbered for a moment! What mind could forget the 10th of August and the 2nd of September, and that the black and bloody year 1792 has plunged its murderous dagger still deeper, and already made 1793 still more detestably memorable! though its victim has at last been rewarded for four years of torture by forcing from him every kind of proof of the most perfect character that ever sat on a throne Were these, alas! themes for letters? Nay, am I not sure that you have been still more shocked by a crime that passes even the guilt of shedding the blood of poor Louis, to hear of atheism avowed, and the avowal tolerated by monsters calling themselves a National Assembly! But I have no words that can reach the criminality of such *inferno-human* beings, but must compose a term that aims at conveying my idea of them For the future it will be sufficient to call them *the French*! I hope no other nation will ever deserve to be confounded with them!

Indeed, my dear friend, I have another reason for wishing to burn my pen entirely all my ideas are confounded and overturned, I do not know whether all I ever learned in the seventy first years of my seventy-five was not wrong and false common sense, reasoning, calculation, conjecture from analogy

and from history of past events, all, all have been baffled, nor am I sure that what used to be thought the result of experience and wisdom was not a mass of mistakes Have I not found, do I not find, that the invention of establishing metals as the *signs* of property was an useless discovery, or at least only useful till the art of making paper was found out? Nay, the latter is preferable to gold and silver If the ores were adulterated and cried down, nobody would take them in exchange Depreciate paper as much as you will, and it will still serve all the purposes of barter Tradesmen still keep shops, stock them with goods, and deliver their commodities for those coined rags Poor Reason, where art thou?

To show you that memory and argument are of no value, at least with me, I thought a year or two that this paper-mint would soon blow up, because I remembered that when Mr Charles Fox and one or two more youths of brilliant genius first came to light, and into vast debts at play, they imparted to the world an important secret which they had discovered It was, that nobody needed to want money, if they would pay enough for it Accordingly, they borrowed of Jews at vast usury, but as they had made but an incomplete calculation, the interest so soon exceeded the principal, that the system did not maintain its ground for above two or three years Faro has proved a more substantial speculation But I miscarried in applying my remembrance to the Assignats, which still maintain their ground against that long-decried but as long-adored corrupter of virtue, gold Alack! I do not hear that virtue has flourished more for the destruction of its old enemy!

Shall I add another truth? I have been so disgusted and fatigued by hearing of nothing but French massacres, &c, and found it so impossible to shift conversation to any other topic, that before I had been a month in town, I wished Miss Gunning would revive, that people might have at least one other subject to interest the ears and tongues of the public But no wonder universal attention is engrossed by the present portentous scene! It seems to draw to a question, whether Europe or France is to be depopulated, whether civilisation can be recovered, or the republic of Chaos can be supported by assassination We have heard of the golden,

silver, and iron ages, the brazen one existed, while the French were only predominantly insolent. What the present age will be denominated, I cannot guess. Though the paper age would be characteristic, it is not emphatic enough, nor specifies the enormous sins of the fiends that are the agents. I think it may be styled the diabolic age: the Duke of Orleans has dethroned Satan, who since his fall has never instigated such crimes as Orleans has perpetrated.

Let me soften my tone a little, and harmonise your poor mind by sweeter accents. In this deluge of triumphant enormities, what traits of the sublime and beautiful may be gleaned! Did you hear of Madame Elizabeth, the King's sister? a saint like yourself. She doted on her brother, for she certainly knew his soul. In the tumult in July, hearing the populace and the *poissardes* had broken into the palace, she flew to the King, and by em-

bracing him tried to shield his person. The populace took her for the Queen, cried out, "*Voilà cette chienne, cette Autrichienne!*" and were proceeding to violence. Somebody, to save her, screamed, "*Ce n'est pas la Reine, c'est—*" The Princess said, "*Ah! mon Dieu! ne les détrompez pas!*" If that was not the most sublime instance of perfect innocence ready prepared for death, I know not where to find one. Sublime indeed, too, was the sentence of good father Edgeworth, the King's confessor, who, thinking his royal penitent a little dismayed just before the fatal stroke, cried out, "*Montez, digne fils de St. Louis! Le ciel vous est ouvert!*" The holy martyr's countenance brightened up, and he submitted at once. Such victims, such confessors as those, and Monsieur de Malesherbes, repair some of the breaches in human nature made by Orleans, Condorcet, Santerre, and a legion of evil spirits.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

(1728-1774)

When Goldsmith was two years old, his father, a clergyman in the Irish Protestant church, moved from Pallas, Oliver's birthplace, to Lissoy. This small village with the surrounding country furnished much material for *The Deserted Village*. The kindly parson was drawn from his father and his brother Henry, the immortal schoolmaster was "Paddy" Byrne, who found Oliver dull and lazy. After attending various schools in the neighborhood, Goldsmith entered Trinity College, Dublin, as a "poor scholar" much against his will. If it had not been for the persuasion of his uncle, Thomas Contarine, he would probably never have consented to go. Plagued by his tutor's sarcasm, indifferent to his studies, obtaining a little money by pawning his books or by writing ballads for popular sale, and partaking in numerous scrapes, he almost despaired of finishing his course. Once he ran away with the intention of going to America, but lack of funds forced him to return. Finally he received his degree in 1749.

For the next three years Goldsmith enjoyed himself at the expense of his relatives. Then aided by Uncle Contarine he went to Edinburgh to study medicine. But the young medical student was too restless to remain long in one place. He wrote his uncle for £20, stating that he wished to continue his studies in Paris. He stopped, however, at Leyden for some months and then began a tour of Europe, earning his way by playing the flute. In 1756 he arrived in London with the claim that he had received a medical degree from Leyden but with no money or prospects. At last his wanderings were over but not his struggle for existence.

He tried in succession various occupations, among which were usher at the Academy, apothecary, physician, corrector of the press for Richardson, and writer for the reviews. Never to the end of his life did Goldsmith have sufficient money for his extravagant tastes and generous impulses. He was always doing hack work for some publisher to relieve himself from accumulating debts. At one time arrested by his landlady for failure to pay his rent, he sent for Johnson, who sold the *Vicar of Wakefield* for £60. Even when his plays were most successful, he was requesting advances on histories he had promised to write.

The publication of *An Inquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning in Europe* brought Goldsmith the favorable attention of the literary world. He was asked by Smollett to write for *The British Magazine* and by Newberry for *The Public Ledger*. In the latter periodical appeared during 1760 the letters which were later published as *The Citizen of the World*. Some

time previously Goldsmith had conceived the idea of having a traveller from China make observations upon the people and customs of Europe. Such a plan gave him the opportunity of describing well known types and places with some slight satiric touches. The replies to the Chinaman's letters enabled him to entertain his readers with an Eastern story concerning the adventures of the philosopher's son.

Goldsmith soon made the acquaintance of Johnson and Reynolds and became one of the original members of the Literary Club. Many amusing anecdotes concerning his relationship with these men prove that they recognized his ability although they were prone to make fun of him. They loved him for his kind heart but laughed at him for his vanity. Goldsmith's ambition was to shine in society. Unfortunately, his physical appearance and his attitude were such that he made an extremely poor impression upon all but his intimate friends. He was awkward and spoke with a slow blundering utterance. Garrick said that "he wrote like an angel and talked like poor poll." Occasionally he made a witty remark but usually talked nonsensically.

Yet his writings were gaining him continually a more certain place in English literature. *The Traveller* and *The Deserted Village* anticipated the poetry of Romanticism in their treatment of nature and man, even though they expounded theses. The first aimed to show by a survey of European society that "every state has a particular principle of happiness," while the second pointed out the evils of depopulation and luxury. *The Good-Natured Man* and *She Stoops to Conquer* started the reaction against the sentimental comedy by introducing into the drama humorous characters like Tony Lumpkin with his uproarious horseplay. *The Vicar of Wakefield* proved that the affairs of a simple country family presided over by the honest Dr. Primrose were as absorbing as the wanderings of Roderick Random or the adventures of Tom Jones. Dr. Johnson's tribute explains the popularity of these works: "Goldsmith was a man, who, whatever he wrote, did it better than any other man could do. He deserved a place in Westminster Abbey, and every year he lived would have deserved it better."

Another reason for Goldsmith's success was that he wrote on all topics in a pleasing manner. He drew his material continually from his own experiences and repeated his ideas. But every work contained so much of his charming personality that the repetition is hardly noticed. Regardless of the subject his writings are still entertaining because of his natural, easy style. To obtain clarity Goldsmith set down the themes

of his poems in prose and then slowly composed the verses, sometimes spending a whole morning on a few lines. Even though many of his essays were written in haste, they have a similar definiteness of form.

When Goldsmith died, he left an unfinished poem, *Retaliation*. It was an answer to the

epitaphs which his friends had written upon him at a dinner at St James' Coffee House in February, 1774. With humorous satire but no malice he drew in a few lines unsurpassed portraits. To himself he referred as "Magnanimous Goldsmith, a gooseberry fool." Beneath all the folly, however, was the fire of genius.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE

Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheered the laboring swain,
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,
How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endeared each scene!
How often have I paused on every charm,
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topped the neighboring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade
For talking age and whispering lovers made!
How often have I blest the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labor free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree,
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old surveyed,
And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round
And still, as each repeated pleasure tired,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired,
The dancing pair that simply sought renown
By holding out to tire each other down,
The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter tittered round the place,
The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks reprove
These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these,

With sweet succession, taught even toil to please
These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed
These were thy charms—but all these charms are fled
Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn,
Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green
One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage stunts thy smiling plain
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But, choked with sedges, works its weedy way,
Along the glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest,
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries
Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless run all,
And the long grass o'ertops the mouldering wall,
And trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away thy children leave the land
Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed, can never be supplied
A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintained its man,
For him light labor spread her wholesome store,
Just gave what life required, but gave no more
His best companions, innocence and health,
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth

But times are altered, trade's unfeeling
 train
 Usurp the land and dispossess the swain,
 Along the lawn, where scattered hamlets
 rose, 65
 Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose,
 And every want to opulence allied,
 And every pang that folly pays to pride
 These gentle hours that plenty bade to
 bloom,
 Those calm desires that asked but little
 room, 70
 Those healthful sports that graced the peace-
 ful scene,
 Lived in each look, and brightened all the
 green,
 These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
 And rural mirth and manners are no more
 Sweet Auburn! parent of the blissful
 hour, 75
 Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's
 power
 Here, as I take my solitary rounds
 Amidst thy tangling walks and runed grounds,
 And, many a year elapsed, return to view
 Where once the cottage stood, the haw-
 thorn grew, 80
 Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
 Swells at my breast, and turns the past to
 pain
 In all my wanderings round this world
 of care,
 In all my griefs—and God has given my
 share—
 I still had hopes, my latest hours to
 crown, 85
 Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down,
 To husband out life's taper at the close,
 And keep the flame from wasting by repose,
 I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
 Amidst the swains to show my book-learned
 skill, 90
 Around my fire an evening group to draw,
 And tell of all I felt, and all I saw,
 And, as an hare whom hounds and horns
 pursue
 Pants to the place from whence at first he
 flew,
 I still had hopes, my long vexations past, 95
 Here to return—and die at home at last
 O blest retirement, friend to life's decline,
 Retreats from care, that never must be
 mine,
 How happy he who crowns in shades like
 these

A youth of labor with an age of ease, 100
 Who quits a world where strong temptations
 try,
 And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!
 For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
 Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous
 deep,
 No surly porter stands in guilty state, 105
 To spurn imploring famine from the gate,
 But on he moves to meet his latter end,
 Angels around befriending virtue's friend,
 Bends to the grave with unperceived decay,
 While resignation gently slopes the way, 110
 And, all his prospects brightening to the
 last,
 His heaven commences ere the world be past!
 Sweet was the sound, when oft at evening's
 close
 Up yonder hill the village murmur rose,
 There, as I passed with careless steps and
 slow, 115
 The mingling notes came softened from be-
 low,
 The swain responsive as the milk-maid sung,
 The sober herd that lowed to meet their
 young,
 The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
 The playful children just let loose from
 school, 120
 The watch-dog's voice that bayed the whisper-
 ing wind,
 And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant
 mind,—
 These all in sweet confusion sought the
 shade,
 And filled each pause the nightingale had
 made
 But now the sounds of population fail, 125
 No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
 No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,
 For all the bloomy flush of life is fled
 All but yon widowed, solitary thing,
 That feebly bends beside the plashy spring. 130
 She, wretched matron, forced in age, for
 bread,
 To strip the brook with mantling cresses
 spread,
 To pick her wintry faggot from the thorn,
 To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn,
 She only left of all the harmless train, 135
 The sad historian of the pensive plain
 Near yonder copse, where once the garden
 smiled,
 And still where many a garden flower grows
 wild,

There, where a few torn shrubs the place
disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion
rose 140

A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year,
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change,
his place,

Unpractised he to fawn, or seek for power, 145
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour,
Far other aims his heart had learned to
prize,

More skilled to raise the wretched than to
rise

His house was known to all the vagrant
train,

He chid their wanderings but relieved their
pain 150

The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged
breast,

The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims
allowed;

The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay, 155
Sat by the fire, and talked the night away,
Wept o'er his wounds or, tales of sorrow
done,

Shouldered his crutch and showed how fields
were won

Pleased with his guests, the good man learned
to glow,

And quite forgot their vices in their woe, 160
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side,
But in his duty prompt at every call, 165
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt
for all;

And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the
skies,

He tried each art, reproved each dull de-
lay,

Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way 170

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain by turns dis-
mayed,

The reverend champion stood At his con-
trol

Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul,
Comfort came down the trembling wretch
to raise, 175

And his last faltering accents whispered
praise

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place,
Truth from his lips prevailed with double
sway,

And fools, who came to scoff, remained to
pray 180

The service past, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran,
E'en children followed with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown to share the good man's
smile

His ready smile a parent's warmth ex-
pressed, 185

Their welfare pleased him, and their cares
distressed

To them his heart, his love, his griefs were
given,

But all his serious thoughts had rest in
heaven

As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves
the storm, 190

Though round its breast the rolling clouds
are spread,

Eternal sunshine settles on its head

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the
way,

With blossomed furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule, 195

The village master taught his little school
A man severe he was, and stern to view,
I knew him well, and every truant knew,
Well had the boding tremblers learned to
trace

The day's disasters in his morning face, 200
Full well they laughed with counterfeited
glee

At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper circling round
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned
Yet he was kind, or, if severe in aught, 205

The love he bore to learning was in fault;
The village all declared how much he knew
'Twas certain he could write, and cipher too,
Lands he could measure, terms and tides
presage,

And e'en the story ran that he could
gauge; 210

In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,
For, e'en though vanquished, he could argue
still;

While words of learned length and thunder-
ing sound

Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around,
And still they gazed, and still the wonder
grew, ²¹⁵

That one small head could carry all he knew
But past is all his fame The very spot
Where many a time he triumphed is for-
got

Near yonder thorn that lifts its head on
high,

Where once the sign-post caught the pass-
ing eye, ²²⁰

Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts
inspired,

Where graybeard mirth and smiling toil re-
tired,

Where village statesmen talked with looks pro-
found,

And news much older than their ale went
round

Imagination fondly stoops to trace ²²⁵

The parlor splendors of that festive place

The white-washed wall, the nicely sanded
floor,

The varnished clock that clicked behind the
door,

The chest contrived a double debt to pay,

A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day, ²³⁰

The pictures placed for ornament and use,

The twelve good rules, the royal game of
goose,

The hearth, except when winter chilled the
day,

With aspen boughs and flowers and fennel
gay,

While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for
show, ²³⁵

Ranged o'er the chimney, glistened in a
row

Vain transitory splendors! could not all

Reprive the tottering mansion from its fall?

Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart

An hour's importance to the poor man's
heart ²⁴⁰

Thither no more the peasant shall repair

To sweet oblivion of his daily care;

No more the farmer's news, the barber's
tale,

No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail,

No more the smith his dusky brow shall
clear, ²⁴⁵

Relax his ponderous strength, and lean to
hear,

The host himself no longer shall be found

Careful to see the mantling bliss go round,

Nor the coy maid, half willing to be pressed,

Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest ²⁵⁰

Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,

These simple blessings of the lowly train,

To me more dear, congenial to my heart,

One native charm, than all the gloss of art

Spontaneous joys, where nature has its
play, ²⁵⁵

The soul adopts, and owns their first-born
sway,

Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,

Unenvied, unmolested, unconfined

But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,

With all the freaks of wanton wealth ar-
rayed — ²⁶⁰

In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,

The toiling pleasure sickens into pain,

And, e'en while fashion's brightest arts de-
coy,

The heart distrusting asks if this be joy

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen who
survey ²⁶⁵

The rich man's joy increase, the poor's de-
cay,

'Tis yours to judge, how wide the limits
stand

Between a splendid and an happy land

Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted
ore,

And shouting Folly hails them from her
shore, ²⁷⁰

Hoards e'en beyond the miser's wish abound,

And rich men flock from all the world
around

Yet count our gains! This wealth is but a
name

That leaves our useful products still the
same

Not so the loss The man of wealth and
pride ²⁷⁵

Takes up a space that many poor supplied,

Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,

Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds

The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth
Has robbed the neighboring fields of half
their growth, ²⁸⁰

His seat, where solitary sports are seen,

Indignant spurns the cottage from the green

Around the world each needful product flies,

For all the luxuries the world supplies,

While thus the land adorned for pleasure
all ²⁸⁵

In barren splendor feebly waits the fall

As some fair female unadorned and plain,

Secure to please while youth confirms her

reign,

Slights every borrowed charm that dress sup-
 ples,
 Nor shares with art the triumph of her
 eyes, 290

But when those charms are past, for charms
 are frail,

When time advances, and when lovers fail,
 She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,

In all the glaring impotence of dress
 Thus fares the land by luxury betrayed 295

In nature's simplest charms at first arrayed,
 But verging to decline, its splendors rise,
 Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise,

While, scourged by famine from the smiling
 land,

The mournful peasant leads his humble
 band, 300

And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
 The country blooms—a garden and a grave

Where then, ah! where, shall poverty re-
 side,

To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride?
 If to some common's fenceless limits
 strayed 305

He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
 Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth
 divide,

And even the bare-worn common is denied

If to the city sped—what waits him there?

To see profusion that he must not share, 310

To see ten thousand baneful arts combined

To pamper luxury, and thin mankind,

To see those joys the sons of pleasure know

Extorted from his fellow-creature's woe

Here while the courtier glitters in bro-
 cade, 315

There the pale artist plies the sickly trade,

Here while the proud their long-drawn pomps
 display,

There the black gibbet glooms beside the
 way

The dome where pleasure holds her midnight
 reign

Here, richly decked, admits the gorgeous
 train 320

Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing
 square,

The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare

Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy!

Sure these denote one universal joy!

Are these thy serious thoughts?—Ah, turn
 thine eyes 325

Where the poor houseless shivering female
 lies

She once, perhaps, in village plenty blest,

Has wept at tales of innocence distressed,
 Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
 Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the
 thorn 330

Now lost to all, her friends, her virtue, fled,
 Near her betrayer's door she lays her head,
 And, pinched with cold, and shrinking from
 the shower,

With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour,
 When idly first, ambitious of the town, 335
 She left her wheel and robes of country
 brown

Do thine, sweet Auburn,—thine, the love-
 liest train,—

Do thy fair tribes participate her pain?
 Even now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
 At proud men's doors they ask a little
 bread! 340

Ah, no! To distant climes, a dreary scene,
 Where half the convex world intrudes be-
 tween,

Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they
 go,

Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe
 Far different there from all that charmed
 before, 345

The various terrors of that horrid shore,
 Those blazing suns that dart a downward
 ray,

And fiercely shed intolerable day,
 Those matted woods, where birds forget to
 sing,

But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling, 350
 Those poisonous fields with rank luxuriance
 crowned,

Where the dark scorpion gathers death around,
 Where at each step the stranger fears to
 wake

The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake,
 Where crouching tigers wait their hapless
 prey, 355

And savage men more murderous still than
 they,

While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
 Mingling the ravaged landscape with the
 skies

Far different these from every former scene,
 The cooling brook, the grassy vested green, 360

The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
 That only sheltered thefts of harmless love

Good Heaven! what sorrows gloomed that
 parting day,

That called them from their native walks
 away,

When the poor exiles, every pleasure past, 365

Hung round the bowers, and fondly looked
 their last,
 And took a long farewell, and wished in vain
 For seats like these beyond the western main,
 And shuddering still to face the distant deep,
 Returned and wept, and still returned to
 weep 370

The good old sire the first prepared to go
 To new-found worlds, and wept for others'
 woe,

But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
 He only wished for worlds beyond the grave
 His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears, 375
 The fond companion of his helpless years,
 Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
 And left a lover's for a father's arms
 With louder plants the mother spoke her
 woes,

And blest the cot where every pleasure
 rose, 380

And kissed her thoughtless babes with many
 a tear,

And clasped them close, in sorrow doubly
 dear,

Whilst her fond husband strove to lend re-
 lief

In all the silent manliness of grief
 O luxury! thou curst by Heaven's de-
 cree, 385

How ill exchanged are things like these for
 thee!

How do thy potions, with insidious joy,
 Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy!
 Kingdoms, by thee to sickly greatness grown,
 Boast of a florid vigor not their own 390
 At every draught more large and large they
 grow,

A bloated mass of rank unwieldy woe,
 Till sapped their strength, and every part un-
 sound,

Down, down, they sink, and spread a ruin
 round

Even now the devastation is begun, 395
 And half the business of destruction done, 5
 Even now, methinks, as pondering here I
 stand,

I see the rural virtues leave the land
 Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads the
 sail, 400

That idly waiting flaps with every gale,
 Downward they move, a melancholy band,
 Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand
 Contented Toil, and hospitable Care,
 And kind connubial Tenderness are there; 405
 And Piety with wishes placed above,

And steady Loyalty, and faithful Love
 And thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest maid,
 Still first to fly where sensual joys invade,
 Unfit in these degenerate times of shame
 To catch the heart, or strike for honest
 fame, 410

Dear charming nymph, neglected and de-
 cined,

My shame in crowds, my solitary pride,
 Thou source of all my bliss, and all my woe,
 That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st
 me so,

Thou guide by which the nobler arts ex-
 cel, 415

Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee well!
 Farewell, and oh! where'er thy voice be tried,
 On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side,
 Whether where equinoctial fervors glow,
 Or winter wraps the polar world in snow, 420
 Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
 Redress the rigors of the inclement clime,
 Aid slighted truth with thy persuasive strain,
 Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain,
 Teach him that states of native strength
 possessed, 425

Though very poor, may still be very blest,
 That trade's proud empire hastes to swift
 decay,

As ocean sweeps the labored mole away,
 While self-dependent power can time defy,
 As rocks resist the billows and the sky 430

THE CITIZEN OF THE WORLD

LETTER LXX

FROM LIEN CHI ALTANGI TO HINGPO, BY
 THE WAY OF MOSCOW

The Europeans are themselves blind, who
 describe Fortune without sight No first-
 rate beauty ever had finer eyes, or saw
 more clearly they who have no other trade
 but seeking their fortune, need never hope
 to find her, coquette-like, she flies from her
 close pursuers, and at last fixes on the plodding
 mechanic, who stays at home, and minds his
 business.

10 I am amazed how men call her blind,
 when, by the company she keeps, she seems
 so very discerning Wherever you see a
 gaming-table, be very sure Fortune is not
 there, wherever you see an house with the
 doors open, be very sure Fortune is not
 there, when you see a man whose pocket-

holes are laced with gold, be satisfied Fortune is not there, wherever you see a beautiful woman good-natured and obliging, be convinced Fortune is never there. In short, she is ever seen accompanying industry, and as often trundling a wheelbarrow as lolling in a coach and six.

If you would make Fortune your friend, or, to personize her no longer, if you desire, my son, to be rich, and have money, be more eager to save than acquire when people say, Money is to be got here, and money is to be got there, take no notice, mind your own business, stay where you are, and secure all you can get without stirring. When you hear that your neighbour has picked up a purse of gold in the street, never run out into the same street, looking about you in order to pick up such another, or when you are informed that he has made a fortune in one branch of business, never change your own in order to be his rival. Do not desire to be rich all at once, but patiently add farthing to farthing. Perhaps you despise the petty sum, and yet they who want a farthing, and have no friend that will lend them it, think farthings very good things. Whang, the foolish miller, when he wanted a farthing in his distress, found that no friend would lend, because they knew he wanted. Did you ever read the story of Whang in our books of Chinese learning? he who, despising small sums, and grasping at all, lost even what he had.

Whang, the miller, was naturally avaricious, nobody loved money better than he, or more respected those that had it. When people would talk of a rich man in company, Whang would say, I know him very well, he and I have been long acquainted, he and I are intimate, he stood for a child of mine but if ever a poor man was mentioned, he had not the least knowledge of the man, he might be very well for aught he knew, but he was not fond of many acquaintances, and loved to choose his company.

Whang, however, with all his eagerness for riches, was in reality poor; he had nothing but the profits of his mill to support him, but though these were small, they were certain while his mill stood and went, he was sure of eating, and his frugality was such, that he every day laid some money by, which he would at intervals count and contemplate with much satisfaction. Yet still

his acquisitions were not equal to his desires, he only found himself above want whereas he desired to be possessed of affluence.

One day, as he was indulging these wishes, he was informed that a neighbour of his had found a pan of money under ground, having dreamed of it three nights running before. These tidings were daggers to the heart of poor Whang. "Here am I," says he, "toiling and moiling from morning till night for a few paltry farthings, while neighbour Hunks only goes quietly to bed, and dreams himself into thousands before morning. Oh that I could dream like him! with what pleasure would I dig round the pan, how shily would I carry it home, not even my wife should see me, and then, oh, the pleasure of thrusting one's hand into a heap of gold up to the elbow!"

Such reflections only served to make the miller unhappy, he discontinued his former assiduity, he was quite disgusted with small gains, and his customers began to forsake him. Every day he repeated the wish, and every night laid himself down in order to dream Fortune, that was for a long time unkind, at last, however, seemed to smile upon his distresses, and indulged him with the wished-for vision. He dreamed, that under a certain part of the foundation of his mill there was concealed a monstrous pan of gold and diamonds, buried deep in the ground, and covered with a large flat stone. He rose up, thanked the stars that were at last pleased to take pity on his sufferings, and concealed his good luck from every person, as is usual in money dreams, in order to have the vision repeated the two succeeding nights, by which he should be certain of its veracity. His wishes in this also were answered, he still dreamed of the same pan of money, in the very same place.

Now, therefore, it was past a doubt, so, getting up early the third morning, he repairs alone, with a mattock in his hand, to the mill, and began to undermine that part of the wall which the vision directed. The first omen of success that he met was a broken mug, digging still deeper, he turns up a house tile, quite new and entire. At last, after much digging, he came to the broad flat stone, but then so large, that it was beyond one man's strength to remove it. "Here," cried he, in raptures, to himself,

"here it is! under this stone there is room for a very large pan of diamonds indeed! I must e'en go home to my wife, and tell her the whole affair, and get her to assist me in turning it up" Away therefore he goes, and acquaints his wife with every circumstance of their good fortune. Her raptures on this occasion may easily be imagined, she flew round his neck, and embraced him in an agony of joy but those transports, however, did not delay their eagerness to know the exact sum, returning, therefore, speedily together to the place where Whang had been digging, there they found—not indeed the expected treasure, but the mill, their only support, undermined and fallen—Adieu

LETTER LXXVII

FROM LIEN CHI ALTANGI TO FUM HOAM,
FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE CEREMONIAL
ACADEMY AT PEKIN IN CHINA

The shops of London are as well furnished as those of Pekin. Those of London have a picture hung at their door, informing the passengers what they have to sell, as those at Pekin have a board to assure the buyer that they have no intent to cheat him.

I was this morning to buy silk for a nightcap. Immediately upon entering the mercer's shop, the master and his two men, with wigs plastered with powder, appeared to ask my commands. They were certainly the civillest people alive, if I but looked, they flew to the place where I cast my eye, every motion of mine sent them running round the whole shop for my satisfaction. I informed them that I wanted what was good, and they showed me not less than forty pieces, and each was better than the former, the prettiest pattern in nature, and the fittest in the world for nightcaps. "My very good friend," said I to the mercer, "you must not pretend to instruct me in silks, I know these in particular to be no better than your mere flimsy bungees"—"That may be," cried the mercer, who, I afterwards found, had never contradicted a man in his life: "I cannot pretend to say but they may; but I can assure you, my Lady Trail has had a sack from this piece this very morning"—"But, friend," said I, "though my lady has chosen a sack from it, I see no necessity that I should wear it for a nightcap"—"That may be," returned he again, "yet what

becomes a pretty lady, will at any time look well on a handsome gentleman" This short compliment was thrown in so very seasonably upon my ugly face, that even though I disliked the silk, I desired him to cut me off the pattern of a nightcap.

While this business was consigned to his journeymen, the master himself took down some pieces of silk still finer than any I had yet seen, and spreading them before me, "There," cries he, "there's beauty, my Lord Snakeskin has bespoke the fellow to this for the birthnight this very morning, it would look charmingly in waistcoats"—"But I don't want a waistcoat," replied I. "Not want a waistcoat!" returned the mercer. "then I would advise you to buy one, when waistcoats are wanted, you may depend upon it they will come dear. Always buy before you want, and you are sure to be well used, as they say in Cheapside." There was so much justice in his advice, that I could not refuse taking it, besides, the silk, which was really a good one, increased the temptation, so I gave orders for that too.

As I was waiting to have my bargains measured and cut, which, I know not how, they executed but slowly, during the interval the mercer entertained me with the modern manner of some of the nobility receiving company in their morning gowns. "Perhaps, sir," adds he, "you have a mind to see what kind of silk is universally worn." Without waiting for my reply, he spreads a piece before me, which might be reckoned beautiful even in China. "If the nobility," continues he, "were to know I sold this to any under a Right Honourable, I should certainly lose their custom, you see, my lord, it is at once rich, tasty, and quite the thing"—"I am no lord," interrupted I—"I beg pardon," cried he; "but be pleased to remember, when you intend buying a morning gown, that you had an offer from me of something worth money. Conscience, sir, conscience is my way of dealing, you may buy a morning gown now, or you may stay till they become dearer and less fashionable, but it is not my business to advise." In short, most reverend Fum, he persuaded me to buy a morning gown also, and would probably have persuaded me to have bought half the goods in his shop, if I had stayed long enough, or was furnished with sufficient money.

Upon returning home, I could not help re-

flecting, with some astonishment, how this very man, with such a confined education and capacity, was yet capable of turning me as he thought proper, and moulding me to his inclinations. I knew he was only answering his own purposes, even while he attempted to appear solicitous about mine; yet, by a voluntary infatuation, a sort of passion, compounded of vanity and good-nature, I walked into the snare with my eyes open, and put myself to future pain in order to give him immediate pleasure. The wisdom of the ignorant somewhat resembles the instinct of animals, it is diffused in but a very narrow sphere, but within that circle it acts with vigour, uniformity, and success—Adieu

EDMUND BURKE

(1729-1797)

As the principal champion of the American Colonies in the English Parliament Burke delivered the speech through which he has become known to generations of students. During his long term in the House of Commons he opposed corruption in government and defended the cause of liberty and justice. He pointed out in brilliant and powerful orations the tyranny and cruelty of the English policy toward the colonies of America, the natives of India, and the unfortunate African slaves. If England had listened to his words, she would have been saved much humiliation and sorrow, for Burke was a deep thinker and a man of vision.

Burke's preparation for his oratorical efforts was his participation in the debates at the Historical Club of Trinity College, Dublin. With his fellow students he had organized this club to obtain practice in "speaking, reading, writing and arguing in morality, history, criticism, politics, and all useful branches of philosophy." The members gave far more time to gathering information for these purposes than to pursuing the regular curriculum.

In 1750 Burke went to London to study law, the profession of his father, but soon discontinued his studies. During the next six years he travelled through England and further increased his general knowledge by extensive reading. His first essays, *A Vindication of Natural Society* and *The Origin of Our Ideas of the Sublime and Beautiful* were philosophical discussions of abstract ideas. His views on aesthetics have been considered a valuable contribution to critical theory. Burke might have become a great literary figure, but according to Goldsmith he was a man,

"Who, born for the Universe, narrowed his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind."

This party was the Whigs, whom he supported

by pamphlets and speeches. His political career began with a secretaryship to William Hamilton, Lord Deputy of Ireland. In 1765 Burke became private secretary to the Prime Minister, Lord Rockingham, and also entered Parliament. The most famous of his orations delivered to this body were the *Conciliation with America* (1775) and *The Impeachment of Warren Hastings* (1788). The first advocated toleration in the treatment of the rebellious colonists, proposing that the general assemblies be allowed to grant money to the crown. In the later speech Burke briefly reviewed the history of British control in India, vividly described the oppressions and cruelty under Hastings's administration, and eloquently demanded his impeachment for "high crimes and misdemeanors." This charge composed of stirring phrases was his most brilliant effort. The trial of Warren Hastings lasted for seven years, but he was finally adjudged not guilty.

The event which occupied Burke's attention besides the trial during these last years was the French Revolution. He was an apostle of liberty but did not believe it should be obtained on the principles or by the methods employed by the revolutionists. *Reflections on the French Revolution* pointed out that such methods were wrong because they would lead to the ruin of the country and the destruction of society. His words of warning had more effect than his earlier admonitions since they checked the growth of English revolutionary societies.

Burke's philosophical attitude of mind is evident to some extent in all his speeches. He was fond of theorizing and at times digressed from his subject. His style has a tendency toward heaviness, which comes from his adherence to classicism. His resounding periods and rhetorical flourishes astound the reader, but they are always clear and logically developed. Some critics have declared Burke to be the leading prose-writer of the eighteenth century.

THE IMPEACHMENT OF HASTINGS

MY LORDS, you have now heard the principles on which Mr Hastings governs the part of Asia subjected to the British Empire. Here he has declared his opinion that he is a despotic prince, that he is to use arbitrary power, and, of course, all his acts are covered with that shield "I know," says he, "the Constitution of Asia only from its practise." Will your lordships submit to hear the cor-

rupt practises of mankind made the principles of government? He have arbitrary power! —my lords, the East India Company have not arbitrary power to give him, the king has no arbitrary power to give him, your lordships have not, nor the Commons, nor the whole Legislature.

We have no arbitrary power to give, because arbitrary power is a thing which neither any man can hold nor any man can give. No man can lawfully govern himself according to his

own will—much less can one person be governed by the will of another. We are all born in subjection—all born equally, high and low, governors and governed, in subjection to one great, immutable, preexistent law, prior to all our devices, and prior to all our contrivances, paramount to all our ideas and to all our sensations, antecedent to our very existence, by which we are knit and connected in the eternal frame of the universe, out of which we can not stir.

This great law does not arise from our conventions or compacts, on the contrary, it gives to our conventions and compacts all the force and sanction they can have: it does not arise from our vain institutions. Every good gift is of God, all power is of God, and He who has given the power, and from whom alone it originates, will never suffer the exercise of it to be practised upon any less solid foundation than the power itself.

If, then, all dominion of man over man is the effect of the divine disposition, it is bound by the eternal laws of Him that gave it, with which no human authority can dispense, neither he that exercises it, nor even those who are subject to it, and, if they were mad enough to make an express compact, that should release their magistrate from his duty, and should declare their lives, liberties and properties, dependent upon, not rules and laws, but his mere capricious will, that covenant would be void.

This arbitrary power is not to be had by conquest. Nor can any sovereign have it by succession, for no man can succeed to fraud, rapine, and violence. Those who give and those who receive arbitrary power are alike criminal, and there is no man but is bound to resist it to the best of his power, wherever it shall show its face to the world.

Law and arbitrary power are in eternal enmity. Name me a magistrate, and I will name property, name me power, and I will name protection. It is a contradiction in terms, it is blasphemy in religion, it is wickedness in politics, to say that any man can have arbitrary power. In every patent of office the duty is included. For what else does a magistrate exist? To suppose for power, is an absurdity in idea. Judges are guided and governed by the eternal laws of justice, to which we are all subject. We may bite our chains, if we will; but we shall be made to know ourselves, and be taught that man is born to be governed

by *law*, and he that will substitute *will* in the place of it is an enemy to God.

My lords, I do not mean now to go farther than just to remind your lordships of this—that Mr Hastings' government was one whole system of oppression, of robbery of individuals, of spoliation of the public, and of supersession of the whole system of the English government, in order to vest in the worst of the natives all the power that could possibly exist in any government, in order to defeat the ends which all governments ought, in common, to have in view. In the name of the Commons of England, I charge all this villany upon Warren Hastings, in this last moment of my application to you.

My lords, what is it that we want here, to a great act of national justice? Do we want a cause, my lords? You have the cause of oppressed princes, of undone women of the first rank, of desolated provinces, and of wasted kingdoms.

Do you want a criminal, my lords? When was there so much iniquity ever laid to the charge of any one? No, my lords, you must not look to punish any other such delinquent from India. Warren Hastings has not left substance enough in India to nourish such another delinquent.

My lords, is it a prosecutor you want? You have before you the Commons of Great Britain as prosecutors, and I believe, my lords, that the sun, in his beneficent progress round the world, does not behold a more glorious sight than that of men, separated from a remote people by the material bounds and barriers of nature, united by the bond of a social and moral community—all the Commons of England resenting, as their own, the indignities and cruelties that are offered to all the people of India.

Do we want a tribunal? My lords, no example of antiquity, nothing in the modern world, nothing in the range of human imagination, can supply us with a tribunal like this. We commit safely the interests of India and humanity into your hands. Therefore, it is with confidence that, ordered by the Commons,

I impeach Warren Hastings, Esquire, of high crimes and misdemeanors.

I impeach him in the name of the Commons of Great Britain in Parliament assembled, whose parliamentary trust he has betrayed.

I impeach him in the name of all the Commons of Great Britain, whose national character he has dishonored

I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose laws, rights and liberties he has subverted, whose properties he has destroyed, whose country he has laid waste and desolate

I impeach him in the name and by virtue of those eternal laws of justice which he has violated

I impeach him in the name of human nature itself, which he has cruelly outraged, injured and oppressed, in both sexes, in every age, rank, situation, and condition of life

My lords, at this awful close, in the name of the Commons and surrounded by them, I attest the retiring, I attest the advancing generations, between which, as a link in the great chain of eternal order, we stand We call this nation, we call the world to witness, that the Commons have shrunk from no labor, that we have been guilty of no prevarication, that we have made no compromise with crime, that we have not feared any odium whatsoever, in the long warfare which we have carried on with the crimes, with the vices, with the exorbitant wealth, with the enormous and overpowering influence of Eastern corruption

My lords, it has pleased Providence to place us in such a state that we appear every moment to be upon the verge of some great mutations There is one thing, and one thing only, which defies all mutation that which existed before the world, and will survive the fabric of the world itself—I mean justice, that justice which, emanating from the Divinity, has a place in the breast of every one of us,

given us for our guide with regard to ourselves and with regard to others, and which will stand, after this globe is burned to ashes, our advocate or our accuser, before the great Judge, when He comes to call upon us for the tenor of a well-spent life

My lords, the Commons will share in every fate with your lordships, there is nothing sinister which can happen to you, in which we shall not all be involved, and, if it should so happen that we shall be subjected to some of those frightful changes which we have seen—if it should happen that your lordships, stripped of all the decorous distinctions of human society, should, by hands at once base and cruel, be led to those scaffolds and machines of murder upon which great kings and glorious queens have shed their blood, amidst the prelates, amidst the nobles, amidst the magistrates, who supported their thrones—may you in those moments feel that consolation which I am persuaded they felt in the critical moments of their dreadful agony!

My lords, if you must fall, may you so fall! but, if you stand—and stand I trust you will—together with the fortune of this ancient monarchy, together with the ancient laws and liberties of this great and illustrious kingdom, may you stand as unimpeached in honor as in power, may you stand, not as a substitute for virtue, but as an ornament of virtue, as a security for virtue, may you stand long, and long stand the terror of tyrants, may you stand the refuge of afflicted nations, may you stand a sacred temple, for the perpetual residence of an inviolable justice!

From The Trial of Warren Hastings

EDWARD GIBBON (1737-1794)

A valuable result of the tendency toward systematic investigation in the eighteenth century was the attention given to historical research. Hume, Robertson, Ferguson, and Gibbon undertook the study of history from a new point of view. Instead of placing the emphasis upon the great leaders they traced the rise and growth of movements, such as the barbarian invasions, Christianity, and the Crusades. They described general conditions and contrasted the customs and manners among different peoples. Gibbon stated their purposes when he wrote, "History undertakes to record the transactions of the past for the instruction of future ages."

Before he had reached the age of fifteen, Gibbon had read in his father's library much philosophy and history because poor health had prevented his attending school very regularly. When he entered Magdalen College at Oxford, he had according to his *Memoirs* "a stock of erudition that might have puzzled a doctor and a degree of ignorance of which a schoolboy might have been ashamed." He soon became disgusted with the teaching at Oxford. This fact and his conversion to Roman Catholicism caused his withdrawal.

His father sent him to live with a Protestant pastor in Lausanne on the Lake of Geneva so that he might regain his faith. Nominally he was reconverted, but actually he became a skeptic. When he fell in love with the attractive Susanne Curchod, once again his father objected to his plans and threatened him with disinheritance if he married her. Gibbon "sighed as a lover but obeyed as a son."

From 1758 until his death he spent part of his time in England and part on the continent. For a short period he was captain in the Hampshire Militia. Later he was a member of Parliament and held a minor office, but he never considered a political career seriously. In 1780 he returned to Lausanne so that he might finish his history without interruptions.

The idea of writing *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* came to him one day in October, 1764, while he was sitting amidst the ruins of the Capitol in Rome. For over twenty years he worked on the book, consulting authorities, arranging the material, and rewriting sections which did not satisfy him. The first volume was published in 1776 and was received favorably except for the chapters on Christianity. His cynical indictment aroused the enmity of orthodox believers, for it is marked by unfair and biased treatment. The last volume appeared in 1788. Gibbon began with the reign of Trajan and concluded with the fall of Constantinople in 1453, thus covering a most important period during which the European peoples were slowly evolving into distinct nationalities.

Gibbon's success in presenting this enormous mass of material is due to his ability to subordinate details to the larger effect. Each fact has its proper place in the great panorama unfolded before the reader. Although Gibbon is not concise, he is seldom tiresome. His impressive sentences, based on antithesis and careful order, lend dignity to his style but seem extremely artificial. Occasionally they are so elaborate that the reader cannot grasp readily the thought. In most instances, however, they do not hinder the progress of the narrative.

Unfortunately Gibbon's prejudices and philosophical views prevented him from understanding the underlying causes for the growth of Christianity and the enthusiasm of the Crusaders. He lost sight of the individuals in dealing with vast groups. He failed to realize that ideals could move persons as well as desire for power or material gain. His scholarship, nevertheless, has won unreserved praise because of his accuracy and good judgment in selecting material from his sources. No English historian has surpassed Gibbon in breadth of treatment or sonority of style.

THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE

CHAPTER IX

THE STATE OF GERMANY TILL THE INVASION OF THE BARBARIANS, IN THE TIME OF THE EMPEROR DECIUS

The government and religion of Persia have 10
deserved some notice from their connection

with the decline and fall of the Roman empire. We shall occasionally mention the Scythian or Sarmatian tribes, which, with their arms and horses, their flocks and herds, 5
their wives and families, wandered over the immense plains which spread themselves from the Caspian Sea to the Vistula, from the confines of Persia to those of Germany. But the warlike Germans, who first resisted, then invaded, and at length overturned, the western monarchy of Rome, will occupy a much more

important place in this history, and possess a stronger, and, if we may use the expression, a more domestic, claim to our attention and regard. The most civilised nations of modern Europe issued from the woods of Germany, and in the rude institutions of those barbarians we may still distinguish the original principles of our present laws and manners. In their primitive state of simplicity and independence the Germans were surveyed by the discerning eye, and delineated by the masterly pencil of Tacitus, the first of historians who applied the science of philosophy to the study of facts. The expressive conciseness of his descriptions has deserved to exercise the diligence of innumerable antiquarians, and to excite the genius and penetration of the philosophic historians of our own times. The subject, however various and important, has already been so frequently, so ably, and so successfully discussed, that it is now grown familiar to the reader, and difficult to the writer. We shall therefore content ourselves with observing, and indeed with repeating, some of the most important circumstances of climate, of manners, and of institutions, which rendered the wild barbarians of Germany such formidable enemies to the Roman power.

Ancient Germany, excluding from its independent limits the province westward of the Rhine, which had submitted to the Roman yoke, extended itself over a third part of Europe. Almost the whole of modern Germany, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Finland, Livonia, Prussia, and the greater part of Poland, were peopled by the various tribes of one great nation, whose complexion, manners, and language denoted a common origin and preserved a striking resemblance. On the west, ancient Germany was divided by the Rhine from the Gallic, and on the south by the Danube from the Illyrian, provinces of the empire. A ridge of hills, rising from the Danube, and called the Carpathian mountains, covered Germany on the side of Dacia or Hungary. The eastern frontier was faintly

marked by the mutual fears of the Germans and the Sarmatians, and was often confounded by the mixture of warring and confederating tribes of the two nations. In the remote darkness of the north, the ancients imperfectly described a frozen ocean that lay beyond the Baltic Sea, and beyond the Peninsula, or islands,¹ of Scandinavia.

Some ingenious writers² have suspected that Europe was much colder formerly than it is at present, and the most ancient descriptions of the climate of Germany tend exceedingly to confirm their theory. The general complaints of intense frost, and eternal winter, are perhaps little to be regarded, since we have no method of reducing to the accurate standard of the thermometer the feelings or the expressions of an orator, born in the happier regions of Greece or Asia. But I shall select two remarkable circumstances of a less equivocal nature. 1 The great rivers which covered the Roman provinces, the Rhine and the Danube, were frequently frozen over, and capable of supporting the most enormous weights. The barbarians, who often chose that severe season for their inroads, transported, without apprehension or danger, their numerous armies, their cavalry, and their heavy waggons, over a vast and solid bridge of ice.³ Modern ages have not presented an instance of a like phenomenon. 2 The reindeer, that useful animal, from whom the savage of the North derives the best comforts of his dreary life, is of a constitution that supports, and even requires, the most intense cold. He is found on the rock of Spitzberg, within ten degrees of the Pole, he seems to delight in the snows of Lapland and Siberia, but at present he cannot subsist, much less multiply, in any country to the south of the Baltic.⁴ In the time of Cæsar, the reindeer, as well as the elk and the wild bull, was a native of the Hercynian forest, which then overshadowed a great part of Germany and Poland.⁵ The modern improvements sufficiently explain the causes of the diminution

¹ The modern philosophers of Sweden seem agreed that the waters of the Baltic gradually sink in a regular proportion, which they have ventured to estimate at half an inch every year. Twenty centuries ago, the flat country of Scandinavia must have been covered by the sea, while the high lands rose above the waters, as so many islands of various forms and dimensions. Such indeed is the notion given us by Mela, Pliny, and Tacitus of the vast countries round the Baltic. See in the *Bibliothèque Raisonnée*, tom. xl and xlv a large abstract of Dalin's History of Sweden, composed in the Swedish language.

² In particular, Hume, the Abbe du Bos, and M. Pelloutier, *Hist. des Celtes*, tom. 1.

³ Diodorus Siculus, l. v. p. 340, Edit. Wessel Herodian, l. vi. p. 221. Jornandes, c. 55. On the banks of the Danube, the wine, when brought to table, was frequently frozen into great lumps, *frusta vini*. Ovid *Epist. ex Ponto*, l. iv. 7, 9, 10. Virgil *Georgic* l. iii. 355. The fact is confirmed by a soldier and a philosopher, who had experienced the intense cold of Thrace. Xenophon, *Anabasis*, l. vii. p. 560. Edit. Hutchinson.

⁴ Buffon *Histoire Naturelle*, tom. xii. p. 79, 116.

⁵ Cæsar de Bell. Gallic. vi. 23, etc. The most inquisitive of the Germans were ignorant of its utmost limits, although some of them had travelled in it more than sixty days' journey.

of the cold These immense woods have been gradually cleared, which intercepted from the earth the rays of the sun⁶ The morasses have been drained, and, in proportion as the soil has been cultivated, the air has become more temperate Canada, at this day, is an exact picture of ancient Germany Although situated in the same parallel with the finest provinces of France and England, that country experiences the most rigorous cold The reindeer are very numerous, the ground is covered with deep and lasting snow, and the great river of St Lawrence is regularly frozen, in a season when the waters of the Seine and the Thames are usually free from ice⁷

It is difficult to ascertain, and easy to exaggerate, the influence of the climate of ancient Germany over the minds and bodies of the natives Many writers have supposed, and most have allowed, though, as it should seem, without any adequate proof, that the rigorous cold of the North was favourable to long life and generative vigour, that the women were more fruitful, and the human species more prolific, than in warmer or more temperate climates⁸ We may assert, with greater confidence, that the keen air of Germany formed the large and masculine limbs of the natives, who were, in general, of a more lofty stature than the people of the South,⁹ gave them a kind of strength better adapted to violent exertions than to patient labour, and inspired them with constitutional bravery, which is the result of nerves and spirits The severity of a winter campaign, that chilled the courage of the Roman troops, was scarcely felt by these hardy children of the North,¹⁰ who in their turn were unable to resist the summer heats, and dissolved away in languor and sickness under the beams of an Italian sun¹¹

There is not anywhere upon the globe a large tract of country which we have discovered destitute of inhabitants, or whose first population can be fixed with any degree of

historical certainty And yet, as the most philosophic minds can seldom refrain from investigating the infancy of great nations, our curiosity consumes itself in toilsome and disappointed efforts When Tacitus considered the purity of the German blood, and the forbidding aspect of the country, he was disposed to pronounce those barbarians *Indigenæ*, or natives of the soil We may allow with safety, and perhaps with truth, that ancient Germany was not originally peopled by any foreign colonies already formed into a political society,¹² but that the name and nation received their existence from the gradual union of some wandering savages of the Hercynian woods To assert those savages to have been the spontaneous production of the earth which they inhabited would be a rash inference, condemned by religion and unwarranted by reason

Such rational doubt is but ill-suited with the genius of popular vanity Among the nations who have adopted the Mosaic history of the world, the ark of Noah has been of the same use as was formerly to the Greeks and Romans the siege of Troy On a narrow basis of acknowledged truth an immense but rude superstructure of fable has been erected, and the "Wild Irishman," as well as the Wild Tartar could point out the individual son of Japhet, from whose loins his ancestors were lineally descended The last century abounded with antiquarians of profound learning and easy faith, who by the dim light of legends and traditions, of conjectures and etymologies, conducted the great-grandchildren of Noah from the tower of Babel to the extremities of the globe Of these judicious critics, one of the most entertaining was Olaus Rudbeck, professor in the University of Upsal¹³ Whatever is celebrated, either in history or fable, this zealous patriot ascribes to his country From Sweden (which formed so considerable a part of ancient Germany) the Greeks themselves derived their alphabetical characters,

⁶ Cluverius (*Germania Antiqua*, l. iii. c. 47) investigates the small and scattered remains of the Hercynian wood

⁷ Charlevoix *Histoire du Canada*.

⁸ Olaus Rudbeck asserts that the Swedish women often bear ten or twelve children, and not uncommonly twenty or thirty, but the authority of Rudbeck is much to be suspected

⁹ *In hos artus, in hæc corpora, quæ miramur, excrescunt Tacit, Germania, 3, 20 Cluver l. i. c. 14.*

¹⁰ Plutarch, in *Mario* The Cimbri, by way of amusement, often slid down mountains of snow on their broad shields.

¹¹ The Romans made war in all climates, and by

their excellent discipline were in a great measure preserved in health and vigour It may be remarked, that man is the only animal which can live and multiply in every country from the equator to the poles The hog seems to approach the nearest to our species in that privilege

¹² Tacit *German c. 3* The emigration of the Gauls followed the course of the Danube, and discharged itself on Greece and Asia Tacitus could discover only one inconsiderable tribe that retained any traces of a Gallic origin

¹³ His work, entitled *Atlantica*, is uncommonly scarce Bayle has given two most curious extracts from it. *Republique des Lettres Janvier et Fevrier, 1685*

their astronomy, and their religion Of that delightful region (for such it appeared to the eyes of a native) the Atlantis of Plato, the country of the Hyperboreans, the gardens of the Hesperides, the Fortunate Islands, and even the Elysian Fields, were all but faint and imperfect transcripts A clime so profusely favoured by Nature could not long remain desert after the flood The learned Rudbeck allows the family of Noah a few years to multiply from eight to about twenty thousand persons He then disperses them into small colonies to replenish the earth and to propagate the human species The German or Swedish detachment (which marched, if I am not mistaken, under the command of Askenaz, the son of Gomer, the son of Japhet) distinguished itself by a more than common diligence in the prosecution of this great work The northern hive cast its swarms over the greatest part of Europe, Africa, and Asia, and (to use the author's metaphor) the blood circulated from the extremities to the heart

But all this well-laboured system of German antiquities is annihilated by a single fact, too well attested to admit of any doubt, and of too decisive a nature to leave room for any reply The Germans, in the age of Tacitus, were unacquainted with the use of letters, and the use of letters is the principal circumstance that distinguishes a civilised people from a herd of savages incapable of knowledge or reflection Without that artificial help, the human memory soon dissipates or corrupts the ideas intrusted to her charge, and the nobler faculties of the mind, no longer supplied with models or with materials, gradually forget their powers, the judgment becomes feeble and lethargic, the imagination languid or irregular Fully to apprehend this important truth, let us attempt, in an improved society, to calculate the immense distance between the man of learning and the *illiterate*

peasant The former, by reading and reflection, multiplies his own experience, and lives in distant ages and remote countries, whilst the latter, rooted to a single spot, and confined to a few years of existence, surpasses, but very little, his fellow-labourer the ox in the exercise of his mental faculties The same, and even a greater, difference will be found between nations than between individuals, and we may safely pronounce that, without some species of writing, no people has ever preserved the faithful annals of their history, ever made any considerable progress in the abstract sciences, or ever possessed, in any tolerable degree of perfection, the useful and agreeable arts of life

Of these arts, the ancient Germans were wretchedly destitute They passed their lives in a state of ignorance and poverty, which it has pleased some declaimers to dignify with the appellation of virtuous simplicity Modern Germany is said to contain about two thousand three hundred walled towns¹⁵ In a much wider extent of country, the geographer Ptolemy could discover no more than ninety places, which he decorates with the name of cities,¹⁶ though, according to our ideas, they would but ill deserve that splendid title We can only suppose them to have been rude fortifications, constructed in the centre of the woods, and designed to secure the women, children, and cattle, whilst the warriors of the tribe marched out to repel a sudden invasion¹⁷ But Tacitus asserts, as a well-known fact, that the Germans, in his time, had *no* cities,¹⁸ and that they affected to despise the works of Roman industry as places of confinement rather than of security¹⁹ Their edifices were not even contiguous, or formed into regular villas,²⁰ each barbarian fixed his independent dwelling on the spot to which a plain, a wood, or a stream of fresh water had induced him to give the preference Neither stone, nor brick, nor tiles, were em-

¹⁴ Tacit Germ ii 19 Literarum secreta viri pariter ac femine ignorant We may rest contented with this decisive authority, without entering into the obscure disputes concerning the antiquity of the Runic characters The learned Celsius, a Swede, a scholar, and a philosopher, was of opinion, that they were nothing more than the Roman letters, with the curves changed into straight lines for the ease of engraving See Pelloutier, Histoire des Celtes i 11 c 11 Dictionnaire Diplomatique, tom i p 223 We may add, that the oldest Runic inscriptions are supposed to be of the third century, and the most ancient writer who mentions the Runic characters is Venantius Fortunatus (Carm vii 18), who lived towards the end of the sixth century—

Barbara fraxineis pingatur RUNA tabellis

¹⁵ Recherches Philosophiques sur les Americains, tom

iii p 228 The author of that very curious work is, if I am not misinformed, a German by birth

¹⁶ The Alexandrian Geographer is often criticised by the accurate Cluverius

¹⁷ See Caesar, and Whitaker's History of Manchester, vol i

¹⁸ Tacit Germ 15

¹⁹ When the Germans commanded the Ubi of Cologne to cast off the Roman yoke, and with their new freedom to resume their ancient manners, they insisted on the immediate demolition of the walls of the colony "Postulamus a vobis, muros colonie, munimenta serviti detrahatis etiam fera animalia, si clausa teneas, virtutis obliviscuntur" Tacit Hist iv 64

²⁰ The straggling villages of Silesia are several miles in length. Cluver. i 1 c 13

ployed in these slight habitations²¹ They were indeed no more than low huts of a circular figure, built of rough timber, thatched with straw, and pierced at the top to leave a free passage for the smoke In the most inclement winter, the hardy German was satisfied with a scanty garment made of the skin of some animal The nations who dwelt towards the North clothed themselves in furs, and the women manufactured for their own use a coarse kind of linen²² The game of various sorts, with which the forests of Germany were plentifully stocked, supplied its inhabitants with food and exercise²³ Their monstrous herds of cattle, less remarkable indeed for their beauty than for their utility,²⁴ formed the principal object of their wealth A small quantity of corn was the only produce extracted from the earth the use of orchards or artificial meadows was unknown to the Germans, nor can we expect any improvements in agriculture from a people whose property every year experienced a general change by a new division of the arable lands, and who, in that strange operation, avoided disputes by suffering a great part of their territory to lie waste and without tillage²⁵

Gold, silver, and iron were extremely scarce in Germany Its barbarous inhabitants wanted both skill and patience to investigate those rich veins of silver, which have so liberally rewarded the attention of the princes of Brunswick and Saxony Sweden, which now supplies Europe with iron, was equally ignorant of its own riches, and the appearance of the arms of the Germans furnished a sufficient proof how little iron they were able to bestow on what they must have deemed the noblest use of that metal The various transactions of peace and war had introduced some Roman coins (chiefly silver) among the borderers of the Rhine and Danube, but the more distant tribes were absolutely unacquainted with the use of money, carried on their confined traffic by the exchange of commodities, and prized their rude earthen vessels as of equal value with the silver vases, the presents of Rome to their princes and ambassadors²⁶ To a mind capable of reflection, such leading facts convey more instruction

than a tedious detail of subordinate circumstances The value of money has been settled by general consent to express our wants and our property, as letters were invented to express our ideas, and both these institutions, by giving a more active energy to the powers and passions of human nature, have contributed to multiply the objects they were designed to represent The use of gold and silver is in a great measure fictitious, but it would be impossible to enumerate the important and various services which agriculture, and all the arts, have received from iron, when tempered and fashioned by the operation of fire and the dexterous hand of man Money, in a word, is the most universal incitement, iron the most powerful instrument, of human industry, and it is very difficult to conceive by what means a people, neither actuated by the one nor seconded by the other, could emerge from the grossest barbarism²⁷

If we contemplate a savage nation in any part of the globe, a supine indolence and a carelessness of futurity will be found to constitute their general character In a civilised state, every faculty of man is expanded and exercised, and the great chain of mutual dependence connects and embraces the several members of society The most numerous portion of it is employed in constant and useful labour The select few, placed by fortune above that necessity, can, however, fill up their time by the pursuits of interest or glory, by the improvement of their estate or of their understanding, by the duties, the pleasures, and even the follies of social life The Germans were not possessed of these varied resources The care of the house and family, the management of the land and cattle, were delegated to the old and the infirm, to women and slaves The lazy warrior, destitute of every art that might employ his leisure hours, consumed his days and nights in the animal gratifications of sleep and food And yet, by a wonderful diversity of Nature (according to the remark of a writer who had pierced into its darkest recesses), the same barbarians are by turns the most indolent and the most restless of mankind They delight in sloth,

²¹ One hundred and forty years after Tacitus, a few more regular structures were erected near the Rhine and Danube Herodian, I vii p 234

²² Tacit. Germ 17

²³ Tacit. Germ 5

²⁴ Cæsar de Bell Gall vi 21

²⁵ Tacit. Germ 26 Cæsar, vi 22

²⁶ Tacit. Germ 6.

²⁷ It is said that the Mexicans and Peruvians, without the use of either money or iron, had made a very great progress in the arts Those arts, and the monuments they produced, have been strangely magnified. Recherches sur les Américains, tom ii p 153, etc

they detest tranquillity²⁸ The languid soul, oppressed with its own weight, anxiously required some new and powerful sensation, and war and danger were the only amusements adequate to its fierce temper The sound that summoned the German to arms was grateful to his ear It roused him from his uncomfortable lethargy, gave him an active pursuit, and, by strong exercise of the body, and violent emotions of the mind, restored him to a more lively sense of his existence In the dull intervals of peace, these barbarians were immoderately addicted to deep gaming and excessive drinking, both of which, by different means, the one by inflaming their passions, the other by extinguishing their reason, alike relieved them from the pain of thinking They gloried in passing whole days and nights at table, and the blood of friends and relations often stained their numerous and drunken assemblies²⁹ Their debts of honour (for in that light they have transmitted to us those of play) they discharged with the most romantic fidelity The desperate gamester, who had staked his person and liberty on a last throw of the dice, patiently submitted to the decision of fortune, and suffered himself to be bound, chastised, and sold into remote slavery, by his weaker but more lucky antagonist³⁰

Strong beer, a liquor extracted with very little art from wheat or barley, and *corrupted* (as it is strongly expressed by Tacitus) into a certain semblance of wine, was sufficient for the gross purposes of German debauchery But those who had tasted the rich wines of Italy, and afterwards of Gaul, sighed for that more delicious species of intoxication They attempted not, however (as has since been executed with so much success), to naturalise the vine on the banks of the Rhine and Danube, nor did they endeavour to procure by industry the materials of an advantageous commerce To solicit by labour what might be ravished by arms was esteemed unworthy of the German spirit³¹ The intemperate thirst of strong liquors often urged the barbarians to invade the provinces on which art or nature had bestowed those much envied presents

The Tuscan who betrayed his country to the Celtic nations attracted them into Italy by the prospect of the rich fruits and delicious wines, the productions of a happier climate³² And in the same manner the German auxiliaries, invited into France during the civil wars of the sixteenth century, were allured by the promise of plenteous quarters in the provinces of Champagne and Burgundy³³ Drunkenness, the most illiberal, but not the most dangerous, of *our* vices, was sometimes capable, in a less civilised state of mankind, of occasioning a battle, a war, or a revolution

The climate of ancient Germany has been mollified, and the soil fertilised, by the labour of ten centuries from the time of Charlemagne The same extent of ground which at present maintains, in ease and plenty, a million husbandmen and artificers, was unable to supply an hundred thousand lazy warriors with the simple necessities of life³⁴ The Germans abandoned their immense forests to the exercise of hunting, employed in pasturage the most considerable part of their lands, bestowed on the small remainder a rude and careless cultivation, and then accused the scantiness and sterility of a country that refused to maintain the multitudes of its inhabitants When the return of famine severely admonished them of the importance of the arts, the national distress was sometimes alleviated by the emigration of a third, perhaps, or a fourth part of their youth³⁵ The possession and the enjoyment of property are the pledges which bind a civilised people to an improved country But the Germans, who carried with them what they most valued, their arms, their cattle, and their women, cheerfully abandoned the vast silence of their woods for the unbounded hopes of plunder and conquest The innumerable swarms that issued, or seemed to issue, from the great storehouse of nations, were multiplied by the fears of the vanquished and by the credulity of succeeding ages And from facts thus exaggerated, an opinion was gradually established, and has been supported by writers of

²⁸ Tacit Germ 15

²⁹ Tacit Germ 22, 23

³⁰ Tacit Germ 24 The Germans might borrow the arts of play from the Romans, but the *passion* is wonderfully inherent in the human species

³¹ Tacit Germ 14

³² Plutarch, in Camillo T Liv v 33

³³ Dubos Hist de la Monar Franç, i p 193

³⁴ The Helvetic nation, which issued from the country called Switzerland, contained, of every age

and sex, 368,000 persons (Cæsar de Bell Gall i 29). At present, the number of people in the Pays de Vaud (a small district on the banks of the Lemman Lake, much more distinguished for politeness than for industry) amounts to 112,591 See an excellent tract of M Muret, in the Memoires de la Societe de Bern

³⁵ Paul Diaconus, c 1, 2, 3 Machiavel, Davila, and the rest of Paul's followers, represent these emigrations too much as regular and concerted measures

distinguished reputation, that, in the age of Cæsar and Tacitus, the inhabitants of the North were far more numerous than they are in our days³⁶ A more serious inquiry into the causes of population seems to have convinced modern philosophers of the falsehood, and indeed the impossibility, of the supposition To the names of Mariana and of Machiavel,³⁷ we can oppose the equal names of Robertson and Hume³⁸

A warlike nation like the Germans, without either cities, letters, arts, or money, found some compensation for this savage state in the enjoyment of liberty Their poverty secured their freedom, since our desires and our possessions are the strongest fetters of despotism "Among the Suones (says Tacitus), riches are held in honour They are *therefore* subject to an absolute monarch, who, instead of intrusting his people with the free use of arms, as is practised in the rest of Germany, commits them to the safe custody not of a citizen, or even of a freedman, but of a slave The neighbours of the Suones, the Sitones, are sunk even below servitude, they obey a woman"³⁹ In the mention of these exceptions, the great historian sufficiently acknowledges the general theory of government We are only at a loss to conceive by what means riches and despotism could penetrate into a remote corner of the North, and extinguish the generous flame that blazed with such fierceness on the frontier of the Roman provinces or how the ancestors of those Danes and Norwegians, so distinguished in latter ages by their unconquered spirit, could thus tamely resign the great character of German liberty⁴⁰ Some tribes, however, on the coast of the Baltic, acknowledged the authority of kings, though without relinquishing the rights of men,⁴¹ but in the far greater part of Germany, the form of government was a democracy tempered indeed, and controlled, not so much by general and positive laws, as by the occasional ascendant of birth or valour, of eloquence or superstition⁴²

Civil governments, in their first institutions, are voluntary associations for mutual defence To obtain the desired end, it is absolutely necessary that each individual should conceive himself obliged to submit his private opinion and actions to the judgment of the greater number of his associates The German tribes were contented with this rude but liberal outline of political society As soon as a youth, born of free parents, had attained the age of manhood, he was introduced into the general council of his countrymen, solemnly invested with a shield and spear, and adopted as an equal and worthy member of the military commonwealth The assembly of the warriors of the tribe was convened at stated seasons or on sudden emergencies The trial of public offences, the election of magistrates, and the great business of peace and war, were determined by its independent voice Sometimes, indeed, these important questions were previously considered and prepared in a more select council of the principal chieftains⁴³ The magistrates might deliberate and persuade, the people only could resolve and execute, and the resolutions of the Germans were for the most part hasty and violent Barbarians accustomed to place their freedom in gratifying the present passion, and their courage in overlooking all future consequences, turned away with indignant contempt from the remonstrance of justice and policy, and it was the practice to signify by a hollow murmur their dislike of such timid counsels But whenever a more popular orator proposed to vindicate the meanest citizen from either foreign or domestic injury, whenever he called upon his fellow-countrymen to assert the national honour, or to pursue some enterprise full of danger and glory, a loud clashing of shields and spears expressed the eager applause of the assembly For the Germans always met in arms, and it was constantly to be dreaded lest an irregular multitude, inflamed with faction and strong liquors, should use those arms to enforce, as well as to declare, their

³⁶ Sir William Temple and Montesquieu have indulged, on this subject, the usual liveliness of their fancy

³⁷ Machiavel Hist di Firenze, l i Mariana Hist Hispan l v c 1

³⁸ Robertson's Charles V Hume's Political Essays
³⁹ Tacit German 44, 45 Frenshamius (who dedicated his supplement to Livy to Christina of Sweden) thinks proper to be very angry with the Roman who expressed so very little reverence for Northern queens

⁴⁰ May we not suspect that superstition was the parent of despotism? The descendants of Odin (whose race was not extinct till the year 1060) are said to

have reigned in Sweden above a thousand years The temple of Upsal was the ancient seat of religion and empire In the year 1153 I find a singular law, prohibiting the use and profession of arms to any except the king's guards Is it not probable that it was coloured by the pretence of reviving an old institution? Dalling's History of Sweden in the Bibliothèque Raisonnée, xl xlv

⁴¹ Tacit Germ c 43
⁴² Tacit Germ c 11, 12, 13, etc

⁴³ Grotius changes an expression of Tacitus, *pertractantur* into *prætractantur* The correction is equally just and ingenious

furious resolves We may recollect how often the diets of Poland have been polluted with blood, and the more numerous party has been compelled to yield to the more violent and seditious ⁴⁴

A general of the tribe was elected on occasions of danger, and, if the danger was pressing and extensive, several tribes concurred in the choice of the same general The bravest warrior was named to lead his countrymen into the field, by his example rather than by his commands But his power, however limited, was still invidious It expired with the war, and in time of peace the German tribes acknowledged not any supreme chief ⁴⁵ *Princes* were, however, appointed in the general assembly, to administer justice, or rather to compose differences, ⁴⁶ in their respective districts In the choice of these magistrates as much regard was shown to birth as to merit ⁴⁷ To each was assigned, by the public, a guard and a council of an hundred persons, and the first of the princes appears to have enjoyed a pre-eminence of rank and honour which sometimes tempted the Romans to compliment him with the regal title ⁴⁸

The comparative view of the powers of the magistrates, in two remarkable instances, is alone sufficient to represent the whole system of German manners The disposal of the landed property within their district was absolutely vested in their hands, and they distributed it every year according to a new division ⁴⁹ At the same time they were not authorised to punish with death, to imprison, or even to strike, a private citizen ⁵⁰ A people thus jealous of their persons, and careless of their possessions, must have been totally destitute of industry and the arts, but animated with a high sense of honour and independence ⁵¹

The Germans respected only those duties which they imposed on themselves The most obscure soldier resisted with disdain the authority of the magistrates "The noblest youths blushed not to be numbered among the faithful companions of some renowned chief, to whom they devoted their arms and service A noble emulation prevailed among the com-

panions to obtain the first place in the esteem of their chief, amongst the chiefs, to acquire the greatest number of valiant companions To be ever surrounded by a band, of select youths was the pride and strength of the chiefs, their ornaments in peace, their defence in war The glory of such distinguished heroes diffused itself beyond the narrow limits of their own tribe Presents and embassies solicited their friendship, and the fame of their arms often ensured victory to the party which they espoused In the hour of danger it was shameful for the chief to be surpassed in valour by his companions, shameful for the companions not to equal the valour of their chief To survive his fall in battle was indelible infamy To protect his person and to adorn his glory with the trophies of their own exploits were the most sacred of their duties The chiefs combated for victory, the companions for the chief The noblest warriors, whenever their native country was sunk in the laziness of peace, maintained their numerous hands in some distant scene of action, to exercise their restless spirit and to acquire renown by voluntary dangers Gifts worthy of soldiers, the warlike steed, the bloody and ever victorious lance, were the rewards which the companions claimed from the liberality of their chief The rude plenty of his hospitable board was the only pay that he could bestow or they would accept War, rapine, and the free-will offerings of his friends, supply the materials of this munificence" ⁵² This institution, however it might accidentally weaken the several republics, invigorated the general character of the Germans, and even ripened amongst them all the virtues of which barbarians are susceptible, the faith and valour, the hospitality and the courtesy, so conspicuous long afterwards in the ages of chivalry The honourable gifts, bestowed by the chief on his brave companions, have been supposed, by an ingenious writer, to contain the first rudiments of the fiefs, distributed, after the conquest of the Roman provinces, by the barbarian lords among their vassals, with a similar duty of homage and military service ⁵³ These conditions are, however, very

⁴⁴ Even in our ancient parliament, the barons often carried a question, not so much by the number of votes, as by that of their armed followers

⁴⁵ *Cæsar de Bell Gall* vi 23

⁴⁶ Minuunt controversias is a very happy expression of *Cæsar's*

⁴⁷ *Reges ex nobilitate, duces ex virtute sumunt* Tacit Germ 7

⁴⁸ Cluver Germ Ant 1 i c 38

⁴⁹ *Cæsar*, vi 22 Tacit Germ 26

⁵⁰ Tacit Germ 7

⁵¹ Tacit Germ 13, 14

⁵² *Esprit des Loix*, l xxx c 5 The brilliant imagination of Montesquieu is corrected, however, by the dry cold reason of the Abbé de Mably *Observations sur l'Histoire de France*, tom 1 p 356

repugnant to the maxims of the ancient Germans, who delighted in mutual presents, but without either imposing, or accepting, the weight of obligations⁵³

"In the days of chivalry, or more properly of romance, all the men were brave, and all the women were chaste," and notwithstanding the latter of these virtues is acquired and preserved with much more difficulty than the former, it is ascribed, almost without exception, to the wives of the ancient Germans. Polygamy was not in use, except among the princes, and among them only for the sake of multiplying their alliances. Divorces were prohibited by manners rather than by laws. Adulteries were punished as rare and inexcusable crimes, nor was seduction justified by example and fashion⁵⁴. We may easily discover that Tacitus indulges an honest pleasure in the contrast of barbarian virtue with the dissolute conduct of the Roman ladies, yet there are some striking circumstances that give an air of truth, or at least of probability, to the conjugal faith and chastity of the Germans.

Although the progress of civilisation has undoubtedly contributed to assuage the fiercer passions of human nature, it seems to have been less favourable to the virtue of chastity, whose most dangerous enemy is the softness of the mind. The refinements of life corrupt while they polish the intercourse of the sexes. The gross appetite of love becomes most dangerous when it is elevated, or rather, indeed, disguised by sentimental passion. The elegance of dress, of motion, and of manners gives a lustre to beauty, and inflames the senses through the imagination. Luxurious entertainments, midnight dances, and licentious spectacles, present at once temptation and opportunity to female frailty⁵⁵. From such dangers the unpolished wives of the barbarians were secured by poverty, solitude, and the painful cares of a domestic life. The German huts, open on every side to the eye of indiscretion or jealousy, were a better safeguard of conjugal fidelity than the walls, the bolts, and the eunuchs of a Persian harem. To this

reason, another may be added of a more honourable nature. The Germans treated their women with esteem and confidence, consulted them on every occasion of importance, and fondly believed that in their breasts resided a sanctity and wisdom more than human. Some of these interpreters of fate, such as Velleda, in the Batavian war, governed, in the name of the deity, the fiercest nations of Germany⁵⁶. The rest of the sex, without being adored as goddesses, were respected as the free and equal companions of soldiers, associated even by the marriage ceremony to a life of toil, of danger, and of glory⁵⁷. In their great invasions, the camps of the barbarians were filled with a multitude of women, who remained firm and undaunted amidst the sound of arms, the various forms of destruction, and the honourable wounds of their sons and husbands⁵⁸. Fainting armies of Germans have more than once been driven back upon the enemy by the generous despair of the women who dreaded death much less than servitude. If the day was irrecoverably lost, they well knew how to deliver themselves and their children, with their own hands, from an insulting victor⁵⁹. Heroines of such a cast may claim our admiration, but they were most assuredly neither lovely, nor very susceptible of love. Whilst they affected to emulate the stern virtues of *man*, they must have resigned that attractive softness in which principally consists the charm of *woman*. Conscious pride taught the German females to suppress every tender emotion that stood in competition with honour, and the first honour of the sex has ever been that of chastity. The sentiments and conduct of these high-spirited matrons may, at once, be considered as a cause, as an effect, and as a proof of the general character of the nation. Female courage, however it may be raised by fanaticism, or confirmed by habit, can be only a faint and imperfect imitation of the manly valour that distinguishes the age or country in which it may be found.

The religious system of the Germans (if the wild opinions of savages can deserve that name) was dictated by their wants, their fears,

⁵³ *Gaudent muneribus, sed nec data imputant, nec acceptis obligantur* Tacit. Germ. c. 21.

⁵⁴ The adulteress was whipped through the village. Neither wealth nor beauty could inspire compassion, or procure her a second husband. Germ. c. 18, 19.

⁵⁵ Ovid considers the theatre as the best adapted to collect the beauties of Rome, and to melt them into tenderness and sensuality.

⁵⁶ Tacit. Hist. iv. 61, 65.

⁵⁷ The marriage present was yoke of oxen, horses, and arms. Germ. c. 18. Tacitus is somewhat too florid on the subject.

⁵⁸ The change of *exigere* into *exurgere* is a most excellent correction.

⁵⁹ Tacit. Germ. c. 7. Plutarch, in Mario. Before the wives of the Teutones destroyed themselves and their children they had offered to surrender on condition that they should be received as the slaves of the vestal virgins.

and their ignorance⁶⁰ They adored the great visible objects and agents of nature, the Sun and the Moon, the Fire and the Earth, together with those imaginary deities, who were supposed to preside over the most important occupations of human life They were persuaded that, by some ridiculous arts of divination, they could discover the will of the superior beings, and that human sacrifices were the most precious and acceptable offering to their altars Some applause has been hastily bestowed on the sublime notion, entertained by that people, of the Deity, whom they neither confined within the walls of a temple, nor represented by any human figure,¹⁵ but when we recollect that the Germans were unskilled in architecture, and totally unacquainted with the art of sculpture, we shall readily assign the true reason of a scruple which arose not so much from a superiority²⁰ of reason as from a want of ingenuity The only temples in Germany were dark and ancient groves, consecrated by the reverence of succeeding generations Their secret gloom, the imagined residence of an invisible power,²⁵ by presenting no distinct object of fear or worship, impressed the mind with a still deeper sense of religious horror,³¹ and the priests, rude and illiterate as they were, had been taught by experience the use of every³⁰ artifice that could preserve and fortify impressions so well suited to their own interest

The same ignorance, which renders barbarians incapable of conceiving or embracing the useful restraints of laws, exposes them³⁵ naked and unarmed to the blind terrors of superstition The German priests, improving this favourable temper of their countrymen, had assumed a jurisdiction, even in temporal concerns, which the magistrate could not venture to exercise, and the haughty warrior⁴⁰ patiently submitted to the lash of correction, when it was inflicted, not by any human power, but by the immediate order of the god of war⁶² The defects of civil policy were⁴⁵ sometimes supplied by the interposition of ecclesiastical authority The latter was con-

stantly exerted to maintain silence and decency in the popular assemblies, and was sometimes extended to a more enlarged concern for the national welfare A solemn procession was occasionally celebrated in the present countries of Mecklenburgh and Pomerania The unknown symbol of the *Earth*, covered with a thick veil, was placed on a carriage drawn by cows, and in this manner the goddess, whose common residence was in the isle of Rugen, visited several adjacent tribes of her worshippers During her progress the sound of war was hushed, quarrels were suspended, arms laid aside, and the restless Germans had an opportunity of tasting the blessings of peace and harmony⁶³ The *truce of God*, so often and so ineffectually proclaimed by the clergy of the eleventh century, was an obvious imitation of this ancient custom⁶⁴

But the influence of religion was far more powerful to inflame than to moderate the fierce passions of the Germans Interest and fanaticism often prompted its ministers to sanctify the most daring and the most unjust enterprises, by the approbation of Heaven, and full assurances of success The consecrated standards, long revered in the groves of superstition, were placed in the front of the battle,⁶⁵ and the hostile army was devoted with dire execrations to the gods of war and of thunder⁶⁶ In the faith of soldiers (and such were the Germans) cowardice is the most unpardonable of sins A brave man was the worthy favourite of their martial deities, the wretch, who had lost his shield, was alike banished from the religious and the civil assemblies of his countrymen Some tribes of the north seem to have embraced the doctrine of transmigration,⁶⁷ others imagined a gross paradise of immortal drunkenness⁶⁸ All agreed that a life spent in arms, and a glorious death in battle, were the best preparations for a happy futurity either in this or in another world

The immortality so vainly promised by the priests was in some degree conferred by the

⁶⁰ Tacitus has employed a few lines, and Cluverius one hundred and twenty-four pages, on this obscure subject The former discovers in Germany the gods of Greece and Rome The latter is positive, that under the emblems of the sun, the moon, and the fire, his pious ancestors worshipped the Trinity in unity

⁶¹ The sacred wood, described with such sublime horror by Lucan, was in the neighbourhood of Marselles, but there were many of the same kind in Germany

⁶² Tacit *Germania*, c 7

⁶³ Tacit *Germania*, c 40.

⁶⁴ Robertson's Hist of Charles V vol 1 note 10

⁶⁵ Tacit *Germ* c 7 These standards were only the heads of wild beasts

⁶⁶ Tacit *Annal* xiii 57

⁶⁷ Caesar, Diodorus, and Lucan seem to ascribe this doctrine to the Gauls, but M Pelloutier (*Histoire des Celtes*, l iii c 18) labours to reduce their expressions to a more orthodox sense

⁶⁸ Concerning this gross but alluring doctrine of the Edda, see *Fable xx* in the curious version of that book, published by M Mallet, in his Introduction to the History of Denmark

bards That singular order of men has most deservedly attracted the notice of all who have attempted to investigate the antiquities of the Celts, the Scandinavians, and the Germans Their genius and character, as well as the reverence paid to that important office, have been sufficiently illustrated But we cannot so easily express, or even conceive, the enthusiasm of arms and glory, which they kindled in the breast of their audience Among a polished people, a taste for poetry is rather an amusement of the fancy than a passion of the soul And yet, when in calm retirement we peruse the combats described by Homer or Tasso, we are insensibly seduced by the fiction, and feel a momentary glow of martial ardour But how faint, how cold is the sensation which a peaceful mind can receive from solitary study! It was in the hour of battle, or in the feast of victory, that the bards celebrated the glory of heroes of ancient days, the ancestors of those warlike chieftains who listened with transport to their artless but animated strains The view of arms and of danger heightened the effect of the military song, and the passions which it tended to excite, the desire of fame and the contempt of death, were the habitual sentiments of a German mind⁶⁹

Such was the situation, and such were the manners, of the ancient Germans Their climate, their want of learning, of arts, and of laws, their notions of honour, of gallantry, and of religion, their sense of freedom, impatience of peace, and thirst of enterprise, all contributed to form a people of military heroes And yet we find that, during more than two hundred and fifty years that elapsed from the defeat of Varus to the reign of Decius, these formidable barbarians made few considerable attempts, and not any material impression on the luxurious and enslaved provinces of the empire Their progress was checked by their want of arms and discipline, and their fury was diverted by the intestine divisions of ancient Germany

I It has been observed, with ingenuity, and not without truth, that the command of iron soon gives a nation the command of gold But the rude tribes of Germany, alike destitute of both those valuable metals, were reduced slowly to acquire, by their unassisted strength,

the possession of the one as well as the other The face of a German army displayed their poverty of iron Swords, and the longer kind of lances, they could seldom use Their *frameæ* (as they called them in their own language) were long spears headed with a sharp but narrow iron point, and which, as occasion required, they either darted from a distance or pushed in close onset With this spear, and with a shield their cavalry was contented A multitude of darts scattered⁷⁰ with incredible force, were an additional resource of the infantry Their military dress, when they wore any, was nothing more than a loose mantle A variety of colours was the only ornament of their wooden or osier shields Few of the chiefs were distinguished by cuirasses, scarce any by helmets Though the horses of Germany were neither beautiful, swift, nor practised in the skilful evolutions of the Roman manege, several of the nations obtained renown by their cavalry, but, in general, the principal strength of the Germans consisted in their infantry,⁷¹ which was drawn up in several deep columns, according to the distinction of tribes and families Impatient of fatigue or delay, these half-armed warriors rushed to battle with dissonant shouts and disordered ranks, and sometimes, by the effort of native valour, prevailed over the constrained and more artificial bravery of the Roman mercenaries But as the barbarians poured forth their whole souls on the first onset, they knew not how to rally or to retire A repulse was a sure defeat, and a defeat was most commonly total destruction When we recollect the complete armour of the Roman soldiers, their discipline, exercises, evolutions, fortified camps, and military engines, it appears a just matter of surprise how the naked and unassisted valour of the barbarians could dare to encounter in the field the strength of the legions, and the various troops of the auxiliaries which seconded their operations The contest was too unequal, till the introduction of luxury had enervated the vigour, and a spirit of disobedience and sedition had relaxed the discipline, of the Roman armies The introduction of barbarian auxiliaries into those armies was a measure attended with very obvious dangers, as it might gradually in-

⁶⁹ Tacit. Germ. c. 3 Diodor. Sicul. l. v. Strabo, l. iv. p. 197 The classical reader may remember the rank of Demodocus in the Phæacian court, and the ardour infused by Tyrtæus into the fainting Spartans Yet there is little probability that the Greeks and the Germans were the same people Much learned trifling might be spared if our antiquarians would condescend

to reflect, that similar manners will naturally be produced by similar situations

⁷⁰ Missilia spargunt, Tacit. Germ. c. 6 Either that historian used a vague expression, or he meant that they were thrown at random

⁷¹ It was their principal distinction from the Sarmatians, who generally fought on horseback

struct the Germans in the arts of war and of policy. Although they were admitted in small numbers and with the strictest precaution, the example of Civilis was proper to convince the Romans that the danger was not imaginary, and that their precautions were not always sufficient.⁷² During the civil wars that followed the death of Nero, that artful and intrepid Batavian, whom his enemies condescended to compare with Hannibal and Sertorius,⁷³ formed a great design of freedom and ambition. Eight Batavian cohorts, renowned in the wars of Britain and Italy, repaired to his standard. He introduced an army of Germans into Gaul, prevailed on the powerful cities of Treves and Langres to embrace his cause, defeated the legions, destroyed their fortified camps, and employed against the Romans the military knowledge which he had acquired in their service. When at length, after an obstinate struggle, he yielded to the power of the empire, Civilis secured himself and his country by an honourable treaty. The Batavians still continued to occupy the islands of the Rhine,⁷⁴ the allies not the servants of the Roman monarchy.

II The strength of ancient Germany appears formidable when we consider the effects that might have been produced by its united effort. The wide extent of country might very possibly contain a million of warriors, as all who were of age to bear arms were of a temper to use them. But this fierce multitude, incapable of concerting or executing any plan of national greatness, was agitated by various and often hostile intentions. Germany was divided into more than forty independent states, and even in each state the union of the several tribes was extremely loose and precarious. The barbarians were easily provoked, they knew not how to forgive an injury, much less an insult, their resentments were bloody and implacable. The casual disputes that so frequently happened in their tumultuous parties of hunting or drinking were sufficient to inflame the minds of whole nations, the private feud of any considerable chieftains diffused itself among their followers and allies. To chastise the insolent, or to plunder the

defenceless, were alike causes of war. The most formidable states of Germany affected to encompass their territories with a wide frontier of solitude and devastation. The awful distance preserved by their neighbours attested the terror of their arms, and in some measure defended them from the danger of unexpected incursions.⁷⁵

"The Bructeri (it is Tacitus who now speaks) were totally exterminated by the neighbouring tribes,⁷⁶ provoked by their insolence, allured by the hopes of spoil, and perhaps inspired by the tutelary deities of the empire. Above sixty thousand barbarians were destroyed, not by the Roman arms, but in our sight, and for our entertainment. May the nations, enemies of Rome, ever preserve this enmity to each other! We have now attained the utmost verge of prosperity,⁷⁷ and have nothing left to demand of Fortune, except the discord of these barbarians."⁷⁸ These sentiments, less worthy of the humanity than of the patriotism of Tacitus, express the invariable maxims of the policy of his countrymen. They deemed it a much safer expedient to divide than to combat the barbarians, from whose defeat they could derive neither honour nor advantage. The money and negotiations of Rome insinuated themselves into the heart of Germany, and every art of seduction was used with dignity to conciliate those nations whom their proximity to the Rhine or Danube might render the most useful friends as well as the most troublesome enemies. Chiefs of renown and power were flattered by the most trifling presents, which they received either as marks of distinction, or as the instruments of luxury. In civil dissensions, the weaker faction endeavoured to strengthen its interest by entering into secret connections with the governors of the frontier provinces. Every quarrel among the Germans was fomented by the intrigues of Rome, and every plan of union and public good was defeated by the stronger bias of private jealousy and interest.⁷⁹

The general conspiracy which terrified the Romans under the reign of Marcus An-

⁷² The relation of this enterprise occupies a great part of the fourth and fifth books of the History of Tacitus, and is more remarkable for its eloquence than perspicuity. Sir Henry Saville has observed several inaccuracies.

⁷³ Tacit. Hist. iv. 13. like them he had lost an eye.
⁷⁴ It was contained between the two branches of the old Rhine, as they subsisted before the face of the country was changed by art and nature. Cluver. Germ. Antiq. i. iii. c. 30, 37.

⁷⁵ Cæsar de Bell. Gall. i. vi. 23.

⁷⁶ They are mentioned however in the fourth and fifth centuries by Nazarius, Ammianus, Claudian, etc., as a tribe of Franks. Cluver. Germ. Antiq. i. iii. c. xiii.

⁷⁷ *Urgentibus* is the common reading, but good sense, Lipsius, and some MSS. declare for *Vergentibus*.

⁷⁸ Tacit. Germania, c. 33. The pious Abbe de la Bletterie is very angry with Tacitus, talks of the devil who was a murderer from the beginning, etc., etc.

⁷⁹ Many traces of this policy may be discovered in

toninus comprehended almost all the nations of Germany, and even Sarmatia, from the mouth of the Rhine to that of the Danube.⁸⁰ It is impossible for us to determine whether this hasty confederation was formed by necessity, by reason, or by passion, but we may rest assured that the barbarians were neither allured by the indolence, nor provoked by the ambition, of the Roman monarch. This dangerous invasion required all the firmness and vigilance of Marcus. He fixed generals of ability in the several stations of attack, and assumed in person the conduct of the most important province on the Upper Danube. After a long and doubtful conflict, the spirit of the barbarians was subdued. The Quadi and the Marcomanni,⁸¹ who had taken the lead in the war, were the most severely punished in its catastrophe. They were commanded to retire five miles⁸² from their own banks of the Danube, and to deliver up the flower of the youth, who were immediately sent into Britain, a remote island, where they might be secure as hostages, and useful as soldiers.⁸³ On the frequent rebellions of the Quadi and Marcomanni, the irritated emperor resolved to reduce their country into the form of a province. His designs were disappointed by death. This formidable league, however, the only one that appears in the two first centuries of the Imperial history, was entirely dissipated, without leaving any traces behind in Germany.

In the course of this introductory chapter, we have confined ourselves to the general outlines of the manners of Germany, without attempting to describe or to distinguish the various tribes which filled the great country in the time of Cæsar, of Tacitus, or of Ptolemy. As the ancient, or as new tribes successively present themselves in the series of this history, we shall concisely mention their origin, their situation, and their particular character. Modern nations are fixed and permanent societies, connected among themselves by laws and government, bound to their native soil by arts and agriculture. The Ger-

man tribes were voluntary and fluctuating associations of soldiers, almost of savages. The same territory often changed its inhabitants in the tide of conquest and emigration. The same communities, uniting in a plan of defence or invasion, bestowed a new title on their new confederacy. The dissolution of an ancient confederacy restored to the independent tribes their peculiar but long-forgotten appellation. A victorious state often communicated its own name to a vanquished people. Sometimes crowds of volunteers flocked from all parts to the standard of a favourite leader, his camp became their country, and some circumstance of the enterprise soon gave a common denomination to the mixed multitude. The distinctions of the ferocious invaders were perpetually varied by themselves, and confounded by the astonished subjects of the Roman empire.⁸⁴

Wars, and the administration of public affairs, are the principal subjects of history, but the number of persons interested in these busy scenes is very different according to the different condition of mankind. In great monarchies, millions of obedient subjects pursue their useful occupations in peace and obscurity. The attention of the writer, as well as of the reader, is solely confined to a court, a capital, a regular army, and the districts which happen to be the occasional scene of military operations. But a state of freedom and barbarism, the season of civil commotions, or the situation of petty republics,⁸⁵ raises almost every member of the community into action, and consequently into notice. The irregular divisions, and the restless motions, of the people of Germany dazzle our imagination and seem to multiply their numbers. The profuse enumeration of kings and warriors of armies and nations inclines us to forget that the same objects are continually repeated under a variety of appellations, and that the most splendid appellations have been frequently lavished on the most inconsiderable objects.

Tacitus and Dion and many more may be inferred from the principles of human nature.

⁸⁰ Hist. August. p. 31. Ammian. Marcellin. l. xxxi. c. 5. Aurel. Victor. The emperor Marcus was reduced to sell the rich furniture of the palace, and to enlist slaves and robbers.

⁸¹ The Marcomanni, a colony, who, from the banks of the Rhine, occupied Bohemia and Moravia, had once erected a great and formidable monarchy under their king Maroboduus. Strabo, l. vii. Vell. Pat. ii. 105. Tacit. Annal. ii. 63.

⁸² Wotton (Hist. of Rome, p. 166) increases the

prohibition to ten times the distance. His reasoning is specious, but not conclusive. Five miles were sufficient for a fortified barrier.

⁸³ Dion, l. lxxi. and lxxii.

⁸⁴ See an excellent dissertation on the origin and migrations of nations, in the *Mém. de l'Acad. des Inscriptions* tom. xviii. p. 48-71. It is seldom that the antiquarian and the philosopher are so happily blended.

⁸⁵ Should we suspect that Athens contained only 21,000 citizens, and Sparta no more than 39,000? See Hume and Wallace on the number of mankind in ancient and modern times.

JAMES BOSWELL

(1740-1795)

Endowed with all the essential qualities of a press agent, Boswell sought acquaintance with men of prominence. The son of a Scotch lawyer, he had chosen his father's profession, studying at the University of Edinburgh and practicing in Edinburgh and London. But his curiosity about famous persons claimed his attention more intensely than his legal work. No one could escape him when he had once made up his mind to seek an interview. No resistance was too great for him to overcome, no indifference ever checked him. With supreme egotism he thrust himself upon the great. He wrote to Rousseau that he was "a man of unique merit" and deserved to be received by the aged recluse. He argued with Voltaire about religion until the sage sank exhausted upon an easy chair. He described his interview with General Paoli in Corsica by this characteristic sentence: "I asked him a thousand questions about his intimate life."

Boswell's one desire was to gain the favorable attention of those he met. Consequently on his travels he tried to impress them with his exceptional qualities. Sometimes people laughed at him, but very few ignored him. Occasionally someone expressed an opinion in far from flattering terms. Such a one was the attractive Dutch girl, Belle de Zutphen, his Zeldie, whom Boswell was considering as a possible partner for life. From Berlin he wrote her a letter seventeen pages long to explain why he did not wish to marry her. Her sharp reply did not deter him from further correspondence. Later he sent her father a twenty-six page proposal for her hand with the request that it be returned if Zeldie was not inclined to accept. It was returned, yet Boswell still corresponded with her.

The recent publication of six volumes selected from Boswell's *Private Papers*, containing letters, journals, and notes, and the reprinting of his essays contributed to the *London Magazine* reveal a Boswell far different from Macaulay's unkind portrait. He was no self-effacing worshiper of genius but a very self-possessed seeker of others' opinions. He did not adopt these opinions blindly, for he had definite ideas of his own, which he developed in the essays. He was a shrewd reporter collecting anecdotes about famous people. Impudent and persevering he probably irritated his victims at times, but he was tolerated because he acted as a stimulant to them.

Fortunately this excellent reporter was destined to meet a man who was worthy of his best efforts. In 1763 when he was twenty-two years old, Boswell was introduced to Dr. Johnson. During the next twenty years he was in Johnson's company as often as possible seeking information about the great man's early life and recording his conversations. Sometimes Boswell asked inane questions or arranged unexpected interviews to see what Johnson would do or say. The result of this persistent effort to learn everything about the literary dictator was the most famous biography in English literature. In the pages of Boswell's work Dr. Johnson will live for all time. Snatches of conversation and anecdotes present the variety of Johnson's interests and the outstanding traits of his character far better than chapters of exposition could ever show them. It is a complete, accurate, impartial, and intimate record by a man whose passion was to present Johnson as he lived.

Boswell was spurred on to write the *Life* from his enormous collection of memoranda by the encouragement of his friend Malone and by the publication of Mrs. Thrale's *Anecdotes* in 1786. Her false statements disgusted him as well as her remarks about the *Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides*. To some degree the biography was a justification of his own attitude with regard to that work. In selecting from his notes for the *Life* he omitted or edited unpleasant references to himself. As he explained in the dedication to Sir Joshua Reynolds, "The whole truth is not always to be exposed." He appears principally as the interlocutor who drew Johnson into numerous conversations.

Boswell's book is, however, more than a biography of Dr. Johnson. From its pages much intimate information concerning the literature and views of the eighteenth century may be obtained. Johnson is the central figure of a brilliant group including Goldsmith, Reynolds, Burke, Fox, Garrick, and Gibbon. The personal characteristics of these men and others less prominent are more clearly known because Boswell preserved their conversations. He has admitted us to meetings of the Club, taken us with him on journeys, and allowed us to listen to the opinions of his companions. Furthermore, he seems to take us into his confidence by writing so unreservedly

BOSWELL'S MEETING WITH JOHNSON

This [1763] is to me a memorable year, for in it I had the happiness to obtain the acquaintance of that extraordinary man whose

memoirs I am now writing, an acquaintance which I shall ever esteem as one of the most fortunate circumstances in my life. Though then but two-and-twenty, I had for several years read his works with delight and instruction, and had the highest reverence for their

author, which had grown up in my fancy into a kind of mysterious veneration, by figuring to myself a state of solemn elevated abstraction, in which I supposed him to live in the immense metropolis of London

Mr Thomas Davies the actor, who then kept a bookseller's shop in Russel-street, Covent-garden, told me that Johnson was very much his friend, and came frequently to his house, where he more than once invited me to meet him. but by some unlucky accident or other he was prevented from coming to us

Mr Thomas Davies was a man of good understanding and talents, with the advantage of a liberal education. Though somewhat pompous, he was an entertaining companion, and his literary performances have no inconsiderable share of merit. He was a friendly and very hospitable man. Both he and his wife, (who has been celebrated for her beauty,) though upon the stage for many years, maintained an uniform decency of character, and Johnson esteemed them, and lived in as easy an intimacy with them as with any family which he used to visit. Mr Davies recollected several of Johnson's remarkable sayings, and was one of the best of the many imitators of his voice and manner, while relating them. He increased my impatience more and more to see the extraordinary man whose works I highly valued, and whose conversation was reported to be so peculiarly excellent

At last, on Monday the 16th of May, when I was sitting in Mr Davies's back-parlour, after having drunk tea with him and Mrs Davies, Johnson unexpectedly came into the shop, and Mr Davies having perceived him through the glass-door in the room in which we were sitting, advancing towards us,—he announced his awful approach to me, somewhat in the manner of an actor in the part of Horatio, when he addresses Hamlet on the appearance of his father's ghost, "Look, my Lord, it comes" I found that I had a very perfect idea of Johnson's figure, from the portrait of him painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds soon after he had published his Dictionary, in the attitude of sitting in his easy chair in deep meditation; which was the first picture his friend did for him, which Sir Joshua very kindly presented to me, and from which an engraving has been made for this work. Mr Davies mentioned my name,

and respectfully introduced me to him. I was much agitated, and recollecting his prejudice against the Scotch, of which I had heard much, I said to Davies, "Don't tell where I come from,"—"From Scotland," cried Davies, roguishly "Mr Johnson, (said I,) I do indeed come from Scotland, but I cannot help it." I am willing to flatter myself that I meant this as light pleasantry to soothe and conciliate him, and not as an humiliating abasement at the expense of my country. But however that might be, this speech was somewhat unlucky, for with that quickness of wit for which he was so remarkable, he seized the expression "come from Scotland," which I used in the sense of being of that country, and, as if I had said that I had come away from it, or left it, retorted, "That, Sir, I find, is what a very great many of your countrymen cannot help." This stroke stunned me a good deal, and when we had sat down, I felt myself not a little embarrassed, and apprehensive of what might come next. He then addressed himself to Davies "What do you think of Garrick? He has refused me an order for the play for Miss Williams, because he knows the house will be full, and that an order would be worth three shillings." Eager to take any opening to get into conversation with him, I ventured to say, "O, Sir, I cannot think Mr Garrick would grudge such a trifle to you." "Sir, (said he, with a stern look,) I have known David Garrick longer than you have done and I know no right you have to talk to me on the subject." Perhaps I deserved this check, for it was rather presumptuous in me, an entire stranger, to express any doubt of the justice of his animadversion upon his old acquaintance and pupil. I now felt myself much mortified, and began to think that the hope which I had long indulged of obtaining his acquaintance was blasted. And, in truth, had not my ardour been uncommonly strong, and my resolution uncommonly persevering, so rough a reception might have deterred me for ever from making any further attempts. Fortunately, however, I remained upon the field not wholly discomfited, and was soon rewarded by hearing some of his conversation

JOHNSON'S PECULIARITIES

About this time he was afflicted with a very severe return of the hypochondriac disorder,

which was ever lurking about him. He was so ill, as, notwithstanding his remarkable love of company, to be entirely averse to society, the most fatal symptom of that malady. Dr Adams told me, that as an old friend, he was admitted to visit him, and that he found him in a deplorable state, sighing, groaning, talking to himself, and restlessly walking from room to room. He then used this emphatical expression of the misery which he felt: "I would consent to have a limb amputated to recover my spirits."

Talking to himself was, indeed, one of his singularities ever since I knew him. I was certain that he was frequently uttering pious ejaculations, for fragments of the Lord's prayer have been distinctly overheard. His friend Mr Thomas Davies, of whom Churchill says,

"That Davies hath a very pretty wife,—"

when Dr Johnson muttered—"lead us not into temptation," used with waggish and gallant humour to whisper Mrs Davies, "You, my dear, are the cause of this."

He had another particularity, of which none of his friends even ventured to ask an explanation. It appeared to me some superstitious habit, which he had contracted early, and from which he had never called upon his reason to disentangle him. This was his anxious care to go out or in at a door or passage, by a certain number of steps from a certain point, or at least so as that either his right or his left foot, (I am not certain which,) should constantly make the first actual movement when he came close to the door or passage. Thus I conjecture for I have, upon innumerable occasions, observed him suddenly stop, and then seem to count his steps with a deep earnestness, and when he had neglected or gone wrong in this sort of magical movement, I have seen him go back again, put himself in a proper posture to begin the ceremony, and, having gone through it, break from his abstraction, walk briskly on, and join his companion. A strange instance of something of this nature, even when on horseback, happened when he was in the Isle of Sky. Sir Joshua Reynolds has observed him to go a good way about, rather than cross a particular alley in Leicester-fields, but this Sir Joshua imputed to his having had some disagreeable recollection associated with it.

That the most minute singularities which belonged to him, and made very observable parts of his appearance and manner, may not be omitted, it is requisite to mention, that while talking or even musing as he sat in his chair, he commonly held his head to one side towards his right shoulder, and shook it in a tremulous manner, moving his body backwards and forwards, and rubbing his left knee in the same direction, with the palm of his hand. In the intervals of articulating he made various sounds with his mouth, sometimes as if ruminating, or what is called chewing the cud, sometimes giving a half whistle, sometimes making his tongue play backwards from the roof of his mouth, as if clucking like a hen, and sometimes protruding it against his upper gums in front, as if pronouncing quickly under his breath, *too, too, too* all this accompanied sometimes with a thoughtful look, but more frequently with a smile. Generally when he had concluded a period, in the course of a dispute, by which time he was a good deal exhausted by violence and vociferation, he used to blow out his breath like a whale. This I suppose was a relief to his lungs, and seemed in him to be a contemptuous mode of expression, as if he had made the arguments of his opponent fly like chaff before the wind.

I am fully aware how very obvious an occasion I here give for the sneering jocularity of such as have no relish of an exact likeness, which to render complete, he who draws it must not disdain the slightest strokes. But if writings should be inclined to attack this account, let them have the candour to quote what I have offered in my defence.

CONVERSATION WITH THE KING

In February, 1767, there happened one of the most remarkable incidents of Johnson's life, which gratified his monarchical enthusiasm, and which he loved to relate with all its circumstances, when requested by his friends. This was his being honoured by a private conversation with his Majesty, in the library at the Queen's house. He had frequently visited those splendid rooms, and noble collection of books, which he used to say was more numerous and curious than he supposed any person could have made in the time which the King had employed. Mr Barnard, the librarian, took care that he should

have every accommodation that should contribute to his ease and convenience, while indulging his literary taste in that place so that he had here a very agreeable resource at leisure hours

His Majesty having been informed of his occasional visits, was pleased to signify a desire that he should be told when Dr Johnson came next to the library Accordingly, the next time that Johnson did come, as soon as he was fairly engaged with a book, on which, while he sat by the fire, he seemed quite intent, Mr Barnard stole round to the apartment where the King was, and, in obedience to his Majesty's commands, mentioned that Dr Johnson was then in the library His Majesty said he was at leisure, and would go to him upon which Mr Barnard took one of the candles that stood on the King's table and lighted his Majesty through a suite of rooms, till they came to a private door into the library, of which his Majesty had the key Being entered, Mr Barnard stepped forward hastily to Dr Johnson, who was still in a profound study, and whispered him, "Sir, here is the King" Johnson started up, and stood still His Majesty approached him, and at once was courteously easy

His Majesty began by observing, that he understood he came sometimes to the library, and then mentioning his having heard that the Doctor had been lately at Oxford, asked him if he was not fond of going thither To which Johnson answered, that he was indeed fond of going to Oxford sometimes, but was likewise glad to come back again The King then asked him what they were doing at Oxford Johnson answered, he could not much commend their diligence, but that in some respects they were mended, for they had put their press under better regulations, and were at that time printing Polybius He was then asked whether there were better libraries at Oxford or Cambridge He answered, he believed the Bodleian was larger than any they had at Cambridge, at the same time adding, "I hope, whether we have more books or not than they have at Cambridge, we shall make as good use of them as they do" Being asked whether All-Souls or Christ-Church library was the largest, he answered, "All-Souls' library is the largest we have, except the Bodleian" "Aye, (said the King,) that is the publick library"

His Majesty enquired if he was then writ-

ing any thing He answered, he was not, for he had pretty well told the world what he knew, and must now read to acquire more knowledge The King, as it should seem with a view to urge him to rely on his own stores as an original writer, and to continue his labours, then said, "I do not think you borrow much from any body" Johnson said, he thought he had already done his part as a writer "I should have thought so too, (said the King,) if you had not written so well"—Johnson observed to me, upon this, that "No man could have paid a handsomer compliment, and it was fit for a King to pay It was decisive" When asked by another friend, at Sir Joshua Reynolds's, whether he made any reply to this high compliment, he answered, "No, Sir When the King had said it, it was to be so It was not for me to bandy civilities with my Sovereign" Perhaps no man who had spent his whole life in courts could have shewn a more nice and dignified sense of true politeness than Johnson did in this instance

His Majesty having observed to him that he supposed he must have read a great deal, Johnson answered, that he thought more than he read, that he had read a great deal in the early part of his life, but having fallen into ill health, he had not been able to read much, compared with others for instance, he said he had not read much, compared with Dr Warburton Upon which the King said, that he heard Dr Warburton was a man of such general knowledge, that you could scarce talk with him on any subject on which he was not qualified to speak, and that his learning resembled Garrick's acting, in its universality His Majesty then talked of the controversy between Warburton and Lowth, which he seemed to have read, and asked Johnson what he thought of it Johnson answered, "Warburton has most general, most scholastick learning, Lowth is the more correct scholar I do not know which of them calls names best" The King was pleased to say he was of the same opinion, adding, "You do not think, then, Dr Johnson, that there was much argument in the case" Johnson said, he did not think there was "Why truly, (said the King,) when once it comes to calling names, argument is pretty well at an end"

His Majesty then asked him what he thought of Lord Lyttelton's *History*, which was then just published Johnson said, he thought his

style pretty good, but that he had blamed Henry the Second rather too much "Why, (said the King,) they seldom do these things by halves" "No, Sir, (answered Johnson,) not to Kings" But fearing to be misunderstood, he proceeded to explain himself, and immediately subjoined, "That for those who spoke worse of Kings than they deserved, he could find no excuse, but that he could more easily conceive how some might speak better of them than they deserved, without any ill intention, for, as Kings had much in their power to give, those who were favoured by them would frequently, from gratitude, exaggerate their praises, and as this proceeded from a good motive, it was certainly excusable, as far as error could be excusable"

The King then asked him what he thought of Dr Hill Johnson answered, that he was an ingenious man, but had no veracity, and immediately mentioned, as an instance of it, an assertion of that writer, that he had seen objects magnified to a much greater degree by using three or four microscopes at a time, than by using one "Now, (added Johnson,) every one acquainted with microscopes knows, that the more of them he looks through, the less the object will appear" "Why, (replied the King,) this is not only telling an untruth, but telling it clumsily, for, if that be the case, every one who can look through a microscope will be able to detect him"

"I now, (said Johnson to his friends, when relating what had passed) began to consider that I was depreciating this man in the estimation of his Sovereign, and thought it was time for me to say something that might be more favourable" He added, therefore, that Dr Hill was, notwithstanding, a very curious observer, and if he would have been contented to tell the world no more than he knew, he might have been a very considerable man, and needed not to have recourse to such mean expedients to raise his reputation

The King then talked of literary journals, mentioned particularly the *Journal des Savans*, and asked Johnson if it was well done Johnson said, it was formerly very well done, and gave some account of the persons who began it, and carried it on for some years, enlarging, at the same time, on the nature and use of such works. The King asked him if it was well done now Johnson answered, he had no reason to think that it was The

King then asked him if there were any other literary journals published in this kingdom, except the *Monthly* and *Critical Reviews*, and on being answered there were no other, his Majesty asked which of them was the best Johnson answered, that the *Monthly Review* was done with most care, the *Critical* upon the best principles, adding that the authours of the *Monthly Review* were enemies of the Church This the King said he was sorry to hear

The conversation next turned on the Philosophical Transactions, when Johnson observed, that they had now a better method of arranging their materials than formerly "Aye, (said the King,) they are obliged to Dr Johnson for that", for his Majesty had heard and remembered the circumstance, which Johnson himself had forgot

His Majesty expressed a desire to have the literary biography of this country ably executed, and proposed to Dr Johnson to undertake it Johnson signified his readiness to comply with his Majesty's wishes

During the whole of this interview, Johnson talked to his Majesty with profound respect, but still in his firm manly manner, with a sonorous voice, and never in that subdued tone which is commonly used at the levee and in the drawing room After the King withdrew, Johnson shewed himself highly pleased with his Majesty's conversation, and gracious behaviour He said to Mr Barnard, "Sir, they may talk of the King as they will, but he is the finest gentleman I have ever seen" And he afterwards observed to Mr Langton, "Sir, his manners are those of as fine a gentleman as we may suppose Lewis the Fourteenth or Charles the Second"

At Sir Joshua Reynolds's, where a circle of Johnson's friends was collected round him to hear his account of this memorable conversation, Dr Joseph Warton, in his frank and lively manner, was very active in pressing him to mention the particulars "Come now, Sir, this is an interesting matter, do favour us with it." Johnson, with great good humour, complied

He told them, "I found his Majesty wished I should talk, and I made it my business to talk I find it does a man good to be talked to by his Sovereign In the first place, a man cannot be in a passion—" Here some question interrupted him, which is to be regretted, as he certainly would have pointed out and

illustrated many circumstances of advantage, from being in a situation, where the powers of the mind are at once excited to vigorous exertion, and tempered by reverential awe

During all the time in which Dr Johnson⁵ was employed in relating to the circle at Sir Joshua Reynolds's the particulars of what passed between the King and him, Dr Goldsmith remained unmoved upon a sofa at some distance, affecting not to join in the least in the eager curiosity of the company. He assigned as a reason for his gloom and seeming inattention, that he apprehended Johnson had relinquished his purpose of furnishing him with a Prologue to his play, with the hopes of which he had been flattered, but it was strongly suspected that he was fretting with chagrin and envy at the singular honour Dr Johnson had lately enjoyed. At length, the frankness and simplicity of his natural character prevailed. He sprung from the sofa, advanced to Johnson, and in a kind of flutter, from imagining himself in the situation which he had just been hearing described, exclaimed, "Well, you acquitted yourself in this conversation better than I should have done, for I should have bowed and stammered through the whole of it"

TRIP TO OXFORD

He had now a great desire to go to Oxford, as his first jaunt after his illness, we talked of it for some days, and I had promised to accompany him. He was impatient and fretful to-night, because I did not at once agree to go with him on Thursday. When I considered how ill he had been, and what allowance should be made for the influence of sickness upon his temper, I resolved to indulge him, though with some inconvenience to myself, as I wished to attend the musical meeting in honour of Handel, in Westminster-Abbey, on the following Saturday.

In the midst of his own diseases and pains,⁴⁵ he was ever compassionate to the distresses of others, and actively earnest in procuring them aid, as appears from a note to Sir Joshua Reynolds, of June, in these words.—"I am ashamed to ask for some relief for a poor man, to whom, I hope, I have given what I can be expected to spare. The man importunes me, and the blow goes round. I am going to try another air on Thursday."

On Thursday, June 3, the Oxford post-

coach took us up in the morning at Bolt-court. The other two passengers were Mrs Beresford and her daughter, two very agreeable ladies from America, they were going to Worcestershire, where they then resided. Frank had been sent by his master the day before to take places for us, and I found, from the way-bill, that Dr Johnson had made our names be put down. Mrs Beresford, who had read it, whispered me, "Is this the great Dr Johnson?" I told her it was, so she was then prepared to listen. As she soon happened to mention in a voice so low that Johnson did not hear it, that her husband had been a member of the American Congress, I cautioned her to beware of introducing that subject, as she must know how very violent Johnson was against the people of that country. He talked a great deal, but I am sorry I have preserved little of the conversation. Miss Beresford was so much charmed that she said to me aside, "How he does talk! Every sentence is an essay." She amused herself in the coach with knotting, he would scarcely allow this species of employment any merit. "Next to mere idleness (said he,) I think knotting is to be reckoned in the scale of insignificance, though I once attempted to learn knotting. Dempster's sister³⁰ (looking to me,) endeavoured to teach me it, but I made no progress."

I was surprised at his talking without reserve in the publick post-coach of the state of his affairs, "I have (said he,) about the world I think above a thousand pounds, which I intend shall afford Frank an annuity of seventy pounds a year." Indeed his openness with people at a first interview was remarkable. He said once to Mr Langton, "I think I am like Squire Richard in *The Journey to London*, 'I'm never strange in a strange place'." He was truly social. He strongly censured what is much too common in England among persons of condition,—maintaining an absolute silence, when unknown to each other, as for instance, when occasionally brought together in a room before the master or mistress of the house has appeared. "Sir, that is being so uncivilised as not to understand the common rights of humanity."

At the inn where we stopped he was exceedingly dissatisfied with some roast mutton which we had for dinner. The ladies I saw wondered to see the great philosopher, whose wisdom and wit they had been admir-

ing all the way, get into ill-humour from such a cause. He scolded the waiter, saying, "It is as bad as bad can be it is ill-fed, ill-killed, ill-kept, and ill-drest."

He bore the journey very well, and seemed to feel himself elevated as he approached Oxford, that magnificent and venerable seat of learning, Orthodoxy, and Toryism. Frank came in the heavy coach, in readiness to attend him, and we were received with the most polite hospitality at the house of his old friend Dr Adams, Master of Pembroke College, who had given us a kind invitation. Before we were set down, I communicated to Johnson, my having engaged to return to London directly, for the reason I have mentioned, but that I would hasten back to him again. He was pleased that I had made this journey merely to keep him company. He was easy and placid, with Dr Adams, Mrs and Miss Adams, and Mrs Kennicott, widow of the learned Hebræan, who was here on a visit. He soon dispatched the inquiries which were made about his illness and recovery, by a short and distinct narrative, and then assuming a gay air, repeated from Swift—

"Nor think on our approaching ills,
And talk of spectacles and pills"

CHARACTER OF SAMUEL JOHNSON

The character of SAMUEL JOHNSON has, I trust, been so developed in the course of this work, that they who have honoured it with a perusal, may be considered as well acquainted with him. As, however, it may be expected that I should collect into one view the capital and distinguishing features of this extraordinary man, I shall endeavour to acquit myself of that part of my biographical undertaking, however difficult it may be to do that which many of my readers will do better for themselves.

His figure was large and well formed, and his countenance of the cast of an ancient statue, yet his appearance was rendered strange and somewhat uncouth, by convulsive cramps, by the scars of that distemper which it was once imagined the royal touch could cure, and by a slovenly mode of dress. He had the use of only one eye, yet so much does mind govern and even supply the deficiency of organs, that his visual perceptions, as far as they extended, were uncommonly quick and accurate. So morbid was

his temperament, that he never knew the natural joy of a free and vigorous use of his limbs when he walked, it was like the struggling gait of one in fetters, when he rode, he had no command or direction of his horse, but was carried as if in a balloon. That with his constitution and habits of life he should have lived seventy-five years, is a proof that an inherent *vivida vis* is a powerful preservative of the human frame.

Man is, in general, made up of contradictory qualities, and these will ever shew themselves in strange succession, where a consistency in appearance at least, if not in reality, has not been attained by long habits of philosophical discipline. In proportion to the native vigour of the mind, the contradictory qualities will be the more prominent, and more difficult to be adjusted, and, therefore, we are not to wonder, that Johnson exhibited an eminent example of this remark which I have made upon human nature. At different times, he seemed a different man, in some respects, not, however, in any great or essential article, upon which he had fully employed his mind, and settled certain principles of duty, but only in his manners, and in the display of argument and fancy in his talk. He was prone to superstition, but not to credulity. Though his imagination might incline him to a belief of the marvellous and the mysterious, his vigorous reason examined the evidence with jealousy. He was a sincere and zealous Christian, of high Church-of-England and monarchical principles, which he would not tamely suffer to be questioned, and had, perhaps, at an early period, narrowed his mind somewhat too much, both as to religion and politics. His being impressed with the danger of extreme latitude in either, though he was of a very independent spirit, occasioned his appearing somewhat unfavourable to the prevalence of that noble freedom of sentiment which is the best possession of man. Nor can it be denied, that he had many prejudices, which, however, frequently suggested many of his pointed sayings, that rather shew a playfulness of fancy than any settled malignity. He was steady and inflexible in maintaining the obligations of religion and morality, both from a regard for the order of society, and from a veneration for the GREAT SOURCE of all order, correct, nay stern in his taste, hard to please, and easily offended, impetuous and irritable in

his temper, but of a most humane and benevolent heart, which shewed itself not only in a most liberal charity, as far as his circumstances would allow, but in a thousand instances of active benevolence. He was afflicted with a bodily disease, which made him often restless and fretful, and with a constitutional melancholy, the clouds of which darkened the brightness of his fancy, and gave a gloomy cast to his whole course of thinking; we, therefore, ought not to wonder at his sallies of impatience and passion at any time, especially when provoked by obtrusive ignorance, or presuming petulance, and allowance must be made for his uttering hasty and satirical sallies even against his best friends. And, surely, when it is considered, that, "amidst sickness and sorrow," he exerted his faculties in so many works for the benefit of mankind, and particularly that he achieved the great and admirable DICTIONARY of our language, we must be astonished at his resolution. The solemn text, "of him to whom much is given, much will be required," seems to have been ever present to his mind, in a rigorous sense, and to have made him dissatisfied with his labours and acts of goodness, however comparatively great, so that the unavoidable consciousness of his superiority was, in that respect, a cause of disquiet. He suffered so much from this, and from the gloom which perpetually haunted him, and made solitude frightful, that it may be said of him, "If in this life only he had hope, he was of all men most miserable." He loved praise, when it was brought to him; but he was too proud to seek for it. He was somewhat susceptible of flattery. As he was general and unconfined in his studies, he cannot be considered as master of any one particular science, but he had accumulated a vast and various collection of learning and knowledge, which was so arranged in his mind, as to be ever in readiness to be brought forth. But his superiority over other learned men consisted chiefly in what may be called the art of thinking, the art of using his mind; a certain continual power of seizing the useful substance of all that he knew, and exhibiting it in a clear and forcible manner; so that knowledge, which we often see to be no better than lumber in men of dull understanding, was, in him, true, evident, and actual wisdom. His moral precepts are practical, for they are drawn from an intimate acquaint-

ance with human nature. His maxims carry conviction, for they are founded on the basis of common sense, and a very attentive and minute survey of real life. His mind was so full of imagery, that he might have been perpetually a poet, yet it is remarkable, that, however rich his prose is in this respect, his poetical pieces, in general, have not much of that splendour, but are rather distinguished by strong sentiment and acute observation, conveyed in harmonious and energetick verse, particularly in heroic couplets. Though usually grave, and even awful, in his deportment, he possessed uncommon and peculiar powers of wit and humour, he frequently indulged himself in colloquial pleasantry, and the heartiest merriment was often enjoyed in his company, with this great advantage, that as it was entirely free from any poisonous tincture of vice or impiety, it was salutary to those who shared in it. He had accustomed himself to such accuracy in his common conversation, that he at all times expressed his thoughts with great force, and an elegant choice of language, the effect of which was aided by his having a loud voice, and a slow deliberate utterance. In him were united a most logical head with a most fertile imagination, which gave him an extraordinary advantage in arguing for he could reason close or wide, as he saw best for the moment. Exulting in his intellectual strength and dexterity, he could, when he pleased, be the greatest sophist that ever contended in the lists of declamation, and, from a spirit of contradiction and a delight in shewing his powers, he would often maintain the wrong side with equal warmth and ingenuity, so that, when there was an audience, his real opinions could seldom be gathered from his talk, though when he was in company with a single friend, he would discuss a subject with genuine fairness but he was too conscientious to make error permanent and pernicious, by deliberately writing it, and, in all his numerous works, he earnestly inculcated what appeared to him to be the truth, his piety being constant, and the ruling principle of all his conduct.

Such was SAMUEL JOHNSON, a man whose talents, acquirements, and virtues, were so extraordinary, that the more his character is considered, the more he will be regarded by the present age, and by posterity, with admiration and reverence.

ROBERT BURNS

(1759-1796)

Burns was the most important forerunner of the romantic movement. He turned from the artificiality of the eighteenth century to the reality of humble Scotch life as he knew it. He endeavored to "sing the sentiments and manners he felt and saw in himself and his rustic compeers around him, in his and their native language." No subject was too insignificant to demand his attention, for he wrote poems *To a Mountain Daisy* and *To a Mouse*. The joys and sorrows of the Scotch peasant, working hard to support a large family, were the inspiration for such a poem as *The Cotter's Saturday Night*. One of their humorous tales was the source for *Tam o' Shanter*.

Burns was, however, primarily a singer, who immortalized the songs of Scotland. *Auld Lang Syne*, *Comin' Thro' the Rye*, *Sweet Afton*, and *John Anderson* are universally known, but nearly 300 more bear testimony to his ability as a lyric poet. He took phrases from the old songs in James Johnson's *Scots' Musical Museum* and George Thomson's *Scottish Airs with Poetry*, he composed new words for old airs, and he poured out his personal emotions in pathetic lyrics. No matter what type the songs may be, they appeal to everyone because they express the universal feelings of mankind.

During his childhood in Ayrshire Burns knew the severity of poverty. The American war had raised the cost of living so high that many of the Scotch peasants found it necessary to mortgage their crops. Although Burns' father had to rely upon the aid of his sons to work the farm, he sent them to school when he could and provided them with books. The schoolmaster, John Murdock, drilled Robert in grammar and composition and directed his reading in the English poets of the eighteenth century. Later he sent his pupil Pope's poems. These poets gave Burns a broader view of life but did not greatly influence his own poetry.

At fifteen Burns was the principal laborer on the farm. Farming was to be his chief occupation for most of his life either with his brother or on

his own farm, Ellisland in Dumfrieshire. A youth of a poetic temperament naturally found this occupation irksome and sought his diversion in the tavern. Even when he labored conscientiously, misfortunes always defeated his efforts. Once in despair he thought of going to Jamaica. Lack of funds, however, kept him in Scotland. Even after the success of his volumes of poetry, he accepted an appointment in the excise service to be assured of a small yearly income.

His numerous love affairs also brought Burns into difficulties. The complicated course of these has never been fully traced, but he was seldom free from one or more entanglements. Finally he married Jean Armour after several avowals that he would never make her his wife. The church reprimanded him for his actions and several times imposed penalties upon him and his friends. He sought revenge by ridiculing the doctrines of Calvinism in *The Holy Fair*, *Holy Willie's Prayer*, *Address to the Deil*, *Reply to a Trimming Epistle Received from a Tailor*, and other poems referring to his misdeeds.

On the publication of his poems in 1786 Burns went to Edinburgh and was at once welcomed by all as "Caledonia's Bard." But Edinburgh was not free from temptation for a peasant of Burns' temperament. So he left the city soon after the publication of the first Edinburgh edition. He referred to this visit as "my late hair-brained ramble into life."

His attitude toward poetry he stated in the preface to his first volume of poems. "To amuse himself with little creations of his own fancy, amid the toil and fatigues of a laborious life, to transcribe the various feelings, the loves, the griefs, the hopes, the fears, in his own breast, to find some kind of counterpoise to the struggles of the world, always an alien scene, a task uncouth to the poetical mind, these were his motives for courting the muses, and in these he found poetry to be his reward." When Burns remained true to this creed, he did his finest work, when he attempted to imitate the English poets, he failed.

ADDRESS TO THE DEIL

"O Prince! O Chief of many thronèd pow'rs,
That led th' embattled seraphim to war!"
MILTON

I

O Thou! whatever title suit thee,
Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Clootie,

3 Wha, who
5 Spairges, splashes
brunstane cootie, brimstone dish

Wha in yon cavern grim an' sootie,
Closed under hatches,
Spairges about the brunstane cootie,
To scaud poor wretches!

II

Hear me, Auld Hangie, for a wee,
An' let poor damnèd bodies be,

6 scaud, scald
7 wee, little time

I'm sure sma' pleasure it can gie,
 Ev'n to a deil, 10
 To skelp an' scaud poor dogs like me,
 An' hear us squeel

III

Great is thy power, an' great thy fame,
 Far kenn'd and noted is thy name
 An' tho' yon lowin heugh's thy hame, 15
 Thou travels far,
 An', faith! thou's neither lag, nor lame,
 Nor blate, nor scaur

IV

Whyles, ranging like a roaring lion,
 For prey, a' holes an' corners tryin', 20
 Whyles, on the strong-wing'd tempest flyin'
 Tirlin the kirks,
 Whyles, in the human bosom pryin',
 Unseen thou lurks

V

I've heard my reverend graunie say, 25
 In lanely glens ye like to stray,
 Or where auld ruin'd castles, gray,
 Nod to the moon,
 Ye fright the nightly wand'rer's way
 Wi' eldritch croon 30

VI

When twilight did my graunie summon,
 To say her prayers, douce, honest woman!
 Aft yont the dyke she's heard you bummin',
 Wi' eerie drone,
 Or, rustlin, thro' the boortrees comin', 35
 Wi' heavy groan

VII

Ae dreary, windy, winter night,
 The stars shot down wi' sklentint light,
 Wi' you, mysel, I gat a fright
 Ayont the lough, 40

9 gie, give
 11 skelp, strike
 14 kenn'd, known
 15 lowin heugh, flaming pit
 17 lag, slow
 18 blate, shy
 scaur, timid
 22 Tirlin the kirks, unroofing the churches
 26 lanely, lonely
 30 eldritch croon, terrifying moan
 32 douce, serious
 33 Aft yont the dyke, often beyond the wall
 bummin', humming
 35 boortrees, bushes
 37 Ae, one
 38 sklentint, slanting
 40 Ayont the lough, beyond the lake
 41 rash buss, bunch of rushes

Ye, like a rash-buss, stood in sight,
 Wi' waving sough

VIII

The cudgel in my nieve did shake,
 Each bristl'd hair stood like a stake,
 When wi' an eldritch, stoor "quaick—
 quaick," 45
 Among the springs,
 Awa ye squatter'd, like a drake,
 On whistling wings

IX

Let warlocks grim, an' wither'd hags,
 Tell how wi' you, on ragweed nags, 50
 They skim the muirs an' dizzy crags,
 Wi' wicked speed,
 And in kirk-yards renew their leagues
 Owre howkit dead

X

Thence, countra wives, wi' toil an' pain, 55
 May plunge an' plunge the kurn in van
 For, oh! the yellow treasure's taen
 By witching skill,
 An' dawtit, twal-pint, hawkie's gaen
 As yell's the bill 60

XI

Thence, mystic knots mak great abuse
 On young gudmen, fond, keen, an' crouse,
 When the best wark-lume i' the house,
 By cantrap wit, 65
 Is instant made no worth a louse,
 Just at the bit

XII

When thowes dissolve the snawy hoord,
 An' float the junglin' icy boord,
 Then water-kelpies haunt the foord,
 By your direction, 70

42 sough, sigh
 43 nieve, fist
 45 stoor, harsh
 49 warlocks, wizards
 54 howkit, unburied
 56 kurn, churn
 57 taen, taken
 59 dawtit, twal-pint hawkie, petted, twelve pint cow
 gaen, gone
 60 yell's the bill, dry as the bull
 62 gudmen, husbands
 crouse, confident
 63 wark-lume, work tool
 64 cantrap, magic
 66 bit, critical moment
 67 thowes, thaws
 68 boord, surface
 69 water-kelpies, river imps

An' nighed trav'lers are allur'd
To their destruction

XIII

An' aft your moss-traversing spunkies
Decoy the wight that late an' drunk 15
The bleezin, curst, mischievous monnies 75
Delude his eyes,
Till in some miry slough he sunk is,
Ne'er mair to rise

XIV

When Masons' mystic word an' grip
In storms an' tempests raise you up, 80
Some cock or cat your rage maun stop,
Or, strange to tell!
The youngest brother ye wad whip
Aff straught to hell

XV

Lang syne, in Eden's bonie yard, 85
When youthfu' lovers first were pair'd,
An' all the soul of love they shar'd
The raptur'd hour,
Sweet on the fragrant, flow'ry sward,
In shady bow'r 90

XVI

Then you, ye auld, snick-drawing dog!
Ye came to Paradise incog,
An' play'd on man a cursed brogue
(Black be your fa'!),
An' gied the infant warld a shog, 95
'Maist ruin'd a'

XVII

D' ye mind that day, when in a bizz,
Wi' reekit duds, an' reestit gizz,
Ye did present your smoutie phiz
'Mang better folk, 100
An' sklentend on the man of Uzz
Your spitefu' joke?

73 spunkies, *will o' the-wisps*
75 bleezin, *blowing*
78 mair, *more*
81 maun, *must*
85 Lang syne, *long ago*
91 snick-drawing, *scheming*
93 brogue, *trick*
95 gied, *gave*
shog, *shake*
96 maist, *most*
97 bizz, *buzz*
98 reekit, *smoky*
reestit gizz, *singed wig*
99 smoutie, *smutty*
101 sklentend, *put*

XVIII

An' how ye gat him i' your thrall,
An' brak him out o' house an' hall,
While scabs an' botches did him gall, 105
Wi' bitter claw,
An' lows'd his ill-tongu'd, wicked scaul,
Was warst ava?

XIX

But a' your doings to rehearse,
Your wily snares an' fechtin' fierce, 110
Sin' that day Michael did you pierce,
Down to this time,
Wad ding a Lallan tongue, or Erse,
In prose or rhyme

XX

An' now, Auld Cloots, I ken ye're thinkin', 115
A certain Bardie's rantin', drinkin',
Some luckless hour will send him linkin
To your black pit
But, faith! he'll turn a corner jinkin,
An' cheat you yet 120

XXI

But, fare you weel, Auld Nickie-Ben!
O wad ye tak a thought an' men'!
Ye aiblins might—I dinna ken—
Still hae a stake—
I'm wae to think upo' yon den, 125
Ev'n for your sake!

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY,

ON TURNING ONE DOWN WITH
THE PLOUGH IN APRIL, 1786

Wee, modest, crimson-tippèd flow'r,
Thou's met me in an evil hour,
For I maun crush among the stoure
Thy slender stem,
To spare thee now is past my pow'r, 5
Thou bonie gem

106 claw, *blow*
107 lows'd, *loosed*
scaul, *scold*
108 warst ava, *worst of all*
110 fechtin, *fighting*
113 ding, *surpass*
Lallan, *Lowland*
Erse, *Gaelic*
117 Linkin, *tripping*
119 jinkin, *dodging*
123 aiblins, *perhaps*
125 wae, *sad*
3 maun, *must*
stoure, *dust*

Alas! it's no thy neebor sweet,
 The bonie lark, companion meet,
 Bending thee 'mang the dewy weat
 Wi' speckled breast,
 When upward-springing, blythe, to greet
 The purpling east

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north
 Upon thy early, humble birth,
 Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
 Amid the storm,
 Scarce reared above the parent-earth
 Thy tender form

The flaunting flow'rs our gardens yield,
 High sheltering woods an' wa's maun shield
 But thou, beneath the random bield
 O' clod or stane,
 Adorns the histie stubble-field
 Unseen, alane

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
 Thy snawie bosom sun-ward spread,
 Thou lifts thy unassuming head
 In humble guise,
 But now the share uptears thy bed,
 And low thou lies!

Such is the fate of artless maid,
 Sweet flow'ret of the rural shade!
 By love's simplicity betrayed
 And guleless trust,
 Till she, like thee, all soiled, is laid
 Low i' the dust
 Such is the fate of simple bard,
 On life's rough ocean luckless star'd!
 Unskilful he to note the card
 Of prudent lore,
 Till billows rage and gales blow hard,
 And whelm him o'er!

Such fate to suffering worth is giv'n,
 Who long with wants and woes has striv'n,
 By human pride or cunning driv'n
 To misery's brink,
 Till, wrenched of ev'ry stay but Heav'n,
 He ruin'd sink!

Ev'n thou who mourn'st the daisy's fate,
 That fate is thine—no distant date,
 Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives elate,
 Full on thy bloom,

Till crushed beneath the furrow's weight
 Shall be thy doom

MARY MORISON

O Mary, at thy window be,
 It is the wished, the trysted hour!
 Those smiles and glances let me see,
 That make the miser's treasure poor
 How blythely wad I hide the stoure,
 A weary slave frae sun to sun,
 Could I the rich reward secure,
 The lovely Mary Morison

Yestreen, when to the trembling string
 The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha',
 To thee my fancy took its wing,
 I sat, but neither heard nor saw
 Tho' this was fair, and that was braw,
 And yon the toast of a' the town,
 I sighed, and said among them a'
 "Ye are na Mary Morison"

O Mary, canst thou wreck his peace,
 Wha for thy sake wad gladly die?
 Or canst thou break that heart of his,
 Whase only faut is loving thee?
 If love for love thou wilt na gie,
 At least be pity to me shown
 A thought ungentle canna be
 The thought o' Mary Morison

GREEN GROW THE RASHES

Chorus—Green grow the rashes, O,
 Green grow the rashes, O,
 The sweetest hours that e'er I spend
 Are spent amang the lasses, O
 There's nought but care on ev'ry han',
 In every hour that passes, O
 What signifies the life o' man,
 An 'twere na for the lasses, O?

The war'ly race may riches chase,
 An' riches still may fly them, O,
 An' tho' at last they catch them fast,
 Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O

But gie me a cannie hour at e'en,
 My arms about my dearne, O,
 An' war'ly cares, an' war'ly men,
 May a' gae tapsalteerie, O

9 weat, wet
 20 wa's, walls
 21 bield, shelter
 23 histie, bare
 5 bide the stoure, endure the strife

10 gaed, went
 13 braw, fine
 9 war'ly, wordly
 13 cannie, quiet
 16 gae tapsalteerie, go topsy turvy

For you sae douce, ye sneer at this,
 Ye're nought but senseless asses, O
 The wisest man the warl' e'er saw,
 He dearly loved the lasses, O

20

Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears
 Her noblest work she classes, O
 Her prentice han' she tried on man,
 An' then she made the lasses, O

OF A' THE AIRTS

Of a' the airts the wind can blaw
 I dearly like the west,
 For there the bonie lassie lives,
 The lassie I lo'e best
 There wild woods grow an' rivers row,
 An' monie a hill between,
 But day and night my fancy's flight
 Is ever wi' my Jean

5

I see her in the dewy flowers,
 I see her sweet an' fair
 I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
 I hear her charm the air
 There's not a bonie flower that springs
 By fountain, shaw, or green,
 There's not a bonie bird that sings,
 But minds me o' my Jean

10

15

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS

Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the
 North,
 The birth-place of valor, the country of worth,
 Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
 The hills of the Highlands for ever I love

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart
 is not here,

5

My heart's in the Highlands, a-chasing
 the deer,

A-chasing the wild deer and following the
 roe,

My heart's in the Highlands wherever I
 go

Farewell to the mountains high-covered with
 snow;

Farewell to the straths and green valleys be-
 low,

10

Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging
 woods,
 Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring
 floods

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is
 not here,

My heart's in the Highlands, a-chasing the
 deer,

A-chasing the wild deer and following the
 roe,

15

My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go

WILLIE BREWED A PECK O' MAUT

Chorus—We are na fou, we're nae that fou,
 But just a drappie in our ee,
 The cock may crawl, the day may daw,
 And ay we'll taste the barley bree!

O, Willie brewed a peck o' maut,
 An' Rob an' Allan cam to see,

5

Three blyther hearts that lee-lang night
 Ye wad na found in Christendie

Here are we met, three merry boys,
 Three merry boys, I trow, are we,

10

An' monie a night we've merry been,
 And mome mae we hope to be!

It is the moon, I ken her horn,
 That's blinkin in the lift sae hie,
 She shines sae bright to wyle us hame,
 But, by my sooth, she'll wait a wee!

15

Wha first shall rise to gang awa',
 A cuckold, coward loun is he!

Wha first beside his chair shall fa',
 He is the king amang us three!

20

FLOW GENTLY, SWEET AFTON

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green
 braes,

Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise,
 My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
 Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her
 dream

Thou stock-dove, whose echo resounds thro'
 the glen,

5

17 douce, *serious*
 1 airts, *directions*
 5 row, *roll*
 14 shaw, *wood*
 10 straths, *valleys by a river*
 2 drappie, *mere drop*
 3 daw, *dawn*

4 bree, *liquor*
 5 maut, *malt*
 7 lee lang, *live long*
 12 mae, *more*
 14 lift, *sky*
 16 wee, *a little*

Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny
den,
Thou green-crested lapwing, thy screaming
forbear,
I charge you, disturb not my slumbering
fair

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighboring hills,
Far marked with the courses of clear winding
rills,
There daily I wander as noon rises high,
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my
eye

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys
below,
Where wand in the woodlands the primroses
blow,
There oft, as mild Evening weeps over the
lea,
The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and
me

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it
glides,
And winds by the cot where my Mary re-
sides,
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
As gathering sweet flowerets she stems thy
clear wave

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green
braes,
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my
lays;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her
dream

BONIE DOON

Ye flowery banks o' bonie Doon,
How can ye blume sae fair?
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae fu' o' care?

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonie bird, 5
That sings upon the bough,
Thou minds me, o' the happy days
When my fause luve was true

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonie bird,
That sings beside thy mate, 10
For sae I sat, and sae I sang,
And wist na o' my fate

Aft hae I roved by bonie Doon
To see the woodbine twine,
And ilka bird sang o' its luve, 15
And sae did I o' mine

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose
Frae aff its thorny tree,
And my fause luvver staw my rose
But left the thorn wi' me 20

AE FOND KISS

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever,
Ae farewell, and then forever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee 5
Who shall say that Fortune grieves him,
While the star of hope she leaves him?
Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me,
Dark despair around beights me

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy;
Naething could resist my Nancy! 10
But to see her was to love her,
Love but her, and love forever
Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly,
Never met—or never parted— 15
We had ne'er been broken-hearted

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest!
Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest!
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
Peace, enjoyment, love and pleasure! 20
Ae fond kiss, and then we sever,
Ae farewell, alas, forever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee!

A RED, RED ROSE

O, my luve's like a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June.
O, my luve's like the melodie,
That's sweetly played in tune.

16 birk, *birch*
15 ilka, *every*
19 staw, *stole*

1 ae, *one*
19 ilka, *every*

As fair art thou, my bonie lass,
So deep in luvè am I
And I will luvè thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun

5 And I will luvè thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run

And fare thee weel, my only luvè!
And fare thee weel a while!

10 And I will come again, my luvè,
Tho' it were ten thousand mile

15

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH (1770-1850)

The natural scenery of Cumberland, where Wordsworth was born, held for him a stronger attraction than his boyhood companions. As he wandered alone among the woods and fields, he communed intimately with nature. In *The Prelude* and *The Excursion* he explained how these impressions of his youth affected his intellectual and spiritual development. At times of mental stress he returned to the northwestern section of England and found relief in the ministry of nature. Finally in 1813 he made his home at Rydal Mount among the hills and lakes he loved so well.

Wordsworth's years at St John's College, Cambridge, were largely a disappointment because the instruction was very superficial. He did, however, dream about the past of the University and his illustrious predecessors among the English poets. During one vacation he visited Switzerland and Italy, where he delighted in the majesty of the Alps and the beauty of the Italian lakes. But the thoughts of these pleasures were soon to be replaced by an ardent sympathy for the principles of the French Revolution, which he believed would put into practice the doctrines of Rousseau. When he was in France in 1792, he determined to support the leaders of this movement. His guardians thereupon summoned him back to England. The excesses committed in the name of freedom during the Reign of Terror caused him to suffer intensely since he felt that his ideal had been degraded. Disillusioned he pondered over the moral weakness of men.

✓ At this crisis his sister Dorothy, a woman with remarkable insight, aided him in regaining his peace of mind. She went with him to Racedown Lodge in the country. Here Wordsworth rediscovered the elemental truths of life through contact with the simple belief of the peasants. Another important influence was the friendship with Coleridge, whom Wordsworth declared to be the only wonderful man he knew. Coleridge introduced him to the idealistic philosophy of Plato and thereby helped him to find happiness again.

The Wordsworths moved shortly to Alfoxden to be nearer to Coleridge, who was living at Nether Stowey. While the two poets tramped among the Quantock Hills, they discussed their views concerning poetry and determined to write together a poem about the Ancient Mariner. They soon discovered that they could not work together, and so Wordsworth turned to other subjects. By the time that Coleridge had finished *The Ancient Mariner* Wordsworth had so many poems ready that they decided to publish a volume. This book was the *Lyrical Ballads*, containing nineteen poems by Wordsworth and four by Coleridge. Wordsworth took commonplace subjects and spiritualized them, while Coleridge dealt with the supernatural in such a manner that he made it seem real. Wordsworth wrote

for nearly half a century after the publication of *Lyrical Ballads*, but he never surpassed the level he reached in those early poems and the works of the years immediately following. Much of the poetry written after 1810 is moralistic in tone, for he assumed the attitude of a teacher.

Although the *Lyrical Ballads* is considered today the herald of the romantic movement in England, it was treated very severely by the critics. Sara Coleridge wrote in 1798 to her husband, who was travelling in Germany with the Wordsworths, that it was "not liked at all by any." The commonplace themes and simple language employed by Wordsworth seemed to the contemporary readers entirely unsuited to poetry. Wordsworth, therefore, defended his theory in the famous preface to the second edition published in 1800. He received still further abuse from the critics because he confused his readers instead of enlightening them. Coleridge explained more clearly what Wordsworth had accomplished and wherein his genius lay in a critical analysis of the Wordsworthian theory in the *Biographia Literaria*. Unfortunately the friendship between these poets was broken later.

After their return from Germany the Wordsworths went to Grasmere in the lake country. In 1802 the poet married Mary Hutchinson, but Dorothy still remained with him. Her devotion to her brother cannot be too highly commended, for her influence directed to a great extent his poetic career. Gradually critical opinion concerning Wordsworth's work changed, until the poet of Rydal Mount was honored as the greatest poet since Milton and "one who had shed a celestial light upon the affections, the occupations, and the piety of the poor." In 1843 he accepted the appointment of Poet Laureate with the understanding that he would not be required to perform any duties. The honor was bestowed in recognition of his services to English poetry.

Wordsworth disclosed the poetic value in the ordinary experiences of everyday life, but he sometimes overstressed the significance of trivial occurrences. He had a tendency to derive moral lessons from whatever impressed him in nature or in the lives of his peasant neighbors. He saw their virtues rather than their faults, the cruelty of nature and the meanness of men are generally disregarded in his poems. His reproaches were directed against the spirit of the age and not against the individual. The sonnets, *London*, 1802 and *The World Is Too Much with Us*, call attention to England's blindness to the nobler attributes. These attributes were to be obtained through the instruction of nature and a devotion to duty. As *Tintern Abbey* and the *Ode to Duty* give the main points of Wordsworth's teaching, they should be carefully studied as an introduction to his poetry.

SIMON LEE

THE OLD HUNTSMAN,

With an incident in which he was concerned

IN the sweet shire of Cardigan,
Not far from pleasant Ivor-hall,
An old Man dwells, a little man,—
'Tis said he once was tall
Full five-and-thirty years he lived
A running huntsman merry,
And still the centre of his cheek
Is red as a ripe cherry

No man like him the horn could sound,
And hill and valley rang with glee,
When Echo banded, round and round,
The halloo of Simon Lee
In those proud days, he little cared
For husbandry or tillage,
To blither tasks did Simon rouse
The sleepers of the village

He all the country could outrun,
Could leave both man and horse behind,
And often, ere the chase was done,
He reeled, and was stone-blind
And still there's something in the world
At which his heart rejoices,
For when the churning hounds are out,
He dearly loves their voices!

But, oh the heavy change!—bereft
Of health, strength, friends, and kindred, see!
Old Simon to the world is left
In liveried poverty
His Master's dead,—and no one now
Dwells in the Hall of Ivor,
Men, dogs, and horses, all are dead,
He is the sole survivor

And he is lean and he is sick;
His body, dwindled and awry,
Rests upon ankles swoln and thick,
His legs are thin and dry
One prop he has, and only one,
His wife, an aged woman,
Lives with him, near the waterfall,
Upon the village Common

Beside their moss-grown hut of clay,
Not twenty paces from the door,
A scrap of land they have, but they
Are poorest of the poor

The scrap of land he from the heath
Enclosed when he was stronger,
But what to them avails the land
Which he can till no longer?

Oft, working by her Husband's side,
Ruth does what Simon cannot do,
For she, with scanty cause for pride,
Is stouter of the two
And, though you with your utmost skill
From labour could not wean them,
'Tis very, very little—all
That they can do between them

Few months of life has he in store
As he to you will tell,
For still, the more he works, the more
Do his weak ankles swell
My gentle Reader, I perceive
How patiently you've waited,
And now I fear that you expect
Some tale will be related

O Reader, had you in your mind
Such stores as silent thought can bring,
O gentle Reader! you would find
A tale in every thing
What more I have to say is short,
And you must kindly take it
It is no tale, but, should you think,
Perhaps a tale you'll make it

One summer-day I chanced to see
This old Man doing all he could
To unearth the root of an old tree,
A stump of rotten wood
The mattock tottered in his hand,
So vain was his endeavour,
That at the root of the old tree
He might have worked for ever

"You're overtasked, good Simon Lee,
Give me your tool," to him I said,
And at the word right gladly he
Received my proffered aid
I struck, and with a single blow
The tangled root I severed,
At which the poor old Man so long
And vainly had endeavoured

The tears into his eyes were brought,
And thanks and praises seemed to run
So fast out of his heart, I thought
They never would have done
—I've heard of hearts unkind, kind deeds

With coldness still returning,
 Alas! the gratitude of men
 Hath often left me mourning

RUTH

WHEN Ruth was left half desolate,
 Her Father took another Mate,
 And Ruth, not seven years old,
 A slighted child, at her own will
 Went wandering over dale and hill,
 In thoughtless freedom, bold

And she had made a pipe of straw,
 And music from that pipe could draw
 Like sounds of winds and floods,
 Had built a bower upon the green,
 As if she from her birth had been
 An infant of the woods

Beneath her father's roof, alone
 She seemed to live, her thoughts her own,
 Herself her own delight,
 Pleased with herself, nor sad, nor gay,
 And, passing thus the live-long day,
 She grew to woman's height

There came a Youth from Georgia's shore—
 A military casque he wore,
 With splendid feathers drest;
 He brought them from the Cherokees,
 The feathers nodded in the breeze,
 And made a gallant crest

From Indian blood you deem him sprung
 But no! he spake the English tongue,
 And bore a soldier's name,
 And, when America was free
 From battle and from jeopardy,
 He 'cross the ocean came

With hues of genius on his cheek
 In finest tones the Youth could speak
 —While he was yet a boy,
 The moon, the glory of the sun,
 The streams that murmur as they run,
 Had been his dearest joy.

He was a lovely Youth! I guess
 The panther in the wilderness
 Was not so fair as he,
 And, when he chose to sport and play,
 No dolphin ever was so gay
 Upon the tropic sea.

Among the Indians he had fought,
 And with him many tales he brought
 Of pleasure and of fear,
 Such tales as told to any maid
 By such a Youth, in the green shade,
 Were perilous to hear,

He told of girls—a happy rout!
 Who quit their fold with dance and shout,
 Their pleasant Indian town,
 To gather strawberries all day long,
 Returning with a choral song
 When daylight is gone down

He spake of plants that hourly change
 Their blossoms, through a boundless range
 Of intermingling hues,
 With budding, fading, faded flowers
 They stand the wonder of the bowers
 From morn to evening dews

He told of the magnolia, spread
 High as a cloud, high over head!
 The cypress and her spire,
 —Of flowers that with one scarlet gleam
 Cover a hundred leagues, and seem
 To set the hills on fire

The Youth of green savannahs spake,
 And many an endless, endless lake,
 With all its fairy crowds
 Of islands, that together lie
 As quietly as spots of sky
 Among the evening clouds.

"How pleasant," then he said, "it were
 A fisher or a hunter there,
 In sunshine or in shade
 To wander with an easy mind,
 And build a household fire, and find
 A home in every glade!

"What days and what bright years! Ah me!
 Our life were life indeed, with thee
 So passed in quiet bliss,
 And all the while," said he, "to know
 That we were in a world of woe,
 On such an earth as this!"

And then he sometimes interwove
 Fond thoughts about a father's love:
 "For there," said he, "are spun
 Around the heart such tender ties,
 That our own children to our eyes
 Are dearer than the sun

"Sweet Ruth! and could you go with me
My helpmate in the woods to be,
Our shed at night to rear,
Or run, my own adopted bride,
A sylvan huntress at my side,
And drive the flying deer!"

"Beloved Ruth!"—No more he said
The wakeful Ruth at midnight shed
A solitary tear,
She thought again—and did agree
With him to sail across the sea,
And drive the flying deer

"And now, as fitting is and right,
We in the church our faith will plight,
A husband and a wife"
Even so they did, and I may say
That to sweet Ruth that happy day
Was more than human life

Through dream and vision did she sink,
Delighted all the while to think
That on those lonesome floods,
And green savannahs, she should share
His board with lawful joy, and bear
His name in the wild woods

But, as you have before been told,
This Stripling, sportive, gay, and bold,
And, with his dancing crest,
So beautiful, through savage lands
Had roamed about, with vagrant bands
Of Indians in the West

The wind, the tempest roaring high,
The tumult of a tropic sky,
Might well be dangerous food
For him, a Youth to whom was given
So much of earth—so much of heaven,
And such impetuous blood

Whatever in those climes he found
Irregular in sight or sound
Did to his mind impart
A kindred impulse, seemed allied
To his own powers, and justified
The workings of his heart

Nor less, to feed voluptuous thought,
The beauteous forms of nature wrought,
Fair trees and gorgeous flowers,
The breezes their own languor lent;
The stars had feelings, which they sent
Into those favoured bowers

Yet, in his worst pursuits I ween
That sometimes there did intervene
Pure hopes of high intent
For passions linked to forms so fair
And stately needs must have their share
Of noble sentiment

But ill he lived, much evil saw,
With men to whom no better law
Nor better life was known,
Deliberately, and undecieved,
Those wild men's vices he received,
And gave them back his own

His genius and his moral frame
Were thus impaired, and he became
The slave of low desires
A Man who without self-control
Would seek what the degraded soul
Unworthily admires

And yet he with no feigned delight
Had wooed the Maiden, day and night
Had loved her, night and morn
What could he less than love a Maid
Whose heart with so much nature played?
So kind and so forlorn!

Sometimes, most earnestly, he said,
"O Ruth! I have been worse than dead,
False thoughts, thoughts bold and vain,
Encompassed me on every side
When I, in confidence and pride,
Had crossed the Atlantic main

"Before me shone a glorious world—
Fresh as a banner bright, unfurled
To music suddenly
I looked upon those hills and plains,
And seemed as if let loose from chains,
To live at liberty.

"No more of this; for now, by thee,
Dear Ruth! more happily set free
With nobler zeal I burn;
My soul from darkness is released,
Like the whole sky when to the east
The morning doth return."

Full soon that better mind was gone:
No hope, no wish remained, not one,—
They stirred him now no more;
New objects did new pleasure give,
And once again he wished to live
As lawless as before

Meanwhile, as thus with him it fared,
 They for the voyage were prepared,
 And went to the sea-shore,
 But, when they thither came, the Youth ¹⁹⁰
 Deserted his poor Bride, and Ruth,
 Could never find him more

God help thee, Ruth!—Such pains she had,
 That she in half a year was mad,
 And in a prison housed, ¹⁹⁵
 And there, with many a doleful song
 Made of wild words, her cup of wrong
 She fearfully caroused

Yet sometimes milder hours she knew,
 Nor wanted sun, nor rain, nor dew, ²⁰⁰
 Nor pastimes of the May,
 —They all were with her in her cell,
 And a clear brook with cheerful knell
 Did o'er the pebbles play

When Ruth three seasons thus had lain, ²⁰⁵
 There came a respite to her pain,
 She from her prison fled,
 But of the Vagrant none took thought,
 And where it liked her best she sought
 Her shelter and her bread ²¹⁰

Among the fields she breathed again
 The master-current of her brain
 Ran permanent and free,
 And, coming to the Banks of Tone,
 There did she rest, and dwell alone ²¹⁵
 Under the greenwood tree

The engines of her pain, the tools
 That shaped her sorrow, rocks and pools,
 And airs that gently stir
 The vernal leaves—she loved them still, ²²⁰
 Nor taxed them with the ill
 Which had been done to her

A Barn her *winter* bed supplies,
 But, till the warmth of summer skies
 And summer days is gone, ²²⁵
 (And all do in this tale agree)
 She sleeps beneath the greenwood tree,
 And other home hath none

An innocent life, yet far astray!
 And Ruth will, long before her day, ²³⁰
 Be broken down and old
 Sore aches she needs must have! but less
 Of mind than body's wretchedness,
 From damp, and rain, and cold

If she is prest by want of food, ²³⁵
 She from her dwelling in the wood
 Repairs to a road-side,
 And there she begs at one steep place
 Where up and down with easy pace
 The horsemen-travellers ride ²⁴⁰

That oaten pipe of hers is mute,
 Or thrown away, but with a flute
 Her loneliness she cheers
 This flute, made of a hemlock stalk,
 At evening in his homeward walk ²⁴⁵
 The Quantock woodman hears

I, too, have passed her on the hills
 Setting her little water-mills
 By spouts and fountains wild—
 Such small machinery as she turned ²⁵⁰
 Ere she had wept, ere she had mourned,
 A young and happy Child!

Farewell! and when thy days are told,
 Ill-fated Ruth, in hallowed mould
 Thy corpse shall buried be, ²⁵⁵
 For thee a funeral bell shall ring,
 And all the congregation sing
 A Christian psalm for thee ²⁶⁰

LINES

COMPOSED A FEW MILES ABOVE TINTERN
 ABBEY ON REVISITING THE BANKS OF THE
 WYE DURING A TOUR JULY 13, 1798

Five years have past, five summers, with the
 length
 Of five long winters! and again I hear
 These waters, rolling from their mountain-
 springs

With a soft inland murmur—Once again
 Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs, ⁵
 That on a wild secluded scene impress
 Thoughts of more deep seclusion, and con-
 nect

The landscape with the quiet of the sky
 The day is come when I again repose
 Here, under this dark sycamore, and view ¹⁰
 These plots of cottage-ground, these orchard-
 tufts,

Which at this season, with their unripe fruits,
 Are clad in one green hue, and lose them-
 selves

'Mid groves and copses Once again I see
 These hedge-rows, hardly hedge-rows, little
 lines ¹⁵

Of sportive wood run wild these pastoral
farms,
Green to the very door, and wreaths of
smoke
Sent up, in silence, from among the trees!
With some uncertain notice, as might seem
Of vagrant dwellers in the houseless woods, ²⁰
Or of some Hermit's cave, where by his fire
The Hermit sits alone

These beauteous forms,
Through a long absence, have not been to me
As is a landscape to a blind man's eye
But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din ²⁵
Of towns and cities, I have owed to them,
In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart,
And passing even into my purer mind,
With tranquil restoration—feelings too ³⁰
Of unremembered pleasure such, perhaps,
As have no slight or trivial influence
On that best portion of a good man's life,
His little, nameless, unremembered, acts
Of kindness and of love Nor less, I trust, ³⁵
To them I may have owed another gift,
Of aspect more sublime, that blessed mood,
In which the burthen of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world, ⁴⁰
Is lightened—that serene and blessed mood,
In which the affections gently lead us on,—
Until, the breath of this corporeal frame
And even the motion of our human blood
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep ⁴⁵
In body, and become a living soul
While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things

If this
Be but a vain belief, yet, oh! how oft— ⁵⁰
In darkness and amid the many shapes
Of joyless daylight, when the fretful stir
Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,
Have hung upon the beating of my heart—
How oft, in spirit, have I turned to thee, ⁵⁵
O sylvan Wye! thou wanderer thro' the woods,
How often has my spirit turned to thee!

And now, with gleams of half-extinguished
thought,
With many recognitions dim and faint,
And somewhat of a sad perplexity, ⁶⁰
The picture of the mind revives again
While here I stand, not only with the sense

Of present pleasure, but with pleasing
thoughts

That in this moment there is life and food
For future years And so I dare to hope, ⁶⁵
Though changed, no doubt, from what I was
when first

I came among these hills, when like a roe
I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides
Of the deep rivers, and the lonely streams,
Wherever nature led more like a man ⁷⁰
Flying from something that he dreads than
one

Who sought the thing he loved For nature
then

(The coarser pleasures of my boyish days,
And their glad animal movements all gone
by)

To me was all in all—I cannot paint ⁷⁵
What then I was The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy
wood,

Their colours and their forms, were then to
me

An appetite, a feeling and a love, ⁸⁰
That had no need of a remoter charm,
By thought supplied, nor any interest
Unborrowed from the eye—That time is
past,

And all its aching joys are now no more,
And all its dizzy raptures Not for this ⁸⁵
Faint I, nor mourn nor murmur, other gifts
Have followed, for such loss, I would believe,
Abundant recompense For I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth, but hearing often-
times ⁹⁰

The still, sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts, a sense sublime ⁹⁵
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man
A motion and a spirit, that impels ¹⁰⁰
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things Therefore am
I still

A lover of the meadows and the woods,
And mountains, and of all that we behold
From this green earth, of all the mighty
world ¹⁰⁵

Of eye, and ear,—both what they half create,

And what perceive, well pleased to recognise

In nature and the language of the sense
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul ¹¹⁰

Of all my moral being

Nor perchance,

If I were not thus taught, should I the more

Suffer my genial spirits to decay

For thou art with me here upon the banks
Of this river, thou my dearest Friend, ¹¹⁵

My dear, dear Friend, and in thy voice I catch

The language of my former heart, and read
My former pleasures in the shooting lights
Of thy wild eyes Oh! yet a little while
May I behold in thee what I was once, ¹²⁰

My dear, dear Sister! and this prayer I make,
Knowing that Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her, 'tis her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy for she can so inform ¹²⁵
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,

Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all ¹³⁰
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
Is full of blessings Therefore let the moon
Shine on thee in thy solitary walk; ¹³⁵

And let the misty mountain-winds be free
To blow against thee and, in after years,
When these wild ecstasies shall be matured
Into a sober pleasure, when thy mind
Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms, ¹⁴⁰
Thy memory be as a dwelling-place
For all sweet sounds and harmonies, oh!
then,

If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief,
Should be thy portion, with what healing thoughts

Of tender joy wilt thou remember me, ¹⁴⁵
And these my exhortations! Nor, perchance—
If I should be where I no more can hear
Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild eyes these gleams

Of past existence—wilt thou then forget
That on the banks of this delightful stream ¹⁵⁰
We stood together; and that I, so long
A worshipper of Nature, hither came

Unwearied in that service rather say
With warmer love—oh! with far deeper zeal
Of holier love Nor wilt thou then forget ¹⁵⁵
That after many wanderings, many years
Of absence, these steep woods and lofty cliffs,

And this green pastoral landscape, were to me

More dear, both for themselves and for thy sake!

STRANGE FITS OF PASSION HAVE I KNOWN

STRANGE fits of passion have I known.

And I will dare to tell,
But in the Lover's ear alone,
What once to me befell

When she I loved looked every day ⁵
Fresh as a rose in June,
I to her cottage bent my way,
Beneath an evening-moon

Upon the moon I fixed my eye,
All over the wide lea, ¹⁰
With quickening pace my horse drew nigh
Those paths so dear to me

And now we reached the orchard-plot,
And, as we climbed the hill,
The sinking moon to Lucy's cot ¹⁵
Came near, and nearer still

In one of these sweet dreams I slept,
Kind Nature's gentlest boon!
And all the while my eyes I kept
On the descending moon ²⁰

My horse moved on, hoof after hoof
He raised, and never stopped.
When down behind the cottage roof,
At once, the bright moon dropped

What fond and wayward thoughts will slide ²⁵
Into a Lover's head!
"O mercy!" to myself I cried,
"If Lucy should be dead!"

SHE DWELT AMONG THE UNTRODDEN WAYS

SHE dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove,
A Maid whom there were none to praise
And very few to love.

A violet by a mossy stone
 Half hidden from the eye!
 —Fair as a star, when only one
 Is shining in the sky

She lived unknown, and few could know
 When Lucy ceased to be,
 But she is in her grave, and, oh,
 The difference to me!

I TRAVELLED AMONG UNKNOWN MEN

I TRAVELLED among unknown men,
 In lands beyond the sea,
 Nor, England! did I know till then
 What love I bore to thee

'Tis past, that melancholy dream!
 Nor will I quit thy shore
 A second time, for still I seem
 To love thee more and more

Among thy mountains did I feel
 The joy of my desire,
 And she I cherished turned her wheel
 Beside an English fire

Thy mornings showed, thy nights concealed,
 The bowers where Lucy played,
 And thine too is the last green field
 That Lucy's eyes surveyed

THREE YEARS SHE GREW

THREE years she grew in sun and shower.
 Then Nature said, "A lovelier flower
 On earth was never sown,
 This Child I to myself will take;
 She shall be mine, and I will make
 A Lady of my own

"Myself will to my darling be
 Both law and impulse and with me
 The Girl, in rock and plain,
 In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,
 Shall feel an overseeing power
 To kindle or restrain

"She shall be sportive as the fawn
 That wild with glee across the lawn
 Or up the mountain springs;
 And hers shall be the breathing balm,
 And hers the silence and the calm
 Of mute insensate things.

5 "The floating clouds their state shall lend
 To her, for her the willow bend,
 Nor shall she fail to see
 Even in the motions of the Storm
 Grace that shall mould the Maiden's form
 By silent sympathy 20

"The stars of midnight shall be dear
 To her, and she shall lean her ear
 In many a secret place
 Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
 And beauty born of murmuring sound
 Shall pass into her face 25 30

"And vital feelings of delight
 Shall rear her form to stately height,
 Her virgin bosom swell,
 Such thoughts to Lucy I will give
 While she and I together live
 Here in this happy dell" 35

Thus Nature spake—The work was done—
 How soon my Lucy's race was run!
 She died, and left to me
 This heath, this calm, and quiet scene,
 The memory of what has been,
 And never more will be 40

A SLUMBER DID MY SPIRIT SEAL

A SLUMBER did my spirit seal,
 I had no human fears
 She seemed a thing that could not feel
 The touch of earthly years.

No motion has she now, no force,
 She neither hears nor sees,
 Rolled round in earth's diurnal course,
 With rocks, and stones, and trees 5

LUCY GRAY,

OR, SOLITUDE

OF I had heard of Lucy Gray:
 And, when I crossed the wild,
 I chanced to see at break of day
 The solitary child

No mate, no comrade Lucy knew;
 She dwelt on a wide moor,
 —The sweetest thing that ever grew
 Beside a human door! 5 15

You yet may spy the fawn at play,
 The hare upon the green; 10

But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
Will never more be seen

Into the middle of the plank;
And further there were none!

55

"To-night will be a stormy night—
You to the town must go,
And take a lantern, Child, to light
Your mother through the snow"

15

—Yet some maintain that to this day
She is a living child,
That you may see sweet Lucy Gray
Upon the lonesome wild

60

"That, Father! will I gladly do
'Tis scarcely afternoon—
The minster-clock has just struck two,
And yonder is the moon!"

20

O'er rough and smooth she trips along,
And never looks behind,
And sings a solitary song
That whistles in the wind

At this the Father raised his hook,
And snapped a faggot-band,
He plied his work,—and Lucy took
The lantern in her hand

ODE TO DUTY

Not blither is the mountain roe
With many a wanton stroke
Her feet disperse the powdery snow,
That rises up like smoke

25

STERN Daughter of the Voice of God!
O Duty! if that name thou love
Who art a light to guide, a rod
To check the erring, and reprove,
Thou, who art victory and law
When empty terrors overawe,
From vain temptations dost set free,
And calm'st the weary strife of frail hu-
manity!

5

30

The storm came on before its time
She wandered up and down,
And many a hill did Lucy climb
But never reached the town

The wretched parents all that night
Went shouting far and wide,
But there was neither sound nor sight
To serve them for a guide

35

There are who ask not if thine eye
Be on them, who, in love and truth,
Where no misgiving is, rely
Upon the genial sense of youth
Glad Hearts! without reproach or blot,
Who do thy work, and know it not.
Oh! if through confidence misplaced
They fail, thy saving arms, dread Power!
around them cast

10

15

At day-break on a hill they stood
That overlooked the moor,
And thence they saw the bridge of wood,
A furlong from their door

40

They wept—and turning homeward, cried,
"In heaven we all shall meet,"
—When in the snow the mother spied
The print of Lucy's feet

20

Then downwards from the steep hill's edge
They tracked the footmarks small,
And through the broken hawthorn hedge,
And by the long stone-wall,

45

Serene will be our days and bright,
And happy will our nature be,
When love is an unerring light,
And joy its own security
And they a blissful course may hold
Even now, who, not unwisely bold,
Live in the spirit of this creed,
Yet seek thy firm support, according to their
need

And then an open field they crossed
The marks were still the same;
They tracked them on, nor ever lost;
And to the bridge they came

50

I, loving freedom, and untried;
No sport of every random gust,
Yet being to myself a guide,
Too blindly have reposed my trust—
And oft, when in my heart was heard
Thy timely mandate, I deferred
The task, in smoother walks to stray,
But thee I now would serve more strictly,
if I may

25

30

They followed from the snowy bank
Those footmarks, one by one,

Through no disturbance of my soul,
 Or strong compunction in me wrought,
 I supplicate for thy control, 35
 But in the quietness of thought
 Me thus unchartered freedom tries,
 I feel the weight of chance-desires
 My hopes no more must change their name,
 I long for a repose that ever is the same 40

Stern Lawgiver! yet thou dost wear
 The Godhead's most benignant grace,
 Nor know we anything so fair
 As is the smile upon thy face
 Flowers laugh before thee on their beds 45
 And fragrance in thy footing treads,
 Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong,
 And the most ancient heavens, through thee,
 are fresh and strong

To humbler functions, awful Power!
 I call thee I myself commend 50
 Unto thy guidance from this hour,
 Oh, let my weakness have an end!
 Give unto me, made lowly wise,
 The spirit of self-sacrifice,
 The confidence of reason give, 55
 And in the light of truth thy Bondman let
 me live!

ODE

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY FROM RECOL-
LECTIONS OF EARLY CHILDHOOD

"The Child is Father of the Man,
 And I could wish my days to be
 Bound each to each by natural piety"

I

THERE was a time when meadow, grove, and
 stream,
 The earth, and every common sight,
 To me did seem
 Apparelled in celestial light,
 The glory and the freshness of a dream 5
 It is not now as it hath been of yore,—
 Turn wheresoe'er I may,
 By night or day,
 The things which I have seen I now can see
 no more

II

The Rainbow comes and goes, 10
 And lovely is the Rose,
 The Moon doth with delight

Look round her when the heavens are bare,
 Waters on a starry night
 Are beautiful and fair, 15
 The sunshine is a glorious birth,
 But yet I know, where'er I go,
 That there hath past away a glory from the
 earth

III

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,
 And while the young lambs bound 20
 As to the tabor's sound,
 To me alone there came a thought of grief
 A timely utterance gave that thought relief,
 And I again am strong
 The cataracts blow their trumpets from the
 steep, 25
 No more shall grief of mine the season wrong,
 I hear the Echoes through the mountains
 throng,
 The Winds come to me from the fields of
 sleep,
 And all the earth is gay,
 Land and sea 30
 Give themselves up to jollity,
 And with the heart of May
 Doth every Beast keep holiday,—
 Thou Child of Joy,
 Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou 35
 happy Shepherd-boy!

IV

Ye blessèd Creatures, I have heard the call
 Ye to each other make, I see
 The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee,
 My heart is at your festival,
 My head hath its coronal, 40
 The fulness of your bliss, I feel—I feel it all
 Oh evil day! if I were sullen
 While Earth herself is adorning,
 This sweet May-morning,
 And the Children are culling 45
 On every side,
 In a thousand valleys far and wide,
 Fresh flowers, while the sun shines warm,
 And the Babe leaps up on his Mother's arm —
 I hear, I hear, with joy I hear! 50
 —But there's a Tree, of many, one,
 A single Field which I have looked upon,
 Both of them speak of something that is gone,
 The Pansy at my feet
 Doth the same tale repeat 55
 Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
 Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

V

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting
 The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
 Hath had elsewhere its setting, 60
 And cometh from afar
 Not in entire forgetfulness,
 And not in utter nakedness,
 But trailing clouds of glory do we come
 From God, who is our home 65
 Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
 Shades of the prison-house begin to close
 Upon the growing Boy,
 But He beholds the light, and whence it flows,
 He sees it in his joy, 70
 The Youth, who daily farther from the east
 Must travel, still is Nature's Priest,
 And by the vision splendid
 Is on his way attended,
 At length the Man perceives it die away, 75
 And fade into the light of common day

VI

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own,
 Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
 And, even with something of a Mother's mind,
 And no unworthy aim, 80
 The homely Nurse doth all she can
 To make her Foster-child, her Inmate Man,
 Forget the glories he hath known,
 And that imperial palace whence he came

VII

Behold the Child among his new-born
 blisses, 85
 A six years' Darling of a pigmy size!
 See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,
 Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,
 With light upon him from his father's eyes!
 See, at his feet, some little plan or chart, 90
 Some fragment from his dream of human
 life,
 Shaped by himself with newly-learned art,
 A wedding or a festival,
 A mourning or a funeral,
 And this hath now his heart, 95
 And unto this he frames his song.
 Then will he fit his tongue
 To dialogues of business, love, or strife;
 But it will not be long
 Ere this be thrown aside, 100
 And with new joy and pride
 The little Actor cons another part;

Filling from time to time his "humorous stage"
 With all the Persons, down to palsied Age,
 That Life brings with her in her equipage, 105
 As if his whole vocation
 Were endless imitation

VIII

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie
 Thy Soul's immensity,
 Thou best Philosopher, who yet dost keep 110
 Thy heritage, thou Eye among the blind,
 That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,
 Haunted for ever by the eternal mind,—
 Mighty Prophet! Seer blest!
 On whom those truths do rest, 115
 Which we are toiling all our lives to find,
 In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave,
 Thou, over whom thy Immortality
 Broods like the Day, a Master o'er a Slave,
 A Presence which is not to be put by, 120
 [To whom the grave
 Is but a lonely bed without the sense or sight
 Of day or the warm light,
 A place of thought where we in waiting lie,]
 Thou little Child, yet glorious in the might 125
 Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,
 Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
 The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
 Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?
 Full soon thy Soul shall have her earthly 130
 freight,
 And custom he upon thee with a weight,
 Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!

IX

O joy! that in our embers
 Is something that doth live,
 That nature yet remembers 135
 What was so fugitive!
 The thought of our past years in me doth
 breed
 Perpetual benediction. not indeed
 For that which is most worthy to be blest—
 Delight and liberty, the simple creed 140
 Of Childhood, whether busy or at rest,
 With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his
 breast —
 Not for these I raise
 The song or thanks and praise,
 But for those obstinate questionings 145
 Of sense and outward things,
 Fallings from us, vanishings,
 Blank misgivings of a Creature

Moving about in worlds not realised,
 High instincts before which our mortal Nature
 Did tremble like a guilty Thing surprised¹⁵⁰
 But for those first affections,
 Those shadowy recollections,
 Which, be they what they may,
 Are yet the fountain-light of all our day,¹⁵⁵
 Are yet a master-light of all our seeing,
 Uphold us, cherish, and have power to
 make
 Our noisy years seem moments in the being
 Of the eternal Silence truths that wake,
 To perish never¹⁶⁰
 Which nether listlessness, nor mad endeavour,
 Nor Man nor Boy,
 Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
 Can utterly abolish or destroy!
 Hence in a season of calm weather¹⁶⁵
 Though inland far we be,
 Our Souls have sight of that immortal sea
 Which brought us hither,
 Can in a moment travel thither,
 And see the Children sport upon the shore,¹⁷⁰
 And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore

X

Then sing, ye Birds, sing, sing a joyous song!
 And let the young Lambs bound
 As to the tabor's sound!
 We in thought will join your throng,¹⁷⁵
 Ye that pipe and ye that play,
 Ye that through your hearts to-day
 Feel the gladness of the May!
 What though the radiance which was once so
 bright
 Be now for ever taken from my sight,¹⁸⁰
 Though nothing can bring back the hour
 Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the
 flower,
 We will grieve not, rather find
 Strength in what remains behind,
 In the primal sympathy¹⁸⁵
 Which having been must ever be,
 In the soothing thoughts that spring
 Out of human suffering,
 In the faith that looks through death,
 In years that bring the philosophic mind¹⁹⁰

XI

And O, ye Fountains, Meadows, Hills, and
 Groves,
 Forebode not any severing of our loves!

Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might,
 I only have relinquished one delight
 To live beneath your more habitual sway¹⁹⁵
 I love the Brooks which down their channels
 fret,
 Even more than when I tripped lightly as
 they,
 The innocent brightness of a new-born Day
 Is lovely yet,
 The Clouds that gather round the setting²⁰⁰
 sun
 Do take a sober colouring from an eye
 That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality,
 Another race hath been, and other palms are
 won
 Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
 Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,²⁰⁵
 To me the meanest flower that blows can
 give
 Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears

TO A SKY-LARK

Up with me! up with me into the clouds!
 For thy song, Lark, is strong,
 Up with me, up with me into the clouds!
 Singing, singing,
 With clouds and sky about thee ringing,⁵
 Lift me, guide me, till I find
 That spot which seems so to thy mind!

I have walked through wildernesses dreary,
 And to-day my heart is weary,
 Had I now the wings of a Faery,¹⁰
 Up to thee would I fly
 There is madness about thee, and joy divine
 In that song of thine,
 Lift me, guide me, high and high
 To thy banqueting place in the sky¹⁵

Joyous as morning,
 Thou art laughing and scorning,
 Thou hast a nest for thy love and thy rest,
 And, though little troubled with sloth,
 Drunken Lark! thou wouldst be loth²⁰
 To be such a traveller as I
 Happy, happy Liver,
 With a soul as strong as a mountain river
 Pouring out praise to the almighty Giver,
 Joy and jollity be with us both!²⁵

Alas! my journey, rugged and uneven,
 Through prickly moors or dusty ways must
 wind;
 But hearing thee, or others of thy kind,

As full of gladness and as free of heaven,
I, with my fate contented, will plod on, 30
And hope for higher raptures, when life's day
is done

TO A SKY-LARK

ETHEREAL minstrel! pilgrim of the sky!
Dost thou despise the earth where cares
abound?

Or, while the wings aspire, are heart and eye
Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground?
Thy nest which thou canst drop into at will, 5
Those quivering wings composed, that music
still!

Leave to the nightingale her shady wood,
A privacy of glorious light is thine,
Whence thou dost pour upon the world a
flood

Of harmony, with instinct more divine, 10
Type of the wise who soar, but never roam,
True to the kindred points of Heaven and
Home!

LONDON, 1802

MILTON! thou should'st be living at this hour
England hath need of thee she is a fen
Of stagnant waters! altar, sword, and pen,
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
Have forfeited their ancient English dower 5
Of inward happiness We are selfish men,
Oh! raise us up, return to us again,
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power
Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the
sea. 10

Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
So didst thou travel on life's common way,
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

"THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH WITH US, LATE AND SOON"

THE world is too much with us, late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our
powers;

Little we see in Nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid
boon!

The Sea that bares her bosom to the moon, 5
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers,
For this, for everything, we are out of tune;

It moves us not —Great God! I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn, 10
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less for-
lorn,

Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea,
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn

LINES WRITTEN IN EARLY SPRING

I HEARD a thousand blended notes,
While in a grove I sate reclined,
In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to the mind

To her fair works did Nature link 5
The human soul that through me ran,
And much it grieved my heart to think
What man has made of man

Through primrose tufts, in that green bower,
The periwinkle trailed its wreaths, 10
And 'tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes

The birds around me hopped and played,
Their thoughts I cannot measure —
But the least motion which they made, 15
It seemed a thrill of pleasure

The budding twigs spread out their fan,
To catch the breezy air,
And I must think, do all I can,
That there was pleasure there 20

If this belief from heaven be sent,
If such be Nature's holy plan,
Have I not reason to lament
What man has made of man?

THERE WAS A BOY

THERE was a Boy, ye knew him well, ye cliffs
And islands of Winander!—many a time,
At evening, when the earliest stars began
To move along the edges of the hills,
Rising or setting, would he stand alone, 5
Beneath the trees, or by the glimmering lake,
And there, with fingers interwoven, both hands
Pressed closely palm to palm and to his mouth
Uplifted, he, as through an instrument,
Blew mimic hootings to the silent owls, 10
That they might answer him —And they would
shout

Across the watery vale, and shout again,

Responsive to his call,—with quivering peals,
And long halloos, and screams, and echoes loud
Redoubled and redoubled, concourse wild 15
Of jocund din! And, when there came a pause
Or silence such as baffled his best skill
Then sometimes, in that silence, while he hung

Listening, a gentle shock of mild surprise
Has carried far into his heart the voice 20
Of mountain-torrents, or the visible scene
Would enter unawares into his mind
With all its solemn imagery, its rocks,
Its woods, and that uncertain heaven received
Into the bosom of the steady lake 25

This boy was taken from his mates, and died
In childhood, ere he was full twelve years old
Pre-eminent in beauty is the vale
Where he was born and bred the churchyard hangs
Upon a slope above the village-school, 30
And through that churchyard when my way has led
On summer-evenings, I believe that there
A long half-hour together I have stood
Mute—looking at the grave in which he lies!

MY HEART LEAPS UP

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky
So was it when my life began,
So is it now I am a man,
So be it when I shall grow old, 5
Or let me die!
The Child is father of the Man,
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety

NEAR DOVER, SEPTEMBER, 1802

INLAND, within a hollow vale, I stood,
And saw, while sea was calm and air was clear,
The coast of France—the coast of France how near!
Drawn almost into frightful neighbourhood
I shrunk, for verily the barmier flood 5
Was like a lake, or river bright and fair,
A span of waters, yet what power is there!
What mightiness for evil and for good!
Even so doth God protect us if we be
Virtuous and wise. Winds blow, and waters roll, 10
Strength to the brave, and Power, and Deity;

Yet in themselves are nothing! One decree
Spake laws to *them*, and said that by the soul
Only, the Nations shall be great and free

I GRIEVED FOR BUONAPARTÉ

I GRIEVED for Buonaparté, with a vain
And an unthinking grief! The tenderest mood
Of that Man's mind—what can it be? what food
Fed his first hopes? what knowledge could *he* gain?
'Tis not in battles that from youth we train 5
The Governor who must be wise and good,
And temper with the sternness of the brain
Thoughts motherly, and meek as womanhood
Wisdom doth live with children round her knees
Books, leisure, perfect freedom, and the talk 10
Man holds with week-day man in the hourly walk
Of the mind's business these are the degrees
By which true Sway doth mount, this is the stalk
True Power doth grow on, and her rights are these

THE SOLITARY REAPER

BEHOLD her, single in the field,
Yon solitary Highland Lass!
Reaping and singing by herself,
Stop here, or gently pass! 5
Alone she cuts and binds the grain
And sings a melancholy stram,
Oh listen! for the Vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound

No Nightingale did ever chaunt
More welcome notes to weary bands 10
Of travellers in some shady haunt,
Among Arabian sands
A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
In spring-time from the Cuckoo-bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas 15
Among the farthest Hebrides

Will no one tell me what she sings?—
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago 20
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day?
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again?

Whate'er the theme, the Maiden sang
 As if her song could have no ending,
 I saw her singing at her work,
 And o'er the sickle bending,—
 I listened motionless and still,
 And, as I mounted up the hill,
 The music in my heart I bore,
 Long after it was heard no more

THOUGHT OF A BRITON ON THE SUBJUGATION OF SWITZERLAND

Two Voices are there, one is of the sea,
 One of the mountains, each a mighty Voice
 In both from age to age thou didst rejoice,
 They were thy chosen music, Liberty!
 There came a Tyrant, and with holy glee 5
 Thou fought'st against him, but hast vainly
 striven
 Thou from thy Alpine holds at length art
 driven,
 Where not a torrent murmurs heard by thee
 Of one deep bliss thine ear hath been bereft
 Then cleave, O cleave to that which still is
 left, 10
 For, high-souled Maid, what sorrow would
 it be

25 That Mountain floods should thunder as be-
 fore,
 And Ocean bellow from his rocky shore,
 And neither awful Voice be heard by thee!

30

MUTABILITY

FROM low to high doth dissolution climb,
 And sink from high to low, along a scale
 Of awful notes, whose concord shall not
 fail,
 A musical but melancholy chime,
 Which they can hear who meddle not with
 crime, 5
 Nor avarice, nor over-anxious care
 Truth fails not, but her outward forms that
 bear
 The longest date do melt like frosty rime,
 That in the morning whitened hill and plain
 And is no more, drop like the tower sub-
 lime 10
 Of yesterday, which royally did wear
 His crown of weeds, but could not even sus-
 tain
 Some casual shout that broke the silent
 air,
 Or the unimaginable touch of Time

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE (1772-1834)

Before Coleridge, the youngest of the thirteen children of a Devonshire clergyman, had reached the age of ten, he had read many philosophical and theological books in his father's library. All his life religion and philosophy engaged his thoughts and affected to some extent even his most imaginative poetry. To Coleridge God was the omnipotent ruler, who was manifested in nature. The majesty of Mount Blanc inspired prayer and praise, the Ancient Mariner's parting words to the Wedding-Guest proclaimed the power of universal love, Christabel under the malignant control of Geraldine had hope only in the saints.

Nevertheless, Coleridge was frequently dejected on account of his external circumstances or mental struggles. Lamb's essay, *Christ's Hospital Five and Thirty Years Ago*, describes the position of such a boy as Coleridge at the Bluecoat School. Among his few pleasures was the friendship with Lamb. Conditions were not much better at Cambridge, which Coleridge left in 1794 soon after he had met Robert Southey.

In their enthusiasm for the ideas of the French revolutionists these two young men planned to settle a colony in Pennsylvania on the banks of the Susquehanna River. Each member of this community, called Pantisocracy, was to work a few hours every day and devote the remaining hours to literary pursuits. Coleridge provided himself with a companion by marrying Sara Fricker. The scheme, however, was never carried further because the proposers lacked funds and because they could not work together congenially.

After the failure of the *Watchman*, a weekly paper, Coleridge was about to become a Unitarian minister when the Wedgwood brothers offered him a small sum. Thus Coleridge was enabled to go to Nether Stowey and in a short time was visiting the Wordsworths almost daily. While this association lasted, Coleridge produced his finest poetry. His visit to Germany with them prompted his study of the German metaphysicians, especially Kant.

The last part of his life was disturbed by his ill-health, his struggle against the opium habit, and his domestic troubles. After 1816 he lived at Highgate with a physician, who helped him

but was unable to cure him. Here he was visited by many friends because of his stimulating conversation. During this period he wrote little poetry, for he was revising his lectures and organizing his philosophical opinions.

Probably Coleridge's dreams were made more vivid by his taking opium, but they were not induced by it. He began the opium habit to relieve pain, not realizing the danger. He was always a dreamer since he was gifted with an active imagination. The unfinished poem, *Kubla Khan*, was written immediately after he waked from a marvelous dream, induced by an account of a palace, about which he had been reading when he fell asleep. With illusive suggestions and flowing melody Coleridge produced a series of miraculous descriptions. Would that an untimely visitor had not interrupted this vision he could never again recapture.

More than any other poet Coleridge had the faculty of treating the supernatural in such a manner that the reader comes entirely under its spell. Like the Wedding-Guest he must listen to the Manner's story. Coleridge was indifferent to time and place, but he was extremely careful to create the appropriate mood, whether it was caused by some mysterious circumstance, by some emotion, or by some aspect of nature. This atmosphere he gained largely by the use of subtle suggestions and connotative words. He spoiled, however, the effect of many poems in an attempt to point a moral.

As a critic Coleridge tried to find "the inner springs of life in each work of art, and so put us on the track which the artist followed in the act of creation." *Biographia Literaria* contains his views on poetry in general and particularly his exposition of Wordsworth's theory and practice. An equally important contribution to criticism was his *Lectures on Shakespeare*. Disregarding all rules, he studied the plays thoughtfully. Consequently he had a deeper understanding of them than his predecessors and more truly interpreted to his listeners the spirit of Shakespeare. Every student of the dramatist should consult these lectures. Coleridge helped to free criticism from its bondage to fixed standards. To his critical writings he brought the imaginative insight which distinguishes his poetry.

CHRISTABEL

PREFACE

The first part of the following poem was written in the year 1797, at Stowey, in the

country of Somerset. The second part, after my return from Germany, in the year 1800, at Keswick, Cumberland. It is probable that if the poem had been finished at either of the former periods, or if even the first and second part had been published in the year 1800, the

impression of its originality would have been much greater than I dare at present expect. But for this I have only my own indolence to blame. The dates are mentioned for the exclusive purpose of precluding charges of plagiarism or servile imitation from myself. For there is amongst us a set of critics, who seem to hold, that every possible thought and image is traditional, who have no notion that there are such things as fountains in the world, small as well as great, and who would therefore charitably derive every rill they behold flowing, from a perforation made in some other man's tank. I am confident, however, that as far as the present poem is concerned, the celebrated poets whose writings I might be suspected of having imitated, either in particular passages, or in the tone and the spirit of the whole, would be among the first to vindicate me from the charge, and who, on any striking coincidence, would permit me to address them in this doggerel version of two monkish Latin hexameters

'Tis mine and it is likewise yours,
But an if this will not do,
Let it be mine, good friend! for I
Am the poorer of the two

I have only to add that the meter of *Christabel* is not, properly speaking, irregular, though it may seem so from its being founded on a new principle namely, that of counting in each line the accents, not the syllables. Though the latter may vary from seven to twelve, yet in each line the accents will be found to be only four. Nevertheless, this occasional variation in number of syllables is not introduced wantonly, or for the mere ends of convenience, but in correspondence with some transition in the nature of the imagery or passion

PART I

'Tis the middle of night by the castle clock,
And the owls have awakened the crowing
cock;
'Tu—whit!—Tu—whoo!
And hark, again! the crowing cock,
How drowsily it crew

Sir Leoline, the Baron rich,
Hath a toothless mastiff bitch,
From her kennel beneath the rock
She maketh answer to the clock,

Four for the quarters, and twelve for the
hour,
Ever and aye, by shine and shower,
Sixteen short howls, not over loud,
Some say, she sees my lady's shroud

Is the night chilly and dark?
The night is chilly, but not dark,
The thin gray cloud is spread on high,
It covers but not hides the sky
The moon is behind, and at the full,
And yet she looks both small and dull
The night is chill, the cloud is gray
'Tis a month before the month of May,
And the Spring comes slowly up this way

The lovely lady, *Christabel*,
Whom her father loves so well,
What makes her in the wood so late,
A furlong from the castle gate?
She had dreams all yesternight
Of her own betrothed knight,
And she in the midnight wood will pray
For the weal of her lover that's far away

She stole along, she nothing spoke,
The sighs she heaved were soft and low,
And naught was green upon the oak
But moss and rarest mistletoe
She kneels beneath the huge oak tree,
And in silence prayeth she

The lady sprang up suddenly,
The lovely lady, *Christabel*!
It moaned as near, as near can be,
But what it is she cannot tell —
On the other side it seems to be,
Of the huge, broad-breasted, old oak tree

The night is chill, the forest bare,
Is it the wind that moaneth bleak?
There is not wind enough in the air
To move away the ringlet curl
From the lovely lady's cheek—
There is not wind enough to twirl
The one red leaf, the last of its clan,
That dances as often as dance it can,
Hanging so light, and hanging so high,
On the topmost twig that looks up at the sky

Hush, beating heart of *Christabel*!
Jesu, Maria, shield her well!
She folded her arms beneath her cloak,
And stolk to the other side of the oak
What sees she there?

There she sees a damsel bright,
 Drest in a silken robe of white,
 That shadowy in the moonlight shone
 The neck that made that white robe wan,
 Her stately neck, and arms were bare,
 Her blue-veined feet unsandal'd were,
 And wildly glittered here and there
 The gems entangled in her hair
 I guess, 'twas frightful there to see
 A lady so richly clad as she—
 Beautiful exceedingly!

Mary Mother, save me now!
 (Said Christabel,) And who art thou?

The lady strange made answer meet,
 And her voice was faint and sweet —
 Have pity on my sore distress,
 I scarce can speak for weariness
 Stretch forth thy hand, and have no fear!
 Said Christabel, How camest thou here?
 And the lady, whose voice was faint and sweet,
 Did thus pursue her answer meet —

My sire is of a noble line,
 And my name is Geraldine
 Five warriors seized me yesternorn,
 Me, even me, a maid forlorn
 They choked my cries with force and fright,
 And tied me on a palfrey white
 The palfrey was as fleet as wind,
 And they rode furiously behind
 They spurred amain, their steeds were white
 And once we crossed the shade of night
 As sure as Heaven shall rescue me,
 I have no thought what men they be,
 Nor do I know how long it is
 (For I have lain entranced I wis)
 Since one, the tallest of the five,
 Took me from the palfrey's back,
 A weary woman, scarce alive
 Some muttered words his comrades spoke
 He placed me underneath this oak,
 He swore they would return with haste,
 Whither they went I cannot tell—
 I thought I heard, some minutes past,
 Sounds as of a castle bell
 Stretch forth thy hand (thus ended she),
 And help a wretched maid to flee

Then Christabel stretched forth her hand,
 And comforted fair Geraldine
 O well, bright dame! may you command
 The service of Sir Leoline,
 And gladly our stout chivalry

Will he send forth and friends withal
 To guide and guard you safe and free
 Home to your noble father's hall

She rose and forth with steps they passed
 That strove to be, and were not, fast
 Her gracious stars the lady blest,
 And thus spake on sweet Christabel
 All our household are at rest,
 The hall as silent as the cell,
 Sir Leoline is weak in health,
 And may not well awakened be,
 But we will move as if in stealth,
 And I beseech your courtesy,
 This night, to share your couch with me

They crossed the moat, and Christabel
 Took the key that fitted well,
 A little door she opened straight,
 All in the middle of the gate,
 The gate that was ironed within and without,
 Where an army in battle array had marched
 out

The lady sank, belike through pain,
 And Christabel with might and main
 Lifted her up, a weary weight,
 Over the threshold of the gate
 Then the lady rose again,
 And moved, as she were not in pain

So free from danger, free from fear,
 They crossed the court right glad they were,
 And Christabel devoutly cried
 To the lady by her side,
 Praise we the Virgin all divine
 Who hath rescued thee from thy distress!
 Alas, alas! said Geraldine,
 I cannot speak for weariness
 So free from danger, free from fear,
 They crossed the court right glad they were

Outside her kennel, the mastiff old
 Lay fast asleep, in moonshine cold
 The mastiff old did not awake,
 Yet she an angry moan did make!
 And what can ail the mastiff bitch?
 Never till now she uttered yell
 Beneath the eye of Christabel.
 Perhaps it is the owl's scritch:
 For what can ail the mastiff bitch?

They passed the hall, that echoes still,
 Pass as lightly as you will!
 The brands were flat, the brands were dying,
 Amid their own white ashes lying;

But when the lady passed, there came
 A tongue of light, a fit of flame,
 And Christabel saw the lady's eye, 160
 And nothing else saw she thereby,
 Save the boss of the shield of Sir Leoline tall,
 Which hung in a murky old niche in the wall
 O softly tread, said Christabel,
 My father seldom sleepeth well 165

Sweet Christabel her feet doth bare,
 And, jealous of the listening air,
 They steal their way from stair to stair,
 Now in glummer, and now in gloom,
 And now they pass the Baron's room, 170
 As still as death, with stifled breath!
 And now have reached her chamber door,
 And now doth Geraldine press down
 The rushes of the chamber floor

The moon shines dim in the open air, 175
 And not a moonbeam enters here
 But they without its light can see
 The chamber carved so curiously,
 Carved with figures strange and sweet,
 All made out of the carver's brain, 180
 For a lady's chamber meet
 The lamp with twofold silver chain
 Is fastened to an angel's feet
 The silver lamp burns dead and dim,
 But Christabel the lamp will trim 185
 She trimmed the lamp, and made it bright,
 And left it swinging to and fro,
 While Geraldine, in wretched plight,
 Sank down upon the floor below

O weary lady, Geraldine, 190
 I pray you, drink this cordial wine!
 It is a wine of virtuous powers;
 My mother made it of wild flowers

And will your mother pity me,
 Who am a maiden most forlorn? 195
 Christabel answered—Woe is me!
 She died the hour that I was born
 I have heard the grey-haired friar tell
 How on her death-bed she did say,
 That she should hear the castle-bell 200
 Strike twelve upon my wedding-day
 O mother dear! that thou wert here!
 I would, said Geraldine, she were!

But soon with altered voice, said she—
 "Off, wandering mother! Peak and pine! 205
 I have power to bid thee flee."
 Alas! what ails poor Geraldine?

Why stares she with unsettled eye?
 Can she the bodiless dead espy? 210
 And why with hollow voice cries she,
 "Off, woman, off! this hour is mine—
 Though thou her guardian spirit be,
 Off, woman, off! 'tis given to me"

Then Christabel knelt by the lady's side,
 And raised to heaven her eyes so blue— 215
 Alas! said she, this ghastly ride—
 Dear lady! it hath wildered you!
 The lady wiped her moist cold brow,
 And faintly said, "'tis over now!"

Again the wild-flower wine she drank 220
 Her fair large eyes 'gan glitter bright,
 And from the floor whereon she sank,
 The lofty lady stood upright
 She was most beautiful to see,
 Like a lady of a far countrée 225

And thus the lofty lady spake—
 All they who live in the upper sky,
 Do love you, holy Christabel!
 And you love them, and for their sake 230
 And for the good which me befell,
 Even I in my degree will try,
 Fair maiden, to requite you well
 But now unrobe yourself, for I
 Must pray, ere yet in bed I lie

Quoth Christabel, So let it be! 235
 And as the lady bade, did she
 Her gentle limbs did she undress,
 And lay down in her loveliness

But through her brain of weal and woe 240
 So many thoughts moved to and fro,
 That vain it were her lids to close,
 So half-way from the bed she rose,
 And on her elbow did recline
 To look at the lady Geraldine 195

Beneath the lamp the lady bowed, 245
 And slowly rolled her eyes around,
 Then drawing in her breath aloud,
 Like one that shuddered, she unbound
 The cincture from beneath her breast 250
 Her silken robe, and inner vest,
 Dropt to her feet, and full in view,
 Behold! her bosom and half her side—
 A sight to dream of, not to tell!
 O shield her! shield sweet Christabel!

Yet Geraldine nor speaks nor stirs, 255

Ah! what a stricken look was hers!
 Deep from within she seems half-way
 To lift some weight with sick assay,
 And eyes the maid and seeks delay,
 Then suddenly, as one defied, 260
 Collects herself in scorn and pride,
 And lay down by the Maiden's side!—
 And in her arms the maid she took,
 Ah wel-a-day!

And with low voice and doleful look 265
 These words did say
 In the touch of this bosom there worketh a
 spell,
 Which is lord of thy utterance, Christabel!
 Thou knowest to-night, and wilt know to-
 morrow,
 This mark of my shame, this seal of my sor-
 row, 270

But vainly thou warrest,
 For this is alone in
 Thy power to declare,
 That in the dim forest,
 Thou heard'st a low moaning, 275
 And found'st a bright lady, surpassingly fair,
 And didst bring her home with thee in love
 and in charity,
 To shield her and shelter her from the damp
 air

THE CONCLUSION TO PART I

It was a lovely sight to see
 The lady Christabel, when she 280
 Was praying at the old oak tree
 Amid the jagged shadows
 Of mossy leafless boughs,
 Kneeling in the moonlight,
 To make her gentle vows, 285
 Her slender palms together prest,
 Heaving sometimes on her breast,
 Her face resigned to bliss or bale—
 Her face, oh call it fair not pale,
 And both blue eyes more bright than clear, 290
 Each about to have a tear

With open eyes (ah woe is me!)
 Asleep, and dreaming fearfully,
 Fearfully dreaming, yet, I wis,
 Dreaming that alone, which is— 295
 O sorrow and shame! Can this be she,
 The lady, who knelt at the old oak tree?
 And lo! the worker of these harms,
 That holds the maiden in her arms,
 Seems to slumber still and mild, 300
 As a mother with her child.

A star hath set, a star hath risen,
 O Geraldine! since arms of thine
 Have been the lovely lady's prison
 O Geraldine! one hour was thine— 305
 Thou'st had thy will! By tairn and rill,
 The night-birds all that hour were still
 But now they are jubilant anew
 From cliff and tower, tu—whoo! tu—whoo!
 Tu—whoo! tu—whoo! from wood and fell! 310

And see! the lady Christabel
 Gathers herself from out her trance,
 Her limbs relax, her countenance
 Grows sad and soft, the smooth thin lids
 Close o'er her eyes, and tears she sheds— 315
 Large tears that leave the lashes bright!
 And oft the while she seems to smile
 As infants at a sudden light!

Yea, she doth smile, and she doth weep,
 Like a youthful hermitess, 320
 Beauteous in a wilderness,
 Who, praying always, prays in sleep
 And, if she move unquietly,
 Perchance, 'tis but the blood so free
 Comes back and tingles in her feet 325
 No doubt, she hath a vision sweet
 What if her guardian spirit 'twere,
 What if she knew her mother near?
 But this she knows, in joys and woes,
 That saints will aid if men will call 330
 For the blue sky bends over all!

PART II

Each matin bell, the Baron saith,
 Knells us back to a world of death
 These words Sir Leoline first said,
 When he rose and found his lady dead 335
 These words Sir Leoline will say
 Many a morn to his dying day!

And hence the custom and law began
 That still at dawn the sacristan,
 Who duly pulls the heavy bell, 340
 Five and forty beads must tell
 Between each stroke—a warning knell,
 Which not a soul can choose but hear
 From Bratha Head to Wyndermere

Saith Bracy the bard, So let it knell! 345
 And let the drowsy sacristan
 Still count as slowly as he can!
 There is no lack of such, I ween,
 As well fill up the space between.

In Langdale Pike and Witch's Lair,
 And Dungeon-ghyll so foully rent,
 With ropes of rock and bells of air
 Three sinful sextons' ghosts are pent,
 Who all give back, one after t'other,
 The death-note to their living brother,
 And oft too, by the knell offended,
 Just as their one! two! three! is ended,
 The devil mocks the doleful tale
 With a merry peal from Borodale

The air is still! through mist and cloud
 That merry peal comes ringing loud,
 And Geraldine shakes off her dread,
 And rises lightly from the bed,
 Puts on her silken vestments white,
 And tricks her hair in lovely plight,
 And nothing doubting of her spell
 Awakens the lady Christabel
 "Sleep you, sweet lady Christabel?
 I trust that you have rested well"

And Christabel awoke and spied
 The same who lay down by her side—
 O rather say, the same whom she
 Raised up beneath the old oak tree!
 Nay, fairer yet! and yet more fair
 For she belike hath drunken deep
 Of all the blessedness of sleep!
 And while she spake, her looks, her air
 Such gentle thankfulness declare,
 That (so it seemed) her girded vests
 Grew tight beneath her heaving breasts
 "Sure I have sinn'd!" said Christabel,
 "Now heaven be praised if all be well!"
 And in low faltering tones, yet sweet,
 Did she the lofty lady greet
 With such perplexity of mind
 As dreams too lively leave behind

So quickly she rose, and quickly arrayed
 Her maiden limbs, and having prayed
 That He, who on the cross did groan,
 Might wash away her sins unknown,
 She forthwith led fair Geraldine
 To meet her sire, Sir Leoline

The lovely maid and the lady tall
 Are pacing both into the hall,
 And pacing on through page and groom,
 Enter the Baron's presence-room
 The Baron rose, and while he prest
 His gentle daughter to his breast,
 With cheerful wonder in his eyes
 The lady Geraldine espies,

350 And gave such welcome to the same,
 As might beseem so bright a dame!

But when he heard the lady's tale,
 And when she told her father's name,
 355 Why waxed Sir Leoline so pale,
 405 Murmuring o'er the name again,
 Lord Roland de Vaux of Tryermaine?

Alas! they had been friends in youth,
 But whispering tongues can poison truth,
 360 And constancy lives in realms above,
 410 And life is thorny, and youth is vain,
 And to be wroth with one we love
 Doth work like madness in the brain
 And thus it chanced, as I divine,
 365 With Roland and Sir Leoline
 415 Each spake words of high disdain
 And insult to his heart's best brother
 They parted—ne'er to meet again!
 But never either found another
 To free the hollow heart from paining—
 370 They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
 Like cliffs which had been rent asunder,
 A dreary sea now flows between,—
 But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
 375 Shall wholly do away, I ween,
 425 The marks of that which once hath been

Sir Leoline, a moment's space,
 Stood gazing on the damsel's face
 380 And the youthful Lord of Tryermaine
 Came back upon his heart again
 430

O then the Baron forgot his age,
 His noble heart swelled high with rage,
 385 He swore by the wounds in Jesu's side
 He would proclaim it far and wide,
 435 With trump and solemn heraldry,
 That they, who thus had wronged the dame,
 Were base as spotted infamy!
 "And if they dare deny the same,
 390 My herald shall appoint a week,
 440 And let the recreant traitors seek,
 My tourney court—that there and then
 I may dislodge their reptile souls
 From the bodies and forms of men!"
 He spake his eye in lightning rolls!
 For the lady was ruthlessly seized, and he
 445 kenned
 In the beautiful lady the child of his friend!

And now the tears were on his face,
 400 And fondly in his arms he took

Fair Geraldine, who met the embrace,
 Prolonging it with joyous look 450
 Which when she viewed, a vision fell
 Upon the soul of Christabel,
 The vision of fear, the touch and pain!
 She shrunk and shuddered, and saw again—
 (Ah, woe is me! Was it for thee, 455
 Thou gentle maid! such sights to see?)

Again she saw that bosom old,
 Again she felt that bosom cold,
 And drew in her breath with a hissing sound
 Whereat the Knight turned wildly round, 460
 And nothing saw, but his own sweet maid
 With eyes upraised, as one that prayed

The touch, the sight, had passed away,
 And in its stead that vision blest,
 Which comforted her after-rest 465
 While in the lady's arms she lay,
 Had put a rapture in her breast,
 And on her lips and o'er her eyes
 Spread smiles like light!

With new surprise,
 "What ails then my beloved child?" 470
 The Baron said—His daughter mild
 Made answer, "All will yet be well!"
 I ween, she had no power to tell
 Aught else so mighty was the spell
 Yet he, who saw this Geraldine, 475
 Had deemed her sure a thing divine
 Such sorrow with such grace she blended,
 As if she feared she had offended
 Sweet Christabel, that gentle maid!
 And with such lowly tones she prayed 480
 She might be sent without delay
 Home to her father's mansion

"Nay!

Nay, by my soul!" said Leoline
 "Ho! Bracy the bard, the charge be thine!
 Go thou, with music sweet and loud, 485
 And take two steeds with trappings proud,
 And take the youth whom thou lov'st best
 To bear thy harp, and learn thy song,
 And clothe you both in solemn vest,
 And over the mountains haste along, 490
 Lest wandering folk, that are abroad,
 Detain you on the valley road

"And when he has crossed the Irthing flood,
 My merry bard! he hastes, he hastes
 Up Knorren Moor, through Halegarth Wood,
 And reaches soon that castle good 496
 Which stands and threatens Scotland's wastes

"Bard Bracy! bard Bracy! your horses are
 fleet,
 Ye must ride up the hall, your music so sweet,
 More loud than your horses' echoing feet! 500
 And loud and loud to Lord Roland call,
 Thy daughter is safe in Langdale hall!
 Thy beautiful daughter is safe and free—
 Sir Leoline greets thee thus through me!
 He bids thee come without delay 505
 With all thy numerous array
 And take thy lovely daughter home
 And he will meet thee on the way
 With all his numerous array
 White with their panting palfrey's foam 510
 And, by mine honour! I will say,
 That I repent me of the day
 When I spake words of fierce disdain
 To Roland de Vaux of Tryermaine!—
 —For since that evil hour hath flown, 515
 Many a summer's sun hath shone;
 Yet ne'er found I a friend again
 Like Roland de Vaux of Tryermaine "

The lady fell, and clasped his knees,
 Her face upraised, her eyes o'erflowing, 520
 And Bracy replied, with faltering voice,
 His gracious Hail on all bestowing!—
 "Thy words, thou sire of Christabel,
 Are sweeter than my harp can tell,
 Yet might I gain a boon of thee, 525
 This day my journey should not be,
 So strange a dream hath come to me,
 That I had vowed with music loud
 To clear yon wood from thing unblest,
 Warned by a vision in my rest! 530
 For in my sleep I saw that dove,
 That gentle bird, whom thou dost love,
 And call'st by thy own daughter's name—
 Sir Leoline! I saw the same
 Fluttering, and uttering fearful moan, 535
 Among the green herbs in the forest alone
 Which when I saw and when I heard,
 I wonder'd what might ail the bird,
 For nothing near it could I see,
 Save the grass and green herbs underneath the
 old tree 540

"And in my dream methought I went
 To search out what might there be found,
 And what the sweet bird's trouble meant,
 That thus lay fluttering on the ground
 I went and peered, and could descry 545
 No cause for her distressful cry,
 But yet for her dear lady's sake
 I stooped, methought, the dove to take,

When lo! I saw a bright green snake
 Coiled around its wings and neck 550
 Green as the herbs on which it couched,
 Close by the dove's its head it crouched,
 And with the dove it heaves and stirs,
 Swelling its neck as she swelled hers!
 I woke, it was the midnight hour, 555
 The clock was echoing in the tower,
 But though my slumber was gone by,
 This dream it would not pass away—
 It seems to live upon my eye!
 And thence I vowed this self-same day 560
 With music strong and saintly song
 To wander through the forest bare,
 Lest aught unholy loiter there"

Thus Bracy said the Baron, the while,
 Half-listening heard him with a smile, 565
 Then turned to Lady Geraldine,
 His eyes made up of wonder and love,
 And said in courtly accents fine,
 "Sweet maid, Lord Roland's beauteous dove,
 With arms more strong than harp or song, 570
 Thy sire and I will crush the snake!"
 He kissed her forehead as he spake,
 And Geraldine in maiden wise
 Casting down her large bright eyes,
 With blushing cheek and courtesy fine 575
 She turned her from Sir Leoline,
 Softly gathering up her train,
 That o'er her right arm fell again,
 And folded her arms across her chest,
 And couched her head upon her breast, 580
 And looked askance at Christabel—
 Jesu, Maria, shield her well!

A snake's small eye blinks dull and shy,
 And the lady's eyes they shrunk in her head,
 Each shrunk up to a serpent's eye, 585
 And with somewhat of malice, and more of
 dread,
 At Christabel she looked askance!—
 One moment—and the sight was fled!
 But Christabel in dizzy trance
 Stumbling on the unsteady ground 590
 Shuddered aloud, with a hissing sound,
 And Geraldine again turned round,
 And like a thing, that sought relief,
 Full of wonder and full of grief,
 She rolled her large bright eyes divine 595
 Wildly on Sir Leoline

The maid, alas! her thoughts are gone,
 She nothing sees—no sight but one!
 The maid, devoid of guile and sin,
 I know not how, in fearful wise, 600

So deeply had she drunken in
 The look, those shrunken serpent eyes,
 That all her features were resigned
 To this sole image in her mind
 And passively did imitate 605
 That look of dull and treacherous hate!
 And thus she stood, in dizzy trance,
 Still picturing that look askance
 With forced unconscious sympathy
 Full before her father's view— 610
 As far as such a look could be
 In eyes so innocent and blue!

And when the trance was o'er, the maid
 Paused awhile, and only prayed
 Then falling at the Baron's feet, 615
 "By my mother's soul do I entreat
 That thou this woman send away!"
 She said, and more she could not say
 For what she knew she could not tell,
 O'er-mastered by the mighty spell 620

Why is thy cheek so wan and wild,
 Sir Leoline? Thy only child
 Lies at thy feet, thy joy, thy pride,
 So fair, so innocent, so mild,
 The same, for whom thy lady died! 625
 O by the pangs of her dear mother
 Think thou no evil of thy child!
 For her, and thee, and for no other,
 She prayed the moment ere she died
 Prayed that the babe for whom she died, 630
 Might prove her dear lord's joy and pride!
 That prayer her deadly pangs beguiled,
 Sir Leoline!
 And wouldst thou wrong thy only child,
 Her child and thine? 635

Within the Baron's heart and brain
 If thoughts, like these, had any share,
 They only swelled his rage and pain,
 And did but work confusion there
 His heart was cleft with pain and rage, 640
 His cheeks they quivered, his eyes were wild,
 Dishonoured thus in his old age,
 Dishonoured by his only child,
 And all his hospitality
 To the wronged daughter of his friend 645
 By more than woman's jealousy
 Brought thus to a disgraceful end—
 He rolled his eye with stern regard
 Upon the gentle minstrel bard,
 And said in tones abrupt, austere— 650
 "Why Bracy! doest thou loiter here?
 I bade thee hence!" The bard obeyed,
 And turning from his own sweet maid,

The aged knight, Sir Leoline,
Led forth the lady Geraldine!

THE CONCLUSION TO PART II

A little child, a limber elf,
Singing, dancing to itself,
A fairy thing with red round cheeks,
That always finds, and never seeks,
Makes such a vision to the sight
As fills a father's eyes with light,
And pleasures flow in so thick and fast
Upon his heart, that he at last
Must needs express his love's excess
With words of unmeant bitterness
Perhaps 'tis pretty to force together
Thoughts so all unlike each other,
To mutter and mock a broken charm,
To dally with wrong that does no harm
Perhaps 'tis tender too and pretty
At each wild word to feel within
A sweet recoil of love and pity
And what, if in a world of sin
(O sorrow and shame should this be true!)
Such giddiness of heart and brain
Comes seldom save from rage and pain,
So talks as it's most used to do

KUBLA KHAN

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea
So twice five miles of fertile ground
With walls and towers were girdled round
And there were gardens bright with sinuous
rills,
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing
tree,
And here were forests ancient as the hills,
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery

But oh! that deep romantic chasm which
slanted
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover!
A savage place! as holy and enchanted
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
By woman wailing for her demon-lover!
And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil
seething,
As if this earth in fast thick pants were
breathing,
A mighty fountain momentarily was forced
Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst

655 Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,
Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail,
And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and
ever

It flung up momentarily the sacred river
Five miles meandering with a mazy motion
Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,
Then reached the caverns measureless to man,
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean
660 And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far
Ancestral voices prophesying war!

The shadow of the dome of pleasure
Floated midway on the waves,
665 Where was heard the mingled measure
From the fountain and the caves
It was a miracle of rare device,
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice!

A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw
It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she played,
Singing of Mount Abora
40 Could I revive within me
Her symphony and song,
To such a deep delight 'twould win me,
That with music loud and long,
45 I would build that dome in air,
That sunny dome! those caves of ice!
And all who heard should see them there,
And all should cry, Beware! Beware!
His flashing eyes, his floating hair!
50 Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread,
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise

HYMN BEFORE SUNRISE, IN THE
VALE OF CHAMOUNI

Hast thou a charm to stay the morning-star
In his steep course? So long he seems to
pause
On thy bald awful head, O sovran Blanc!
The Arve and Arveiron at thy base
Rave ceaselessly, but thou, most awful
Form!
5 Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,
How silently! Around thee and above
Deep is the air and dark, substantial, black,
An ebon mass methinks thou piercest it,
As with a wedge! But when I look again,
10 It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
Thy habitation from eternity!
O dread and silent Mount! I gazed upon thee

Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
 Didst vanish from my thought. entranced in
 prayer 15
 I worshipped the Invisible alone

Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody,
 So sweet, we know not we are listening to it,
 Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my
 Thought,
 Yea, with my Life and Life's own secret
 joy 20
 Till the dilating Soul, enrapt, transfused,
 Into the mighty vision passing—there
 As in her natural form swelled vast to Heaven!

Awake, my soul! not only passive praise
 Thou owest! not alone these swelling tears, 25
 Mute thanks and secret ecstasy! Awake,
 Voice of sweet song! Awake, my heart, awake!
 Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my Hymn

Thou first and chief, sole sovereign of the
 Vale!
 O struggling with the darkness all the night, 30
 And visited all night by troops of stars,
 Or when they climb the sky or when they
 sink

Companion of the morning-star at dawn,
 Thyself Earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
 Co-herald wake, O wake, and utter praise! 35
 Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in Earth?
 Who filled thy countenance with rosy light?
 Who made thee parent of perpetual streams?

And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely glad!
 Who called you forth from night and utter
 death, 40
 From dark and icy caverns called you forth,
 Down those precipitous, black jagged rocks,
 For ever shattered and the same for ever?
 Who gave you your invulnerable life,
 Your strength, your speed, your fury, and
 your joy, 45
 Unceasing thunder and eternal foam?
 And who commanded (and the silence came),
 Here let the billows stiffen, and have rest?

Ye Ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's
 brow
 Adown enormous ravines slope amain— 50
 Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
 And stopped at once amid their maddest
 plunge!
 Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!
 Who made you glorious as the Gates of 5
 Heaven

Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the
 sun 55
 Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living
 flowers
 Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your
 feet?—
 God! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
 Answer! and let the ice-plains echo, God!
 God! sing ye meadow-streams with gladsome
 voice! 60
 Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like
 sounds!
 And they too have a voice, yon piles of snow,
 And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God!

Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost!
 Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's
 nest! 65
 Ye eagles, play-mates of the mountain-storm!
 Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!
 Ye signs and wonders of the element!
 Utter forth God, and fill the hills with praise!

Thou too, hoar Mount! with thy sky-point-
 ing peaks, 70
 Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard
 Shoots downward, glittering through the pure
 serene
 Into the depth of clouds, that veil thy
 breast—
 Thou too again, stupendous Mountain! thou
 That as I raise my head, awhile bowed low 75
 In adoration, upward from thy base
 Slow travelling with dim eyes suffused with
 tears,
 Solemnly seemest, like a vapoury cloud,
 To rise before me—Rise, O ever rise,
 Rise like a cloud of incense from the Earth! 80
 Thou kingly Spirit throned among the hills,
 Thou dread ambassador from Earth to
 Heaven,
 Great Hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,
 And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun, 85
 Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God

CHARACTERISTICS OF SHAKSPEARE'S DRAMAS

The stage in Shakspeare's time was a naked
 room with a blanket for a curtain, but he
 made it a field for monarchs That law of
 unity, which has its foundations, not in the
 factitious necessity of custom, but in nature
 itself—the unity of feeling—is everywhere
 and at all times observed by Shakspeare in

his plays Read Romeo and Juliet all is youth and spring —youth with its follies, its virtues, its precipitancies —spring with its odors, its flowers, and its transiency It is one and the same feeling that commences, goes through, and ends the play The old men, the Capulets and the Montagues, are not common old men they have an eagerness, a heartiness, a vehemence, the effect of spring with Romeo, his change of passion, his sudden marriage, and his rash death, are all the effects of youth, while in Juliet love has all that is tender and melancholy in the nightingale, all that is voluptuous in the rose, with whatever is sweet in the freshness of spring, but it ends with a long deep sigh, like the last breeze of the Italian evening This unity of feeling and character pervades every drama of Shakspeare

It seems to me that his plays are distinguished from those of all other dramatic poets by the following characteristics

1 Expectation in preference to surprise It is like the true reading of the passage—"God said, Let there be light, and there was *light*," —not there *was* light As the feeling with which we startle at a shooting star, compared with that of watching the sunrise at the pre-established moment, such and so low is surprise compared with expectation

2 Signal adherence to the great law of nature, that all opposites tend to attract and temper each other Passion in Shakspeare generally displays libertinism, but involves morality, and if there are exceptions to this, they are, independently of their intrinsic value, all of them indicative of individual character, and, like the farewell admonitions of the parent, have an end beyond the parental relation Thus the Countess's beautiful precepts to Bertram, by elevating her character, raise that of Helena her favorite, and soften down the point in her which Shakspeare does not mean us not to see, but to see and to forgive, and at length to justify And so it is in Polonius, who is the personified memory of wisdom no longer actually possessed This admirable character is always misrepresented on the stage Shakspeare never intended to exhibit him as a buffoon, for although it was natural that Hamlet,—a young man of fire and genius, detesting formality, and disliking Polonius on political grounds, as imagining that he had assisted his uncle in his usurpation, —should express himself satirically, yet this

must not be taken as exactly the poet's conception of him In Polonius a certain induration of character had arisen from long habits of business, but take his advice to Laertes, and Ophelia's reverence for his memory, and we shall see that he was meant to be represented as a statesman somewhat past his faculties—his recollections of life all full of wisdom, and showing a knowledge of human nature, whilst what immediately takes place before him, and escapes from him, is indicative of weakness

But as in Homer all the deities are in armor, even Venus, so in Shakspeare all the characters are strong Hence real folly and dullness are made by him the vehicles of wisdom There is no difficulty for one being a fool to imitate a fool, but to be, remain, and speak like a wise man and a great wit, and yet so as to give a vivid representation of a veritable fool,—*hic labor, hoc opus est* A drunken constable is not uncommon, nor hard to draw, but see and examine what goes to make up a Dogberry

3 Keeping at all times in the high-road of life Shakspeare has no innocent adulteries, no interesting incests, no virtuous vice he never renders that amiable which religion and reason alike teach us to detest, or clothes impunity in the garb of virtue, like Beaumont and Fletcher, the Kotzebues of the day Shakspeare's fathers are roused by ingratitude, his husbands stung by unfaithfulness, in him, in short, the affections are wounded in those points in which all may, nay, must, feel Let the morality of Shakspeare be contrasted with that of the writers of his own, or the succeeding age, or of those of the present day, who boast their superiority in this respect No one can dispute that the result of such a comparison is altogether in favor of Shakspeare. even the letters of women of high rank in his age were often coarser than his writings If he occasionally disgusts a keen sense of delicacy, he never injures the mind he neither excites, nor flatters passion, in order to degrade the subject of it he does not use the faulty thing for a faulty purpose, nor carries on warfare against virtue, by causing wickedness to appear as no wickedness, through the medium of a morbid sympathy with the unfortunate In Shakspeare vice never walks as in twilight. nothing is purposely out of its place he inverts not the order of nature and propriety,—does not make every magistrate a drunkard

or glutton, nor every poor man meek, humane, and temperate he has no benevolent butchers, nor any sentimental rat-catchers

4 Independence of the dramatic interest on the plot The interest in the plot is always in fact on account of the characters, not *vice versa*, as in almost all other writers the plot is a mere canvas and no more Hence arises the true justification of the same strata-
gem being used in regard to Benedict and Beatrice,—the vanity in each being alike 10 Take away from the Much Ado About Nothing all that is not indispensable to the plot, either as having little to do with it, or, at best, like Dogberry and his comrades, forced into the 15 service, when any other less ingeniously absurd watchmen and night-constables would have answered the mere necessities of the action—take away Benedict, Beatrice, Dog-
berry, and the reaction of the former on the 20 character of Hero,—and what will remain? In other writers the main agent of the plot is always the prominent character in Shak-
speare it is so, or is not so, as the character 25 is in itself calculated, or not calculated, to form the plot Don John is the mainspring of the plot of this play, but he is merely shown and then withdrawn

5 Independence of the interest on the story as the ground-work of the plot Hence 30 Shakespeare never took the trouble of inventing stories It was enough for him to select from those that had been already invented or recorded such as had one or other, or both, of two recommendations, namely, 35 suitability to his particular purpose, and their being parts of popular tradition,—names of which we had often heard, and of their fortunes, and as to which all we wanted was, to see the man himself So it is just the man 40 himself, the Lear, the Shylock, the Richard, that Shakespeare makes us for the first time acquainted with Omit the first scene in Lear, and yet everything will remain, so the first and second scenes in the Merchant of 45 Venice Indeed it is universally true

6 Interfusion of the lyrical—that which in its very essence is poetical—not only with the dramatic, as in the plays of Metastasio, where at the end of the scene comes the *aria* 50 as the *exit* speech of the character,—but also in and through the dramatic Songs in Shakespeare are introduced as songs only, just as songs are in real life, beautifully as some of them are characteristic of the person who has 55

sung or called for them, as Desdemona's "Willow," and Ophelia's wild snatches, and the sweet carolings in *As You Like It* But the whole of the *Midsummer Night's Dream* is one continued specimen of the dramatized lyrical And observe how exquisitely the dramatic of *Hotspur*,—

Marry, and I'm glad on't with all my heart,
I'd rather be a kitten and cry—mew, etc

melts away into the lyric of Mortimer —

I understand thy looks that pretty Welsh
Which thou pourest down from these swelling
heavens,

I am too perfect in, etc

Henry IV, part 1 act iii sc 1

7 The characters of the *dramatis personæ*, like those in real life, are to be inferred by the reader,—they are not told to him And it is worth remarking that Shakespeare's characters, like those in real life, are very commonly misunderstood, and almost always understood by different persons in different 25 ways The causes are the same in either case. If you take only what the friends of the character say, you may be deceived, and still more so, if that which his enemies say, nay, even the character himself sees himself through the medium of his character, and not exactly as he is Take all together, not omitting a shrewd hint from the clown or the fool, and perhaps your impression will be right, and you may know whether you have in fact dis- 30 covered the poet's own idea, by all the speeches receiving light from it, and attesting its reality by reflecting it

Lastly, in Shakespeare the heterogeneous is united, as it is in nature You must not suppose a pressure or passion always acting on or in the character!—passion in Shakespeare is that by which the individual is distinguished from others, not that which makes a different kind of him Shakespeare followed the main march of the human affections He entered into no analysis of the passions or faiths of men, but assured himself that such and such passions and faiths were grounded 35 in our common nature, and not in the mere accidents of ignorance or disease This is an important consideration and constitutes our Shakespeare the morning star, the guide and the pioneer, of true philosophy—*Notes on Shakespeare*, iv. 60.

CHARLES LAMB

(1775-1834)

In his essays Lamb has described the London in which he was born and where he lived a busy life. Before he entered upon his struggles to make a living, he had seven years of schooling at Christ's Hospital. At fourteen he went to work as a clerk in the South-Sea House. Two years of experience there furnished him with the material for his essay on that famous firm. For the next thirty-three years he was a clerk in the India House. His attitude toward the drudgery of this routine work is evident from *The Superannuated Man*, in which he celebrated his release by means of the grant of a pension by the firm he had served so faithfully. He wrote

"If peradventure, Reader, it has been thy lot to waste the golden years of thy life—thy shining youth—in the irksome confinement of an office, to have thy prison days prolonged through middle age down to decrepitude and silver hairs, without hope of release or respite, to have lived to forget that there are such things as holydays, or to remember them but as the prerogatives of childhood, then, and then only, will you be able to appreciate my deliverance."

The city with its crowds and excitement had an ever renewed interest for Lamb. He once wrote to Wordsworth, who urged him to come to the country, "My attachments are all local, purely local. I have no passion to groves and valleys." His fellow workers, his congenial friends, and even the chance acquaintances of the streets he portrayed with some good-humored satire. Lamb recalled the delightful hours spent in their company and allowed the reader to enjoy these recollections with him. He also liked to ramble on in a merry mood, giving his views on any subjects which occurred to him. The topic of the essay was merely a starting point for an entertaining conversation with the reader.

Few men burdened with Lamb's sorrow could have retained such a cheerful disposition. His sister, an intelligent and talented woman, was subject to recurring attacks of insanity. To her, he devoted his life. *Dream Children* suggests what might have been if this tragedy had not come upon them. Mary Lamb is the Cousin Bridget of the essays. At Lamb's house Wordsworth, Coleridge, and other famous men used to gather in order to discuss their

views with this amiable host and his sister.

In 1820 the first of the essays, later published as the *Essays of Elia* and *Last Essays of Elia*, appeared in the *London Magazine*. Lamb had already written a romance, *Rosamund Gray*, a drama, *John Woodvil*, some poetry, and two critical works, *Tales from Shakespeare* with the assistance of Mary and *Specimens of English Dramatic Poets Contemporary with Shakespeare*. This book rescued from obscurity the Elizabethan dramatists by giving the finest passages from their works and enthusiastic comments upon them. The essays, however, established his position in the literary world. For a pseudonym Lamb chose, half as a joke, *Elia*, the name of an Italian clerk, who was employed in the South-Sea House.

The Prince of Essayists has gained the affection of his readers through his humanity and charming style. It seems as though he were conversing amiably with you about his experiences and ideas. He takes you into his confidence and allows you to see his true self. Even when he is instructing you about old plays, he writes so easily that you are delighted and amused. No other essayist in English literature has revealed his personality so completely or portrayed so intimately his friends. He could develop the most trivial subject, such as *A Chapter on Ears* or *a Dissertation upon Roast Pig*, so cleverly that the reader enters at once into the spirit of the essay. Whether Lamb is seriously discussing literature or gaily chattering about his observations, he proves an equally agreeable companion.

In his essays he interpreted with humor and pathos the life about him. They are a mingling of fact and fiction in an intensely human manner. Their chief charm lies in their quaint expressions, their far-fetched comparisons, and their whimsical humor. Occasionally an epigrammatic sentence enforces a point. Lamb admired the older English writers, whom he often quoted, and derived some qualities of his style from them. Every essay, however, has some of his unique manner. His contemporaries are to be envied on account of their association with such an engaging personality.

THE SOUTH-SEA HOUSE

Reader, in thy passage from the Bank—where thou hast been receiving thy half-yearly dividends (supposing thou art a lean annuitant like myself)—to the Flower Pot,

to secure a place for Dalston, or Shacklewell, or some other thy suburban retreat northerly, didst thou never observe a melancholy-looking, handsome, brick and stone edifice to the left, where Threadneedle Street abuts upon Bishopsgate? I dare say thou hast often ad-

mired its magnificent portals ever gaping wide, and disclosing to view a grave court, with cloisters and pillars, with few or no traces of goers-in or comers-out—a desolation something like Balclutha's

This was once a house of trade, a centre of busy interests. The throng of merchants was here—the quick pulse of gain—and here some forms of business are still kept up, though the soul be long since fled. Here are still to be seen stately porticos, imposing staircases, offices roomy as the state apartments in palaces—deserted, or thinly peopled with a few straggling clerks, the still more sacred interiors of court and committee-rooms, with venerable faces of beadles, door-keepers—directors seated in form on solemn days (to proclaim a dead dividend) at long worm-eaten tables, that have been mahogany, with tarnished gilt-leather coverings, supporting massy silver inkstands long since dry, the oaken wainscots hung with pictures of deceased governors and sub-governors, of Queen Anne, and the two first monarchs of the Brunswick dynasty, huge charts, which subsequent discoveries have antiquated, dusty maps of Mexico, dim as dreams, and soundings of the Bay of Panama! The long passages hung with buckets, appended, in idle row, to walls, whose substance might defy any, short of the last, conflagration, with vast ranges of cellarage under all, where dollars and pieces of eight once lay, an “unsunned heap,” for Mammon to have solaced his solitary heart withal—long since dissipated, or scattered into air at the blast of the breaking of that famous Bubble

Such is the South-Sea House. At least such it was forty years ago, when I knew it—a magnificent relic! What alterations may have been made in it since, I have had no opportunities of verifying. Time, I take for granted, has not freshened it. No wind has resuscitated the face of the sleeping waters. A thicker crust by this time stagnates upon it. The moths, that were then battenning upon its obsolete ledgers and day-books, have rested from their depredations, but other light generations have succeeded, making fine fret-work among their single and double entries. Layers of dust have accumulated (a superfoetation of dirt) upon the old layers, that seldom used to be disturbed, save by some curious finger, now and then, inquisitive to explore the mode of book-keeping in Queen

Anne's reign, or, with less hallowed curiosity, seeking to unveil some of the mysteries of that tremendous Hoax, whose extent the petty speculators of our day look back upon with the same expression of incredulous admiration and hopeless ambition of rivalry as would become the puny face of modern conspiracy contemplating the Titan size of Vaux's super-human plot

Peace to the manes of the Bubble! Silence and destitution are upon thy walls, proud house, for a memorial!

Situated, as thou art, in the very heart of stirring and living commerce, amid the fret and fever of speculation, with the Bank and the 'Change, and the India House about thee, in the heyday of present prosperity, with their important faces, as it were, insulting thee, their *poor neighbour out of business*—to the idle and merely contemplative, to such as me, old house! there is a charm in thy quiet—a cessation, a coolness from business, an indolence almost cloistral, which is delightful! With what reverence have I paced thy great bare rooms and courts at eventide! They spoke of the past—the shade of some dead accountant, with visionary pen in ear, would fit by me, stiff as in life. Living accounts and accountants puzzle me. I have no skill in figuring. But thy great dead tomes, which scarce three degenerate clerks of the present day could lift from their enshrining shelves, with their old fantastic flourishes and decorative rubric interlacings, their sums in triple columnations, set down with formal superfluity of ciphers; with pious sentences at the beginning, without which our religious ancestors never ventured to open a book of business or bill of lading, the costly vellum covers of some of them almost persuading us that we are got into some better library, are very agreeable and edifying spectacles. I can look upon these defunct dragons with complacency. Thy heavy odd-shaped ivory-handled penknives (our ancestors had everything on a larger scale than we have hearts for) are as good as anything from Herculaneum. The pounce-boxes of our days have gone retrograde.

The very clerks which I remember in the South-Sea House—I speak of forty years back—had an air very different from those in the public offices that I have had to do with since. They partook of the genius of the place!

They were mostly (for the establishment

did not admit of superfluous salaries) bachelors Generally (for they had not much to do) persons of a curious and speculative turn of mind Old-fashioned, for a reason mentioned before, humourists, for they were of all descriptions, and, not having been brought together in early life (which has a tendency to assimilate the members of corporate bodies to each other), but, for the most part, placed in this house in ripe or middle age, they necessarily carried into it their separate habits and oddities, unqualified, if I may so speak, as into a common stock Hence they formed a sort of Noah's ark Odd fishes A lay-monastery Domestic retainers in a great house, kept more for show than use Yet pleasant fellows, full of chat, and not a few among them had arrived at considerable proficiency on the German flute

The cashier at that time was one Evans, a Cambro-Briton He had something of the choleric complexion of his countrymen stamped on his visage, but was a worthy, sensible man at bottom He wore his hair, to the last, powdered and frizzed out, in the fashion which I remember to have seen in caricatures of what were termed in my younger days, *Maccaromes* He was the last of that race of beaux Melancholy as a gib-cat over his counter all the forenoon, I think I see him making up his cash (as they call it) with tremulous fingers, as if he feared every one about him was a defaulter, in his hypochondry, ready to imagine himself one, haunted, at least, with the idea of the possibility of his becoming one, his tristful visage clearing up a little over his roast neck of veal at Anderton's at two (where his picture still hangs, taken a little before his death by desire of the master of the coffee-house which he had frequented for the last five-and-twenty years), but not attaining the meridian of its animation till evening brought on the hour of tea and visiting The simultaneous sound of his well-known rap at the door with the stroke of the clock announcing six, was a topic of never-failing mirth in the families which this dear old bachelor gladdened with his presence Then was his *forte*, his glorified hour! How would he chirp and expand over a muffin! How would he dilate into secret history! His countryman, Pennant himself, in particular, could not be more eloquent than he in relation to old and new London—the site of old theatres, churches, streets gone to decay, where

Rosamond's pond stood, the Mulberry-gardens, and the Conduit in Cheap, with many a pleasant anecdote, derived from paternal tradition, of those grotesque figures which Hogarth has immortalized in his picture of "Noon"—the worthy descendants of those heroic confessors, who, flying to this country from the wrath of Louis the Fourteenth and his dragoons, kept alive the flame of pure religion in the sheltering obscurities of Hog Lane and the vicinity of Seven Dials!

Deputy, under Evans, was Thomas Tame He had the air and stoop of a nobleman You would have taken him for one, had you met him in one of the passages leading to Westminster Hall By stoop, I mean that gentle bending of the body forward, which, in great men, must be supposed to be the effect of an habitual condescending attention to the applications of their inferiors While he held you in converse, you felt strained to the height in the colloquy The conference over, you were at leisure to smile at the comparative insignificance of the pretensions which had just awed you His intellect was of the shallowest order It did not reach to a saw or a proverb His mind was in its original state of white paper A sucking-babe might have posed him What was it, then? Was he rich? Alas, no! Thomas Tame was very poor Both he and his wife looked outwardly gentlefolks, when I fear all was not well at all times within She had a neat meagre person, which it was evident she had not sinned in overpampering, but in its veins was noble blood She traced her descent, by some labyrinth of relationship, which I never thoroughly understood, much less can explain with any heraldic certainty at this time of day, to the illustrious but unfortunate house of Derwentwater This was the secret of Thomas's stoop This was the thought, the sentiment, the bright solitary star of your lives, ye mild and happy pair, which cheered you in the night of intellect, and in the obscurity of your station! This was to you instead of riches, instead of rank, instead of glittering attainments, and it was worth them all together You insulted none with it, but, while you wore it as a piece of defensive armour only, no insult likewise could reach you through it *Decus et solamen*!

Of quite another stamp was the then accountant, John Tipp He neither pretended to high blood, nor in good truth cared one

fig about the matter. He "thought an accountant the greatest character in the world, and himself the greatest accountant in it." Yet John was not without his hobby. The fiddle relieved his vacant hours. He sang, certainly, with other notes than to the Orphean lyre. He did, indeed, scream and scrape most abominably. His fine suite of official rooms in Threadneedle Street, which, without anything very substantial appended to them, were enough to enlarge a man's notions of himself that lived in them (I know not who is the occupier of them now), resounded fortnightly to the notes of a concert of "sweet breasts," as our ancestors would have called them, culled from club-rooms and orchestras, chorus singers, first and second violoncellos, double basses, and clarionets, who ate his cold mutton and drank his punch and praised his ear. He sat like Lord Midas among them. But at the desk Tipp was quite another sort of creature. Thence all ideas that were purely ornamental were banished. You could not speak of anything romantic without rebuke. Politics were excluded. A newspaper was thought too refined and abstracted. The whole duty of man consisted in writing off dividend warrants. The striking of the annual balance in the company's books (which, perhaps, differed from the balance of last year in the sum of £25 1s 6d) occupied his days and nights for a month previous. Not that Tipp was blind to the deadness of *things* (as they call them in the city) in his beloved house, or did not sigh for a return of the old stirring days when South-Sea hopes were young (he was indeed equal to the wielding of any of the most intricate accounts of the most flourishing company in these or those days), but to a genuine accountant the difference of proceeds is as nothing. The fractional farthing is as dear to his heart as the thousands which stand before it. He is the true actor, who, whether his part be a prince or a peasant, must act it with like intensity. With Tipp form was everything. His life was formal. His actions seemed ruled with a ruler. His pen was not less erring than his heart. He made the best executor in the world. He was plagued with incessant executorships accordingly, which excited his spleen and soothed his vanity in equal ratios. He would swear (for Tipp swore) at the little orphans, whose rights he would guard with a tenacity like the grasp of the

dying hand that commended their interests to his protection. With all this there was about him a sort of timidity (his enemies used to give it a worse name)—a something which, in reverence to the dead, we will place, if you please, a little on this side of the heroic. Nature certainly had been pleased to endow John Tipp with a sufficient measure of the principle of self-preservation. There is a cowardice which we do not despise, because it has nothing base or treacherous in its elements, it betrays itself, not you, it is mere temperament, the absence of the romantic and the enterprising, it sees a lion in the way, and will not, with Fortunbras, "greatly find quarrel in a straw," when some supposed honour is at stake. Tipp never mounted the box of a stage-coach in his life, or leaned against the rails of a balcony, or walked upon the ridge of a parapet, or looked down a precipice, or let off a gun, or went upon a waterparty, or would willingly let you go if he could have helped it, neither was it recorded of him, that for lucre, or for intimidation, he ever forsook friend or principle.

Whom next shall we summon from the dusty dead, in whom common qualities become uncommon? Can I forget thee, Henry Man, the wit, the polished man of letters, the *author*, of the South-Sea House? who never enteredst thy office in a morning or quittedst it in midday (what didst *thou* in an office?) without some quirk that left a sting! Thy gibes and thy jokes are now extinct, or survive but in two forgotten volumes, which I had the good fortune to rescue from a stall in Barbican, not three days ago, and found thee terse, fresh, epigrammatic, as alive. Thy wit is a little gone by in these fastidious days—thy topics are staled by the "new-born gauds" of the time but great thou used to be in Public Ledgers, and in Chronicles, upon Chatham, and Shelburne, and Rockingham, and Howe, and Burgoyne, and Clinton, and the war which ended in the tearing from Great Britain her rebellious colonies, and Keppel, and Wilkes, and Sawbridge, and Bull, and Dunning, and Pratt, and Richmond—and such small politics.

A little less facetious, and a great deal more obstreperous, was fine rattling, rattle-headed Plumer. He was descended, not in a right line, reader (for his lineal pretensions, like his personal, favoured a little of the sinister bend)—from the Plumers of Hert-

fordshire So tradition gave him out, and certain family features not a little sanctioned the opinion Certainly old Walter Plumer (his reputed author) had been a rake in his days, and visited much in Italy, and had seen the world He was uncle, bachelor-uncle, to the fine old whig still living, who has represented the county in so many successive parliaments, and has a fine old mansion near Ware Walter flourished in George the Second's days, and was the same who was summoned before the House of Commons about a business of franks, with the old Duchess of Marlborough You may read of it in Johnson's *Life of Cave* Cave came off cleverly in that business It is certain our Plumer did nothing to dis- 10 contentance the rumour He rather seemed pleased whenever it was, with all gentleness, insinuated But, besides his family pretensions, Plumer was an engaging fellow, and sang gloriously 20

Not so sweetly sang Plumer, as thou sangest, mild, childlike, pastoral M— a flute's breathing less divinely whispering than thy Arcadian melodies, when, in tones worthy of Arden, thou didst chant that song sung by Amiens to the banished Duke, which proclaims the winter wind more lenient than for a man to be ungrateful Thy sire was old surly M—, the unapproachable church warden of Bishopsgate He knew not what he did, when he begat thee, like spring, gentle offspring of blustering winter—only unfortunate in thy ending, which should have been mild, conciliatory, swan-like. 30

Much remains to sing Many fantastic shapes rise up, but they must be mine in private already I have fooled the reader to the top of his bent, else could I omit that strange creature Woollet, who existed in trying the question, and *bought litigations?*— 40 and still stranger, unimitable, solemn Hepworth, from whose gravity Newton might have deduced the law of gravitation How profoundly would he nib a pen, with what deliberation would he wet a wafer!

'But it is time to close—night's wheels are rattling fast over me—it is proper to have done with this solemn mockery

Reader, what if I have been playing with thee all this while, peradventure the very names, which I have summoned up before thee, are fantastic, insubstantial, like Henry Pimpernel, and old John Naps of Greece!

Be satisfied that something answering to

them has had a being Their importance is from the past

DREAM-CHILDREN, A REVERIE

Children love to listen to stories about their elders, when *they* were children, to stretch their imagination to the conception of a traditional great-uncle, or grandame, whom they never saw It was in this spirit that my little ones crept about me the other evening to hear about their great-grandmother Field, who lived in a great house in Norfolk (a hundred times bigger than that in which they and papa lived) which had been the scene—so at least it was generally believed in that part of the country—of the tragic incidents which they had lately become familiar with from the ballad of the Children in the Wood Certain it is that the whole story of the children and their cruel uncle was to be seen fairly carved out in wood upon the chimney-piece of the great hall, the whole story down to the Robin Redbreasts, till a foolish rich person pulled it down to set up a marble one of modern invention in its stead, with no story upon it Here Alice put out one of her dear mother's looks, too tender to be called upbraiding Then I went on to say, how religious and how good their great-grandmother Field was, how beloved and respected by every body, though she was not indeed the mistress of this great house, but 35 had only the charge of it (and yet in some respects she might be said to be the mistress of it too) committed to her by the owner, who preferred living in a newer and more fashionable mansion which he had purchased somewhere in the adjoining county, but still she lived in it in a manner as if it had been her own, and kept up the dignity of the great house in a sort while she lived, which afterwards came to decay, and was nearly pulled down, and all its old ornaments stripped and carried away to the owner's other house, where they were set up, and looked as awkward as if some one were to carry away the old tombs they had seen lately at the Abbey, and stick them up in Lady C's tawdry gilt drawing-room Here John smiled, as much as to say, "that would be foolish indeed" And then I told how, when she came to die, her funeral was attended by a concourse of all the poor, 55 and some of the gentry too, of the neighbour-

hood for many miles round, to show their respect for her memory, because she had been such a good and religious woman, so good indeed that she knew all the Psalter by heart, ay, and a great part of the Testament besides. Here little Alice spread her hands. Then I told what a tall, upright, graceful person their great-grandmother Field once was, and how in her youth she was esteemed the best dancer—here Alice's little right foot played an involuntary movement, till, upon my looking grave, it desisted—the best dancer, I was saying, in the county, till a cruel disease, called a cancer, came, and bowed her down with pain, but it could never bend her good spirits, or make them stoop, but they were still upright, because she was so good and religious. Then I told how she was used to sleep by herself in a lone chamber of the great lone house, and how she believed that an apparition of two infants was to be seen at midnight gliding up and down the great staircase near where she slept, but she said “those innocents would do her no harm,” and how frightened I used to be, though in those days I had my maid to sleep with me, because I was never half so good or religious as she—and yet I never saw the infants. Here John expanded all his eye-brows and tried to look courageous. Then I told how good she was to all her grand-children, having us to the great-house in the holydays, where I in particular used to spend many hours by myself, in gazing upon the old busts of the Twelve Cæsars, that had been Emperors of Rome, till the old marble heads would seem to live again, or I to be turned into marble with them, how I never could be tired with roaming about that huge mansion, with its vast empty rooms, with their worn-out hangings, fluttering tapestry, and carved oaken panels, with the gilding almost rubbed out—sometimes in the spacious old-fashioned gardens, which I had almost to myself, unless when now and then a solitary gardening man would cross me—and how the nectarines and peaches hung upon the walls, without my ever offering to pluck them, because they were forbidden fruit, unless now and then,—and because I had more pleasure in strolling about among the old melancholy-looking yew trees, or the firs, and picking up the red berries, and the fir apples, which were good for nothing but to look at—or in lying about upon the fresh grass, with all the fine garden

smells around me—or basking in the or-angery, till I could almost fancy myself ripening too along with the oranges and the limes in that grateful warmth—or in watching the dace that darted to and fro in the fish-pond, at the bottom of the garden, with here and there a great sulky pike hanging midway down the water in silent state, as if it mocked at their impertinent friskings,—I had more pleasure in these busy-idle diversions than in all the sweet flavours of peaches, nectarines, oranges, and such like common baits of children. Here John slyly deposited back upon the plate a bunch of grapes, which, not unobserved by Alice, he had meditated dividing with her, and both seemed willing to relinquish them for the present as irrelevant. Then in somewhat a more heightened tone, I told how, though their great-grandmother Field loved all her grandchildren, yet in an especial manner she might be said to love their uncle, John L—, because he was so handsome and spirited a youth, and a king to the rest of us, and, instead of moping about in solitary corners, like some of us, he would mount the most mettlesome horse he could get, when but an imp no bigger than themselves, and make it carry him half over the county in a morning, and join the hunters when there were any out—and yet he loved the old great house and gardens too, but had too much spirit to be always pent up within their boundaries—and how their uncle grew up to man's estate as brave as he was handsome, to the admiration of every body, but of their great-grandmother Field most especially, and how he used to carry me upon his back when I was a lame-footed boy—for he was a good bit older than me—many a mile when I could not walk for pain,—and how in after life he became lame-footed too, and I did not always (I fear) make allowances enough for him when he was impatient, and in pain, nor remember sufficiently how considerate he had been to me when I was lame-footed, and how when he died, though he had not been dead an hour, it seemed as if he had died a great while ago, such a distance there is betwixt life and death, and how I bore his death as I thought pretty well at first, but afterwards it haunted and haunted me, and though I did not cry or take it to heart as some do, and as I think he would have done if I had died, yet I missed him all day long, and knew not till

then how much I had loved him I missed his kindness, and I missed his crossness, and wished him to be alive again, to be quarrelling with him (for we quarrelled sometimes) rather than not have him again, and was as uneasy without him, as he their poor uncle must have been when the doctor took off his limb. Here the children fell a crying, and asked if their little mourning which they had on was not for uncle John, and they looked up, and prayed me not to go on about their uncle, but to tell them some stories about their pretty dead mother. Then I told how for seven long years, in hope sometimes, sometimes in despair, yet persisting ever, I courted the fair Alice W——n, and, as much as children could understand, I explained to them what coyness, and difficulty, and demal meant in maidens—when suddenly, turning to Alice, the soul of the first Alice looked out at her eyes with such a reality of re-

presentment, that I became in doubt which of them stood there before me, or whose that bright hair was, and while I stood gazing, both the children gradually grew fainter to my view, receding, and still receding till nothing at last but two mournful features were seen in the uttermost distance, which, without speech, strangely impressed upon me the effects of speech. "We are not of Alice, nor of thee, nor are we children at all. The children of Alice call Bartrum father. We are nothing, less than nothing, and dreams. We are only what might have been, and must wait upon the tedious shores of Lethe millions of ages before we have existence, and a name"—and immediately awaking, I found myself quietly seated in my bachelor arm-chair, where I had fallen asleep, with the faithful Bridget unchanged by my side—but John L (or James Elia) was gone for ever.

WILLIAM HAZLITT (1778-1830)

Unusually sensitive to his environment Hazlitt at an early age acquired from his father and older brother the two interests which were to determine his later activities. His father, a Unitarian minister, held very positive views concerning politics and religion. He had so much sympathy for the American colonists in their struggle for liberty that he took his family to America, where he hoped to obtain a pastorate. After preaching for three years at Weymouth and Dorchester, Massachusetts, he returned to England and accepted a call to Wem in the western part of England. From conversations with his father in this rural community Hazlitt's intellectual curiosity was aroused. He delved into many fields of knowledge and pondered over abstract questions. Although his father wished him to become a minister, Hazlitt was more inclined to follow his brother's profession, painting.

At the same time Hazlitt was reading English literature as well as philosophy. Burke's *Letter to a Noble Lord* inspired him with a desire to write effective prose. In 1798 he met Coleridge, who invited him to Nether Stowey. During a visit of three weeks' duration his association with Wordsworth and Coleridge further increased his aspirations to write. But he had difficulty in expressing his ideas and so turned once more to painting.

He spent four months in Paris copying pictures in the Louvre and nearly three years wandering about England and painting portraits. Although he did some good work, he finally came to the conclusion that he would never be a great painter. The most valuable result of these years was the friendship with Charles Lamb, whose portrait in "the costume of a Venetian senator" Hazlitt painted. Of all his friends Lamb alone was not alienated in later years by Hazlitt's bad temper.

Hazlitt could never remain long on intimate terms with anyone. He was extremely selfish, quick to take offense, suspicious of those with whom he came into contact, sensitive to criticism or ridicule, and very shy. He quarreled with most of his contemporaries because he imagined some personal slight to his views or manners. His first wife, Sarah Stoddard, left him after ten years of an unhappy marriage, and later they were divorced. Sarah Walker, a tailor's daughter, with whom he became infatuated, refused to marry him probably because she had learned his peculiarities too well while he was a lodger at her mother's house. His second wife, Isabella Bridgewater, did not return to England with him after they had toured the Continent. Thereafter he lived alone in various inns. His natural temperament and his experiences caused him to

become a cynic and hater of the injustice and falsehood so common in human relationships. He fought for freedom of thought and frankness of expression.

Many of Hazlitt's essays appeared first in periodicals. He wrote parliamentary reports and critical articles for the *Morning Chronicle* and later became the principal critic for Leigh Hunt's *Examiner*. He also contributed to other papers essays on the drama, painting, and literature. Another source of income was several courses of lectures, the most important of which dealt with the *English Poets* and the *Dramatic Literature of the Age of Elizabeth*. These lectures gave to his hearers a more appreciative understanding of the writers discussed. They were, however, so severely treated by the critical reviews that Hazlitt was incited to reply in a letter to Gifford, who had written a most scathing article for the *Quarterly Review*. Hazlitt believed that this article had practically ruined the sale of the second edition of his *Characters of Shakespeare's Plays*.

Hazlitt's essays were collected in *The Round Table, A Review of the English Stage, Table Talk, The Spirit of the Age, and The Plain Speaker*. Another work, somewhat less valuable because of undue reverence for the subject but one to which he gave an enormous amount of labor, was the *Life of Napoleon* in four volumes. As a critic Hazlitt was sometimes carried away by enthusiasm or biased prejudice, but generally his opinions were sound. His detractors accused him of being superficial and of lacking a wide knowledge of literature. He did, however, show his readers how to enjoy pictures, plays, and books, for he believed, the primary aim of art was to please. Consequently his personal taste played a larger part in his judgments than careful analysis according to predetermined standards.

Although Hazlitt deserves a leading place among English critics, he did his best writing when he was recalling some past experience, describing some impressive scene, giving some entertaining views, or making some shrewd comment on what he had observed. Such essays as *On Going on a Journey, Of Persons One Would Wish to Have Seen, On Living to One's Self, On the Pleasures of Hating, On Familiar Style, On the Pleasure of Painting, The Fight* reveal his sympathetic understanding of ordinary life. When Hazlitt dealt with these subjects, his style was fluent and forceful. By repetition, parallel construction, adroit phrases, and appropriate quotations, he conveyed his meaning clearly and definitely. No matter what his subject might be, Hazlitt said something worthy of attention.

ON FAMILIAR STYLE

(From *Table Talk*)

It is not easy to write a familiar style. Many people mistake a familiar for a vulgar style, and suppose that to write without affectation is to write at random. On the contrary, there is nothing that requires more precision, and, if I may so say, purity of expression, than the style I am speaking of. It utterly rejects not only all unmeaning pomp, but all low, cant phrases, and loose, unconnected, *slapshod* allusions. It is not to take the first word that offers, but the best word in common use, it is not to throw words together in any combinations we please, but to follow and avail ourselves of the true idiom of the language. To write a genuine familiar or truly English style, is to write as any one would speak in common conversation, who had a thorough command and choice of words, or who could discourse with ease, force, and perspicuity, setting aside all pedantic and oratorical flourishes. Or to give another illustration, to write naturally is the same thing in regard to common conversation, as to read naturally is in regard to common speech. It does not follow that it is an easy thing to give the true accent and inflection to the words you utter, because you do not attempt to rise above the level of ordinary life and colloquial speaking. You do not assume indeed the solemnity of the pulpit, or the tone of stage-declamation, neither are you at liberty to gabble on at a venture, without emphasis or discretion, or to resort to vulgar dialect or clownish pronunciation. You must steer a middle course. You are tied down to a given and appropriate articulation, which is determined by the habitual associations between sense and sound, and which you can only hit by entering into the author's meaning, as you must find the proper words and style to express yourself by fixing your thoughts on the subject you have to write about. Any one may mouth out a passage with a theatrical cadence, or get upon stilts to tell his thoughts but to write or speak with propriety and simplicity is a more difficult task. Thus it is easy to affect a pompous style, to use a word twice as big as the thing you want to express; it is not so easy to pitch upon the very word that exactly fits it. Out of eight or ten words equally common, equally intelligible, with nearly equal pretensions, it is a matter of some nicety and discrimination to pick out the very one, the preferableness of which is scarcely perceptible, but decisive. The reason why I object to Dr Johnson's style is, that there is no discrimination, no selection, no variety in it. He uses none but "tall, opaque words," taken from the "first row of the rubric,"—words with the greatest number of syllables, or Latin phrases with merely English terminations. If a fine style depended on this sort of arbitrary pretension, it would be fair to judge of an author's elegance by the measurement of his words, and the substitution of foreign circumlocutions (with no precise associations) for the mother-tongue. How simple it is to be dignified without ease, to be pompous without meaning! Surely, it is but a mechanical rule for avoiding what is low to be always pedantic and affected. It is clear you cannot use a vulgar English word, if you never use a common English word at all. A fine tact is shewn in adhering to those which are perfectly common, and yet never falling into any expressions which are debased by disgusting circumstances, or which owe their signification and point to technical or professional allusions. A truly natural or familiar style can never be quaint or vulgar, for this reason, that it is of universal force and applicability, and that quaintness and vulgarity arise out of the immediate connection of certain words with coarse and disagreeable, or with confined ideas. The last form what we understand by *cant* or *slang* phrases—To give an example of what is not very clear in the general statement. I should say that the phrase *To cut with a knife*, or *To cut a piece of wood*, is perfectly free from vulgarity, because it is perfectly common; but to *cut an acquaintance* is not quite unexceptionable, because it is not perfectly common or intelligible, and has hardly yet escaped out of the limits of slang phraseology. I should hardly therefore use the word in this sense without putting it in italics as a license of expression, to be received *cum grano salis*. All provincial or bye-phrases come under the same mark of reprobation—all such as the writer transfers to the page from his fireside or a particular *coterie*, or that he invents for his own sole use and convenience. I conceive that words are like money, not the worse for being common, but that it is the stamp of custom alone that gives them circu-

lation or value I am fastidious in this respect, and would almost as soon coin the currency of the realm as counterfeit the King's English I never invented or gave a new and unauthorised meaning to any word but one single one (the term *impersonal* applied to feelings) and that was in an abstruse metaphysical discussion to express a very difficult distinction I have been (I know) loudly accused of revelling in vulgarisms and broken English I cannot speak to that point but so far I plead guilty to the determined use of acknowledged idioms and common elliptical expressions I am not sure that the critics in question know the one from the other, that is, can distinguish any medium between formal pedantry and the most barbarous solecism As an author, I endeavour to employ plain words and popular modes of construction, as were I a chapman and dealer, I should common weights and measures

The proper force of words lies not in the words themselves, but in their application A word may be a fine-sounding word, of an unusual length, and very imposing from its learning and novelty, and yet in the connection in which it is introduced, may be quite pointless and irrelevant It is not pomp or pretension, but the adaptation of the expression to the idea that clenches a writer's meaning — as it is not the size or glossiness of the materials, but their being fitted each to its place, that gives strength to the arch, or as the pegs and nails are as necessary to the support of the building as the larger timbers, and more so than the mere showy, unsubstantial ornaments I hate anything that occupies more space than it is worth I hate to see a load of band-boxes go along the street, and I hate to see a parcel of big words without anything in them A person who does not deliberately dispose of all his thoughts alike in cumbrous draperies and flimsy disguises, may strike out twenty varieties of familiar everyday language, each coming somewhat nearer to the feeling he wants to convey, and at last not hit upon that particular and only one, which may be said to be identical with the exact impression in his mind This would seem to show that Mr Cobbett is hardly right in saying that the first word that occurs is always the best It may be a very good one; and yet a better may present itself on reflection or from time to time It should be suggested

naturally, however, and spontaneously, from a fresh and lively conception of the subject We seldom succeed by trying at improvement, or by merely substituting one word for another that we are not satisfied with, as we cannot recollect the name of a place or person by merely plaguing ourselves about it We wander farther from the point by persisting in a wrong scent, but it starts up accidentally in the memory when we least expected it, by touching some link in the chain of previous association

There are those who hoard up and make a cautious display of nothing but rich and rare phraseology,—ancient medals, obscure coins, and Spanish pieces of eight They are very curious to inspect, but I myself would neither offer nor take them in the course of exchange A sprinkling of archaisms is not amiss, but a tissue of obsolete expressions is more fit *for keep than wear* I do not say I would not use any phrase that had been brought into fashion before the middle or the end of the last century, but I should be shy of using any that had not been employed by any approved author during the whole of that time Words, like clothes, get old-fashioned, or mean and ridiculous, when they have been for some time laid aside Mr Lamb is the only imitator of old English style I can read with pleasure, and he is so thoroughly imbued with the spirit of his authors, that the idea of imitation is almost done away with There is an inward unction, a marrowy vein both in the thought and feeling, an intuition, deep and lively, of his subject, that carries off any quaintness or awkwardness arising from an antiquated style and dress The matter is completely his own, though the manner is assumed Perhaps his ideas are altogether so marked and individual, as to require their point and pungency to be neutralised by the affectation of a singular but traditional form of conveyance Tricked out in the prevailing costume, they would probably seem more startling and out of the way The old English authors, Burton, Fuller, Coryate, Sir Thomas Browne, are a kind of mediators between us and the more eccentric and whimsical modern, reconciling us to his peculiarities I do not however know how far this is the case or not, till he condescends to write like one of us I must confess that what I like best of his papers under the signature of Elia (still I do not presume, amidst such excellence, to de-

cide what is most excellent) is the account of *Mrs Battle's Opinions on Whist*, which is also the most free from obsolete allusions and turns of expression—

"A well of native English undefiled"

To those acquainted with his admired prototypes, these Essays of the ingenious and highly gifted author have the same sort of charm and relish, that Erasmus's Colloquies or a fine piece of modern Latin have to the classical scholar. Certainly, I do not know any borrowed pencil that has more power of felicity of execution than the one of which I have here been speaking

It is as easy to write a gaudy style without ideas, as it is to spread a pallet of showy colours, or to smear in a flaunting transparency "What do you read?"—"Words, words, words"—"What is the matter?"—"Nothing," it might be answered. The florid style is the reverse of the familiar. The last is employed as an unvarnished medium to convey ideas, the first is resorted to as a spangled veil to conceal the want of them. When there is nothing to be set down but words, it costs little to have them fine. Look through the dictionary, and cull out a *florilegium*, rival the *tulippomama*. Rouge high enough, and never mind the natural complexion. The vulgar, who are not in the secret, will admire the look of preternatural health and vigour, and the fashionable, who regard only appearances, will be delighted with the imposition. Keep to your sounding generalities, your tinkling phrases, and all will be well. Swell out an unmeaning truism to a perfect tympany of style. A thought, a distinction is the rock on which all this brittle cargo of verbiage splits at once. Such writers have merely *verbal* imaginations, that retain nothing but words. Or their puny thoughts have dragon-wings, all green and gold. They soar far above the vulgar failing of the *Sermo humi obrepens*—their most ordinary speech is never short of an hyperbole, splendid, imposing, vague, incomprehensible, magniloquent, a cento of sounding common-places. If some of us, whose "ambition is more lowly," pry a little too narrowly into nooks and corners to pick up a number of "unconsidered trifles," they never once direct their eyes or lift their hands to seize on any but the most gorgeous, tarnished, thread-bare patch-work set of phrases, the

left-off finery of poetic extravagance, transmitted down through successive generations of barren pretenders. If they criticise actors and actresses, a huddled phantasmagoria of feathers, spangles, floods of light, and oceans of sound float before their morbid sense, which they paint in the style of Ancient Pistol. Not a glimpse can you get of the merits or defects of the performers: they are hidden in a profusion of barbarous epithets and wilful rhodomontade. Our hypercritics are not thinking of these little fantoccini beings—

"That strut and fret their hour upon the stage"—

but of tall phantoms of words, abstractions, *genera* and *species*, sweeping clauses, periods that unite the Poles, forced alliterations, astounding antitheses—

"And on their pens *Fustian* sits plumed"

If they describe kings and queens, it is an Eastern pageant. The Coronation at either House is nothing to it. We get at four repeated images—a curtain, a throne, a sceptre, and a foot-stool. These are with them the wardrobe of a lofty imagination, and they turn their servile strains to servile uses. Do we read a description of pictures? It is not a reflection of tones and hues which "nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on," but piles of precious stones, rubies, pearls, emeralds, Golconda's mines, and all the blazonry of art. Such persons are in fact besotted with words, and their brains are turned with the glittering, but empty and sterile phantoms of things. Personifications, capital letters, seas of sunbeams, visions of glory, shining inscriptions, the figures of transparency, Britannia with her shield, or Hope leaning on an anchor, make up their stock in trade. They may be considered as *hieroglyphical* writers. Images stand out in their minds isolated and important merely in themselves, without any ground work of feeling—there is no context in their imaginations. Words affect them in the same way, by the mere sound, that is, by their possible, not by their actual application to the subject in hand. They are fascinated by first appearances, and have no sense of consequences. Nothing more is meant by them than meets the ear: they understand or feel nothing more than meets their eye. The web and texture of the universe, and of the heart

of man, is a mystery to them they have no faculty that strikes a chord in unison with it. They cannot get beyond the daubings of fancy, the varnish of sentiment. Objects are not linked to feelings, words to things, but images revolve in splendid mockery, words represent themselves in their strange rhapsodies. The categories of such a mind are pride and ignorance—pride in outside show, to which they sacrifice every thing, and ignorance of the true worth and hidden structure both of words and things. With a sovereign contempt for what is familiar and natural, they are the slaves of vulgar affectation—of a routine of high-flown phrases. Scorning to imitate realities, they are unable to invent any thing, to strike out one original idea. They are not copyists of nature, it is true but they are the poorest of all plagiarists, the plagiarists of words. All is far-fetched, dear-bought, artificial, oriental in subject and allusion all is mechanical, conventional, vapid, formal, pedantic in style and execution. They startle and confound the understanding of the reader, by the remoteness and obscurity of their illustrations they soothe the ear by the monotony of the same everlasting round of circuitous metaphors. They are the *mock-school* in poetry and prose. They flounder about between fustian in expression, and bathos in sentiment. They tantalise the fancy, but never reach the head nor touch the heart. Their Temple of Fame is like a shadowy structure raised by Dulness to Vanity, or like Cowper's description of the Empress of Russia's palace of ice, as "worthless as in shew 'twas glittering"—

"It smiled, and it was cold!"

THE FIGHT

"—The fight, the fight's the thing
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the King"

Where there's a will, there's a way—I said so to myself, as I walked down Chancery-lane, about half-past six o'clock on Monday the 10th of December, to inquire at Jack Randall's where the fight the next day was to be; and I found "the proverb" nothing "musty" in the present instance. I was determined to see this fight, come what would, and see it I did, in great style. It was my *first fight*, yet it more than answered my expectations. Ladies! it is to you I dedicate

this description, nor let it seem out of character for the fair to notice the exploits of the brave. Courage and modesty are the old English virtues, and may they never look cold and askance on one another! Think, ye fairest of the fair, loveliest of the lovely kind, ye practisers of soft enchantment, how many more ye kill with poisoned baits than ever fell in the ring and listen with subdued air and without shuddering, to a tale tragic only in appearance, and sacred to the FANCY!

I was going down Chancery-lane, thinking to ask at Jack Randall's where the fight was to be, when looking through the glass door of the *Hole in the Wall*, I heard a gentleman asking the same question at Mrs Randall, as the author of *Waverley* would express it. Now Mrs Randall stood answering the gentleman's question, with the authenticity of the lady of the Champion of the Light Weights. Thinks I, I'll wait till this person comes out, and learn from him how it is. For to say a truth, I was not fond of going into this house of call for heroes and philosophers, ever since the owner of it (for Jack is no gentleman) threatened once upon a time to kick me out of doors for wanting a mutton-chop at his hospitable board, when the conqueror in thirteen battles was more full of *blue rum* than of good manners. I was the more mortified at this repulse, inasmuch as I had heard Mr James Simpkins, hosier in the Strand, one day when the character of the *Hole in the Wall* was brought in question, observe—"The house is a very good house, and the company quite genteel. I have been there myself!" Remembering this unkind treatment of mine host, to which mine hostess was also a party, and not wishing to put her in unquiet thoughts at a time jubilant like the present, I waited at the door, when who should issue forth but my friend Joe Toms, and turning suddenly up Chancery-lane with that quick jerk and impatient stride which distinguishes a lover of the FANCY, I said, "I'll be hanged if that fellow is not going to the fight, and is on his way to get me to go with him." So it proved in effect, and we agreed to adjourn to my lodgings to discuss matters with that cordiality which makes old friends like new, and new friends like old, on great occasions. We are cold to others only when we are dull in ourselves, and have neither thoughts nor feelings to impart to them. Give a man a topic in his head, a throb of pleasure in

his heart, and he will be glad to share it with the first person he meets. Toms and I, though we seldom meet, were an *alter idem* on this memorable occasion, and had not an idea that we did not candidly impart, and "so carelessly did we fleet the time," that I wish no better, when there is another fight, than to have him for a companion on my journey down, and to return with my friend Jack Pigott, talking of what was to happen or of what did happen, with a noble subject always at hand, and liberty to digress to others whenever they offered. Indeed, on my repeating the lines from Spenser in an involuntary fit of enthusiasm,

"What more felicity can fall to creature
Than to enjoy delight with liberty?"

my last-named ingenious friend stopped me by saying that this, translated into the vulgate, meant "*Going to see a fight*"

Joe Toms and I could not settle about the method of going down. He said there was a caravan, he understood, to start from Tom Belcher's at two, which would go there *right out* and back again the next day. Now I never travel all night, and said I should get a cast to Newbury by one of the mails. Joe swore the thing was impossible, and I could only answer that I had made up my mind to it. In short, he seemed to me to waver, said he only came to see if I was going, had letters to write, a cause coming on the day after, and faintly said at parting (for I was bent on setting out that moment)—"Well, we meet at Philippi!" I made the best of my way to Piccadilly. The mail coach stand was bare. "They are all gone," said I—"this is always the way with me—in the instant I lose the future—if I had not stayed to pour out that last cup of tea, I should have been just in time"—and cursing my folly and ill-luck together, without inquiring at the coach-office whether the mails were gone or not, I walked on in despite, and to punish my own dilatoriness and want of determination. At any rate, I would not turn back. I might get to Hounslow, or perhaps farther, to be on my road the next morning. I passed Hyde Park Corner (my Rubicon) and trusted to fortune. Suddenly I heard the clatter of a Brentford stage, and the fight rushed full upon my fancy. I argued (not unwisely) that even a Brentford coachman was better company than my own

thoughts (such as they were just then), and at his invitation mounted the box with him. I immediately stated my case to him—namely, my quarrel with myself for missing the Bath or Bristol mail, and my determination to get on in consequence as well as I could, without any disparagement or insulting comparison between longer or shorter stages. It is a maxim with me that stage-coaches, and consequently stage-coachmen, are respectable in proportion to the distance they have to travel, so I said nothing on that subject to my Brentford friend. Any incipient tendency to an abstract proposition, or (as he might have construed it) to a personal reflection of this kind, was however nipped in the bud; for I had no sooner declared indignantly that I had missed the mails, than he flatly denied that they were gone along, and lo! at the instant three of them drove by in rapid, provoking, orderly succession, as if they would devour the ground before them. Here again I seemed in the contradictory situation of the man in Dryden who exclaims

"I follow Fate, which does too hard pursue!"

If I had stopped to inquire at the White Horse Cellar, which would not have taken me a minute, I should now have been driving down the road in all the dignified unconcern and *ideal* perfection of mechanical conveyance. The Bath mail I had set my mind upon, and I had missed it, as I missed everything else, by my own absurdity, in putting the will for the deed, and aiming at ends without employing means. "Sir," said he of the Brentford, "the Bath mail will be up presently, my brother-in-law drives it, and I will engage to stop him if there is a place empty." I almost doubted my good genius, but, sure enough, up it drove like lightning, and stopped directly at the call of the Brentford Jehu. I would not have believed this possible, but the brother-in-law of a mail-coach driver is himself no mean man. I was transferred without loss of time from the top of one coach to that of the other, desired the guard to pay my fare to the Brentford coachman for me as I had no change, was accommodated with a great-coat, put up my umbrella to keep off a drizzling mist, and we began to cut through the air like an arrow. The milestones disappeared one after another, the rain kept off; Tom Turtle, the trainer, sat before me on the coach-

box, with whom I exchanged civilities as a gentleman going to the fight, the passion that had transported me an hour before was subdued to pensive regret and conjectural musing on the next day's battle, I was promised a place inside at Reading, and upon the whole, I thought myself a lucky fellow. Such is the force of imagination! On the outside of any other coach on the 10th of December, with a Scotch mist drizzling through the cloudy moonlight air, I should have been cold, comfortless, impatient and, no doubt, wet through, but seated on the Royal mail, I felt warm and comfortable, the air did me good, the ride did me good, I was pleased with the progress we had made, and confident that all would go well through the journey. When I got inside at Reading, I found Turtle and a stout valetudinarian, whose costume bespoke him one of the FANCY, and who had risen from a three months' sick bed to get into the mail to see the fight. They were intimate, and we fell into a lively discourse. My friend the trainer was confined in his topics to fighting dogs and men, to bears and badgers, beyond this he was "quite chap-fallen," had not a word to throw at a dog, or indeed very wisely fell asleep, when any other game was started. The whole art of training (I, however, learned from him) consists in two things, exercise and abstinence, abstinence and exercise, repeated alternately and without end. A yolk of an egg with a spoonful of rum in it is the first thing in a morning, and then a walk of six miles till breakfast. This meal consists of a plentiful supply of tea and toast and beef-steaks. Then another six or seven miles till dinner-time, and another supply of solid beef or mutton with a pint of porter, and perhaps, at the utmost, a couple of glasses of sherry. Martin trains on water, but this increases his infirmity on another very dangerous side. The Gas-man takes now and then a chirping glass (under the rose) to console him, during a six weeks' probation, for the absence of Mrs. Hickman—an agreeable woman, with (I understand) a pretty fortune of two hundred pounds. How matter presses on me! What stubborn things are facts! How inexhaustible is nature and art! "It is well," as I once heard Mr. Richmond observe, "to see a variety." He was speaking of cock-fighting as an edifying spectacle. I cannot deny that one learns more of what *is* (I do not say of what *ought to be*) in this

desultory mode of practical study, than from reading the same book twice over, even though it should be a moral treatise. Where was I? I was sitting at dinner with the candidate for the honors of the ring, "where good digestion waits on appetite, and health on both." Then follows an hour of social chat and native glee, and afterwards, to another breathing over healthy hill or dale. Back to supper, and then to bed, and up by six again—Our hero

"Follows so the ever-running sun
With profitable ardor"—

to the day that brings him victory or defeat in the green fairy circle. Is not this life more sweet than mine? I was going to say, but I will not libel any life by comparing it to mine, which is (at the date of these presents) bitter as coloquintida and the dregs of aconitum! The invalid in the Bath mail soared a pitch above the trainer, and did not sleep so sound, because he had "more figures and more fantasies." We talked the hours away merrily. He had faith in surgery, for he had had three ribs set right, that had been broken in a *turn-up* at Belcher's, but thought physicians old women, for they had no antidote in their catalogue for brandy. An indigestion is an excellent common-place for two people that never met before. By way of ingratiating myself, I told him the story of my doctor, who, on my earnestly representing to him that I thought his regimen had done me harm, assured me that the whole pharmacopeia contained nothing comparable to the prescription he had given me, and, as a proof of its undoubted efficacy, said that "he had had one gentleman with my complaint under his hands for the last fifteen years." This anecdote made my companion shake the rough sides of his three great-coats with boisterous laughter, and Turtle, starting out of his sleep, swore he knew how the fight would go, for he had had a dream about it. Sure enough the rascal told us how the first three rounds went off, but his "dream," like others, "denoted a foregone conclusion." He knew his men. The moon now rose in silver state, and I ventured, with some hesitation, to point out this object of placid beauty, with the blue serene beyond, to the man of science, to which his ear he "seriously inclined," the more as it gave promise *d'un beau jour* for the morrow, and showed the ring undrenched by envious showers, arrayed in sunny smiles. Just then, all going

on well, I thought on my friend Toms, whom I had left behind, and said innocently, "There was a blockhead of a fellow I left in town, who said there was no possibility of getting down by the mail, and talked of going by a caravan from Belcher's at two in the morning, after he had written some letters" "Why," said he of the lapels, "I should not wonder if that was the very person we saw running about like mad from one coach-door to another, and asking if any one had seen a friend of his, a gentleman going to the fight, whom he had missed stupidly enough by staying to write a note" "Pray, sir," said my fellow traveller, "had he a plaid cloak on?"—"Why, no," said I, "not at the time I left him, but he very well might afterwards, for he offered to lend me one" The plaid cloak and the letter decided the thing Joe, sure enough, was in the Bristol mail, which preceded us by about fifty yards This was droll enough We had now but a few miles to our place of destination, and the first thing I did on alighting at Newbury, both coaches stopping at the same time, was to call out, "Pray, is there a gentleman in that mail of the name of Toms?" "No," said Joe, borrowing something of the vein of Gulpin, "for I have just got out" "Well!" says he, "this is lucky, but you don't know how vexed I was to miss you, for," added he, lowering his voice, "do you know when I left you I went to Belcher's to ask about the caravan, and Mrs Belcher said very obligingly she couldn't tell about that, but there were two gentlemen who had taken places by the mail and were gone on in a landau, and she could frank us It's a pity I didn't meet with you, we could then have got down for nothing But *mum's the word*" It's the devil for any one to tell me a secret, for it's sure to come out in print I do not care so much to gratify a friend, but the public ear is too great a temptation to me

Our present business was to get beds and a supper at an inn, but this was no easy task The public-houses were full, and where you saw a light at a private house, and people poking their heads out of the casement to see what was going on, they instantly put them in and shut the window, the moment you seemed advancing with a suspicious overture for accommodation Our guard and coachman thundered away at the outer gate of the Crown for some time without effect—such was the greater noise within, and when the doors were

unbarred, and we got admittance, we found a party assembled in the kitchen round a good hospitable fire, some sleeping, others drinking, others talking on politics and on the fight A tall English yeoman (something like Matthews in the face, and quite as great a wag)—

"A lusty man to ben an abbot able"

was making such a prodigious noise about rent and taxes, and the price of corn now and formerly, that he had prevented us from being heard at the gate The first thing I heard him say was to a shuffling fellow who wanted to be off a bet for a shilling glass of brandy and water—"Confound it, man, don't be *insipid*!" Thinks I, that is a good phrase It was a good omen He kept it up so all night, nor flinched with the approach of morning He was a fine fellow, with sense, wit, and spirit, a hearty body and a joyous mind, free-spoken, frank, convivial—one of that true English breed that went with Harry the Fifth to the siege of Harfleur—"standing like grayhounds in the slups," &c We ordered tea and eggs (beds were soon found to be out of the question) and this fellow's conversation was *sauce piquante* It did one's heart good to see him brandish his oaken towel and to hear him talk He made mince-meat of a drunken, stupid, red-faced, quarrelsome, *frowsy* farmer, whose nose "he moralized into a thousand similes," making it out a firebrand like Bardolph's "I'll tell you what, my friend," says he, "the landlady has only to keep you here to save fire and candle If one was to touch your nose, it would go off like a piece of charcoal" At this the other only grinned like an idiot, the sole variety in his purple face being his little peering gray eyes and yellow teeth, called for another glass, swore he would not stand it, and after many attempts to provoke his humorous antagonist to single combat, which the other turned off (after working him up to a ludicrous pitch of choler) with great adroitness, he fell quietly asleep with a glass of liquor in his hand, which he could not lift to his head His laughing persecutor made a speech over him, and turning to the opposite side of the room, where they were all sleeping in the midst of this "loud and furious fun," said, "There's a scene for Hogarth to paint I think he and Shakespeare were our two best men at copying life" This confirmed me in my good

opinion of him Hogarth, Shakespeare, and Nature, were just enough for him (indeed for any man) to know I said, "You read Cobbett, don't you? At least," says I, "you talk just as well as he writes" He seemed to doubt this But I said, "We have an hour to spare, if you'll get pen, ink, and paper, and keep on talking, I'll write down what you say, and if it doesn't make a capital 'Political Register' I'll forfeit my head You have kept me alive to-night, however I don't know what I should have done without you" He did not dislike this view of the thing, nor my asking if he was not about the size of Jem Belcher, and told me soon afterwards in the confidence of friendship, that "the circumstance which had given him nearly the greatest concern in his life, was Cribb's beating Jem after he had lost his eye by racket-playing"—The morning dawns, that dim but yet clear light appears, which weighs like solid bars of metal on the sleepless eyelids, the guests drop down from their chambers one by one—but it was too late to think of going to bed now (the clock was on the stroke of seven), we had nothing for it but to find a barber's (the pole that glittered in the morning sun lighted us to his shop), and then a nine miles' march to Hungerford The day was fine, the sky was blue, the mists were retiring from the marshy ground, the path was tolerably dry, the sitting-up all night had not done us much harm—at least the cause was good, we talked of this and that with amicable difference, roving and sipping of many subjects, but still invariably we returned to the fight At length, a mile to the left of Hungerford, on a gentle eminence, we saw the ring surrounded by covered carts, gigs, and carriages, of which hundreds had passed us on the road, Toms gave a youthful shout, and we hastened down a narrow lane to the scene of action

Reader, have you ever seen a fight? If not, you have a pleasure to come, at least if it is a fight like that between the Gas-man and Bill Neate The crowd was very great when we arrived on the spot; open carriages were coming up, with streamers flying and music playing; and the country people were pouring in over hedge and ditch in all directions, to see their hero beat or be beaten The odds were still on Gas, but only about five to four Gully had been down to try Neate, and had backed him considerably, which was a damper to the sanguine confidence of the adverse

party About two hundred thousand pounds were pending The Gas says he has lost 3000*l* which were promised him by different gentlemen if he had won He had presumed too much on himself, which had made others presume on him This spirited and formidable young fellow seems to have taken for his motto the old maxim, that "there are three things necessary to success in life—*Impudence! Impudence! Impudence!*" It is so in matters of opinion, but not in the FANCY, which is the most practical of all things, though even here confidence is half the battle, but only half Our friend had vaped and swaggered too much, as if he wanted to grin and bully his adversary out of the fight "Alas! the Bristol man was not so tamed!" "This is the *grave-digger*" (would Tom Hickman exclaim in the moments of intoxication from gin and success, showing his tremendous right hand), "this will send many of them to their long homes, I haven't done with them yet!" Why should he—though he had licked four of the best men within the hour, yet why should he threaten to inflict dishonorable chastisement on my old master Richmond, a veteran going off the stage, and who had borne his sable honors meekly? Magnanimity, my dear Tom, and bravery, should be inseparable Or why should he go up to his antagonist, the first time he ever saw him at the Fives Court, and measuring him from head to foot with a glance of contempt, as Achilles surveyed Hector, say to him, "What, are you Bill Neate? I'll knock more blood out of that great carcase of thine, this day fortnight, than you ever knocked out of a bullock's!" It was not manly, 'twas not fighter-like If he was sure of the victory (as he was not), the less said about it the better Modesty should accompany the FANCY as its shadow The best men were always the best behaved Jem Belcher, the Game Chicken, (before whom the Gas-man could not have lived) were civil, silent men So is Cribb, so is Tom Belcher, the most elegant of sparrers, and not a man for every one to take by the nose I enlarged on this topic in the mail (while Turtle was asleep), and said very wisely (as I thought) that impertinence was a part of no profession. A boxer was bound to beat his man, but not to thrust his fist, either actually or by implication, in every one's face Even a highwayman, in the way of trade, may blow out your brains, but if he uses foul language at the

same time, I should say he was no gentleman. A boxer, I would infer, need not be a blackguard or a coxcomb, more than another. Perhaps I press this point too much on a fallen man—Mr Thomas Hickman has by this time learnt that first of all lessons, "That man was made to mourn." He has lost nothing by the late fight but his presumption, and that every man may do as well without! By an over-display of this quality, however, the public had been prejudiced against him, and the *knowing-ones* were taken in. Few but those who had bet on him wished Gas to win. With my own prepossessions on the subject, the result of the 11th of December appeared to me as fine a piece of poetical justice as I had ever witnessed. The difference of weight between the two combatants (14 stone to 12) was nothing to the sporting men. Great, heavy, clumsy, long-armed Bill Neate kicked the beam in the scale of the Gas-man's vanity. The amateurs were frightened at his big words, and thought that they would make up for the difference of six feet and five feet nine. Truly, the FANCY are not men of imagination. They judge of what has been, and cannot conceive of anything that is to be. The Gas-man had won hitherto, therefore he must beat a man half as big again as himself—and that to a certainty. Besides, there are as many feuds, factions, prejudices, pedantic notions in the FANCY as in the state or in the schools. Mr Gully is almost the only cool, sensible man among them, who exercises an unbiassed discretion, and is not a slave to his passions in these matters. But enough of reflections, and to our tale. The day, as I have said, was fine for a December morning. The grass was wet, and the ground miry, and ploughed up with multitudinous feet, except that, within the ring itself, there was a spot of virgin-green closed in and unprofaned by vulgar feet, that shone with dazzling brightness in the mid-day sun. For it was now noon, and we had an hour to wait. This is the trying time. It is then the heart sickens, as you think what the two champions are about, and how short a time will determine their fate. After the first blow is struck, there is no opportunity for nervous apprehensions, you are swallowed up in the immediate interest of the scene—but

I found it so as I felt the sun's rays clinging to my back, and saw the white wintry clouds sink below the verge of the horizon. "So," I thought, "my fairest hopes have faded from my sight!—so will the Gas-man's glory, or that of his adversary, vanish in an hour." The *swells* were parading in their white box-coats, the outer ring was cleared with some bruises on the heads and shins of the rustic assembly (for the *cockneys* had been distanced by the sixty-six miles), the time drew near, I had got a good stand, a bustle, a buzz, ran through the crowd, and from the opposite side entered Neate, between his second and bottle-holder. He rolled along, swathed in his loose great-coat, his knock-knees bending under his huge bulk, and with a modest, cheerful air, threw his hat into the ring. He then just looked round, and began quietly to undress, when from the other side there was a similar rush and an opening made, and the Gas-man came forward with a conscious air of anticipated triumph, too much like the cock-of-the-walk. He strutted about more than became a hero, sucked oranges with a supercilious air, and threw away the skin with a toss of his head, and went up and looked at Neate, which was an act of supererogation. The only sensible thing he did was, as he strode away from the modern Ajax, to fling out his arms, as if he wanted to try whether they would do their work that day. By this time they had stripped, and presented a strong contrast in appearance. If Neate was like Ajax, "with Atlantean shoulders, fit to bear" the pugilistic reputation of all Bristol, Hickman might be compared to Diomed, light, vigorous, elastic, and his back glistened in the sun, as he moved about, like a panther's hide. There was now a dead pause—attention was awe-struck. Who, at that moment, big with great event, did not draw his breath short, did not feel his heart throb? All was ready. They tossed up for the sun, and the Gas-man won. They were led up to the *scratch*—shook hands, and went at it.

In the first round every one thought it was all over. After making play a short time, the Gas-man flew at his adversary like a tiger, struck five blows in as many seconds, three first, and then following him as he staggered back, two more, right and left, and down he fell, a mighty ruin. There was a shout, and I said, "There is no standing this." Neate

"Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream."

seemed like a lifeless lump of flesh and bone, round which the Gas-man's blows played with the rapidity of electricity or lightning, and you imagined he would only be lifted up to be knocked down again. It was as if Hickman held a sword or a fire in that right hand of his, and directed it against an unarmed body. They met again, and Neate seemed, not cowed, but particularly cautious. I saw his teeth clenched together and his brows knit close against the sun. He held out both his arms at full length straight before him, like two sledge-hammers, and raised his left an inch or two higher. The Gas-man could not get over this guard—they struck mutually and fell, but without advantage on either side. It was the same in the next round, but the balance of power was thus restored—the fate of the battle was suspended. No one could tell how it would end. This was the only moment in which opinion was divided, for, in the next, the Gas-man aiming a mortal blow at his adversary's neck, with his right hand, and failing from the length he had to reach, the other returned it with his left at full swing, planted a tremendous blow on his cheek-bone and eyebrow, and made a red ruin of that side of his face. The Gas-man went down, and there was another shout—a roar of triumph as the waves of fortune rolled tumultuously from side to side. This was a settler. Hickman got up, and “grinned horrible a ghastly smile,” yet he was evidently dashed in his opinion of himself, it was the first time he had ever been so punished, all one side of his face was perfect scarlet, and his right eye was closed in dingy blackness, as he advanced to the fight, less confident but still determined. After one or two rounds, not receiving another such remembrancer, he rallied and went at it with his former impetuosity. But in vain. His strength had been weakened,—his blows could not tell at such a distance,—he was obliged to fling himself at his adversary, and could not strike from his feet, and almost as regularly as he flew at him with his right hand, Neate warded the blow, or drew back out of its reach, and felled him with the return of his left. There was little cautious sparring—no half-hits—no tapping and trifling, none of the *petit-mastreship* of the art—they were almost all knockdown blows—the fight was a good stand-up fight. The wonder was the half-minute time. If there had been a minute or

more allowed between each round, it would have been intelligible how they should by degrees recover strength and resolution, but to see two men smashed to the ground, smeared with gore, stunned, senseless, the breath beaten out of their bodies, and then, before you recover from the shock, to see them rise up with new strength and courage, stand ready to inflict or receive mortal offence, and rush upon each other “like two clouds over the Caspian”—this is the most astonishing thing of all—this is the high and heroic state of man! From this time forward the event became more certain every round, and about the twelfth it seemed as if it must have been over. Hickman generally stood with his back to me, but in the scuffle he had changed positions, and Neate just then made a tremendous lunge at him, and hit him full in the face. It was doubtful whether he would fall backwards or forwards, he hung suspended for a second or two, and then fell back, throwing his hands in the air, and with his face lifted up to the sky. I never saw anything more terrific than his aspect just before he fell. All traces of life, of natural expression, were gone from him. His face was like a human skull, a death's head, spouting blood. The eyes were filled with blood, the nose streamed with blood, the mouth gaped blood. He was not like an actual man, but like a preternatural, spectral appearance, or like one of the figures in Dante's *Inferno*. Yet he fought on after this for several rounds, still striking the first desperate blow, and Neate standing on the defensive, and using the same cautious guard to the last, as if he had still all his work to do, and it was not until the Gas-man was so stunned in the seventeenth or eighteenth round that his senses forsook him and he could not come to time, that the battle was declared over. Ye who despise the FANCY, do something to show as much *pluck*, or as much self-possession as this, before you assume a superiority which you have never given a single proof of by any one action in the whole course of your lives!—When the Gas-man came to himself the first words he uttered were, “Where am I? What is the matter?” “Nothing is the matter, Tom,—you have lost the battle, but you are the bravest man alive.” And Jackson whispered to him, “I am collecting a purse for you, Tom.”—Vain sounds, and unheard at that moment! Neate instantly went up and shook

him cordially by the hand, and seeing some old acquaintance, began to flourish with his fists, calling out, "Ah, you always said I couldn't fight—What do you think now?" But all in good humor, and without any appearance of arrogance, only it was evident Bill Neate was pleased that he had won the fight. When it was over I asked Cribb if he did not think it was a good one. He said, "*Pretty well!*" The carrier-pigeons now mounted into the air, and one of them flew with the news of her husband's victory to the bosom of Mrs. Neate. Alas for Mrs. Hickman!

Mais au revoir, as Sir Fopling Flutter says. I went down with Toms, I returned with Jack Pigott, whom I met on the ground. Toms is a rattle brain, Pigott is a sentimentalist. Now, under favor, I am a sentimentalist too—therefore I say nothing but that the interest of the excursion did not flag as I came back. Pigott and I marched along the causeway leading from Hungerford to Newbury, now observing the effect of a brilliant sun on the tawny meads or moss-colored cottages, now exulting in the fight, now digressing to some topic of general and elegant literature. My friend was dressed in character for the occasion, or like one of the FANCY, that is, with a double portion of great-coats, clogs, and overhauls, and just as we had agreed with a couple of country lads to carry his superfluous wearing-apparel to the next town, we were overtaken by a return post-chaise, into which I got, Pigott preferring a seat on the bar. There were two strangers already in the chaise, and on their observing they supposed I had been to the fight, I said I had, and concluded they had done the same. They appeared, however, a little shy and sore on the subject, and it was not till after several hints dropped, and questions put, that it turned out that they had missed it. One of these friends had undertaken to drive the other three in his gig; they had set out, to make sure work, the day before at three in the afternoon. The owner of the one-horse vehicle scorned to ask his way, and drove right on to Bagshot, instead of turning off at Hounslow, there they stopped all night, and set off the next day across the country to Reading, from whence they took coach, and got down within a mile or two of Hungerford, just half an hour after the fight was over. This might be safely set down as one of the miseries of human life. We parted with these two gentlemen who had

been to see the fight, but had returned as they went, at Wolhampton, where we were promised beds (an irresistible temptation, for Pigott had passed the preceding night at Hungerford as we had done at Newbury), and we turned into an old bow-windowed parlor with a carpet and a snug fire, and after devouring a quantity of tea, toast, and eggs, sat down to consider, during an hour of philosophic leisure, what we should have for supper. In the midst of an Epicurean deliberation between a roasted fowl and mutton chops with mashed potatoes, we were interrupted by an inroad of Goths and Vandals—*O procul este profani*—not real flash-men, but interlopers, noisy pretenders, butchers from Tothill-fields, brokers from Whitechapel, who called immediately for pipes and tobacco, hoping it would not be disagreeable to the gentlemen, and began to insist that it was a cross. Pigott withdrew from the smoke and noise into another room, and left me to dispute the point with them for a couple of hours *sans intermission* by the dial. The next morning we arose refreshed, and on observing that Jack had a pocket volume in his hand, in which he read in the intervals of our discourse, I inquired what it was, and learned to my particular satisfaction that it was a volume of the *New Eloise*. Ladies, after this will you contend that a love for the FANCY is incompatible with the cultivation of sentiment?—We jogged on as before, my friend setting me up in a genteel drab great-coat and green silk handkerchief (which I must say became me exceedingly), and after stretching our legs for a few miles, and seeing Jack Randall, Ned Turner, and Scroggins pass on the top of one of the Bath coaches, we engaged with the driver of the second to take us to London for the usual fee. I got inside, and found three other passengers. One of them was an old gentleman with an aquiline nose, powdered hair, and a pigtail, and who looked as if he had played many a rubber at the Bath rooms. I said to myself, he is very like Mr. Windham, I wish he would enter into conversation, that I might hear what fine observations would come from those finely-turned features. However, nothing passed, till, stopping to dine at Reading, some inquiry was made by the company about the fight, and I gave (as the reader may believe) an eloquent and animated description of it. When we got into the coach again the old gentleman, after a graceful

exordium, said he had when a boy been to a fight between the famous Broughton and George Stevenson, who was called the *Fighting Coachman*, in the year 1770, with the late Mr Windham. This beginning flattered the spirit of prophecy within me and riveted my attention. He went on—"George Stevenson was coachman to a friend of my father's. He was an old man when I saw him some years afterwards. He took hold of his own arm and said 'there was muscle here once, but now it is no more than this young gentleman's'. He added, 'well, no matter, I have been here long, I am willing to go hence, and I hope I have done no more harm than another man'. Once," said my unknown companion, "I asked him if he had ever beat Broughton? He said yes, that he had fought with him three times, and the last time he fairly beat him, though the world did not allow it. 'I'll tell you how it was, master. When the seconds lifted us up in the last round, we were so exhausted that neither of us could stand, and we fell upon one another, and as Master Broughton fell uppermost the mob gave it in his favor, and he was said to have won the battle. But,' says he, 'the fact was, that as his second (John Cuthbert) lifted him up, he said to him, 'I'll fight no more, I've had enough,' which,"

says Stevenson, 'you know gave me the victory. And to prove to you that this was the case, when John Cuthbert was on his death-bed, and they asked him if there was anything on his mind which he wished to confess, he answered, "Yes, that there was one thing he wished to set right, for that certainly Master Stevenson won that last fight with Master Broughton, for he whispered him as he lifted him up in the last round of all, that he had enough." This," said the Bath gentleman, "was a bit of human nature," and I have written this account of the fight on purpose that it might not be lost to the world. He also stated as a proof of the candor of mind in this class of men, that Stevenson acknowledged that Broughton could have beat him in his best day, but that he (Broughton) was getting old in their last rencounter. When we stopped in Piccadilly, I wanted to ask the gentleman some questions about the late Mr Windham, but had not the courage. I got out, resigned my coat and green silk handkerchief to Pigott (loth to part with these ornaments of life), and walked home in high spirits.

P.S. Toms called upon me the next day, to ask me if I did not think the fight was a complete thing. I said I thought it was. I hope he will relish my account of it.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY
(1785-1859)

In 1821 the readers of the *London Magazine* discovered an essay entitled *Confessions of an English Opium-Eater*. The title alone was startling enough to cause them to pause as they turned the pages of the magazine. They had not read far before they learned that the author was a brilliant and entertaining writer. Furthermore, they found that the essay was based on the facts of the author's life but was embroidered with marvelous dreams and fancies. These dreams resulted from an extremely sensitive imagination, which had been excited by overindulgence in opium. In 1856 he published a greatly enlarged edition of his original *Confessions*, giving further revelations of his early experiences.

The *Confessions*, *Suspensa de Profundis*, *Autobiography*, and *Literary Reminiscences* give De Quincey's impressions and reactions to his experiences, which were somewhat distorted in his memory by his imagination. He had a tendency to view these past occurrences as highly significant and to impute to his youthful self rather precocious thoughts. He emphasized his intellectual ability and habit of solitude.

Because he believed his knowledge superior to that of the masters, De Quincey ran away from the Manchester Grammar School when he could not persuade his guardians to send him to Oxford. After wandering about Wales and suffering from the hardships of poverty in London, he was located by his guardians, who finally consented to his going to Oxford. At the University he continued to read the classics and the English writers but also studied German literature. He kept much to himself, hardly speaking to his fellow students. "For the first two years," he said, "I compute that I did not utter one hundred words."

During his first visit to London after his matriculation at Oxford, he was advised by a college acquaintance to take opium to bring relief from the pangs of neuralgia. He gradually became enslaved by the terrible habit, but through his extraordinary will power he was able to prevent himself from entirely succumbing to it. He has vividly described both the pleasures and pangs of opium. He has explained how he struggled against its fastening hold and forced himself to reduce the amount after a period of excess. Too much emphasis has been placed upon the effect of this habit upon his writing. As with Coleridge opium merely enhanced De Quincey's natural power of imagination. For him the past with its wild spirit of adventure

was more inspiring than the events of his own time. With slight regard for accuracy he created magnificent scenes, such as those in the *Revolt of the Tartars*.

While he was still at Oxford, De Quincey met Lamb, Coleridge, Southey, and Wordsworth. In 1809 he moved to Grasmere to be near the Wordsworths, but the friendship soon was broken for various reasons, one of which may have been his marriage to the daughter of a salesman. His attempt to edit the *Westmoreland Gazette* failed because he gave his readers too much German philosophy. From 1821 to 1830 he lived principally in London and then moved to Edinburgh, the home of the famous reviews. He worked industriously and contributed to the magazines about one hundred and forty articles on various subjects. His learning especially in the classical languages was astounding, for he had a store of information on every subject. His articles appeared in the *London Magazine*, *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, *Tait's Edinburgh Magazine*, and the *Edinburgh Weekly Instructor*.

De Quincey's classification of literature into "literature of knowledge" and "literature of power" he applied to his own works. The biographical, historical, philosophical, and critical essays belong to the first group. From an analysis of his subject he formulated his theories and explained his views. Sometimes a theme like *Joan of Arc* appealed to his imagination so strongly that he wrote eloquently upon it. Passages in these essays approach the "literature of power," but his main contributions to this class were the *Confessions*, *The English Mail-Coach*, and *Suspensa de Profundis*. Here he reveals the depth of his feeling and by his narrative skill moves the reader to share these feelings.

De Quincey is, however, no longer read for his subject matter, although his opinions and ideas are by no means antiquated. His mastery of English prose has placed him among the greatest English essayists. De Quincey described his style as a "mode of impassioned prose." He also referred to it as "an elaborate and pompous sunset." The chief characteristics of this style are its rhythmical quality and its color. He endeavored to produce upon his readers the effects of music. In fact, he named one of his finest essays *Dream Fugue*. The great fault of this style is its diffuseness. Frequently De Quincey is so carried away that he forgets himself. He was a magnificent dreamer oblivious to restraint.

LIFE IN LONDON

I lost no time in opening the business which had brought me to London. By ten A.M., an

hour when all men of business are presumed to be at their posts, personally or by proxy, I presented myself at the money-lender's office. My name was already known there:

for I had, by letters from Wales, containing very plain and very accurate statements of my position in life and my pecuniary expectations (some of which statements it afterwards appeared that he had personally investigated and verified), endeavoured to win his favourable attention. The money-lender, as it turned out, had one fixed rule of action. He never granted a personal interview to any man, no, not to the most beloved of his clients. One and all—myself, therefore, among the crowd—he referred for information, and for the means of prosecuting any kind of negotiation, to an attorney, who called himself, on most days of the week, by the name of Brunell, but occasionally (might it perhaps be on *red-letter* days?) by the more common name of Brown. Mr Brunell-Brown, or Brown-Brunell, had located his hearth (if ever he had possessed one), and his household gods (when they were not in the custody of the sheriff), in Greek Street, Soho. The house was not in itself, supposing that its face had been washed now and then, at all disresponsible. But it wore an unhappy countenance of gloom and unsocial fretfulness, due in reality to the long neglect of painting, cleansing, and in some instances of repairing. There were, however, no fractured panes of glass in the windows, and the deep silence which invested the house, not only from the absence of all visitors, but also of those common household functionaries, bakers, butchers, beer-carriers, sufficiently accounted for the desolation, by suggesting an excuse not strictly true—*viz*, that it might be tenantless. The house already had tenants through the day, though of a noiseless order, and was destined soon to increase them. Mr Brown-Brunell, after reconnoitring me through a narrow side-window (such as is often attached to front-doors in London), admitted me cheerfully, and conducted me, as an honoured guest, to his private *officina diplomatum* at the back of the house. From the expression of his face, but much more from the contradictory and self-counteracting play of his features, you gathered in a moment that he was a man who had much to conceal, and much, perhaps, that he would gladly forget. His eye expressed wariness against surprise, and passed in a moment into irrepressible glances of suspicion and alarm. No smile that ever his face naturally assumed, but was pulled short up by some freezing counteraction, or was chased by some close-following

expression of sadness. One feature there was of relenting goodness and nobleness in Mr Brunell's character, to which it was that subsequently I myself was most profoundly indebted for an asylum that saved my life. He had the deepest, the most liberal, and unaffected love of knowledge, but, above all, of that specific knowledge which we call literature. His own stormy (and no doubt oftentimes disgraceful) career in life, that had entangled him in perpetual feuds with his fellow-men, he ascribed, with bitter imprecations, to the sudden interruption of his studies consequent upon his father's violent death, and to the necessity which threw him, at a boyish age, upon a professional life in the lower branches of law—threw him, therefore, upon daily temptations, by surrounding him with opportunities for taking advantages not strictly honourable, before he had formed any fixed principles at all. From the very first, Mr Brunell had entered zealously into such conversations with myself as either gave openings for reviving his own delightful remembrances of classic authors, or brought up sometimes doubts for solution, sometimes perplexities and cases of intricate construction for illustration and disentanglement. Hunger-bitten as the house and the household genius seemed, wearing the legend of *Famine* upon every mantelpiece or 'coigne of vantage,' and vehemently protesting, as it must have done through all its echoes, against the introduction of supernumerary mouths, nevertheless there was (and, I suppose, of necessity) a clerk, who bore the name of Pymont, or Pyemont, then first of all, then last of all, made known to me as a possible surname. Mr Pymont had no *ahs*—or not to my knowledge—except, indeed, in the vituperative vocabulary of Mr Brunell, in which most variegated nomenclature he bore many scores of opprobrious names, having no reference whatever to any real habits of the man, good or bad. At two rooms' distance, Mr Brunell always assumed a minute and circumstantial knowledge of what Pymont was doing then, and what he was going to do next. All which Pymont gave himself little trouble to answer, unless it happened (as now and then it did) that he could do so with ludicrous effect. What made the necessity for Pymont was the continual call for 'an appearance' to be put in at some of the subordinate courts in Westminster—courts of conscience, sheriff courts,

&c But it happens often that he who is most indispensable, and gets through most work at one hour, becomes a useless burden at another, as the hardest-working reaper seems, in the eyes of an ignoramus, on a wet, wintry day, to be a luxurious idler Of these ups and downs in Pyment's working life, Mr Brunell made a most cynical use, making out that Pyment not only did nothing, but also that he created much work for the afflicted Brunell However, it happened occasionally that the truth vindicated itself, by making a call upon Pyment's physics—aggressive or defensive—that needed an instant attention 'Pyment, I say, this way, Pyment—you're wanted, Pyment' In fact, both were big, hulking men, and had need to be so, for sometimes, whether with good reason or none, clients at the end of a losing suit, or of a suit nominally gained, but unexpectedly laden with heavy expenses, became refractory, showed fight, and gave Pyment reason for saying that at least on this day he had earned his salary by serving an ejectionment on a client whom on any other plan it might have been hard to settle with

But I am anticipating I go back, therefore, for a few explanatory words, to the day of my arrival in London How beneficial to me would a little candour have been at that early period! If (which was the simple truth, known to all parties but myself) I had been told that nothing would be brought to a close in less than six months, even assuming the ultimate adoption of my proposals, I should from the first have dismissed all hopes of this nature, as being unsuited to the practicabilities of my situation It will be seen further on, that there was a real and sincere intention of advancing the money wanted But it was then too late And universally I believe myself entitled to say, that even honourable lawyers will not in a case of this nature move at a faster pace they will all alike loiter upon varied allegations through six months, and for this reason, that any shorter period, they fancy, will hardly seem to justify, in the eyes of their client, the sum which they find themselves entitled to charge for their trouble and their preliminary correspondence How much better for both sides, and more honourable, as more frank and free from disguises, that the client should say, 'Raise this sum' (of, suppose, £400) 'in three weeks, which can be done, if it can be done in three years, and here is a *bonus* of £100 Delay for two months,

and I decline the whole transaction' Treated with that sort of openness, how much bodily suffering of an extreme order, and how much of the sickness from hope deferred, should I have escaped! Whereas, under the system (pursued with me as with all clients) of continually refreshing my hopes with new delusions, whiling me on with pretended preparation of deeds, and extorting from me, out of every little remittance I received from old family friends casually met in London, as much as possible for the purchase of imaginary stamps, the result was, that I myself was brought to the brink of destruction through pure inanition, whilst, on the other hand, those concerned in these deceptions gained nothing that might not have been gained honourably and rightfully under a system of plain dealing As it was, subject to these eternal deceptions, I continued for seven or eight weeks to live most parsimoniously in lodgings These lodgings, though barely decent in my eyes, ran away with at the least two-thirds of my remaining guineas At length, whilst it was yet possible to reserve a solitary half-guinea towards the more urgent interest of finding daily food, I gave up my rooms, and, stating exactly the circumstances in which I stood, requested permission of Mr Brunell to make use of his large house as a nightly asylum from the open air Parliament had not then made it a crime, next door to a felony, for a man to sleep out-of-doors (as some twenty years later was done by our benign legislators), as yet *that* was no crime By the law I came to know sin, and looking back to the Cambrian hills from distant years, discovered to my surprise what a parliamentary wretch I had been in elder days, when I slept amongst cows on the open hillsides Lawful as yet this was, but not, therefore, less full of misery Naturally, then, I was delighted when Mr Brunell not only most readily assented to my request, but begged of me to come that very night, and turn the house to account as fully as I possibly could The cheerfulness of such a concession brought with it one drawback I now regretted that I had not, at a much earlier period, applied for this liberty, since I might thus have saved a considerable fund of guineas, applicable, of course, to all urgent necessities, but at this particular moment to one of clamorous urgency—*viz.*, the purchase of blankets O ancient women, daughters of toil and suffering,

amongst all the hardships and bitter inheritances of flesh that ye are called upon to face, not one—not even hunger—seems in my eyes comparable to that of nightly cold. To seek a refuge from cold in bed, and then, from the thin, gauzy texture of the miserable, worn-out blankets, ‘not to sleep a wink,’ as Wordsworth records of poor old women in Dorsetshire, where coals, from local causes, were at the very dearest—what a terrific enemy was *that* for poor old grandmothers to face in fight! How feelingly I learned at this time, as heretofore I had learned on the wild hillsides in Wales, what an unspeakable blessing is that of warmth! A more killing curse there does not exist for man or woman, than that bitter combat between the weariness that prompts sleep, and the keen, searching cold that forces you from the first access of sleep to start up horror-stricken, and to seek warmth vainly in renewed exercise, though long since fainting under fatigue. However, even without blankets, it was a fine thing to have an asylum from the open air, and to be assured of this asylum as long as I was likely to want it.

Towards nightfall I went down to Greek Street, and found, on taking possession of my new quarters, that the house already contained one single inmate, a poor, friendless child, apparently ten years old, but she seemed hunger-bitten, and sufferings of that sort often make children look older than they are. From this forlorn child I learnt that she had slept and lived there alone for some time before I came, and great joy the poor creature expressed, when she found that I was in future to be her companion through the hours of darkness. The house could hardly be called large—that is, it was not large on each separate storey; but, having four storeys in all, it was large enough to impress vividly the sense of its echoing loneliness, and, from the want of furniture, the noise of the rats made a prodigious uproar on the staircase and hall, so that, amidst the real fleshly ills of cold and hunger, the forsaken child had found leisure to suffer still more from the self-created one of ghosts. Against these enemies I could promise her protection, human companionship was in itself protection; but of other and more needful aid I had, alas! little to offer. We lay upon the floor, with a bundle of law-papers for a pillow, but with no other covering than a large horse-man’s cloak; afterwards, however, we discovered in a garret an old sofa-cover, a small

piece of rug, and some fragments of other articles, which added a little to our comfort. The poor child crept close to me for warmth, and for security against her ghostly enemies. When I was not more than usually ill, I took her into my arms, so that, in general, she was tolerably warm, and often slept when I could not, for, during the last two months of my sufferings I slept much in the daytime, and was apt to fall into transient dozings at all hours. But my sleep distressed me more than my watching, for, besides the tumultuousness of my dreams (which were only not so awful as those which I shall have hereafter to describe as produced by opium), my sleep was never more than what is called *dog-sleep*, so that I could hear myself moaning, and very often I was awakened suddenly by my own voice. About this time, a hideous sensation began to haunt me as soon as I fell into a slumber, which has since returned upon me at different periods of my life—*viz*, a sort of twitching (I knew not where, but apparently about the region of the stomach), which compelled me violently to throw out my feet for the sake of relieving it. This sensation coming on as soon as I began to sleep, and the effort to relieve it constantly awaking me, at length I slept only from exhaustion, and through increasing weakness (as I said before), I was constantly falling asleep, and constantly awaking. Too generally the very attainment of any deep repose seemed as if mechanically linked to some fatal necessity of self-interruption. It was as though a cup were gradually filled by the sleepy overflow of some natural fountain, the fulness of the cup expressing symbolically the completeness of the rest; but then, in the next stage of the process, it seemed as though the rush and torrent-like babbling of the redundant waters, when running over from every part of the cup, interrupted the slumber which in their earlier stage of silent gathering they had so naturally produced. Such and so regular in its swell and its collapse—in its tardy growth and its violent dispersion—did this endless alternation of stealthy sleep and stormy awaking travel through stages as natural as the increments of twilight, or the kindlings of the dawn: no rest that was not a prologue to terror, no sweet tremulous pulses of restoration that did not suddenly explode through rolling clamours of fiery disruption. Meantime, the master of the house sometimes came in upon us suddenly, and very early, sometimes

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the house on that side the street nearest to Soho Square—as I could possibly desire. Except the Bluebeard room, which the poor child believed to be permanently haunted, and which, besides, was locked, all others, from the attics to the cellars, were at our service. ‘The world was all before us,’ and we pitched our tent for the night in any spot we might fancy. This house I have described as roomy and respectable. It stands in a conspicuous situation, and in a well-known part of London. Many of my readers will have passed it, I doubt not, within a few hours of reading this. For myself, I never fail to visit it when accident draws me to London. About ten o’clock this very night (August 15, 1821, being my birthday), I turned aside from my evening walk along Oxford Street, in order to take a glance at it. It is now in the occupation of some family, apparently respectable. The windows are no longer coated by a paste, composed of ancient soot and superannuated rain, and the whole exterior no longer wears an aspect of gloom. By the lights in the front drawing-room, I observed a domestic party, assembled, perhaps, at tea, and apparently cheerful and gay—marvellous contrast, in my eyes, to the darkness, cold, silence, and desolation, of that same house nineteen years ago, when its nightly occupants were one famishing scholar and a poor, neglected child. Her, by-the-bye, in after years, I vainly endeavoured to trace. Apart from her situation, she was not what would be called an interesting child. She was neither pretty, nor quick in understanding, nor remarkably pleasing in manners. But, thank God! even in those years I needed not the embellishments of elegant accessories to conciliate my affections. Plain human nature, in its humblest and most homely apparel, was enough for me, and I loved the child because she was my partner in wretchedness. If she is now living, she is probably a mother, with children of her own, but, as I have said, I could never trace her.

This I regret, but another person there was, at that time, whom I have since sought to trace with far deeper earnestness, and with far deeper sorrow at my failure. This person was a young woman, and one of that unhappy class who belong to the outcasts and pariahs of our female population. I feel no shame, nor have any reason to feel it, in avowing that I was then on familiar and friendly terms with many women in that unfortunate condition. Smile

not, reader too carelessly facile! Frown not, reader too unseasonably austere! Little call was there here either for smiles or frowns. A penniless schoolboy could not be supposed to stand within the range of such temptations, besides that, according to the ancient Latin proverb, ‘*sine Cerere et Baccho*,’ &c. These unhappy women, to me, were simply sisters in calamity, and sisters amongst whom, in as large measure as amongst any other equal number of persons, commanding more of the world’s respect, were to be found humanity, disinterested generosity, courage that would not falter in defence of the helpless, and fidelity that would have scorned to take bribes for betraying. But the truth is, that at no time of my life have I been a person to hold myself polluted by the touch or approach of any creature that wore a human shape. I cannot suppose, I will not believe, that any creatures wearing the form of man or woman are so absolutely rejected and reprobate outcasts, that merely to talk with them inflicts pollution. On the contrary, from my very earliest youth, it has been my pride to converse familiarly, *more Socratico*, with all human beings—man, woman, and child—that chance might fling in my way, for a philosopher should not see with the eyes of the poor liminary creature calling himself a man of the world, filled with narrow and self-regarding prejudices of birth and education, but should look upon himself as a catholic creature, and as standing in an equal relation to high and low, to educated and uneducated, to the guilty and the innocent. Being myself, at that time, of necessity a peripatetic, or a walker of the streets, I naturally fell in more frequently with those peripatetics who are technically called street-walkers. Some of these women had occasionally taken my part against watchmen who wished to drive me off the steps of houses where I was sitting, others had protected me against more serious aggressions. But one amongst them—the one on whose account I have at all introduced this subject—yet no! let me not class thee, O noble-minded Ann —, with that order of women, let me find, if it be possible, some gentler name to designate the condition of her to whose bounty and compassion—ministering to my necessities when all the world stood aloof from me—I owe it that I am at this time alive. For many weeks I had walked, at nights, with this poor friendless girl up and down Oxford Street, or

had rested with her on steps and under the shelter of porticos. She could not be so old as myself, she told me, indeed, that she had not completed her sixteenth year. By such questions as my interest about her prompted, I had gradually drawn forth her simple history. Hers was a case of ordinary occurrence (as I have since had reason to think), and one in which, if London beneficence had better adapted its arrangements to meet it, the power of the law might oftener be interposed to protect and to avenge. But the stream of London charity flows in a channel which, though deep and mighty, is yet noiseless and underground,—not obvious or readily accessible to poor, houseless wanderers, and it cannot be denied that the outside air and framework of society in London, as in all vast capitals, is unavoidably harsh, cruel, and repulsive. In any case, however, I saw that part of her injuries might have been redressed, and I urged her often and earnestly to lay her complaint before a magistrate. Friendless as she was, I assured her that she would meet with immediate attention, and that English justice, which was no respecter of persons, would speedily and amply avenge her on the brutal ruffian who had plundered her little property. She promised me often that she would, but she delayed taking the steps I pointed out, from time to time, for she was timid and dejected to a degree which showed how deeply sorrow had taken hold of her young heart, and perhaps she thought justly that the most upright judge and the most righteous tribunals could do nothing to repair her heaviest wrongs. Something, however, would perhaps have been done, for it had been settled between us at length (but, unhappily, on the very last time but one that I was ever to see her), that in a day or two I, accompanied by her, should state her case to a magistrate. This little service it was destined, however, that I should never realise. Meantime, that which she rendered to me, and which was greater than I could ever have repaid her, was this. One night, when we were pacing slowly along Oxford Street, and after a day when I had felt unusually ill and faint, I requested her to turn off with me into Soho Square. Thither we went, and we sat down on the steps of a house, which to this hour I never pass without a pang of grief, and an inner act of homage to the spirit of that unhappy girl, in memory of the noble act which she there performed. Sud-

denly, as we sat, I grew much worse. I had been leaning my head against her bosom, and all at once I sank from her arms, and fell backwards on the steps. From the sensations I then had, I felt an inner conviction of the liveliest kind, that, without some powerful and reviving stimulus, I should either have died on the spot, or should, at least, have sunk to a point of exhaustion from which all re-ascent, under my friendless circumstances, would soon have become hopeless. Then it was, at this crisis of my fate, that my poor orphan companion, who had herself met with little but injuries in this world, stretched out a saving hand to me. Uttering a cry of terror, but without a moment's delay, she ran off into Oxford Street, and, in less time than could be imagined, returned to me with a glass of portwine and spices that acted upon my empty stomach (which at that time would have rejected all solid food) with an instantaneous power of restoration, and for this glass the generous girl, without a murmur, paid out of her own humble purse, at a time, be it remembered, when she had scarcely wherewithal to purchase the bare necessities of life, and when she could have no reason to expect that I should ever be able to reimburse her. O youthful benefactress! how often in succeeding years, standing in solitary places, and thinking of thee with grief of heart and perfect love—how often have I wished that, as in ancient times the curse of a father was believed to have a supernatural power, and to pursue its object with a fatal necessity of self-fulfilment, even so the benediction of a heart oppressed with gratitude might have a like prerogative, might have power given it from above to chase, to haunt, to waylay, to pursue thee into the central darkness of a London brothel, or (if it were possible) even into the darkness of the grave, there to awaken thee with an authentic message of peace and forgiveness, and of final reconciliation!

Some feelings, though not deeper or more passionate, are more tender than others; and often when I walk, at this time, in Oxford Street by dreamy lamp-light, and hear those airs played on a common street-organ which years ago solaced me and my dear youthful companion, I shed tears, and muse with myself at the mysterious dispensation which so suddenly and so critically separated us for ever. How it happened, the reader will under-

stand from what remains of this introductory narration

Soon after the period of the last incident I have recorded, I met in Albemarle Street a gentleman of his late Majesty's household. This gentleman had received hospitalities, on different occasions, from my family, and he challenged me upon the strength of my family likeness. I did not attempt any disguise, but answered his questions ingenuously, and, on his pledging his word of honour that he would not betray me to my guardians, I gave him my real address in Greek Street. The next day I received from him a ten-pound bank-note. The letter enclosing it was delivered, with other letters of business, to the attorney, but, though his look and manner informed me that he suspected its contents, he gave it up to me honourably, and without demur.

This present, from the particular service to which much of it was applied, leads me naturally to speak again of the original purpose which had allured me up to London, and which I had been without intermission prosecuting through Mr Brunell from the first day of my arrival in London.

In so mighty a world as London, it will surprise my readers that I should not have found some means of staving off the last extremities of penury, and it will strike them that two resources, at least, must have been open to me *viz*, either to seek assistance from the friends of my family, or to turn my youthful accomplishments, such as they were, into some channel of pecuniary emolument. As to the first course, I may observe, generally, that what I dreaded beyond all other evils was the chance of being reclaimed by my guardians, not doubting that whatever power the law gave them would have been enforced against me to the utmost, that is, to the extremity of forcibly restoring me to the school which I had quitted, a restoration which, as it would, in my eyes, have been a dishonour, even if submitted to voluntarily, could not fail, when extorted from me in contempt and defiance of my own known wishes and earnest resistance, to have proved a humiliation worse to me than death, and which would, indeed, have terminated in death. I was, therefore, shy enough of applying for assistance even in those quarters where I was sure of receiving it, if at any risk of furnishing my guardians with a clue for tracing me. My father's friends, no doubt, had been many,

and were scattered all over the kingdom, but, as to London in particular, though a large section of these friends would certainly be found there, yet (as full ten years had passed since his death) I knew very few of them even by name, and never having seen London before—except once, in my fifteenth year, for a few hours—I knew not the address of even those few. To this mode of gaining help, therefore, in part the difficulty, but much more the danger which I have mentioned, habitually indisposed me. In regard to the other mode—that of turning any talents of knowledge that I might possess to a lucrative use—I now feel half inclined to join my reader in wondering that I should have overlooked it. As a corrector of Greek proofs (if in no other way), I might surely have gained enough for my slender wants. Such an office as this I could have discharged with an exemplary and punctual accuracy that would soon have gained me the confidence of my employers. And there was this great preliminary advantage in giving such a direction to my efforts, that the intellectual dignity and elegance associated with all ministerial services about the press would have saved my pride and self-respect from mortification. In an extreme case, such as mine had now become, I should not have absolutely disdained the humble station of 'devil.' A subaltern situation in a service inherently honourable is better than a much higher situation in a service pointing to ultimate objects that are mean or ignoble. I am, indeed, not sure that I could adequately have discharged the functions of this office. To the perfection of the diabolic character I fear that patience is one of the indispensable graces, more, perhaps, than I should be found on trial to possess for dancing attendance upon crotchety authors, superstitiously fastidious in matters of punctuation. But why talk of my qualifications? Qualified or not, where could I obtain such an office? For it must not be forgotten that even a diabolic appointment requires interest. Towards *that*, I must first of all have an introduction to some respectable publisher, and this I had no means of obtaining. To say the truth, however, it had never once occurred to me to think of literary labours as a source of profit. No mode sufficiently speedy of obtaining money had ever suggested itself, but that of borrowing it on the strength of my future claims and expectations. This mode I sought by every avenue to

compass, and amongst other persons I applied to a Jew named D—

To this Jew, and to other advertising money-lenders, I had introduced myself, with an account of my expectations, which account they had little difficulty in ascertaining to be correct. The person there mentioned as the second son of —, was found to have all the claims (or more than all) that I had stated, but one question still remained, which the faces of the Jews pretty significantly suggested,—was I that person? This doubt had never occurred to me as a possible one, I had rather feared, whenever my Jewish friends scrutinised me keenly, that I might be too well known to be that person, and that some scheme might be passing in their minds for entrapping me and selling me to my guardians. It was strange to me to find my own self, *maternaliter* considered (so I expressed it, for I doted on logical accuracy of distinctions), suspected of counterfeiting my own self, *formaliter* considered. However, to satisfy their scruples, I took the only course in my power. Whilst I was in Wales, I had received various letters from young friends, these I produced, for I carried them constantly in my pocket. Most of these letters were from the Earl of Altamont, who was at that time, and had been for some years back, amongst my confidential friends. These were dated from Eton. I had also some from the Marquis of Sligo, his father, who, though absorbed in agricultural pursuits, yet having been an Etonian himself, and as good a scholar as a nobleman needs to be, still retained an affection for classical studies and for youthful scholars. He had, accordingly, from the time that I was fifteen, corresponded with me—sometimes upon the great improvements which he had made, or was meditating, in the counties of Mayo and Sligo, since I had been there, sometimes upon the merits of a Latin poet, at other times, suggesting subjects on which he fancied that I could write verses myself, or breathe poetic inspiration into the mind of my once familiar companion, his son.

On reading the letters, one of my Jewish friends agreed to furnish two or three hundred pounds on my personal security, provided I could persuade the young earl—who was, by the way, not older than myself—to guarantee the payment on our joint coming of age, the Jew's final object being, as I now suppose, not the trifling profit he could expect to make by

me, but the prospect of establishing a connection with my noble friend, whose great expectations were well known to him. In pursuance of this proposal on the part of the Jew, about eight or nine days after I had received the £10, I prepared to visit Eton. Nearly three guineas of the money I had given to my money-lending friend in the back-ground, or, more accurately, I had given that sum to Mr Brunell, *alias* Brown, as representing Mr Dell, the Jew, and a smaller sum I had given directly to himself, on his own separate account. What he alleged in excuse for thus draining my purse at so critical a moment was, that stamps must be bought, in order that the writings might be prepared whilst I was away from London. I thought in my heart that he was lying, but I did not wish to give him any excuse for charging his own delays upon me. About fifteen shillings I had employed in re-establishing (though in a very humble way) my dress. Of the remainder, I gave one-quarter (something more than a guinea) to Ann, meaning, on my return, to have divided with her whatever might remain. These arrangements made, soon after six o'clock, on a dark winter evening, I set off, accompanied by Ann, towards Piccadilly, for it was my intention to go down as far as the turn to Salt Hill and Slough on the Bath or Bristol mail. Our course lay through a part of the town which has now totally disappeared, so that I can no longer retrace its ancient boundaries—having been replaced by Regent Street and its adjacencies. *Swallow Street* is all that I remember of the names superseded by this large revolutionary usurpation. Having time enough before us, however, we bore away to the left, until we came into Golden Square. There, near the corner of Sherrard Street, we sat down, not wishing to part in the tumult and blaze of Piccadilly. I had told Ann of my plans some time before, and now I assured her again that she should share in my good fortune, if I met with any, and that I would never forsake her, as soon as I had power to protect her. This I fully intended, as much from inclination as from a sense of duty, for, setting aside gratitude (which in any case must have made me her debtor for life), I loved her as affectionately as if she had been my sister, and at this moment with sevenfold tenderness, from pity at witnessing her extreme dejection. I had apparently most reason for dejection, because I was leaving the saviour

of my life, yet I, considering the shock my health had received, was cheerful and full of hope. She, on the contrary, who was parting with one who had had little means of serving her, except by kindness and brotherly treatment, was overcome by sorrow, so that, when I kissed her at our final farewell, she put her arms about my neck, and wept, without speaking a word. I hoped to return in a week, at furthest, and I agreed with her, that on the fifth night from that, and every night afterwards, she should wait for me, at six o'clock, near the bottom of Great Titchfield Street, which had formerly been our customary haven of rendezvous, to prevent our missing each other in the great Mediterranean of Oxford Street. This, and other measures of precaution, I took, one, only, I forgot. She had either never told me, or (as a matter of no great interest) I had forgotten, her surname. It is a general practice, indeed, with girls of humble rank in her unhappy condition, not (as novel-reading women of higher pretensions) to style themselves *Miss Douglas*, *Miss Montague*, etc., but simply by their Christian names, *Mary*, *Jane*, *Frances*, etc. Her surname, as the surest means of tracing her, I ought now to have inquired, but the truth is, having no reason to think that our meeting again could, in consequence of a short interruption, be more difficult or uncertain than it had been for so many weeks, I scarcely for a moment adverted to it as necessary, or placed it amongst my memoranda against this parting interview, and, my final anxieties being spent in comforting her with hopes, and in pressing upon her the necessity of getting some medicine for a violent cough with which she was troubled, I wholly forgot this precaution until it was too late to recall her.

From *Confessions of an English Opium Eater*

LEVANA AND OUR LADIES OF SORROW

Often times at Oxford I saw Levana in my dreams. I knew her by her Roman symbols. Who is Levana? Reader, that do not pretend to have leisure for very much scholarship, you will not be angry with me for telling you Levana was the Roman goddess that performed for the new-born infant the earliest office of ennobling kindness,—typical, by its mode, of that grandeur which belongs to man everywhere, and of that benignity in powers invisible which even in Pagan worlds some-

times descends to sustain it. At the very moment of birth, just as the infant tasted for the first time the atmosphere of our troubled planet, it was laid on the ground. *That* might bear different interpretations. But immediately, lest so grand a creature should grovel there for more than one instant, either the paternal hand, as proxy for the goddess Levana, or some near kinsman, as proxy for the father, raised it upright, bade it look erect as the king of all this world, and presented its forehead to the stars, saying, perhaps, in his heart, "Behold what is greater than yourselves!" This symbolic act represented the function of Levana. And that mysterious lady, who never revealed her face (except to me in dreams), but always acted by delegation, had her name from the Latin verb (as still it is the Italian verb) *levare*, to raise aloft.

This is the explanation of Levana. And hence it has arisen that some people have understood by Levana the tutelary power that controls the education of the nursery. She, that would not suffer at his birth even a prefigurative or mimic degradation for her awful ward, far less could be supposed to suffer the real degradation attaching to the non-development of his powers. She therefore watches over human education. Now the word *educo*, with the penultimate short, was derived (by process often exemplified in the crystallisation of languages) from the word *educo*, with the penultimate long. Whatsoever *educes*, or develops, *educates*. By the education of Levana, therefore, is meant,—not the poor machinery that moves by spelling-books and grammars, but that mighty system of central forces hidden in the deep bosom of human life, which by passion, by strife, by temptation, by the energies of resistance, works for ever upon children,—resting not day or night, any more than the mighty wheel of day and night themselves, whose moments, like restless spokes, are glimmering for ever as they revolve.

If, then, *these* are the ministries by which Levana works, how profoundly must she reverence the agencies of grief! But you, reader, think that children generally are not liable to grief such as mine. There are two senses in the word *generally*,—the sense of Euclid, where it means *universally* (or in the whole extent of the *genus*), and a foolish sense of this word, where it means *usually*. Now, I am far from saying that children

universally are capable of grief like mine. But there are more than you ever heard of who die of grief in this island of ours. I will tell you a common case. The rules of Eton require that a boy on the *foundation* should be there twelve years; he is superannuated at eighteen, consequently he must come at six. Children torn away from mothers and sisters at that age not unfrequently die. I speak of what I know. The complaint is not entered by the registrar as grief, but *that* it is. Grief of that sort, and at that age, has killed more than ever have been counted amongst its martyrs.

Therefore it is that Levana often communes with the powers that shake man's heart; therefore it is that she dotes upon grief. "These ladies," said I softly to myself, on seeing the ministers with whom Levana was conversing, "these are the Sorrows, and they are three in number, as the *Graces* are three, who dress man's life with beauty, the *Parcæ* are three, who weave the dark arras of man's life in their mysterious loom, always with colors sad in part, sometimes angry with tragic crimson and black, the *Furies* are three, who visit with retributions called from the other side of the grave offences that walk upon this, and once even the *Muses* were but three, who fit the harp, the trumpet, or the lute, to the great burdens of man's impassioned creations. These are the Sorrows, all three of whom I know." The last words I say *now*, but in Oxford I said, "One of whom I know, and the others too surely I *shall* know." For already, in my fervent youth, I saw (dimly relieved upon the dark background of my dreams) the imperfect lineaments of the awful sisters. These sisters—by what name shall we call them? If I say simply, "The Sorrows," there will be a chance of mistaking the term, it might be understood of individual sorrow,—separate cases of sorrow,—whereas I want a term expressing the mighty abstractions that incarnate themselves in all individual sufferings of man's heart, and I wish to have these abstractions presented as impersonations, that is, as clothed with human attributes of life, and with functions pointing to flesh. Let us call them, therefore, *Our Ladies of Sorrow*.

I know them thoroughly, and have walked in all their kingdoms. Three sisters they are, of one mysterious household, and their paths are wide apart, but of their dominion there is no end. Them I saw often conversing with Levana, and sometimes about myself. Do they

talk, then? Oh, no! Mighty phantoms like these disdain the infirmities of language. They may utter voices through the organs of man when they dwell in human hearts, but amongst themselves is no voice nor sound, eternal silence reigns in *their* kingdoms. They spoke not, as they talked with Levana, *they* whispered not, *they* sang not, though oftentimes methought they *might* have sung for I upon earth had heard their mysteries oftentimes deciphered by harp and tumbrel, by dulcimer and organ. Like God, whose servants they are, they utter their pleasure, not by sounds that perish, or by words that go astray, but by signs in heaven, by changes on earth, by pulses in secret rivers, heraldries painted on darkness, and hieroglyphics written on the tablets of the brain. They wheeled in mazes, I spelled the steps. They telegraphed from afar, I read the signals. They conspired together, and on the mirrors of darkness my eye traced the plots. *Theirs* were the symbols, *mine* are the words.

What is it the sisters are? What is it that they do? Let me describe their form, and their presence if form it were that still fluctuated in its outline, or presence it were that for ever advanced to the front, or for ever receded amongst shades.

The eldest of the three is named *Mater Lachrymarum*, Our Lady of Tears. She it is that night and day raves and moans, calling for vanished faces. She stood in Rama, where a voice was heard of lamentation,—Rachel weeping for her children, and refusing to be comforted. She it was that stood in Bethlehem on the night when Herod's sword swept its nurseries of Innocents, and the little feet were stiffened for ever, which, heard at times as they tottered along floors overhead, woke pulses of love in household hearts that were not unmarked in heaven. Her eyes are sweet and subtle, wild and sleepy, by turns, oftentimes rising to the clouds, oftentimes challenging the heavens. She wears a diadem round her head. And I knew by childish memories that she could go abroad upon the winds, when she heard the sobbing of litamies or the thundering of organs, and when she beheld the mustering of summer clouds. This sister, the eldest, it is that carries keys more than papal at her girdle, which open every cottage and every palace. She, to my knowledge, sat all last summer by the bedside of the blind beggar, him that so often and so gladly I talked

with, whose pious daughter, eight years old, with the sunny countenance, resisted the temptations of play and village mirth to travel all day long on dusty roads with her afflicted father. For this did God send her a great reward. In the spring-time of the year, and whilst yet her own spring was budding, He recalled her to himself. But her blind father mourns for ever over *her*, still he dreams at midnight that the little guiding hand is locked within his own, and still he wakens to a darkness that is *now* within a second and a deeper darkness. This *Mater Lachrymarum* also has been sitting all this winter of 1844-5 within the bed-chamber of the Czar, bringing before his eyes a daughter (not less pious) that vanished to God not less suddenly, and left behind her a darkness not less profound. By the power of the keys it is that Our Lady of Tears glides a ghostly intruder into the chambers of sleepless men, sleepless women, sleepless children, from Ganges to Nile, from Nile to Mississippi. And *her*, because she is the first-born of her house, and has the widest empire, let us honour with the title of "Madonna!"

The second sister is called *Mater Suspensorum*—Our Lady of Sighs. She never scales the clouds, nor walks abroad upon the winds. She wears no diadem. And her eyes, if they were ever seen, would be neither sweet nor subtle, no man could read their story, they would be found filled with perishing dreams, and with wrecks of forgotten delirium. But she raises not her eyes, her head, on which sits a dilapidated turban, droops for ever, for ever fastens on the dust. She weeps not. She groans not. But she sighs inaudibly at intervals. Her sister, Madonna, is oftentimes stormy and frantic, raging in the highest against heaven, and demanding back her darlings. But Our Lady of Sighs never clamours, never defies, dreams not of rebellious aspirations. She is humble to abjectness. Hers is the meekness that belongs to the hopeless. Murmur she may, but it is in her sleep. Whisper she may, but it is to herself in the twilight. Mutter she does at times, but it is in solitary places that are desolate as she is desolate, in ruined cities, and when the sun has gone down to his rest. This sister is the visitor of the Pariah, of the Jew, of the bondsman to the oar in the Mediterranean galleys; of the English criminal in Norfolk Island, blotted out from the books of remembrance in sweet far-off England, of the baffled penitent

reverting his eyes for ever upon a solitary grave, which to him seems the altar overthrown of some past and bloody sacrifice, on which altar no oblations can now be availing, whether towards pardon that he might implore, or towards reparation that he might attempt. Every slave that at noonday looks up to the tropical sun with timid reproach, as he points with one hand to the earth, our general mother, but for *him* a stepmother,—as he points with the other hand to the Bible, our general teacher, but against *him* sealed and sequestered,—every woman sitting in darkness, without love to shelter her head, or hope to illumine her solitude, because the heaven-born instincts kindling in her nature germs of holy affections which God implanted in her womanly bosom, having been stifled by social necessities, now burn sullenly to waste, like sepulchral lamps amongst the ancients, every nun defrauded of her unreturning May-time by wicked kinsman, whom God will judge, every captive in every dungeon, all that are betrayed and all that are rejected, outcasts by traditionary law, and children of *hereditary* disgrace,—all these walk with Our Lady of Sighs. She also carries a key, but she needs it little. For her kingdom is chiefly amongst the tents of Shem, and the houseless vagrant of every clime. Yet in the very highest ranks of man she finds chapels of her own, and even in glorious England there are some that, to the world, carry their heads as proudly as the reindeer, who yet secretly have received her mark upon their foreheads.

But the third sister, who is also the youngest —' Hush, whisper whilst we talk of *her*! Her kingdom is not large, or else no flesh should live, but within that kingdom all power is hers. Her head, turreted like that of Cybele, rises almost beyond the reach of sight. She droops not, and her eyes rising so high *might* be hidden by distance, but, being what they are, they cannot be hidden, through the treble veil of crape which she wears the fierce light of a blazing misery, that rests not for matins or for vespers, for noon of day or noon of night, for ebbing or for flowing tide, may be read from the very ground. She is the defier of God. She also is the mother of lunacies, and the suggestress of suicides. Deep lie the roots of her power, but narrow is the nation that she rules. For she can approach only those in whom a profound nature has been upheaved by central convulsions;

in whom the heart trembles, and the brain rocks under conspiracies of tempest from without and tempest from within Madonna moves with uncertain steps, fast or slow, but still with tragic grace Our Lady of Sighs creeps timidly and stealthily But this youngest sister moves with incalculable motions, bounding, and with tiger's leaps She carries no key, for, though coming rarely amongst men, she storms all doors at which she is permitted to enter at all And *her* name is *Mater Tenebrarum*—Our Lady of Darkness

These were the *Semnas Theas*, or Sublime Goddesses, these were the *Eumenides*, or Gracious Ladies (so called by antiquity in shuddering propitiation), of my Oxford dreams Madonna spoke She spoke by her mysterious hand Touching my head, she beckoned to Our Lady of Sighs, and *what* she spoke, translated out of the signs which (except in dreams) no man reads, was this —

"Lo! here is he whom in childhood I dedicated to my altars This is he that once I made my darling Him I led astray, him I beguiled, and from heaven I stole away his young heart to mine Through me did he become idolatrous, and through me it was, by

languishing desires, that he worshipped the worm, and prayed to the wormy grave Holy was the grave to him, lovely was its darkness, saintly its corruption Him, this young idolater, I have seasoned for thee, dear gentle Sister of Sighs! Do thou take him now to *thy* heart, and season him for our dreadful sister And thou,"—turning to the *Mater Tenebrarum*, she said,—"wicked sister, that temptest and hatest, do thou take him from *her* See that thy sceptre lie heavy on his head Suffer not woman and her tenderness to sit near him in his darkness Banish the frailties of hope, wither the relenting of love, scorch the fountains of tears, curse him as only *thou* canst curse So shall he be accomplished in the furnace, so shall he see the things that ought *not* to be seen, sights that are abominable, and secrets that are unutterable So shall he read elder truths, sad truths, grand truths, fearful truths So shall he rise again *before* he dies And so shall our commission be accomplished which from God we had,—to plague his heart until we had unfolded the capacities of his spirit"

From *Suspiria de Profundis*

GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON (1788-1824)

His love of adventure and his unconventional-ity made Byron one of the most romantic literary figures of the early nineteenth century. He purposely fostered the unfavorable opinions concerning him because his overmastering desire was to shock the aristocratic English society to which he belonged. By his eccentric actions and somewhat injudicious revelations concerning his private life he accomplished this aim. Much of his love of adventure he inherited from his father and grandfather, both roamers and explorers on the American continent. His mother, a Scotch heiress, who was deserted by her profligate husband, had a very uneven temper and quarreled with her son continually. At one time he thought she intended to murder him. This heredity explains to some extent Byron's own peculiarities. Yet Byron was proud of his noble family and considered himself superior to the other writers of the period. Writing for him was an entertaining pastime rather than a serious occupation.

At Harrow and Cambridge he gave little attention to his studies but participated eagerly in any pranks. He also spent hours in reading or writing poetry when he was in the mood for applying himself. *Hours of Idleness*, published in 1807 and containing the early poems, was severely criticized in the *Edinburgh Review*. Although much of the criticism was just, Byron replied with a sharp satire, *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*. This type of writing was particularly congenial to his excitable spirit, for he could hurl invectives at his detractors.

After Byron was forced to enter the House of Lords in 1809 without being introduced by his nearest kinsman, the Earl of Carlisle, who refused to perform this customary service, he went on a two years' trip to the East. When he returned, many of his escapades had been forgotten. He published an account of his travels in the first two cantos of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*. Of this work he said, "I awoke one morning and found myself famous." He became an important figure in London society and was welcomed everywhere until his separation from his wife in 1816. He had been married scarcely a year to Anne Milbanke when a storm of indignation and malicious rumor broke forth. This situation drove Byron from England to the continent, where he resided for the rest of his adventurous life. His marriage certainly was one of extreme incompatibility,

for Lady Byron, a pious woman, had married him with the idea that her influence would reform him. He treated her with contempt and did not try to conceal his infidelities.

For a time Byron lived in Geneva, where he enjoyed the companionship of Shelley and completed the third canto of *Childe Harold*. The quietness of Geneva was soon, however, exchanged for the gaiety of Venice. His luxurious manner of living and his love affairs with Marianna Segate, the Countess Guiccioli, and numerous others brought him notoriety but offended his friends. Yet all these irregularities were eclipsed by his last act. With true Byronic ardor he offered his services to Greece in her war for independence from Turkey. He never attained his dream of a heroic death on the battlefield, for he died of fever in Missolonghi, disillusioned by his attempt to settle the disputes among the Greek parties.

Byron was essentially a poser. He gloried in being considered a wicked man and did all he could to enforce this view. To him virtue was hypocrisy, and he hated hypocrisy. He gained a greater reputation on the continent than he did in England because he expressed European ideas and ideals. He failed to understand both the British character and his own personality. In this defect lies the cause of his unrest and revolt against the conventional. Byron struck the keynote of his life and of his poetry when he wrote, "I am of the opposition."

Byron wrote too carelessly, too hastily, and too frequently on one dominant theme, his dissatisfaction with organized society. *Childe Harold*, Cain, Manfred, and his other characters, especially Don Juan, are all the poet himself asserting his independence. Bonnivard, the hero of *The Prisoner of Chillon*, is championed because he suffered for his faith. Of all the romantic tales this one contains fewer of the melodramatic and bombastic passages which marred many of Byron's narratives.

As the rebellious spirit in man won his admiration, so the sterner features of nature, the storms and mountains, appealed to him. Although every poem in subject or treatment reflects some trait of the poet's nature, *Don Juan* reveals his personality completely. Unconventional, adventurous, sentimental, egotistical, cynical, satirical, disillusioned, Don Juan pursued his brilliant career.

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE

CANTO THE THIRD

"Afin que cette application vous forçât de penser a autre chose, il n'y a en verite de remède que celui la et le temps."

Lettre du Roi de Prusse à D'Alembert, Sept 7, 1776

I

Is thy face like thy mothers', my fair child!
ADA! sole daughter of my house and heart?
When last I saw thy young blue eyes they
smiled,

And then we parted,—not as now we part,

But with a hope—

Awaking with a start, ⁵
 The waters heave around me, and on
 high
 The winds lift up their voices I depart,
 Whither I know not, but the hour's gone
 by,
 When Albion's lessening shores could grieve
 or glad mine eye

II

Once more upon the waters! yet once
 more! ¹⁰
 And the waves bound beneath me as a steed
 That knows his rider Welcome to their
 roar!
 Swift be their guidance, wheresoe'er it lead!
 Though the strain'd mast should quiver as
 a reed,
 And the rent canvas fluttering strew the
 gale, ¹⁵
 Still must I on, for I am as a weed,
 Flung from the rock, on Ocean's foam to
 sail
 Where'er the surge may sweep, the tempest's
 breath prevail

III

In my youth's summer I did sing of One,
 The wandering outlaw of his own dark
 mind, ²⁰
 Again I seize the theme, then but begun,
 And bear it with me, as the rushing wind
 Bears the cloud onwards in that Tale I
 find
 The furrows of long thought, and dried-up
 tears,
 Which, ebbing, leave a sterile track be-
 hind, ²⁵
 O'er which all heavily the journeying years
 Plod the last sands of life,—where not a
 flower appears

IV

Since my young days of passion—joy, or
 pain,
 Perchance my heart and harp have lost a
 string,
 And both may jar; it may be, that in
 vain ³⁰
 I would essay as I have sung to sing

Yet, though a dreary strain, to this I
 cling,
 So that it wean me from the weary dream
 Of selfish grief or gladness—so it fling
 Forgetfulness around me—it shall seem ³⁵
 To me, though to none else, a not ungrateful
 theme

V

He, who grown aged in this world of woe,
 In deeds, not years, piercing the depths
 of life,
 So that no wonder waits him, nor below
 Can love, or sorrow, fame, ambition,
 strife, ⁴⁰
 Cut to his heart again with the keen knife
 Of silent, sharp endurance he can tell
 Why thought seeks refuge in lone caves,
 yet rife
 With airy images, and shapes which dwell
 Still unimpar'd, though old, in the soul's
 haunted cell ⁴⁵

VI

'T is to create, and in creating live
 A being more intense that we endow
 With form our fancy, gaining as we give
 The life we image, even as I do now
 What am I? Nothing but not so art
 thou, ⁵⁰
 Soul of my thought! with whom I traverse
 earth,
 Invisible but gazing, as I glow
 Mix'd with thy spirit, blended with thy
 birth,
 And feeling still with thee in my crush'd
 feelings' dearth

VII

Yet must I think less wildly — I *have*
 thought ⁵⁵
 Too long and darkly, till my brain became,
 In its own eddy boiling and o'erwrought,
 A whirling gulf of phantasy and flame
 And thus, untaught in youth my heart to
 tame,
 My springs of life were poison'd 'T is
 too late! ⁶⁰
 Yet am I changed, though still enough the
 same
 In strength to bear what time cannot abate,
 And feed on bitter fruits without accusing
 Fate

VIII

Something too much of this but now 't
 is past,
 And the spell closes with its silent seal 65
 Long absent HAROLD re-appears at last,
 He of the breast which fain no more would
 feel,
 Wrung with the wounds which kill not
 but ne'er heal,
 Yet Time, who changes all, had alter'd
 him
 In soul and aspect as in age years steal 70
 Fire from the mind as vigour from the limb,
 And life's enchanted cup but sparkles near
 the brim

IX

His had been quaff'd too quickly, and he
 found
 The dregs were wormwood, but he fill'd
 again,
 And from a purer fount, on holier ground, 75
 And deem'd its spring perpetual, but in
 vain!
 Still round him clung invisibly a chain
 Which gall'd for ever, fettering though un-
 seen,
 And heavy though it clank'd not, worn
 with pain,
 Which pined although it spoke not, and 80
 grew keen,
 Entering with every step he took through
 many a scene

X

Secure in guarded coldness, he had mix'd
 Again in fancied safety with his kind,
 And deem'd his spirit now so firmly fix'd
 And sheath'd with an invulnerable mind, 85
 That, if no joy, no sorrow lurk'd behind,
 And he, as one, might 'midst the many
 stand
 Unheeded, searching through the crowd to
 find
 Fit speculation, such as in strange land
 He found in wonder-works of God and Na-
 ture's hand 90

XI

But who can view the ripen'd rose nor seek
 To wear it? who can curiously behold

The smoothness and the sheen of beauty's
 cheek,
 Nor feel the heart can never all grow old?
 Who can contemplate Fame through clouds
 unfold 95
 The star which rises o'er her steep, nor
 climb?
 Harold, once more within the vortex, roll'd
 On with the giddy circle, chasing Time,
 Yet with a nobler aim than in his youth's
 fond prime

XII

But soon he knew himself the most un-
 fit 100
 Of men to herd with Man, with whom he
 held
 Little in common, untaught to submit
 His thoughts to others, though his soul
 was quell'd
 In youth by his own thoughts, still un-
 compell'd,
 He would not yield dominion of his mind 105
 To spirits against whom his own rebell'd,
 Proud though in desolation, which could
 find
 A life within itself, to breathe without man-
 kind

XIII

Where rose the mountains, there to him
 were friends,
 Where roll'd the ocean, thereon was his
 home, 110
 Where a blue sky, and glowing clime, ex-
 tends,
 He had the passion and the power to roam,
 The desert, forest, cavern, breaker's foam,
 Were unto him companionship, they
 spake
 A mutual language, clearer than the tome 115
 Of his land's tongue, which he would oft
 forsake
 For Nature's pages glass'd by sunbeams on
 the lake

XIV

Like the Chaldean he could watch the
 stars,
 Till he had peopled them with beings
 bright
 As their own beams, and earth, and earth-
 born jars, 120

And human frailties, were forgotten quite
 Could he have kept his spirit to that flight
 He had been happy, but this clay will
 sink
 Its spark immortal, envying it the light
 To which it mounts, as if to break the
 link 125
 That keeps us from yon heaven which woos
 us to its brink

XV

But in Man's dwellings he became a thing
 Restless and worn, and stern and weari-
 some,
 Droop'd as a wild-born falcon with clipt
 wing,
 To whom the boundless air alone were
 home 130
 Then came his fit again, which to o'er-
 come,
 As eagerly the barr'd-up bird will beat
 His breast and beak against his wiry dome
 Till the blood tinge his plumage, so the
 heat
 Of his impeded soul would through his bosom
 eat 135

XVI

Self-exiled Harold wanders forth again,
 With nought of hope left, but with less of
 gloom,
 The very knowledge that he lived in vain,
 That all was over on this side the tomb,
 Had made Despair a smilingness assume, 140
 Which, though 't were wild,—as on the
 plunder'd wreck
 When manners would madly meet their
 doom
 With draughts intemperate on the sinking
 deck,—
 Did yet inspire a cheer, which he forbore to
 check

XVII

Stop!—for thy tread is on an Empire's
 dust! 145
 An Earthquake's spoil is sepulchred below!
 Is the spot mark'd with no colossal bust,
 Nor column trophied for triumphal show?
 None, but the moral's truth tells simpler
 so,
 As the ground was before, thus let it
 be;— 150

How that red rain hath made the harvest
 grow!
 And is this all the world has gain'd by thee,
 Thou first and last of fields' king-making
 Victory?

XVIII

And Harold stands upon this place of
 skulls,
 The grave of France, the deadly Water-
 loo! 155
 How in an hour the power which gave
 annuls
 Its gifts, transferring fame as fleeting too!
 In "pride of place" here last the eagle
 flew,
 Then tore with bloody talon the rent
 plain,
 Pierced by the shaft of banded nations
 through, 160
 Ambition's life and labours all were vain,
 He wears the shatter'd links of the world's
 broken chain

XIX

Fit retribution! Gaul may champ the bit
 And foam in fetters,—but is Earth more
 free?
 Did nations combat to make *One* sub-
 mit; 165
 Or league to teach all kings true sover-
 eignty?
 What! shall reviving Thralldom again be
 The patch'd-up idol of enlighten'd days?
 Shall we, who struck the Lion down, shall
 we
 Pay the Wolf homage? proffering lowly
 gaze 170
 And servile knees to thrones? No, *prove*
 before ye praise!

XX

If not, o'er one fallen despot boast no
 more!
 In vain fair cheeks were furrow'd with hot
 tears
 For Europe's flowers long rooted up be-
 fore
 The trampler of her vineyards; in vain
 years 175
 Of death, depopulation, bondage, fears,
 Have all been borne, and broken by the
 accord

Of roused-up millions; all that most en-
dears
Glory, is when the myrtle wreathes a
sword
Such as Harmodius drew on Athens' tyrant
lord 180

XXI

There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gather'd then
Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and
brave men,
A thousand hearts beat happily, and
when 185
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake
again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell,
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a
rising knell!

XXII

Did ye not hear it?—No, 't was but the
wind, 190
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street,
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined,
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleas-
ure meet
To chase the glowing Hours with flying
feet—
But hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once
more, 195
As if the clouds its echo would repeat,
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! Arm! it is—it is—the cannon's open-
ing roar!

XXIII

Within a window'd niche of that high
hall
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain, he did
hear 200
That sound the first amidst the festival,
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic
ear,
And when they smiled because he deem'd
it near,
His heart more truly knew that peal too
well
Which stretch'd his father on a bloody
bier, 205

And roused the vengeance blood alone could
quell,
He rush'd into the field, and, foremost fight-
ing, fell

XXIV

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and
fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of dis-
tress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour
ago 210
Blush'd at the praise of their own loveli-
ness,
And there were sudden partings, such as
press
The life from out young hearts, and chok-
ing sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated, who could
guess
If ever more should meet those mutual
eyes, 215
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn
could rise!

XXV

And there was mounting in hot haste the
steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering
car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous
speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war, 220
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar,
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning
star,
While throng'd the citizens with terror
dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips—"The foe!
they come! they come!" 225

XXVI

And wild and high the "Cameron's gather-
ing" rose!
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's
hills
Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon
foes —
How in the noon of night that pibroch
thrills,
Savage and shrill! But with the breath
which fills 230

Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountain-
 ears
 With the fierce native daring which instils
 The stirring memory of a thousand years,
 And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each
 clansman's ears!

XXVII

And Ardennes waves above them her green
 leaves,²³⁵
 Dewy with nature's tear-drops as they
 pass,
 Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
 Over the unreturning brave,—alas!
 Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
 Which now beneath them, but above shall
 grow²⁴⁰
 In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
 Of living valour, rolling on the foe
 And burning with high hope shall moulder
 cold and low

XXVIII

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
 Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,²⁴⁵
 The midnight brought the signal-sound of
 strife,
 The morn the marshalling in arms,—the
 day
 Battle's magnificently stern array!
 The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which
 when rent
 The earth is cover'd thick with other²⁵⁰
 clay,
 Which her own clay shall cover, heap'd
 and pent,
 Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red
 burial blent!

XXIX

Their praise is hymn'd by loftier harps
 than mine
 Yet one I would select from that proud
 throng,
 Partly because they blend me with his
 line,²⁵⁵
 And partly that I did his sire some wrong,
 And partly that bright names will hallow
 song,
 And his was of the bravest, and when
 shower'd
 The death-bolts deadliest the thinn'd files
 along,

Even where the thickest of war's tempest
 lower'd,²⁶⁰
 They reach'd no nobler breast than thine,
 young gallant Howard!

XXX

There have been tears and breaking hearts
 for thee,
 And mine were nothing had I such to give,
 But when I stood beneath the fresh green
 tree,
 Which living waves where thou didst cease
 to live,²⁶⁵
 And saw around me the wide field revive
 With fruits and fertile promise, and the
 Spring
 Came forth her work of gladness to con-
 trive,
 With all her reckless birds upon the wing,
 I turn'd from all she brought to those she
 could not bring²⁷⁰

XXXI

I turn'd to thee, to thousands, of whom
 each
 And one as all a ghastly gap did make
 In his own kind and kindred, whom to
 teach
 Forgetfulness were mercy for their sake,
 The Archangel's trump, not Glory's, must
 awake²⁷⁵
 Those whom they thirst for; though the
 sound of Fame
 May for a moment soothe, it cannot slake
 The fever of vain longing, and the name
 So honour'd but assumes a stronger, bitterer
 clam

XXXII

They mourn, but smile at length, and,
 smiling, mourn²⁸⁰
 The tree will wither long before it fall;
 The hull drives on, though mast and sail
 be torn,
 The roof-tree sinks, but moulders on the
 hall
 In massy hoariness, the ruin'd wall
 Stands when its wind-worn battlements are
 gone,²⁸⁵
 The bars survive the captive they enthal,
 The day drags through, though storms
 keep out the sun,

And thus the heart will break, yet brokenly
live on

XXXVI

XXXIII

Even as a broken mirror, which the
glass
In every fragment multiplies, and makes ²⁹⁰
A thousand images of one that was,
The same, and still the more, the more it
breaks,
And thus the heart will do which not for-
sakes,
Living in shatter'd guise, and still, and
cold,
And bloodless, with its sleepless sorrow
aches, ²⁹⁵
Yet withers on till all without is old,
Showing no visible sign, for such things are
untold

XXXIV

There is a very life in our despair,
Vitality of poison, a quick root
Which feeds these deadly branches, for it
were ³⁰⁰
As nothing did we die, but Life will suit
Itself to Sorrow's most detested fruit,
Like to the apples on the Dead Sea's shore,
All ashes to the taste Did man com-
pute
Existence by enjoyment, and count o'er ³⁰⁵
Such hours 'gainst years of life,—say, would
he name threescore?

XXXV

The Psalmist number'd out the years of
man
They are enough; and if thy tale be *true*,
Thou, who didst grudge him even that
fleeting span,
More than enough, thou fatal Waterloo! ³¹⁰
Millions of tongues record thee, and anew
Their children's lips shall echo them, and
say—
“Here, where the sword united nations
drew,
Our countrymen were warring on that
day!”
And this is much, and all which will not
pass away ³¹⁵

There sunk the greatest, nor the worst of
men,
Whose spirit, antithetically mixt,
One moment of the mightiest, and again
On little objects with like firmness fixt,
Extreme in all things! hadst thou been
betwixt, ³²⁰
Thy throne had still been thine, or never
been,
For daring made thy rise as fall thou
seek'st
Even now to re-assume the imperial mien,
And shake again the world, the Thunderer
of the scene!

XXXVII

Conqueror and captive of the earth art
thou! ³²⁵
She trembles at thee still, and thy wild
name
Was ne'er more bruited in men's minds
than now
That thou art nothing, save the jest of
Fame,
Who woo'd thee once, thy vassal, and
became
The flatterer of thy fierceness, till thou
wert ³³⁰
A god unto thyself, nor less the same
To the astounded kingdoms all inert,
Who deem'd thee for a time whate'er thou
didst assert

XXXVIII

Oh, more or less than man—in high or
low,
Battling with nations, flying from the
field, ³³⁵
Now making monarchs' necks thy foot-
stool, now
More than thy meanest soldier taught to
yield
An empire thou couldst crush, command,
rebuild,
But govern not thy pettiest passion, nor,
However deeply in men's spirits skill'd, ³⁴⁰
Look through thine own, nor curb the lust
of war,
Nor learn that tempted Fate will leave the
loftiest star

XXXIX

Yet well thy soul hath brook'd the turning
 tide
 With that untaught innate philosophy,
 Which, be it wisdom, coldness, or deep
 pride, ³⁴⁵
 Is gall and wormwood to an enemy
 When the whole host of hatred stood hard
 by,
 To watch and mock thee shrinking, thou
 hast smiled
 With a sedate and all-enduring eye,
 When Fortune fled her spoil'd and favourite
 child, ³⁵⁰
 He stood unbow'd beneath the ills upon him
 piled

XL

Sager than in thy fortunes, for in them
 Ambition steel'd thee on too far to show
 That just habitual scorn, which could con-
 temn
 Men and their thoughts, 't was wise to
 feel, not so ³⁵⁵
 To wear it ever on thy lip and brow,
 And spurn the instruments thou wert to
 use
 Till they were turn'd unto thine overthrow
 'T is but a worthless world to win or lose,
 So hath it proved to thee, and all such lot
 who choose ³⁶⁰

XLI

If, like a tower upon a headland rock,
 Thou hadst been made to stand or fall
 alone,
 Such scorn of man had help'd to brave the
 shock,
 But men's thoughts were the steps which
 paved thy throne,
 Their admiration thy best weapon shone, ³⁶⁵
 The part of Philip's son was thine, not
 then
 (Unless aside thy purple had been thrown)
 Like stern Diogenes to mock at men,
 For sceptred cynics earth were far too wide
 a den

XLII

But quiet to quick bosoms is a hell, ³⁷⁰
 And *there* hath been thy bane, there is a
 fire

And motion of the soul which will not
 dwell
 In its own narrow being, but aspire
 Beyond the fitting medium of desire,
 And, but once kindled, quenchless ever-
 more, ³⁷⁵
 Preys upon high adventure, nor can tire
 Of aught but rest, a fever at the core,
 Fatal to him who bears, to all who ever bore

XLIII

This makes the madmen who have made
 men mad
 By their contagion, Conquerors and
 Kings, ³⁸⁰
 Founders of sects and systems, to whom
 add
 Sophists, Bards, Statesmen, all unquiet
 things
 Which stir too strongly the soul's secret
 springs,
 And are themselves the fools to those they
 fool,
 Envied, yet how unenviable! what stings ³⁸⁵
 Are theirs! One breast laid open were a
 school
 Which would unteach mankind the lust to
 shine or rule

XLIV

Their breath is agitation, and their life
 A storm whereon they ride, to sink at
 last,
 And yet so nursed and bigoted to strife, ³⁹⁰
 That should their days, surviving perils
 past,
 Melt to calm twilight, they feel overcast
 With sorrow and supineness, and so die,
 Even as a flame unfed, which runs to
 waste
 With its own flickering, or a sword laid
 by, ³⁹⁵
 Which eats into itself and rusts ingloriously

XLV

He who ascends to mountain-tops, shall
 find
 The loftiest peaks most wrapt in clouds
 and snow,
 He who surpasses or subdues mankind,
 Must look down on the hate of those be-
 low ⁴⁰⁰

Though high *above* the sun of glory glow,
 And far *beneath* the earth and ocean spread,
Round him are icy rocks, and loudly blow
 Contending tempests on his naked head,
 And thus reward the toils which to those
 summits led 405

XLVI

Away with these! true Wisdom's world
 will be
 Within its own creation, or in thine,
 Maternal Nature! for who teems like thee,
 Thus on the banks of thy majestic
 Rhine?
 There Harold gazes on a work divine, 410
 A blending of all beauties, streams and
 dells,
 Fruit, foliage, crag, wood, cornfield, moun-
 tain, vine,
 And chiefless castles breathing stern fare-
 wells
 From gray but leafy walls, where Ruin greenly
 dwells

XLVII

And there they stand, as stands a lofty
 mind, 415
 Worn, but unstooping to the baser crowd,
 All tenantless, save to the crannying wind,
 Or holding dark communion with the cloud
 There was a day when they were young
 and proud,
 Banners on high, and battles pass'd be-
 low, 420
 But they who fought are in a bloody shroud,
 And those which waved are shredless dust
 ere now,
 And the bleak battlements shall bear no
 future blow

XLVIII

Beneath those battlements, within those
 walls,
 Power dwelt amidst her passions, in proud
 state 425
 Each robber chief upheld his armèd halls,
 Doing his evil will, nor less elate
 Than mightier heroes of a longer date
 What want these outlaws conquerors should
 have,
 But history's purchased page to call them
 great? 430

A wider space, an ornamented grave?
 Their hopes were not less warm, their souls
 were full as brave

XLIX

In their baronial feuds and single fields,
 What deeds of prowess unrecorded died!
 And Love, which lent a blazon to their
 shields, 435
 With emblems well devised by amorous
 pride,
 Through all the mail of iron hearts would
 glide,
 But still their flame was fierceness, and
 drew on
 Keen contest and destruction near allied,
 And many a tower for some fair mischief
 won, 440
 Saw the discolour'd Rhine beneath its ruin
 run

L

But Thou, exulting and abounding river!
 Making thy waves a blessing as they flow
 Through banks whose beauty would endure
 for ever,
 Could man but leave thy bright crea-
 tion so, 445
 Nor its fair promise from the surface mow
 With the sharp scythe of conflict,—then
 to see
 Thy valley of sweet waters, were to know
 Earth paved like Heaven, and to seem
 such to me,
 Even now what wants thy stream?—that it
 should Lethe be 450

LI

A thousand battles have assail'd thy banks,
 But these and half their fame have pass'd
 away,
 And Slaughter heap'd on high his welter-
 ing ranks,
 Their very graves are gone, and what are
 they?
 Thy tide wash'd down the blood of yester-
 day, 455
 And all was stainless, and on thy clear
 stream
 Glass'd, with its dancing light, the sunny
 ray,
 But o'er the blacken'd memory's blighting
 dream

Thy waves would vainly roll, all sweeping
as they seem

LII

Thus Harold inly said, and pass'd along, ⁴⁶⁰
Yet not insensible to all which here
Awoke the jocund birds to early song
In glens which might have made even exile
dear
Though on his brow were graven lines
austere,
And tranquil sternness, which had ta'en
the place ⁴⁶⁵
Of feelings fierier far but less severe,
Joy was not always absent from his face,
But o'er it in such scenes would steal with
transient trace

LIII

Nor was all love shut from him, though
his days
Of passion had consumed themselves to
dust ⁴⁷⁰
It is in vain that we would coldly gaze
On such as smile upon us, the heart must
Leap kindly back to kindness, though dis-
gust
Hath wean'd it from all wordlings thus
he felt,
For there was soft remembrance, and sweet
trust ⁴⁷⁵
In one fond breast, to which his own would
melt,
And in its tenderer hour on that his bosom
dwelt

LIV

And he had learn'd to love,—I know not
why,
For this in such as him seems strange of
mood,—
The helpless looks of blooming infancy, ⁴⁸⁰
Even in its earliest nurture, what subdued,
To change like this, a mind so far imbued
With scorn of man, it little boots to know,
But thus it was, and though in solitude
Small power the nipp'd affections have to
grow, ⁴⁸⁵
In him this glow'd when all beside had ceased
to glow

LV

And there was one soft breast, as hath
been said

Which unto his was bound by stronger ties
Than the church links withal, and, though
unwed,

That love was pure, and, far above dis-
guise, ⁴⁹⁰

Had stood the test of mortal enmities
Still undivided, and cemented more
By peril, dreaded most in female eyes,
But this was firm, and from a foreign
shore
Well to that heart might his these absent
greetings pour! ⁴⁹⁵

1

The castled crag of Drachenfels
Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,
Whose breast of waters broadly swells
Between the banks which bear the
vine,
And hills all rich with blossom'd trees, ⁵⁰⁰
And fields which promise corn and wine,
And scatter'd cities crowning these,
Whose far white walls along them shine,
Have strew'd a scene, which I should
see
With double joy wert *thou* with me ⁵⁰⁵

2

And peasant girls, with deep blue eyes,
And hands which offer early flowers,
Walk smiling o'er this paradise,
Above, the frequent feudal towers
Through green leaves lift their walls of
gray, ⁵¹⁰
And many a rock which steeply lowers,
And noble arch in proud decay,
Look o'er this vale of vintage-bowers,
But one thing want these banks of
Rhine,—
Thy gentle hand to clasp in mine! ⁵¹⁵

3

I send the lilies given to me,
Though long before thy hand they touch,
I know that they must wither'd be,
But yet reject them not as such,
For I have cherish'd them as dear, ⁵²⁰
Because they yet may meet thine eye,
And gude thy soul to mine even here,
When thou behold'st them drooping nigh,
And know'st them gather'd by the
Rhine,
And offer'd from my heart to thine! ⁵²⁵

4

The river nobly foams and flows,
 The charm of this enchanted ground,
 And all its thousand turns disclose
 Some fresher beauty varying round
 The haughtiest breast its wish might
 bound 530
 Through life to dwell delighted here,
 Nor could on earth a spot be found
 To nature and to me so dear,
 Could thy dear eyes in following mine
 Still sweeten more these banks of
 Rhine! 535

LVI

By Coblenz, on a rise of gentle ground,
 There is a small and simple pyramid,
 Crowning the summit of the verdant mound,
 Beneath its base are heroes' ashes hid,
 Our enemy's—but let not that forbid 540
 Honour to Marceau! o'er whose early
 tomb
 Tears, big tears, gush'd from the rough
 soldier's lid,
 Lamenting and yet envying such a doom,
 Falling for France, whose rights he battled
 to resume

LVII

Brief, brave, and glorious was his young
 career,— 545
 His mourners were two hosts, his friends
 and foes,
 And fitly may the stranger lingering here
 Pray for his gallant spirit's bright repose,
 For he was Freedom's champion, one of
 those,
 The few in number, who had not o'er-
 stept 550
 The charter to chastise which she bestows
 On such as wield her weapons, he had
 kept
 The whiteness of his soul, and thus men o'er
 him wept.

LVIII

Here Ehrenbreitstein, with her shatter'd
 wall
 Black with the miner's blast, upon her
 height 555
 Yet shows of what she was, when shell
 and ball

Rebounding idly on her strength did light.
 A tower of victory! from whence the flight
 Of baffled foes was watch'd along the
 plain
 But Peace destroy'd what War could never
 blight, 560
 And laid those proud roofs bare to Sum-
 mer's rain,
 On which the iron shower for years had
 pour'd in vain

LIX

Adieu to thee, fair Rhine! How long de-
 lighted
 The stranger fain would linger on his
 way!
 Thine is a scene alike where souls united 565
 Or lonely Contemplation thus might stray,
 And could the ceaseless vultures cease to
 prey
 On self-condemning bosoms, it were here,
 Where Nature, nor too sombre nor too
 gay,
 Wild but not rude, awful yet not austere, 570
 Is to the mellow Earth as Autumn to the
 year

LX

Adieu to thee again! a vain adieu!
 There can be no farewell to scene like
 thine,
 The mind is colour'd by thy every hue,
 And if reluctantly the eyes resign 575
 Their cherish'd gaze upon thee, lovely Rhine,
 'T is with the thankful glance of parting
 praise,
 More mighty spots may rise, more glaring
 shine,
 But none unite in one attaching maze
 The brilliant, fair, and soft,—the glories of
 old days 580

LXI

The negligently grand, the fruitful bloom
 Of coming ripeness, the white city's sheen,
 The rolling stream, the precipice's gloom,
 The forest's growth, and Gothic walls be-
 tween,
 The wild rocks shaped as they had turrets
 been, 585
 In mockery of man's art, and these withal
 A race of faces happy as the scene,

Whose fertile bounties here extend to all,
Still springing o'er thy banks, though Em-
pires near them fall

LXII

But these recede Above me are the Alps, 590
The palaces of Nature, whose vast walls
Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps,
And throned Eternity in icy halls
Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls
The avalanche—the thunderbolt of snow! 595
All that expands the spirit, yet appals,
Gather around these summits, as to show
How Earth may pierce to Heaven, yet leave
vain man below

LXIII

But ere these matchless heights I dare to
scan,
There is a spot should not be pass'd in
vain,— 600
Morat! the proud, the patriot field! where
man
May gaze on ghastly trophies of the slain,
Nor blush for those who conquer'd on that
plain,
Here Burgundy bequeath'd his tombless
host,
A bony heap, through ages to remain, 605
Themselves their monument,—the Stygian
coast
Unsepulchred they roam'd, and shriek'd each
wandering ghost

LXIV

While Waterloo with Cannæ's carnage vies,
Morat and Marathon twin names shall
stand,
They were true Glory's stainless victo-
ries, 610
Won by the unambitious heart and hand
Of a proud, brotherly, and civic band,
All unbought champions in no princely
cause
Of vice-entail'd Corruption, they no land
Doom'd to bewail the blasphemy of laws 615
Making kings' rights divine, by some Dra-
conic clause

LXV

By a lone wall a lonelier column rears
A gray and grief-worn aspect of old days,

'T is the last remnant of the wreck of
years,
And looks as with the wild-bewilder'd
gaze 620
Of one to stone converted by amaze,
Yet still with consciousness, and there it
stands
Making a marvel that it not decays,
When the coeval pride of human hands,
Levell'd Aventicum, hath strew'd her sub-
ject lands 625

LXVI

And there—oh! sweet and sacred be the
name!—
Julia—the daughter, the devoted—gave
Her youth to Heaven, her heart, beneath
a claim
Nearest to Heaven's, broke o'er a father's
grave
Justice is sworn 'gainst tears, and hers
would crave 630
The life she lived in, but the judge was
just,
And then she died on him she could not
save
Their tomb was simple, and without a bust,
And held within their urn one mind, one
heart, one dust

LXVII

But these are deeds which should not pass
away, 635
And names that must not wither, though
the earth
Forgets her empires with a just decay,
The enslavers and the enslaved, their death
and birth,
The high, the mountain-majesty of worth
Should be, and shall, survivor of its woe 640
And from its immortality look forth
In the sun's face, like yonder Alpine snow,
Impenishably pure beyond all things below

LXVIII

Lake Lemman woos me with its crystal
face,
The mirror where the stars and mountains
view 645
The stillness of their aspect in each trace
Its clear depth yields of their far height
and hue

There is too much of man here, to look
 through
 With a fit mind the might which I be-
 hold,
 But soon in me shall Loneliness renew ⁶⁵⁰
 Thoughts hid, but not less cherish'd than
 of old,
 Ere mingling with the herd had penn'd me
 in their fold

LXIX

To fly from, need not be to hate, man-
 kind
 All are not fit with them to stir and toil,
 Nor is it discontent to keep the mind ⁶⁵⁵
 Deep in its fountain, lest it overboil
 In the hot throng, where we become the
 spoil
 Of our infection, till too late and long
 We may deplore and struggle with the
 coil,
 In wretched interchange of wrong for ⁶⁶⁰
 wrong
 Midst a contentious world, striving where
 none are strong

LXX

There, in a moment we may plunge our
 years
 In fatal penitence, and in the blight
 Of our own soul turn all our blood to
 tears,
 And colour things to come with hues of ⁶⁶⁵
 Night,
 The race of life becomes a hopeless flight
 To those that walk in darkness on the
 sea
 The boldest steer but where their ports
 invite;
 But there are wanderers o'er Eternity
 Whose bark drives on and on, and anchor'd
 ne'er shall be ⁶⁷⁰

LXXI

Is it not better, then, to be alone,
 And love Earth only for its earthly sake?
 By the blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone,
 Or the pure bosom of its nursing lake,
 Which feeds it as a mother who doth
 make ⁶⁷⁵
 A fair but froward infant her own care,
 Kissing its cries away as these awake,—

Is it not better thus our lives to wear,
 Than join the crushing crowd, doom'd to in-
 flict or bear?

LXXII

I live not in myself, but I become ⁶⁸⁰
 Portion of that around me, and to me
 High mountains are a feeling, but the hum
 Of human cities torture I can see
 Nothing to loathe in nature, save to be
 A link reluctant in a fleshly chain, ⁶⁸⁵
 Class'd among creatures, when the soul can
 flee,
 And with the sky, the peak, the heaving
 plain
 Of ocean, or the stars, mingle, and not in
 vain

LXXIII

And thus I am absorb'd, and this is life
 I look upon the peopled desert past, ⁶⁹⁰
 As on a place of agony and strife,
 Where, for some sin, to sorrow I was cast,
 To act and suffer, but remount at last
 With a fresh pinion, which I feel to
 spring,
 Though young, yet waxing vigorous as the
 blast ⁶⁹⁵
 Which it would cope with, on delighted
 wing,
 Spurning the clay-cold bonds which round
 our being cling

LXXIV

And when, at length, the mind shall be all
 free
 From what it hates in this degraded
 form,
 Reft of its carnal life, save what shall be ⁷⁰⁰
 Existent happier in the fly and worm,—
 When elements to elements conform,
 And dust is as it should be, shall I not
 Feel all I see, less dazzling, but more
 warm?
 The bodiless thought? the Spirit of each
 spot? ⁷⁰⁵
 Of which, even now, I share at times the
 immortal lot?

LXXV

Are not the mountains, waves, and skies,
 a part

Of me and of my soul, as I of them?
Is not the love of these deep in my heart
With a pure passion? should I not con-
tern 710
All objects, if compared with these? and
stem

A tide of suffering, rather than forego
Such feelings for the hard and worldly
phlegm
Of those whose eyes are only turn'd be-
low,
Gazing upon the ground, with thoughts which
dare not glow? 715

LXXVI

But this is not my theme, and I return
To that which is immediate, and require
Those who find contemplation in the urn,
To look on One, whose dust was once all
fire,
A native of the land where I respire 720
The clear air for a while—a passing guest,
Where he became a being,—whose desire
Was to be glorious, 't was a foolish quest,
The which to gain and keep, he sacrificed all
rest

LXXVII

Here the self-torturing sophist, wild Rous-
seau, 725
The apostle of affliction, he who threw
Enchantment over passion, and from woe
Wrung overwhelming eloquence, first drew
The breath which made him wretched, yet
he knew
How to make madness beautiful, and cast 730
O'er erring deeds and thoughts a heavenly
hue
Of words, like sunbeams, dazzling as they
past
The eyes, which o'er them shed tears feel-
ingly and fast

LXXVIII

His love was passion's essence.—as a
tree
On fire by lightning, with ethereal flame 735
Kindled he was, and blasted, for to be
Thus, and enamour'd, were in him the same
But his was not the love of living dame,
Nor of the dead who rise upon our
dreams,

But of ideal beauty, which became 740
In him existence, and o'erflowing teems
Along his burning page, distemper'd though
it seems

LXXIX

This breathed itself to life in *Julie*, *this*
Invested her with all that's wild and
sweet,
This hallow'd, too, the memorable kiss 745
Which every morn his fever'd lip would
greet,
From hers, who but with friendship his
would meet,
But to that gentle touch through brain and
breast
Flash'd the thrill'd spirit's love-devouring
heat,
In that absorbing sigh perchance more
blest 750
Than vulgar minds may be with all they seek
possest

LXXX

His life was one long war with self-sought
foes,
Or friends by him self-banish'd, for his
mind
Had grown Suspicion's sanctuary, and
chose,
For its own cruel sacrifice, the kind, 755
'Gainst whom he raged with fury strange
and blind
But he was phrensied,—wherefore, who
may know?
Since cause might be which skill could
never find,
But he was phrensied by disease or woe,
To that worst pitch of all, which wears a
reasoning show 760

LXXXI

For then he was inspired, and from him
came,
As from the Pythian's mystic cave of yore,
Those oracles which set the world in flame,
Nor ceased to burn till kingdoms were no
more
Did he not this for France, which lay be-
fore 765
Bow'd to the inborn tyranny of years? *
Broken and trembling to the yoke she
bore,

Till by the voice of him and his compeers
Roused up to too much wrath, which follows
o'ergrown fears?

LXXXII

They made themselves a fearful monu-
ment! 770
The wreck of old opinions—things which
grew,
Breathed from the birth of time the veil
they rent,
And what behind it lay, all earth shall
view
But good with ill they also overthrew,
Leaving but ruins, wherewith to rebuild 775
Upon the same foundation, and renew
Dungeons and thrones, which the same hour
refill'd,
As heretofore, because ambition was self-
will'd

LXXXIII

But this will not endure, nor be endured,
Mankind have felt their strength, and made
it felt! 780
They might have used it better, but, allured
By their new vigour, sternly have they
dealt
On one another, pity ceased to melt
With her once natural charities But
they,
Who in oppression's darkness caved had
dwelt, 785
They were not eagles, nourish'd with the
day;
What marvel then, at times, if they mistook
their prey?

LXXXIV

What deep wounds ever closed without a
scar?
The heart's bleed longest, and but heal to
wear
That which disfigures it, and they who
war 790
With their own hopes, and have been van-
quish'd, bear
Silence, but not submission In his lair
Fix'd Passion holds his breath, until the
hour
Which shall atone for years, none need
despair

It came, it cometh, and will come,—the
power 795
To punish or forgive—in *one* we shall be
slower

LXXXV

Clear, placid Leman! thy contrasted lake,
With the wild world I dwelt in, is a thing
Which warms me with its stillness to for-
sake
Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring 800
This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing
To waft me from distraction, once I loved
Torn ocean's roar, but thy soft murmuring
Sounds sweet as if a Sister's voice re-
proved,
That I with stern delights should e'er have
been so moved 805

LXXXVI

It is the hush of night, and all between
Thy margin and the mountains, dusk, yet
clear,
Mellow'd and mingling, yet distinctly seen,
Save darken'd Jura, whose capt heights
appear
Precipitously steep, and drawing near, 810
There breathes a living fragrance from the
shore,
Of flowers yet fresh with childhood, on
the ear
Drops the light drip of the suspended oar,
Or chirps, the grasshopper one good-night
carol more,—

LXXXVII

He is an evening reveller, who makes 815
His life an infancy, and sings his fill,—
At intervals, some bird from out the brakes
Starts into voice a moment, then is still
There seems a floating whisper on the
hill,
But that is fancy, for the starlight dews 820
All silently their tears of love instil,
Weeping themselves away, till they infuse
Deep into nature's breast the spirit of her
hues

LXXXVIII

Ye stars, which are the poetry of heaven!
If in your bright leaves we would read the
fate 825

Of men and empires,—'t is to be forgiven,
That in our aspirations to be great,
Our destinies o'erleap their mortal state,
And claim a kindred with you, for ye are
A beauty and a mystery, and create ⁸³⁰
In us such love and reverence from a far,
That fortune, fame, power, life, have named
themselves a star

LXXXIX

All heaven and earth are still—though not
in sleep,
But breathless, as we grow when feeling
most,
And silent, as we stand in thoughts too
deep — ⁸³⁵
All heaven and earth are still From the
high host
Of stars to the lull'd lake and mountain-
coast,
All is concentrated in a life intense,
Where not a beam, nor air, nor leaf is
lost,
But hath a part of being, and a sense ⁸⁴⁰
Of that which is of all Creator and defence

XC

Then stirs the feeling infinite, so felt
In solitude, where we are *least* alone,
A truth, which through our being then doth
melt,
And purifies from self it is a tone, ⁸⁴⁵
The soul and source of music, which makes
known
Eternal harmony, and sheds a charm
Like to the fabled Cytherea's zone,
Binding all things with beauty,—'t would
disarm
The spectre Death, had he substantial power ⁸⁵⁰
to harm

XCI

Not vainly did the early Persian make
His altar the high places, and the peak
Of earth-o'ergazing mountains, and thus
take
A fit and unwall'd temple, there to seek
The Spirit, in whose honour shrines are
weak, ⁸⁵⁵
Uprear'd by human hands Come and com-
pare
Columns and idol-dwellings, Goth or Greek,

With Nature's realms of worship, earth and
air,
Nor fix on fond abodes to circumscribe thy
pray'r!

XCII

The sky is changed!—and such a change!
Oh night, ⁸⁶⁰
And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous
strong,
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman! Far along,
From peak to peak, the rattling crags
among,
Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone
cloud, ⁸⁶⁵
But every mountain now hath found a
tongue,
And Jura answers, through her misty
shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps who call to her
aloud!

XCIII

And this is in the night—Most glorious
night!
Thou wert not sent for slumber! let me
be ⁸⁷⁰
A sharer in thy fierce and far delight,—
A portion of the tempest and of thee!
How the lit lake shines, a phosphoric sea,
And the big rain comes dancing to the
earth!
And now again 't is black,—and now, the
glee ⁸⁷⁵
Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain-
mirth,
As if they did rejoice o'er a young earth-
quake's birth

XCIV

Now, where the swift Rhone cleaves his
way between
Heights which appear as lovers who have
parted
In hate, whose mining depths so inter-
vene ⁸⁸⁰
That they can meet no more, though broken-
hearted,
Though in their souls, which thus each other
thwarted,
Love was the very root of the fond rage

Which blighted their life's bloom, and then
 departed
 Itself expired, but leaving them an age ⁸⁸⁵
 Of years all winters,—war within themselves
 to wage

XCV

Now, where the quick Rhone thus hath
 cleft his way,
 The mightiest of the storms hath ta'en his
 stand.
 For here, not one, but many, make their
 play,
 And fling their thunder-bolts from hand to
 hand, ⁸⁹⁰
 Flashing and cast around, of all the band,
 The brightest through these parted hills
 hath fork'd
 His lightnings, as if he did understand,
 That in such gaps as desolation work'd,
 There the hot shaft should blast whatever
 therein lurk'd ⁸⁹⁵

XCVI

Sky, mountains, river, winds, lake, light-
 nings! ye!
 With night, and clouds, and thunder, and
 a soul
 To make these felt and feeling, well may be
 Things that have made me watchful, the
 far roll
 Of your departing voices, is the knoll ⁹⁰⁰
 Of what in me is sleepless,—if I rest
 But where of ye, O tempests! is the goal?
 Are ye like those within the human breast,
 Or do ye find, at length, like eagles, some
 high nest?

XCVII

Could I embody and unbosom now ⁹⁰⁵
 That which is most within me,—could I
 weak
 My thoughts upon expression, and thus
 throw
 Soul, heart, mind, passions, feelings, strong
 or weak,
 All that I would have sought, and all I
 seek,
 Bear, know, feel, and yet breathe—into *one*
 word, ⁹¹⁰
 And that one word were Lightning, I would
 speak,

But as it is, I live and die unheard,
 With a most voiceless thought, sheathing it
 as a sword

XCVIII

The morn is up again, the dewy morn,
 With breath all incense, and with cheek all
 bloom, ⁹¹⁵
 Laughing the clouds away with playful
 scorn,
 And living as if earth contain'd no tomb,—
 And glowing into day we may resume
 The march of our existence and thus I,
 Still on thy shores, fair Leman! may find
 room ⁹²⁰
 And food for meditation, nor pass by
 Much that may give us pause, if ponder'd
 fittingly

XCIX

Clarens! sweet Clarens, birthplace of deep
 Love!
 Thine air is the young breath of passionate
 thought,
 Thy trees take root in Love, the snows
 above ⁹²⁵
 The very Glaciers have his colours caught,
 And sun-set into rose-hues sees them
 wrought
 By rays which sleep there lovingly the
 rocks,
 The permanent crags, tell here of Love,
 who sought
 In them a refuge from the wordly
 shocks, ⁹³⁰
 Which stir and sting the soul with hope that
 woos, then mocks

C

Clarens! by heavenly feet thy paths are
 trod,—
 Undying Love's, who here ascends a throne
 To which the steps are mountains, where
 the god
 Is a pervading life and light,—so shown ⁹³⁵
 Not on those summits solely, nor alone
 In the still cave and forest, o'er the flower
 His eye is sparkling, and his breath hath
 blown,
 His soft and summer breath, whose tender
 power
 Passes the strength of storms in their most
 desolate hour ⁹⁴⁰

CI

All things are here of *him*, from the black
 pines,
 Which are his shade on high, and the loud
 roar
 Of torrents, where he listeneth, to the vines
 Which slope his green path downward to
 the shore,
 Where the bow'd waters meet him, and
 adore, ⁹⁴⁵
 Kissing his feet with murmurs, and the
 wood,
 The covert of old trees, with trunks all
 hoar,
 But light leaves, young as joy, stands where
 it stood,
 Offering to him and his a populous solitude,—

CII

A populous solitude of bees and birds, ⁹⁵⁰
 And fairy-form'd and many-colour'd things,
 Who worship him with notes more sweet
 than words,
 And innocently open their glad wings,
 Fearless and full of life the gush of
 springs,
 And fall of lofty fountains, and the bend ⁹⁵⁵
 Of stirring branches, and the bud which
 brings
 The swiftest thought of beauty, here extend,
 Mingling, and made by Love, unto one mighty
 end

CIII

He who hath loved not, here would learn
 that lore,
 And make his heart a spirit, he who
 knows ⁹⁶⁰
 That tender mystery, will love the more,
 For this is Love's recess, where vain men's
 woes
 And the world's waste have driven him far
 from those,
 For 't is his nature to advance or die,
 He stands not still, but or decays, or
 grows ⁹⁶⁵
 Into a boundless blessing, which may vie
 With the immortal lights in its eternity!

CIV

'T was not for fiction chose Rousseau this
 spot,

Peopling it with affections, but he found
 It was the scene which Passion must al-
 lot ⁹⁷⁰
 To the mind's purified beings, 't was the
 ground
 Where early Love his Psyche's zone un-
 bound,
 And hallow'd it with loveliness 't is lone,
 And wonderful, and deep, and hath a
 sound,
 And sense, and sight of sweetness, here
 the Rhone ⁹⁷⁵
 Hath spread himself a couch, the Alps have
 rear'd a throne

CV

Lausanne! and Ferney! ye have been the
 abodes
 Of names which unto you bequeath'd a
 name,
 Mortals, who sought and found, by danger-
 ous roads,
 A path to perpetuity of fame ⁹⁸⁰
 They were gigantic minds, and their steep
 aim
 Was, Titan-like, on daring doubts to pile
 Thoughts which should call down thunder,
 and the flame
 Of Heaven again assail'd, if Heaven the
 while
 On man and man's research could deign do
 more than smile ⁹⁸⁵

CVI

The one was fire and fickleness, a child
 Most mutable in wishes, but in mind
 A wit as various,—gay, grave, sage, or
 wild,—
 Historian, bard, philosopher, combined,
 He multiplied himself among mankind, ⁹⁹⁰
 The Proteus of their talents, but his own
 Breathed most in ridicule,—which, as the
 wind,
 Blew where it listed, laying all things
 prone,—
 Now to o'erthrow a fool, and now to shake
 a throne

CVII

The other, deep and slow, exhausting
 thought, ⁹⁹⁵
 And hiving wisdom with each studious year,
 In meditation dwelt, with learning wrought,

And shaped his weapon with an edge severe,
 Sapping a solemn creed with solemn
 sneer,
 The lord of irony,—that master-spell, ¹⁰⁰⁰
 Which stung his foes to wrath, which grew
 from fear,
 And doom'd him to the zealot's ready Hell,
 Which answers to all doubts so eloquently
 well

CVIII

Yet, peace be with their ashes, for by
 them,
 If merited, the penalty is paid, ¹⁰⁰⁵
 It is not ours to judge, far less condemn,
 The hour must come when such things
 shall be made
 Known unto all, or hope and dread allay'd
 By slumber, on one pillow, in the dust,
 Which, thus much we are sure, must lie
 decay'd, ¹⁰¹⁰
 And when it shall revive, as is our trust,
 'T will be to be forgiven, or suffer what is
 just

CIX

But let me quit man's works again to read
 His Maker's, spread around me, and suspend
 This page, which from my reveries I
 feed ¹⁰¹⁵
 Until it seems prolonging without end
 The clouds above me to the white Alps
 tend,
 And I must pierce them, and survey what-
 e'er
 May be permitted, as my steps I bend
 To their most great and growing region,
 where ¹⁰²⁰
 The earth to her embrace compels the powers
 of air

CX

Italia! too, Italia! looking on thee,
 Full flashes on the soul the light of ages,
 Since the fierce Carthaginian almost won
 thee,
 To the last halo of the chiefs and sages ¹⁰²⁵
 Who glorify thy consecrated pages,
 Thou wert the throne and grave of empires,
 still,
 The fount at which the panting mind as-
 suages

Her thirst of knowledge, quaffing there her
 fill,
 Flows from the eternal source of Rome's im-
 perial hill ¹⁰³⁰

CXI

Thus far have I preceeded in a theme
 Renew'd with no kind auspices.—to feel
 We are not what we have been, and to
 deem
 We are not what we should be, and to
 steal
 The heart against itself, and to conceal, ¹⁰³⁵
 With a proud caution, love, or hate, or
 aught,—
 Passion or feeling, purpose, grief or zeal,—
 Which is the tyrant spirit of our thought,
 Is a stern task of soul —no matter,—it is
 taught

CXII

And for these words, thus woven into
 song, ¹⁰⁴⁰
 It may be that they are a harmless wile,—
 The colouring of the scenes which fleet
 along,
 Which I would seize, in passing, to beguile
 My breast, or that of others, for a while
 Fame is the thirst of youth, but I am
 not ¹⁰⁴⁵
 So young as to regard men's frown or smile,
 As loss or guerdon of a glorious lot,
 I stood and stand alone,—remember'd or for-
 got

CXIII

I have not loved the world, nor the world
 me;
 I have not flatter'd its rank breath, nor
 bow'd ¹⁰⁵⁰
 To its idolatries a patient knee,
 Nor cou'd my cheek to smiles, nor cried
 aloud
 In worship of an echo, in the crowd
 They could not deem me one of such, I
 stood
 Among them, but not of them; in a
 shroud ¹⁰⁵⁵
 Of thoughts which were not their thoughts,
 and still could,
 Had I not filed my mind, which thus itself
 subdued.

CXIV

I have not loved the world, nor the world
me,—
But let us part fair foes, I do believe,
Though I have found them not, that there
may be 1060
Words which are things, hopes which will
not deceive,
And virtues which are merciful, nor weave
Snares for the failing, I would also deem
O'er others' griefs that some sincerely
grieve,
That two, or one, are almost what they
seem, 1065
That goodness is no name, and happiness no
dream

CXV

My daughter! with thy name this song be-
gun,
My daughter! with thy name thus much
shall end,
I see thee not, I hear thee not, but none
Can be so wrapt in thee, thou art the
friend 1070
To whom the shadows of far years extend
Albeit my brow thou never shouldst behold,
My voice shall with thy future visions blend,
And reach into thy heart, when mine is
cold,
A token and a tone, even from thy father's
mould 1075

CXVI

To aid thy mind's development, to watch
Thy dawn of little joys, to sit and see
Almost thy very growth, to view thee catch
Knowledge of objects,—wonders yet to
thee!
To hold thee lightly on a gentle knee, 1080
And print on thy soft cheek a parent's
kiss,—
This, it should seem, was not reserved for
me,
Yet this was in my nature. as it is,
I know not what is there, yet something like
to this

CXVII

Yet, though dull Hate as duty should be
taught, 1085

I know that thou wilt love me, though my
name
Should be shut from thee, as a spell still
fraught
With desolation, and a broken claim
Though the grave closed between us,—
't were the same,
I know that thou wilt love me, though to
drain 1090
My blood from out thy being were an aim
And an attainment,—all would be in vain,—
Still thou wouldst love me, still that more
than life retain

CXVIII

The child of love, though born in bitter-
ness
And nurtured in convulsion Of thy sire 1095
These were the elements, and thine no less
As yet such are around thee, but thy fire
Shall be more temper'd, and thy hope far
higher
Sweet be thy cradled slumbers! O'er the
sea
And from the mountains where I now
respire, 1100
Fain would I waft such blessings upon thee,
As, with a sigh, I deem thou might'st have
been to me

DON JUAN

CANTO THE THIRD

I

HAIL, Muse! *et cetera*—We left Juan sleeping,
Pillow'd upon a fair and happy breast,
And watch'd by eyes that never yet knew
weeping,
And loved by a young heart, too deeply
blest
To feel the poison through her spirit creep-
ing, 5
Or know who rested there, a foe to rest,
Had soil'd the current of her sinless years,
And turn'd her pure heart's purest blood to
tears!

II

Oh, Love! what is it in this world of ours
Which makes it fatal to be loved? Ah, 10
why

With cypress branches hast thou wreathed
thy bowers,
And made thy best interpreter a sigh?
As those who dote on odours pluck the
flowers,
And place them on their breast—but place
to die—
Thus the frail beings we would fondly cher-
ish¹⁵
Are laid within our bosoms but to perish

III

In her first passion woman loves her lover,
In all the others all she loves is love,
Which grows a habit she can ne'er get over,
And fits her loosely—like an easy glove,²⁰
As you may find, whene'er you like to prove
her
One man alone at first her heart can move,
She then prefers him in the plural number,
Not finding that the additions much encum-
ber

IV

I know not if the fault be men's or theirs,²⁵
But one thing's pretty sure, a woman
planted—
(Unless at once she plunge for life in pray-
ers)—
After a decent time must be gallanted,
Although, no doubt, her first of love affairs
Is that to which her heart is wholly
granted,³⁰
Yet there are some, they say, who have had
none,
But those who have ne'er end with only *one*

V

'T is melancholy, and a fearful sign
Of human frailty, folly, also crime,
That love and marriage rarely can combine,³⁵
Although they both are born in the same
clime,
Marriage from love, like vinegar from wine—
A sad, sour, sober beverage—by time
Is sharpen'd from its high celestial flavour
Down to a very homely household savour⁴⁰

VI

There's something of antipathy, as 't were,
Between their present and their future state,

A kind of flattery that's hardly fair
Is used until the truth arrives too late—
Yet what can people do, except despair?⁴⁵
The same things change their names at
such a rate,
For instance—passion in a lover's glorious,
But in a husband is pronounced uxorious

VII

Men grow ashamed of being so very fond,
They sometimes also get a little tired⁵⁰
(But that, of course, is rare), and then de-
spond
The same things cannot always be admired,
Yet 't is "so nominated in the bond,"
That both are tied till one shall have ex-
pired
Sad thought! to lose the spouse that was
adorning⁵⁵
Our days, and put one's servants into mourn-
ing

VIII

There's doubtless something in domestic do-
ings
Which forms, in fact, true love's antithesis,
Romances paint at full length people's woo-
ings,
But only give a bust of marriages,⁶⁰
For no one cares for matrimonial cooings,
There's nothing wrong in a connubial kiss
Think you, if Laura had been Petrarch's
wife,
He would have written sonnets all his life?

IX

All tragedies are finish'd by a death,⁶⁵
All comedies are ended by a marriage,
The future states of both are left to faith,
For authors fear description might disparage
The worlds to come of both, or fall beneath,
And then both worlds would punish their
miscarriage,⁷⁰
So leaving each their priest and prayer-book
ready,
They say no more of Death or of the Lady

X

The only two that in my recollection
Have sung of heaven and hell, or marriage,
are

Dante and Milton, and of both the affection 75
 Was hapless in their nuptials, for some bar
 Of fault or temper ruin'd the connection
 (Such things, in fact, it don't ask much to
 mar),
 But Dante's Beatrice and Milton's Eve
 Werè not drawn from their spouses, you
 conceive 80

XI

Some persons say that Dante meant the-
 ology
 By Beatrice, and not a mistress—I,
 Although my opinion may require apology,
 Deem this a commentator's fantasy,
 Unless indeed it was from his own knowledge
 he 85
 Decided thus, and show'd good reason
 why,
 I think that Dante's more abstruse ecstasies
 Meant to personify the mathematics

XII

Haidée and Juan were not married, but
 The fault was theirs, not mine it is not
 fair, 90
 Chaste reader, then, in any way to put
 The blame on me, unless you wish they
 were,
 Then if you'd have them wedded, please to
 shut
 The book which treats of this erroneous pair,
 Before the consequences grow too awful, 95
 'T is dangerous to read of loves unlawful

XIII

Yet they were happy,—happy in the illicit
 Indulgence of their innocent desires,
 But more imprudent grown with every visit,
 Haidée forgot the island was her sire's, 100
 When we have what we like, 't is hard to miss
 it,
 At least in the beginning, ere one tires,
 Thus she came often, not a moment losing,
 Whilst her piratical papa was cruising

XIV

Let not his mode of raising cash seem
 strange, 105
 Although he fleeced the flags of every na-
 tion,

For into a prime minister but change
 His title, and 't is nothing but taxation,
 But he, more modest, took an humbler range
 Of life, and in an honest vocation 110
 Pursued o'er the high seas his watery journey,
 And merely practised as a sea-attorney

XV

The good old gentleman had been detain'd
 By winds and waves, and some important
 captures,
 And, in the hope of more, at sea remain'd, 115
 Although a squall or two had damp'd his
 raptures,
 By swamping one of the prizes, he had
 chan'd
 His prisoners, dividing them like chapters
 In number'd lots, they all had cuffs and
 collars,
 And averaged each from ten to a hundred
 dollars 120

XVI

Some he disposed of off Cape Matapan,
 Among his friends the Mainots, some he
 sold
 To his Tunis correspondents, save one man
 Toss'd overboard unsaleable (being old),
 The rest—save here and there some richer
 one, 125
 Reserved for future ransom—in the hold
 Were link'd alike, as for the common people
 he
 Had a large order from the Dey of Tripoli

XVII

The merchandise was served in the same way,
 Pieced out for different marts in the
 Levant, 130
 Except some certain portions of the prey,
 Light classic articles of female want,
 French stuffs, lace, tweezers, toothpicks, tea-
 pot, tray,
 Guitars and castanets from Alicant,
 All which selected from the spoils he gath-
 ers, 135
 Robb'd for his daughter by the best of
 fathers

XVIII

A monkey, a Dutch mastiff, a mackaw,
 Two parrots, with a Persian cat and kit-
 tens,

He chose from several animals he saw—
 A terrier, too, which once had been a
 Briton's, 140
 Who dying on the coast of Ithaca,
 The peasants gave the poor dumb thing
 a pittance,
 These to secure in this strong blowing weather,
 He caged in one huge hamper altogether

XIX

Then having settled his marine affairs, 145
 Despatching single cruisers here and there,
 His vessels having need of some repairs,
 He shaped his course to where his daughter
 fair
 Continued still her hospitable cares,
 But that part of the coast being shoal and
 bare, 150
 And rough with reefs which ran out many a
 mile,
 His port lay on the other side o' the isle

XX

And there he went ashore without delay,
 Having no custom-house or quarantine
 To ask him awkward questions on the way 155
 About the time and place where he had
 been.
 He left his ship to be hove down next day,
 With orders to the people to careen,
 So that all hands were busy beyond measure,
 In getting out goods, ballast, guns, and treas-
 ure 160

XXI

Arriving at the summit of a hill
 Which overlook'd the white walls of his
 home,
 He stopp'd—What singular emotions fill
 Their bosoms who have been induced to
 roam!
 With fluttering doubts if all be well or ill— 165
 With love for many, and with fears for
 some,
 All feelings which o'erleap the years long lost,
 And bring our hearts back to their starting
 post

XXII

The approach of home to husbands and to
 sires,

After long travelling by land and water, 170
 Most naturally some small doubt inspires—
 A female family's a serious matter,
 (None trusts the sex more, or so much ad-
 mires—
 But they hate flattery, so I never flatter),
 Wives in their husbands' absences grow
 subtler, 175
 And daughters sometimes run off with the
 butler

XXIII

An honest gentleman at his return
 May not have the good fortune of Ulysses,
 Not all lone matrons for their husbands
 mourn,
 Or show the same dislike to suitors'
 kisses, 180
 The odds are that he finds a handsome urn
 To his memory—and two or three young
 misses
 Born to some friend, who holds his wife and
 riches,—
 And that *his* Argus bites him by—the breeches

XXIV

If single, probably his plighted fair 185
 Has in his absence wedded some rich
 miser,
 But all the better, for the happy pair
 May quarrel, and the lady growing wiser,
 He may resume his amatory care
 As cavalier servente, or despise her, 190
 And that his sorrow may not be a dumb one.
 Write odes on the Inconstancy of Woman

XXV

And oh! ye gentlemen who have already
 Some chaste *liaison* of the kind—I mean
 An honest friendship with a married lady— 195
 The only thing of this sort ever seen
 To last—of all connections the most steady,
 And the true Hymen, (the first's but a
 screen)—
 Yet for all that keep not too long away,
 I've known the absent wrong'd four times a
 day 200

XXVI

Lambro, our sea-solicitor, who had
 Much less experience of dry land than
 ocean,

On seeing his own chimney-smoke, felt glad,
 But not knowing metaphysics, had no
 notion
 Of the true reason of his not being sad, ²⁰⁵
 Or that of any other strong emotion,
 He loved his child, and would have wept the
 loss of her,
 But knew the cause no more than a phi-
 losopher

XXVII

He saw his white walls shining in the sun,
 His garden trees all shadowy and green, ²¹⁰
 He heard his rivulet's light bubbling run,
 The distant dog-bark, and perceived be-
 tween
 The umbrage of the wood so cool and dun
 The moving figures, and the sparkling sheen
 Of arms (in the East all arm)—and various
 dyes ²¹⁵
 Of colour'd garbs, as bright as butterflies

XXVIII

And as the spot where they appear he nears,
 Surprised at these unwonted signs of idling,
 He hears—alas! no music of the spheres,
 But an unhallow'd, earthly sound of fid-
 dling! ²²⁰
 A melody which made him doubt his ears,
 The cause being past his guessing or unridd-
 dling,
 A pipe, too, and a drum, and shortly after,
 A most unoriental roar of laughter

XXIX

And still more nearly to the place advanc-
 ing, ²²⁵
 Descending rather quickly the declivity,
 Through the waved branches, o'er the green-
 sward glancing,
 'Midst other indications of festivity,
 Seeing a troop of his domestics dancing
 Like dervises, who turn as on a pivot, he ²³⁰
 Perceived it was the Pyrrhic dance so martial,
 To which the Levantines are very partial

XXX

And further on a group of Grecian girls,
 The first and tallest her white kerchief
 waving,

Were strung together like a row of pearls, ²³⁵
 Link'd hand in hand, and dancing, each
 too having
 Down her white neck long floating auburn
 curls—
 (The least of which would set ten poets
 raving),
 Their leader sang—and bounded to her
 song,
 With choral step and voice, the virgin
 throng ²⁴⁰

XXXI

And here, assembled cross-legg'd round their
 trays,
 Small social parties just begun to dine,
 Pilaus and meats of all sorts met the gaze,
 And flasks of Samian and of Chian wine,
 And sherbet cooling in the porous vase, ²⁴⁵
 Above them their dessert grew on its vine,
 The orange and pomegranate nodding o'er,
 Dropp'd in their laps, scarce pluck'd, their
 mellow store

XXXII

A band of children, round a snow-white
 ram,
 There wreathed his venerable horns with
 flowers, ²⁵⁰
 While peaceful as if still an unwean'd lamb,
 The patriarch of the flock all gently cowers
 His sober head, majestically tame,
 Or eats from out the palm, or playful
 lowers
 His brow, as if in act to butt, and then ²⁵⁵
 Yielding to their small hands, draws back
 again

XXXIII

Their classical profiles, and glittering dresses,
 Their large black eyes, and soft seraphic
 cheeks,
 Crimson as cleft pomegranates, their long
 tresses,
 The gesture which enchants, the eye that
 speaks, ²⁶⁰
 The innocence which happy childhood blesses,
 Made quite a picture of these little Greeks,
 So that the philosophical beholder
 Sigh'd for their sakes—that they should e'er
 grow older

XXXIV

Afar, a dwarf buffoon stood telling tales ²⁶⁵
 To a sedate grey circle of old smokers,
 Of secret treasures found in hidden vales,
 Of wonderful replies from Arab jokers,
 Of charms to make good gold and cure bad
 ails,
 Of rocks bewitch'd that open to the knock-
 ers, ²⁷⁰
 Of magic ladies who, by one sole act,
 Transform'd their lords to beasts (but that's
 a fact)

XXXV

Here was no lack of innocent diversion
 For the imagination or the senses,
 Song, dance, wine, music, stories from the
 Persian, ²⁷⁵
 All pretty pastimes in which no offence is,
 But Lambro saw all these things with aversion,
 Perceiving in his absence such expenses,
 Dreading that climax of all human ills,
 The inflammation of his weekly bills ²⁸⁰

XXXVI

Ah! what is man? what perils still environ
 The happiest mortals even after dinner—
 A day of gold from out an age of iron
 Is all that life allows the luckiest sinner,
 Pleasure (whene'er she sings, at least) 's a
 siren, ²⁸⁵
 That lures, to flay alive, the young beginner,
 Lambro's reception at his people's banquet
 Was such as fire accords to a wet blanket

XXXVII

He—being a man who seldom used a word
 Too much, and wishing gladly to surprise ²⁹⁰
 (In general he surprised men with the sword)
 His daughter—had not sent before to ad-
 vise
 Of his arrival, so that no one stirr'd,
 And long he paused to re-assure his eyes
 In fact much more astonish'd than de-
 lighted, ²⁹⁵
 To find so much good company invited

XXXVIII

He did not know (alas! how men will lie)
 That a report (especially the Greeks)

Avouch'd his death (such people never
 die),
 And put his house in mourning several
 weeks,— ³⁰⁰
 But now their eyes and also lips were dry,
 The bloom, too, had return'd to Haidee's
 cheeks
 Her tears, too, being return'd into their fount,
 She now kept house upon her own account

XXXIX

Hence all this rice, meat, dancing, wine, and
 fiddling, ³⁰⁵
 Which turn'd the isle into a place of
 pleasure,
 The servants all were getting drunk or idling,
 A life which made them happy beyond
 measure
 Her father's hospitality seem'd muddling,
 Compared with what Haidee did with his
 treasure, ³¹⁰
 'T was wonderful how things went on im-
 proving,
 While she had not one hour to spare from
 loving

XL

Perhaps you think in stumbling on this feast
 He flew into a passion, and in fact
 There was no mighty reason to be pleased, ³¹⁵
 Perhaps you prophesy some sudden act,
 The whip, the rack, or dungeon at the least,
 To teach his people to be more exact,
 And that, proceeding at a very high rate,
 He show'd the royal *penchants* of a pirate ³²⁰

XLI

You're wrong—He was the mildest man-
 ner'd man
 That ever scuttled ship or cut a throat,
 With such true breeding of a gentleman,
 You never could divine his real thought,
 No courtier could, and scarcely woman can ³²⁵
 Gird more deceit within a petticoat,
 Pity he loved adventurous life's variety,
 He was so great a loss to good society.

XLII

Advancing to the nearest dinner tray,
 Tapping the shoulder of the mightest
 guest, ³³⁰
 With a peculiar smile, which, by the way,
 Boded no good, whatever it express'd,

He ask'd the meaning of this holiday,
 The vinous Greek to whom he had address'd
 His question, much to merry to divine 335
 The questioner, fill'd up a glass of wine,

XLIII

And without turning his facetious head,
 Over his shoulder, with a Bacchant air,
 Presented the o'erflowing cup, and said,
 "Talking's dry work, I have no time to spare" 340
 A second hiccup'd, "Our old master's dead,
 You'd better ask our mistress who's his heir"
 "Our mistress!" quoth a third "Our mistress!"
 —pooh!—
 You mean our master—not the old, but new"

XLIV

These rascals, being new comers, knew not whom 345
 They thus address'd—and Lambro's visage fell—
 And o'er his eye a momentary gloom
 Pass'd, but he strove quite courteously to quell
 The expression, and endeavouring to resume
 His smile, requested one of them to tell 350
 The name and quality of his new patron,
 Who seem'd to have turn'd Haidée into a matron

XLV

"I know not," quoth the fellow, "who or what
 He is, nor whence he came—and little care,
 But this I know, that this roast capon's fat, 355
 And that good wine ne'er wash'd down better fare,
 And if you are not satisfied with that,
 Direct your questions to my neighbour there;
 He'll answer all for better or for worse,
 For none likes more to hear himself converse" 360

XLVI

I said that Lambro was a man of patience,
 And, certainly he show'd the best of breeding, .

Which scarce even France, the paragon of nations,

E'er saw her most polite of sons exceeding,
 He bore these sneers against his near relations, 365

His own anxiety, his heart, too, bleeding,
 The insults, too, of every servile glutton,
 Who all the time was eating up his mutton

XLVII

Now in a person used to much command—
 To bid men come, and go, and come again— 370
 To see his orders done, too, out of hand—
 Whether the word was death, or but the chain—
 It may seem strange to find his manners bland,
 Yet such things are, which I can not explain,
 Though doubtless he who can command himself 375
 Is good to govern—almost as a Guelf.

XLVIII

Not that he was not sometimes rash or so,
 But never in his real and serious mood,
 Then calm, concentrated, and still, and slow,
 He lay coil'd like the boa in the wood, 380
 With him it never was a word and blow,
 His angry word once o'er, he shed no blood,
 But in his silence there was much to rue,
 And his *one* blow left little work for *two*

XLIX

He ask'd no further questions and proceeded 385
 On to the house, but by a private way,
 So that the few who met him hardly heeded,
 So little they expected him that day,
 If love paternal in his bosom pleaded
 For Haidée's sake, is more than I can say, 390
 But certainly to one deem'd dead returning,
 This revel seem'd a curious mode of mourning

L

If all the dead could now return, to life,
 (Which God forbid!) or some, or a great many,

For instance, if a husband or his wife 395
 (Nuptial examples are as good as any),
 No doubt whate'er might be their former
 strife,
 The present weather would be much more
 rainy—
 Tears shed into the grave of the connection
 Would share most probably its resurrec- 400
 tion

LI

He enter'd in the house no more his home,
 A thing to human feelings the most trying,
 And harder for the heart to overcome,
 Perhaps, than even the mental pangs of
 dying,
 To find our hearthstone turn'd into a 405
 tomb,
 And round its once warm precincts palely
 lying
 The ashes of our hopes, is a deep grief,
 Beyond a single gentleman's belief

LII

He enter'd in the house—his home no more,
 For without hearts there is no home,—
 and felt 410
 The solitude of passing his own door
 Without a welcome *there* he long had dwelt,
 There his few peaceful days Time had swept
 o'er,
 There his worn bosom and keen eye would
 melt
 Over the innocence of that sweet child, 415
 His only shrine of feelings undefiled

LIII

He was a man of a strange temperament,
 Of mild demeanour though of savage
 mood,
 Moderate in all his habits, and content
 With temperance in pleasure, as in food, 420
 Quick to perceive, and strong to bear, and
 meant
 For something better, if not wholly good;
 His country's wrongs and his despair to save
 her
 Had stung him from a slave to an enslaver

LIV

The love of power, and rapid gain of 425
 gold.

The hardness by long habitude produced,
 The dangerous life in which he had grown
 old,
 The mercy he had granted oft abused,
 The sights he was accustom'd to behold,
 The wild seas, and wild men with whom
 he cruised, 430
 Had cost his enemies a long repentance,
 And made him a good friend, but bad ac-
 quaintance

LV

But something of the spirit of old Greece
 Flash'd o'er his soul a few heroic rays,
 Such as lit onward to the Golden Fleece 435
 His predecessors in the Colchian days,
 'T is true he had no ardent love for peace—
 Alas! his country show'd no path to
 praise
 Hate to the world and war with every nation
 He waged, in vengeance of her degrada- 440
 tion

LVI

Still o'er his mind the influence of the clime
 Shed its Ionian elegance, which show'd
 Its power unconsciously full many a
 time,—
 A taste seen in the choice of his abode,
 A love of music and of scenes sublime, 445
 A pleasure in the gentle stream that flow'd
 Past him in crystal, and a joy in flowers,
 Bedew'd his spirit in his calmer hours

LVII

But whatsoe'er he had of love reposed
 On that belov'd daughter, she had been 450
 The only thing which kept his heart unclosed
 Amidst the savage deeds he had done and
 seen,
 A lonely pure affection unopposed
 There wanted but the loss of this to wean
 His feelings from all milk of human kind- 455
 ness,
 And turn him like the Cyclops mad with
 blindness

LVIII

The cubless tigress in her jungle raging
 Is dreadful to the shepherd and the
 flock,

The ocean when its yeasty war is waging
 Is awful to the vessel near the rock, 460
 But violent things will sooner bear assuaging,
 Their fury being spent by its own shock,
 Than the stern, single, deep, and wordless
 ire
 Of a strong human heart, and in a sire

LIX

It is hard although a common case 465
 To find our children running restive—they
 In whom our brightest days we would retrace,
 Our little selves re-form'd in finer clay,
 Just as old age is creeping on apace,
 And clouds come o'er the sunset of our
 day, 470
 They kindly leave us, though not quite alone,
 But in good company—the gout or stone

LX

Yet a fine family is a fine thing
 (Provided they don't come in after dinner),
 'T is beautiful to see a matron bring 475
 Her children up (if nursing them don't thin
 her),
 Like cherubs round an altar-piece they cling
 To the fire-side (a sight to touch a sinner)
 A lady with her daughters or her nieces
 Shines like a guinea and seven-shilling
 pieces 480

LXI

Old Lambro pass'd unseen a private gate,
 And stood within his hall at eventide,
 Meantime the lady and her lover sate
 At wassail in their beauty and their pride
 An ivory inlaid table spread with state 485
 Before them, and fair slaves on every side,
 Gems, gold, and silver, form'd the service
 mostly,
 Mother of pearl and coral the less costly

LXII

The dinner made about a hundred dishes,
 Lamb and pistachio nuts—in short, all
 meats, 490
 And saffron soups, and sweet-breads, and the
 fishes
 Were of the finest that e'er flounced in nets,
 Drest to a Sybarite's most pamper'd
 wishes;

The beverage was various sherbets
 Of raisin, orange, and pomegranate juice, 495
 Squeezed through the rind, which makes it
 best for use

LXIII

These were ranged around, each in its crystal
 ewer,
 And fruits, and date-bread loaves closed the
 repast,
 And Mocha's berry, from Arabia pure,
 In small fine China cups, came in at
 last, 500
 Gold cups of filgree made to secure
 The hand from burning underneath them
 placed,
 Cloves, cinnamon, and saffron too were
 boil'd
 Up with the coffee, which (I think) they
 spoil'd

LXIV

The hangings of the room were tapestry,
 made 505
 Of velvet panels, each of different hue,
 And thick with damask flowers of silk inlaid,
 And round them ran a yellow border too,
 The upper border, richly wrought, display'd,
 Embroider'd delicately o'er with blue, 510
 Soft Persian sentences, in lilac letters,
 From poets, or the moralists their betters

LXV

These Oriental writings on the wall,
 Quite common in those countries, are a
 kind
 Of monitors adapted to recall, 515
 Like skulls at Memphian banquets, to the
 mind
 The words which shook Belshazzar in his hall,
 And took his kingdom from him You will
 find,
 Though sages may pour out their wisdom's
 treasure,
 There is no sterner moralist than Pleasure 520

LXVI

A beauty at the season's close grown hectic,
 A genius who has drunk himself to death,
 A rake turn'd methodistic, or Eclectic—
 (For that's the name they like to pray be-
 neath)—

But most, an alderman struck apoplectic, 525
 Are things that really take away the
 breath,—
 And show that late hours, wine, and love are
 able
 To do not much less damage than the table

LXVII

Haidée and Juan carpeted their feet
 On crimson satin, border'd with pale
 blue, 530
 Their sofa occupied three parts complete
 Of the apartment—and appear'd quite new,
 The velvet cushions (for a throne more
 meet)—
 Were scarlet, from whose glowing centre
 grew
 A sun emboss'd in gold, whose rays of tis-
 sue, 535
 Meridian-like, were seen all light to issue

LXVIII

Crystal and marble, plate and porcelain,
 Had done their work of splendour, Indian
 mats
 And Persian carpets, which the heart bled to
 stain,
 Over the floors were spread, gazelles and
 cats, 540
 And dwarfs and blacks, and such like things,
 that gain
 Their bread as ministers and favourites—
 (that 's
 To say by degradation)—mingled there
 As plentiful as in a court, or fair

LXIX

There was no want of lofty mirrors, and 545
 The tables, most of ebony inlaid
 With mother of pearl or ivory, stood at hand,
 Or were of tortoise-shell or rare woods
 made,
 Fretted with gold or silver —by command,
 The greater part of these were ready
 spread 550
 With viands and sherbets in ice—and wine—
 Kept for all comers at all hours to dine

LXX

Of all the dresses I select Haidée's
 She wore two jelicks—one was of pale
 yellow,

Of azure, pink, and white was her chemise— 555
 'Neath which her breast heaved like a little
 billow,
 With buttons form'd of pearls as large as peas,
 All gold and crimson shone her jelick's
 fellow,
 And the striped white gauze baracan that
 bound her,
 Like fleecy clouds about the moon, flow'd
 round her 560

LXXI

One large gold bracelet clasp'd each lovely
 arm,
 Lockless—so pliable from the pure gold
 That the hand stretch'd and shut it without
 harm,
 The limb which it adorn'd its only mould,
 So beautiful—its very shape would charm, 565
 And clinging as if loath to lose its hold,
 The purest ore enclosed the whitest skin
 That e'er by precious metal was held in

LXXII

Around, as princess of her father's land,
 A like gold bar above her instep roll'd 570
 Announced her rank, twelve rings were on her
 hand;
 Her hair was starr'd with gems, her veil's
 fine fold
 Below her breast was fasten'd with a band
 Of lavish pearls, whose worth could scarce
 be told,
 Her orange silk full Turkish trousers furl'd 575
 About the prettiest ankle in the world

LXXIII

Her hair's long auburn waves down to her
 heel
 Flow'd like an Alpine torrent which the
 sun
 Dyes with his morning light,—and would
 conceal
 Her person if allow'd at large to run, 580
 And still they seem resentfully to feel
 The silken fillet's curb, and sought to shun
 Their bonds whene'er some Zephyr caught
 began
 To offer his young pinion as her fan

LXXIV

Round her she made an atmosphere of life, 585
 The very air seem'd lighter from her eyes,

They were so soft and beautiful, and rife
 With all we can imagine of the skies,
 And pure as Psyche ere she grew a wife—
 Too pure even for the purest human
 ties, 590
 Her overpowering presence made you feel
 It would not be idolatry to kneel

LXXV

Her eyelashes, though dark as night, were
 tinged
 (It is the country's custom), but in vain,
 For those large black eyes were so blackly
 fringed, 595
 The glossy rebels mock'd the jetty stain,
 And in their native beauty stood avenged
 Her nails were touched with henna, but
 again
 The power of art was turn'd to nothing, for
 They could not look more rosy than be-
 fore 600

LXXVI

The henna should be deeply dyed to make
 The skin relieved appear more fairly fair,
 She had no need of this, day ne'er will break
 On mountain tops more heavenly white
 than her
 The eye might doubt if it were well awake, 605
 She was so like a vision, I might err,
 But Shakspeare also says 't is very silly
 "To gild refinèd gold, or paint the lily"

LXXVII

Juan had on a shawl of black and gold,
 But a white baracan, and so transparent 610
 The sparkling gems beneath you might behold,
 Like small stars through the milky way
 apparent;
 His turban, fur'd in many a graceful fold,
 An emerald aigrette with Haidée's hair in 't
 Surmounted, as its clasp, a glowing cres-
 cent, 615
 Whose rays shone ever trembling, but in-
 cessant

LXXVIII

And now they were diverted by their suite,
 Dwarfs, dancing-girls, black eunuchs, and
 a poet,
 Which made their new establishment complete,

The last was of great fame, and liked to
 show it 620
 His verses really wanted their due feet—
 And for his theme—he seldom sung below it,
 He being paid to satirise or flatter,
 As the psalm says, "inditing a good matter"

LXXIX

He praised the present, and abused the past, 625
 Reversing the good custom of old days,
 An Eastern anti-Jacobin at last
 He turn'd, preferring pudding to no
 praise—
 For some few years his lot had been o'ercast
 By his seeming independent in his lays, 630
 But now he sung the Sultan and the Pacha
 With truth like Southey, and with verse like
 Crashaw

LXXX

He was a man who had seen many changes,
 And always changed as true as any needle,
 His polar star being one which rather
 ranges, 635
 And not the fix'd—he knew the way to
 wheedle.
 So vile he 'scaped the doom which oft avenges,
 And being fluent (save indeed when fee'd
 ill),
 He led with such a fervour of intention—
 There was no doubt he earn'd his laureate
 pension 640

LXXXI

But he had genius,—when a turn-coat has it,
 The "Vates irritabilis" takes care
 That without notice few full moons shall pass
 it,
 Even good men like to make the public
 stare.—
 But to my subject—let me see—what was
 it?— 645
 Oh!—the third canto—and the pretty pair—
 Their loves, and feasts, and house, and dress,
 and mode
 Of living in their insular abode

LXXXII

Their poet, a sad trimmer, but no less
 In company a very pleasant fellow, 650
 Had been the favourite of full many a mess

Of men, and made them speeches when half
mellow,
And though his meaning they could rarely
guess,

Yet still they deign'd to hiccup or to bellow
The glorious meed of popular applause, ⁶⁵⁵
Of which the first ne'er knows the second
cause

LXXXIII

But now being lifted into high society,
And having pick'd up several odds and
ends

Of free thoughts in his travels for variety,
He deem'd, being in a lone isle, among ⁶⁶⁰
friends,

That, without any danger of a riot, he
Might for long lying make himself amends,
And singing as he sung in his warm youth,
Agree to a short armistice with truth

LXXXIV

He had travell'd 'mongst the Arabs, Turks,
and Franks, ⁶⁶⁵

And knew the self-loves of the different
nations,

And having lived with people of all ranks,
Had something ready upon most oc-
casions—

Which got him a few presents and some thanks
He varied with some skill his adulations, ⁶⁷⁰
To "do at Rome as Romans do," a piece
Of conduct was which he observed in Greece

LXXXV

Thus, usually, when he was ask'd to sing,
He gave the different nations something
national,

'T was all the same to him—"God save the
king," ⁶⁷⁵

Or "*Ça va*," according to the fashion all
His muse made increment of any thing,
From the high lyric down to the low
rational

If Pindar sang horse-races, what should hinder
Himself from being as pliable as Pindar? ⁶⁸⁰

LXXXVI

In France, for instance, he would write a
chanson,

In England a six canto quarto tale;

In Spain, he'd make a ballad or romance on
The last war—much the same in Portugal,
In Germany, the Pegasus he'd prance on ⁶⁸⁵
Would be old Goethe's—(see what says De
Stael),

In Italy he'd ape the "Trecentisti,"

In Greece, he'd sing some sort of hymn like
this t' ye

1

The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece!
Where burning Sappho loved and sung, ⁶⁹⁰
Where grew the arts of war and peace,—
Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung!
Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all, except their sun, is set

2

The Scian and the Teian muse, ⁶⁹⁵
The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
Have found the fame your shores refuse,
Their place of birth alone is mute
To sounds which echo further west
Than your sires' "Islands of the Blest" ⁷⁰⁰

3

The mountains look on Marathon—
And Marathon looks on the sea,
And musing there an hour alone,
I dream'd that Greece might still be free,
For standing on the Persians' grave, ⁷⁰⁵
I could not deem myself a slave

4

A king sate on the rocky brow
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;
And ships, by thousands, lay below,
And men in nations,—all were his! ⁷¹⁰
He counted them at break of day—
And when the sun set where were they?

5

And where are they? and where art thou,
My country? On thy voiceless shore
The heroic lay is tuneless now— ⁷¹⁵
The heroic bosom beats no more!
And must thy lyre, so long divine,
Degenerate into hands like mine?

6

'T is something, in the dearth of fame,
 Though link'd among a fetter'd race, 720
 To feel at least a patriot's shame,
 Even as I sing, suffuse my face,
 For what is left the poet here?
 For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear

7

Must *we* but weep o'er days more blest? 725
 Must *we* but blush?—Our fathers bled
 Earth! render back from out thy breast
 A remnant of our Spartan dead!
 Of the three hundred grant but three,
 To make a new Thermopylæ! 730

8

What, silent still? and silent all?
 Ah! no,—the voices of the dead
 Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
 And answer, "Let one living head,
 But one arise,—we come, we come!" 735
 'T is but the living who are dumb

9

In vain—in vain strike other chords,
 Fill high the cup with Samian wine!
 Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,
 And shed the blood of Scio's vine! 740
 Hark! rising to the ignoble call—
 How answers each bold Bacchanal!

10

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet,
 Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?
 Of two such lessons, why forget 745
 The nobler and the manlier one?
 You have the letters Cadmus gave—
 Think ye he meant them for a slave?

11

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
 We will not think of themes like these! 750
 It made Anacreon's song divine
 He served—but served Polycrates—
 A tyrant, but our masters then
 Were still, at least, our countrymen

12

The tyrant of the Chersonese 755
 Was freedom's best and bravest friend;
That tyrant was Miltiades!
 Oh! that the present hour would lend
 Another despot of the kind!
 Such chains as his were sure to bind 760

13

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
 On Suli's rock, and Parga's shore,
 Exists the remnant of a line
 Such as the Doric mothers bore,
 And there, perhaps, some seed is sown, 765
 The Heracleidan blood might own

14

Trust not for freedom to the Franks—
 They have a king who buys and sells
 In native swords, and native ranks,
 The only hope of courage dwells, 770
 But Turkish force, and Latin fraud,
 Would break your shield, however broad

15

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
 Our virgins dance beneath the shade—
 I see their glorious black eyes shine, 775
 But gazing on each glowing maid,
 My own the burning tear-drop laves,
 To think such breasts must suckle slaves

16

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,
 Where nothing, save the waves and I, 780
 May hear our mutual murmurs sweep,
 There, swan-like, let me sing and die
 A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—
 Dash down your cup of Samian wine! 745

LXXXVII

Thus sung, or would, or could, or should have
 sung, 785
 The modern Greek, in tolerable verse;
 If not like Orpheus quite, when Greece was
 young,
 Yet in these times he might have done much
 worse.
 His strain display'd some feeling—right or
 wrong,

And feeling, in a poet, is the source 790
Of others' feeling, but they are such liars,
And take all colours—like the hands of dyers

LXXXVIII

But words are things, and a small drop of
ink,

Falling like dew, upon a thought, produces
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions,
think, 795

'T is strange, the shortest letter which man
uses

Instead of speech, may form a lasting link
Of ages, to what straits old Time reduces
Frail man, when paper—even a rag like this,
Survives himself, his tomb, and all that's
his 800

LXXXIX

And when his bones are dust, his grave a blank,
His station, generation, even his nation,
Become a thing, or nothing, save to rank

In chronological commemoration,
Some dull MS oblivion long has sank, 805

Or graven stone found in a barrack's station
In digging the foundation of a closet,
May turn his name up, as a rare deposit

XC

And glory long has made the sages smile,
'T is something, nothing, words, illusion,
wind— 810

Depending more upon the historian's style
Than on the name a person leaves behind
Troy owes to Homer what whist owes to
Hoyle

The present century was growing blind
To the great Marlborough's skill in giving
knocks, 815
Until his late Life by Archdeacon Coxe

XCI

Milton's the prince of poets—so we say,
A little heavy, but no less divine
An independent being in his day—

Learn'd, pious, temperate in love and
wine, 820

But his life falling into Johnson's way,
We're told this great high priest of all the
Nine

Was whipt at college—a harsh sire—odd
spouse,

For the first Mrs Milton left his house

XCII

All these are, *certainly*, entertaining facts, 825
Like Shakspeare's stealing deer, Lord
Bacon's bribes,

Like Titus' youth, and Cæsar's earliest acts,
Like Burns (whom Doctor Currie well
describes),

Like Cromwell's pranks,—but although truth
exacts

These amiable descriptions from the
scribes, 830

As most essential to their hero's story,
They do not much contribute to his glory

XCIII

All are not moralists, like Southey, when
He prated to the world of "Pantisocracy",
Or Wordsworth unexcised, unhired, who
then 835

Season'd his pedlar poems with democracy,
Or Coleridge, long before his flighty pen

Let to the *Morning Post* its aristocracy,
When he and Southey, following the same
path,

Espoused two partners (milliners of Bath) 840

XCIV

Such names at present cut a convict figure,
The very Botany Bay in moral geography,
Their loyal treason, renegado rigour,
Are good manure for their more bare biog-
raphy

Wordsworth's last quarto, by the way, is
bigger 845

Than any since the birthday of typography,
A drowsy, frowzy poem, call'd the "*Excursion*,"
Writ in a manner which is my aversion

XCV

He there builds up a formidable dyke
Between his own and others' intellect. 850
But Wordsworth's poem, and his followers,
like

Joanna Southcote's Shiloh, and her sect,
Are things which in this century don't
strike

The public mind,—so few are the elect;
And the new births of both their stale
virginities 855

Have proved but dropsies, taken for divinities

XCVI

But let me to my story I must own,
 If I have any fault, it is digression—
 Leaving my people to proceed alone,
 While I soliloquize beyond expression, 860
 But these are my addresses from the throne,
 Which put off business to the ensuing
 session
 Forgetting each omission is a loss to
 The world, not quite so great as Ariosto

XCVII

I know that what our neighbours call
 "*longueurs*," 865
 (We've not so good a *word*, but have the
thing
 In that complete perfection which ensures
 An epic from Bob Southey every
 spring—)
 Form not the true temptation which allures
 The reader, but 't would not be hard to
 bring 870
 Some fine examples of the *épopée*,
 To prove its grand ingredient is *ennui*

XCVIII

We learn from Horace, "Homer sometimes
 sleeps,"
 We feel without him, Wordsworth some-
 times wakes,—
 To show with what complacency he creeps, 875
 With his dear "*Waggoners*," around his
 lakes
 He wishes for "a boat" to sail the deeps—
 Of ocean?—No, of air, and then he
 makes
 Another outcry for "a little boat,"
 And drivels seas to set it well afloat 880

XCIX

If he must fain sweep o'er the ethereal plain,
 And Pegasus runs restive in his "*Waggon*,"
 Could he not beg the loan of Charles's
 Wain?
 Or pray Medea for a single dragon?
 Or if too classic for his vulgar brain, 885
 He fear'd his neck to venture such a nag on,
 And he must needs mount nearer to the moon,
 Could not the blockhead ask for a balloon?

C

"Pedlars," and "Boats," and "Waggon's!"
 Oh! ye shades

Of Pope and Dryden, are we come to
 this? 890

That trash of such sort not alone evades
 Contempt, but from the bathos' vast abyss
 Floats scumlike uppermost, and these Jack
 Cades

Of sense and song above your graves may
 hiss—

The "little boatman" and his "Peter Bell" 895
 Can sneer at him who drew "Achtophel!"

CI

T' our tale—The feast was over, the slaves
 gone,
 The dwarfs and dancing girls had all re-
 tired,
 The Arab lore and poet's song were done,
 And every sound of revelry expired, 900
 The lady and her lover, left alone,
 The rosy flood of twilight's sky admired,—
 Ave Maria! o'er the earth and sea,
 That heavenliest hour of Heaven is worthiest
 thee!

CII

Ave Maria! blessèd be the hour! 905
 The time, the clime, the spot, where I so oft
 Have felt that moment in its fullest power
 Sink o'er the earth so beautiful and soft,
 While swung the deep bell in the distant tower,
 Or the faint dying day-hymn stole aloft, 910
 And not a breath crept through the rosy air,
 And yet the forest leaves seem'd stirr'd with
 prayer

CIII

Ave Maria! 'tis the hour of prayer!
 Ave Maria! 'tis the hour of love! 915
 Ave Maria! may our spirits dare
 Look up to thine and to thy Son's above!
 Ave Maria! oh that face so fair!
 Those downcast eyes beneath the Almighty
 dove—
 What though 't is but a pictured image?—
 strike—
 That painting is no idol,—'t is too like 920

CIV

Some kinder casuists are pleased to say,
 In nameless print—that I have no devo-
 tion,

But set those persons down with me to
 pray,
 And you shall see who has the properest
 notion
 Of getting into heaven the shortest way, ⁹²⁵
 My altars are the mountains and the ocean,
 Earth, air, stars,—all that springs from the
 great Whole,
 Who hath produced, and will receive the
 soul

CV

Sweet hour of twilight!—in the solitude
 Of the pine forest, and the silent shore ⁹³⁰
 Which bounds Ravenna's immemorial wood,
 Rooted where once the Adrian wave flow'd
 o'er
 To where the last Cæsarean fortress stood,
 Evergreen forest! which Boccaccio's lore
 And Dryden's lay made haunted ground to
 me, ⁹³⁵
 How have I loved the twilight hour and thee!

CVI

The shrill cicadas, people of the pine,
 Making their summer lives one ceaseless
 song,
 Were the sole echoes, save my steed's and
 mine,
 And vesper bell's that rose the boughs
 along, ⁹⁴⁰
 The spectre huntsman of Onesti's line,
 His hell-dogs, and their chase, and the fair
 throng
 Which learn'd from this example not to fly
 From a true lover,—shadow'd my mind's eye

CVII

Oh, Hesperus! thou bringest all good
 things— ⁹⁴⁵
 Home to the weary, to the hungry cheer,
 To the young bird the parent's brooding wings,
 The welcome stall to the o'erlabour'd
 steer,
 Whate'er of peace about our hearthstone
 clings,
 Whate'er our household gods protect of
 dear, ⁹⁵⁰
 Are gather'd round us by thy look of rest,
 Thou bring'st the child, too, to the mother's
 breast.

CVIII

Soft hour! which wakes the wish and melts the
 heart
 Of those who sail the seas, on the first day
 When they from their sweet friends are torn
 apart, ⁹⁵⁵
 Or fills with love the pilgrim on his way
 As the far bell of vesper makes him start,
 Seeming to weep the dying day's decay,
 Is this a fancy which our reason scorns?
 Ah! surely nothing dies but something
 mourns! ⁹⁶⁰

CIX

When Nero perish'd by the justest doom
 Which ever the destroyer yet destroy'd,
 Amidst the roar of liberated Rome,
 Of nations freed, and the world overjoy'd,
 Some hands unseen strew'd flowers upon his
 tomb, ⁹⁶⁵
 Perhaps the weakness of a heart not void
 Of feeling for some kindness done, when
 power
 Had left the wretch an uncorrupted hour

CX

But I'm digressing, what on earth has Nero,
 Or any such like sovereign buffoons, ⁹⁷⁰
 To do with the transactions of my hero,
 More than such madmen's fellow man—the
 moon's?
 Sure my invention must be down at zero,
 And I grown one of many "wooden spoons"
 Of verse (the name with which we Cantabs
 please ⁹⁷⁵
 To dub the last of honours in degrees)

CXI

I feel this tediousness will never do—
 'T is being *too* epic, and I must cut down
 (In copying) this long canto into two,
 They'll never find it out, unless I own ⁹⁸⁰
 The fact, excepting some experienced few,
 And then as an improvement 't will be
 shown
 I'll prove that such the opinion of the critic
 is
 From Aristotle *passim*—See Πουητικης.

WHEN WE TWO PARTED

WHEN we two parted
 In silence and tears,
 Half broken-hearted
 To sever for years,
 Pale grew thy cheek and cold,
 Colder thy kiss,
 Truly that hour foretold
 Sorrow to this

The dew of the morning
 Sunk chill on my brow—
 It felt like the warning
 Of what I feel now
 Thy vows are all broken,
 And light is thy fame,
 I hear thy name spoken,
 And share in its shame

They name thee before me,
 A knell to mine ear,
 A shudder comes o'er me—
 Why wert thou so dear?
 They know not I knew thee,
 Who knew thee too well —
 Long, long shall I rue thee,
 Too deeply to tell

In secret we met—
 In silence I grieve
 That thy heart could forget,
 Thy spirit deceive
 If I should meet thee
 After long years,
 How should I greet thee?—
 With silence and tears

STANZAS FOR MUSIC

THERE be none of Beauty's daughters
 With a magic like thee,
 And like music on the waters
 Is thy sweet voice to me
 When, as if its sound were causing
 The charmed ocean's pausing,
 The waves lie still and gleaming,
 And the lull'd winds seem dreaming.

And the midnight moon is weaving
 Her bright chain o'er the deep,
 Whose breast is gently heaving,
 As an infant's asleep
 So the spirit bows before thee,
 To listen and adore thee,

With a full but soft emotion,
 Like the swell of Summer's ocean 15

SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY

SHE walks in beauty, like the night
 Of cloudless climes and starry skies,
 And all that's best of dark and bright
 Meet in her aspect and her eyes
 Thus mellow'd to that tender light 5
 Which heaven to gaudy day denies

10 One shade the more, one ray the less,
 Had half impair'd the nameless grace
 Which waves in every raven tress,
 Or softly lightens o'er her face, 10

15 Where thoughts serenely sweet express
 How pure, how dear their dwelling-place

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
 So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
 The smiles that win, the tints that glow, 15
 But tell of days in goodness spent,
 A mind at peace with all below,
 A heart whose love is innocent!

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB

25 THE Assyrian came down like the wolf on
 the fold,
 And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and
 and gold,
 And the sheen of their spears was like stars 30
 on the sea,
 When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep
 Gahlee

Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is
 green, 5
 That host with their banners at sunset were
 seen
 Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn
 hath blown,
 5 That host on the morrow lay wither'd and
 strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on
 the blast,
 And breathed in the face of the foe as he 10
 pass'd;
 And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and
 chill,
 And their hearts but once heaved, and for
 ever grew still!

And there lay the steed with his nostril all
 wide,
 But through it there roll'd not the breath of
 his pride
 And the foam of his gasping lay white on the
 turf, 15
 And cold as the spray of the rock-beating
 surf

For the sword outwears its sheath, 5
 And the soul wears out the breast,
 And the heart must pause to breathe,
 And Love itself have rest.

Though the night was made for loving,
 And the day returns too soon, 10
 Yet we'll go no more a roving
 By the light of the moon.

SONNET ON CHILLON

ETERNAL Spirit of the chainless Mind!
 Brightest in dungeons, Liberty! thou art,
 For there thy habitation is the heart—
 The heart which love of thee alone can bind,
 And when thy sons to fetters are consign'd— 5
 To fetters, and the damp vault's dayless
 gloom,
 Their country conquers with their martyr-
 dom,
 And Freedom's fame finds wings on every
 wind
 Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,
 And thy sad floor an altar, for 't was 10
 trod,
 Until his very steps have left a trace
 Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
 By Bonnivard! May none those marks efface!
 For they appeal from tyranny to God

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
 With the dew on his brow and the rust on
 his mail,
 And the tents were all silent, the banners
 alone,
 The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown 20
 And the widows of Ashur are loud in their
 wail,
 And the idols are broke in the temple of
 Baal,
 And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by
 the sword,
 Hath melted like snow in the glance of the
 Lord!

SO WE'LL GO NO MORE A ROVING

So we'll go no more a roving
 So late into the night,
 Though the heart be still as loving,
 And the moon be still as bright

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY
(1792-1822)

Shelley wrote a large part of his poetry to further what he believed to be the practical issues of the early nineteenth century. He was the poet of revolt, battling for intellectual progress. He sought the liberation of the mind from the bonds of conventionalism. Freedom of thought was for him the supreme need of the time. This idea is the theme of *Prometheus Unbound*, a poem of great significance in the history of the romantic movement.

Every incident in Shelley's life can be understood if this point of view is kept in mind. He was irritated by the traditional instruction at Eton. He was expelled from Oxford in 1811 when he would not retract the views he had expressed in a pamphlet, *The Necessity of Atheism*. He refused to submit to his father's demands concerning the courses he should study and the friends he should make even though such submission would have meant his reinstatement in the University. Aroused by Harnet Westbrook's plea to escape the discipline of an uncongenial school, he eloped with her to Edinburgh with the understanding that their marriage should bind them only so long as either one desired. He deliberately deserted her as soon as he discovered that she had no comprehension of his ideas. When she drowned herself in despair two years after his departure to the continent with Mary Godwin, Shelley felt no compunction.

The theories of William Godwin's *Political Justice* about the evils of government and the restraint of marriage were so enthusiastically adopted by Shelley that Godwin warned him against putting them into practice. When Shelley was ardently advocating the liberation of Ireland, Godwin wrote to him, "Shelley, you are preparing a scene of blood." Mary, however, agreed with her father's views of free love to the extent that she ran away to Switzerland with Shelley.

Anyone who seemed to be the victim of injustice aroused his sympathies and gained him as a champion. He was always ready to assist these persons with his advice or money. Emilia Viviani, who inspired him to write *Epsychidion* because she was sent to a convent against her will, wanted loans more than she wanted sympathy. In many instances Shelley found on

further acquaintance that not his ideas but his practical aid was sought.

As he grew older, his revolutionary fervor cooled somewhat, but he had no desire to return to England. In Italy with Mary, who understood him better than anyone else, he was gradually attaining a more composed attitude toward life when a fatal storm overturned his boat in the Gulf of Spezza. Ten days later his body was washed ashore and identified by the volume of Aeschylus and the copy of Keats' poems found in the pockets of the jacket.

In his longer poems Shelley endeavored to reform the world in accordance with his ideas. *Queen Mab*, *The Revolt of Islam*, and *Prometheus Unbound* attack social and religious institutions and preach the doctrine of necessity. "Every human being is irresistibly impelled to act precisely as he does act." The Spirit of Good is in eternal conflict with the Spirit of Evil, while man is a passive agent submitting to his destiny. He may seek perfection as the hero of *Alastor* or, *The Spirit of Solitude*, sought the maiden of his dream. But he will never attain the undefinable beauty of this ideal until he can expel evil from the world. Shelley believed that eventually man would overcome the tyranny of evil and reach this perfection. Mrs. Shelley wrote, "The prominent feature of Shelley's theory of the destiny of the human species was that evil is not inherent in the system of creation, but an accident that might be expelled." Because Shelley could not bring about the golden age of his ideas, Matthew Arnold thus characterized him, "The Shelley of actual life is a vision of beauty and radiance, indeed, but availing nothing, effecting nothing. And in poetry, no less than life, he is 'a beautiful and ineffectual angel, beating in the void his luminous wings in vain.'"

This statement is only partly true, and it is misleading. Although Shelley did become dejected because life is not so beautiful as it should be and because he could not make it what he wished, he did not write entirely in vain. The *Ode to the West Wind*, *To a Skylark*, *Adonais*, and a few other lyrics are masterpieces of emotional poetry. When Shelley subordinated his philosophy to his love of beauty as manifested in nature, he soared into the realm of pure art.

ADONAI'S

I

I WEEP for Adonais—he is dead!
O, weep for Adonais! though our tears
Thaw not the frost which binds so dear a
head!

And thou, sad Hour, selected from all years
To mourn our loss, rouse thy obscure com-
peers,
And teach them thine own sorrow, say
"With me
Died Adonais, till the Future dares
Forget the Past, his fate and fame shall be
An echo and a light unto eternity!"

II

Where wert thou, mighty Mother, when he
lay, ¹⁰
When thy Son lay, pierced by the shaft
which flies
In darkness? where was Iorn Urania
When Adonais died? With veiled eyes,
'Mid listening Echoes, in her Paradise
She sate, while one, with soft enamoured
breath ¹⁵
Rekindled all the fading melodies,
With which, like flowers that mock the corse
beneath,
He had adorned and hid the coming bulk of
Death

III

Oh, weep for Adonais—he is dead!
Wake, melancholy Mother, wake and
weep! ²⁰
Yet, wherefore? Quench within their burn-
ing bed
Thy fiery tears, and let thy loud heart keep
Like his a mute and uncomplaining sleep,
For he is gone where all things wise and
fair
Descend Oh, dream not that the amorous
Deep ²⁵
Will yet restore him to the vital air,
Death feeds on his mute voice, and laughs at
our despair

IV

Most musical of mourners, weep again!
Lament anew, Urania!—He died,
Who was the Sire of an immortal strain, ³⁰
Blind, old, and lonely, when his country's
pride,
The priest, the slave, and the liberticide
Trampled and mocked with many a loathed
rite
Of lust and blood, he went, unterrified,
Into the gulf of death, but his clear
Sprite ³⁵
Yet reigns o'er earth, the third among the
sons of light.

V

Most musical of mourners, weep anew!
Not all to that bright station dared to
climb,

And happier they their happiness who knew,
Whose tapers yet burn through that night of
time ⁴⁰
In which suns perished, others more sub-
lime,
Struck by the envious wrath of man or
god,
Have sunk, extinct in their refulgent prime,
And some yet live, treading the thorny
road,
Which leads, through toil and hate, to Fame's
serene abode ⁴⁵

VI

But now, thy youngest, dearest one, has
perished—
The nursling of thy widowhood, who grew,
Like a pale flower by some sad maiden
cherished
And fed with true-love tears instead of
dew;
Most musical of mourners, weep anew! ⁵⁰
Thy extreme hope, the loveliest and the
last,
The bloom, whose petals nipped before they
blew
Died on the promise of the fruit, is waste,
The broken lily lies—the storm is overpast

VII

To that high Capital, where kingly Death ⁵⁵
Keeps his pale court in beauty and decay,
He came, and bought, with price of purest
breath,
A grave among the eternal—Come away!
Haste, while the vault of blue Italian day
Is yet his fitting charnel-roof! while still ⁶⁰
He lies, as if in dewy sleep he lay;
Awake him not! surely he takes his fill
Of deep and liquid rest, forgetful of all ill

VIII

He will awake no more, oh, never more!
Within the twilight chamber spreads apace ⁶⁵
The shadow of white Death, and at the
door
Invisible Corruption waits to trace
His extreme way to her dim dwelling-place,
The eternal Hunger sits, but pity and awe
Soothe her pale rage, nor dares she to de-
face ⁷⁰
So fair a prey, till darkness and the law

Of change shall o'er his sleep the mortal curtain draw

IX

Oh, weep for Adonais!—The quick Dreams,
The passion wingèd Ministers of thought,
Who were his flocks, whom near the living streams ⁷⁵

Of his young spint he fed, and whom he taught

The love which was its music, wander not,—
Wander no more, from kindling brain to brain,

But droop there, whence they sprung, and mourn their lot

Round the cold heart, where, after their sweet pain, ⁸⁰

They ne'er will gather strength, or find a home again

X

And one with trembling hand clasps his cold head,
And fans him with her moonlight wings, and cries,

'Our love, our hope, our sorrow, is not dead,

See, on the silken fringe of his faint eyes, ⁸⁵
Like dew upon a sleeping flower, there lies
A tear some Dream has loosened from his brain'

Lost Angel of a ruined Paradise!

She knew not 'twas her own, as with no stain

She faded, like a cloud which had outwept its rain ⁹⁰

XI

One from a lucid urn of starry dew
Washed his light limbs as if embalming them,

Another clipped her profuse locks, and threw

The wreath upon him, like an anadem,
Which frozen tears instead of pearls begem; ⁹⁵

Another in her wilful grief would break
Her bow and wingèd reeds, as if to stem
A greater loss with one which was more-weak,

And dull the barbèd fire against his frozen cheek

XII

Another Splendour on his mouth alit, ¹⁰⁰
That mouth, whence it was wont to draw the breath

Which gave it strength to pierce the guarded wit,

And pass into the panting heart beneath
With lightning and with music the damp death

Quenched its caress upon his icy lips, ¹⁰⁵
And, as a dying meteor stains a wreath

Of moonlight vapour, which the cold night clips,

It flushed through his pale limbs, and passed to its eclipse

XIII

And others came—Desires and Adorations,
Wingèd Persuasions and veiled Destinies, ¹¹⁰
Splendours, and Glooms, and glimmering Incarnations

Of hopes and fears, and twilight Phantasies,
And Sorrow, with her family of Sighs,
And Pleasure, blind with tears, led by the gleam

Of her own dying smile instead of eyes, ¹¹⁵
Came in slow pomp,—the moving pomp might seem

Like pageantry of mist on an autumnal stream

XIV

All he had loved, and moulded into thought,
From shape, and hue, and odour, and sweet sound,

Lamented Adonais Morning sought ¹²⁰
Her eastern watch-tower, and her hair unbound,

Wet with the tears which should adorn the ground,

Dimmed the aerial eyes that kindle day;
Afar the melancholy thunder moaned,

Pale Ocean in unquiet slumber lay, ¹²⁵
And the wild Winds flew round, sobbing in their dismay

XV

Lost Echo sits amid the voiceless mountains,

And feeds her grief with his remembered lay,

And will no more reply to winds or fountains,

Or amorous birds perched on the young
 green spray, 130
 Or herdsman's horn, or bell at closing day,
 Since she can mimic not his lips, more dear
 Than those for whose disdain she pined
 away

Into a shadow of all sounds—a drear
 Murmur, between their songs, is all the wood-
 men hear 135

XVI

Grief made the young Spring wild, and she
 threw down

Her kindling buds, as if she Autumn were,
 Or they dead leaves, since her delight is
 flown,

For whom should she have waked the sullen
 year?

To Phœbus was not Hyacinth so dear, 140
 Nor to himself Narcissus, as to both

Thou, Adonais, wan they stand and sere
 Amid the faint companions of their youth,
 With dew all turned to tears, odour, to sigh-
 ing ruth

XVII

Thy spirit's sister, the lorn nightingale 145
 Mourns not her mate with such melodious
 pain,

Not so the eagle, who like thee could scale
 Heaven, and could nourish in the sun's do-
 main

Her mighty youth with morning, doth com-
 plain,

Soaring and screaming round her empty
 nest, 150

As Albion wails for thee, the curse of
 Cain

Light on his head who pierced thy innocent
 breast,

And scared the angel soul that was its earthly
 guest!

XVIII

Ah, woe is me! Winter is come and gone,
 But grief returns with the revolving
 year, 155

The airs and streams renew their joyous
 tone,

The ants, the bees, the swallows reappear,
 Fresh leaves and flowers deck the dead
 Season's bier,

The amorous birds now pair in every brake,
 And build their mossy homes in field and
 brere, 160

And the green lizard, and the golden snake,
 Like unimprisoned flames, out of their trance
 awake

XIX

Through wood and stream and field and hill
 and Ocean

A quickening life from the Earth's heart has
 burst

As it has ever done, with change and mo-
 tion, 165

From the great morning of the world when
 first

God dawned on Chaos, in its stream im-
 mersed,

The lamps of Heaven flash with a softer
 light,

All baser things pant with life's sacred
 thirst,

Diffuse themselves, and spend in love's de-
 light 170

The beauty and the joy of their renewed
 might

XX

The leprous corpse, touched by this spirit
 tender,

Exhales itself in flowers of gentle breath,
 Like incarnations of the stars, when splen-
 dour

Is changed to fragrance, they illumine
 death 175

And mock the merry worm that wakes be-
 neath;

Nought we know dies Shall that alone
 which knows

Be as a sword consumed before the sheath
 By sightless lightning?—the intense atom
 glows

A moment, then is quenched in a most cold
 repose. 180

XXI

Alas! that all we loved of him should be,
 But for our grief, as if it had not been,
 And grief itself be mortal! Woe is me!

Whence are we, and why are we? of what
 scene

The actors or spectators? Great and
 mean 185

Meet massed in death, who lends what life
 must borrow
 As long as skies are blue, and fields are
 green,
 Evening must usher night, night urge the
 morrow,
 Month follow month with woe, and year wake
 year to sorrow

XXII

He will awake no more, oh, never more! ¹⁹⁰
 'Wake thou,' cried Misery, 'childless Mother,
 rise
 Out of thy sleep, and slake, in thy heart's
 core,
 A wound more fierce than his, with tears
 and sighs'
 And all the Dreams that watched Urania's
 eyes,
 And all the Echoes whom their sister's
 song ¹⁹⁵
 Had held in holy silence, cried 'Arise!'
 Swift as a Thought by the snake Memory
 stung,
 From her ambrosial rest the fading Splendour
 sprung

XXIII

She rose like an autumnal Night, that
 springs
 Out of the East, and follows wild and
 drear ²⁰⁰
 The golden Day, which, on eternal wings,
 Even as a ghost abandoning a bier,
 Had left the Earth a corpse Sorrow and
 fear
 So struck, so roused, so rapped Urania,
 So saddened round her like an atmos-
 phere ²⁰⁵
 Of stormy mist, so swept her on her way
 Even to the mournful place where Adonais
 lay

XXIV

Out of her secret Paradise she sped,
 Through camps and cities rough with stone,
 and steel,
 And human hearts, which to her airy
 tread ²¹⁰
 Yielding not, wounded the invisible
 Palms of her tender feet where'er they fell
 And barbed tongues, and thoughts more
 sharp than they,

Rent the soft Form they never could repel,
 Whose sacred blood, like the young tears of
 May, ²¹⁵
 Paved with eternal flowers that undeserving
 way

XXV

In the death-chamber for a moment Death,
 Shamed by the presence of that living
 Might,
 Blushed to annihilation, and the breath
 Revisited those lips, and Life's pale light ²²⁰
 Flashed through those limbs, so late her
 dear delight
 'Leave me not wild and drear and comfort-
 less,
 As silent lightning leaves the starless night!
 Leave me not!' cried Urania her distress
 Roused Death Death rose and smiled, and
 met her vain caress ²²⁵

XXVI

'Stay yet awhile' speak to me once again,
 Kiss me, so long but as a kiss may live;
 And in my heartless breast and burning
 brain
 That word, that kiss, shall all thoughts else
 survive,
 With food of saddest memory kept alive, ²³⁰
 Now thou art dead, as if it were a part
 Of thee, my Adonais! I would give
 All that I am to be as thou now art!
 But I am chained to Time, and cannot thence
 depart!

XXVII

'O gentle child, beautiful as thou wert, ²³⁵
 Why didst thou leave the trodden paths of
 men
 Too soon, and with weak hands though
 mighty heart
 Dare the unpastured dragon in his den?
 Defenceless as thou wert, oh, where was
 then
 Wisdom the mirrored shield, or scorn the
 spear? ²⁴⁰
 Or hadst thou waited the full cycle, when
 Thy spirit should have filled its crescent
 sphere,
 The monsters of life's waste had fled from
 thee like deer

XXVIII

'The herded wolves, bold only to pursue,
 The obscene ravens, clamorous o'er the
 dead, ²⁴⁵
 The vultures to the conqueror's banner true,
 Who feed where Desolation first has fed,
 And whose wings rain contagion,—how they
 fled,
 When, like Apollo, from his golden bow
 The Pythian of the age one arrow sped ²⁵⁰
 And smiled!—The spoilers tempt no sec-
 ond blow,
 They fawn on the proud feet that spurn them
 lying low

XXIX

'The sun comes forth, and many reptiles
 spawn,
 He sets, and each ephemeral insect then
 Is gathered into death without a dawn, ²⁵⁵
 And the immortal stars awake again,
 So is it in the world of living men
 A godlike mind soars forth, in its delight
 Making earth bare and veiling heaven, and
 when
 It sinks, the swarms that dimmed or shared
 its light ²⁶⁰
 Leave to its kindred lamps the spirit's awful
 night'

XXX

Thus ceased she and the mountain shep-
 herds came,
 Their garlands sere, their magic mantles
 rent,
 The Pilgrim of Eternity, whose fame
 Over his living head like Heaven is bent, ²⁶⁵
 An early but enduring monument,
 Came, veiling all the lightnings of his song
 In sorrow, from her wilds Ierne sent
 The sweetest lyrinst of her saddest wrong,
 And Love taught Grief to fall like music
 from his tongue. ²⁷⁰

XXXI

Midst others of less note, came one frail
 Form,
 A phantom among men; companionless
 As the last cloud of an expiring storm
 Whose thunder is its knell, he, as I guess,
 Had gazed on Nature's naked loveliness, ²⁷⁵

Actæon-like, and now he fled astray
 With feeble steps o'er the world's wilder-
 ness,
 And his own thoughts, along that rugged
 way,
 Pursued, like raging hounds, their father and
 their prey

XXXII

A pardlike Spirit beautiful and swift— ²⁸⁰
 A Love in desolation masked,—a Power
 Girt round with weakness,—it can scarce
 uplift
 The weight of the superincumbent hour,
 It is a dying lamp, a falling shower,
 A breaking billow,—even whilst we speak ²⁸⁵
 Is it not broken? On the withering flower
 The killing sun smiles brightly on a cheek
 The life can burn in blood, even while the
 heart may break

XXXIII

His head was bound with pansies over-
 blown,
 And faded violets, white, and pied, and
 blue, ²⁹⁰
 And a light spear topped with a cypress
 cone,
 Round whose rude shaft dark ivy-tresses
 grew
 Yet dripping with the forest's noonday dew,
 Vibrated, as the ever-beating heart
 Shook the weak hand that grasped it, of
 that crew ²⁹⁵
 He came the last, neglected and apart,
 A herd-abandoned deer struck by the hunter's
 dart

XXXIV

All stood aloof, and at his partial moan
 Smiled through their tears, well knew that
 gentle band
 Who in another's fate now wept his own, ³⁰⁰
 As in the accents of an unknown land
 He sung new sorrow, sad Urania scanned
 The Stranger's mien, and murmured 'Who
 art thou?'
 He answered not, but with a sudden hand
 Made bare his branded and ensanguined
 brow, ³⁰⁵
 Which was like Cain's or Christ's—oh! that
 it should be so!

XXXV

What softer voice is hushed over the dead?
 Athwart what brow is that dark mantle
 thrown?
 What form leans sadly o'er the white death-
 bed,
 In mockery of monumental stone, 310
 The heavy heart heaving without a moan?
 If it be He, who, gentlest of the wise,
 Taught, soothed, loved, honoured the de-
 parted one,
 Let me not vex, with inharmonious sighs,
 The silence of that heart's accepted sacri-
 fice 315

XXXVI

Our Adonais has drunk poison—oh!
 What deaf and viperous murderer could
 crown
 Life's early cup with such a draught of
 woe?
 The nameless worm would now itself dis-
 own
 It felt, yet could escape, the magic tone 320
 Whose prelude held all envy, hate, and
 wrong,
 But what was howling in one breast alone,
 Silent with expectation of the song,
 Whose master's hand is cold, whose silver
 lyre unstrung

XXXVII

Live thou, whose infamy is not thy fame! 325
 Live! fear no heavier chastisement from me,
 Thou noteless blot on a remembered name!
 But be thyself, and know thyself to be!
 And ever at thy season be thou free
 To spill the venom when thy fangs o'er-
 flow 330
 Remorse and Self-contempt shall cling to
 thee,
 Hot Shame shall burn upon thy secret brow,
 And like a beaten hound tremble thou shalt—
 as now

XXXVIII

Nor let us weep that our delight is fled
 Far from these carrion kites that scream
 below; 335
 He wakes or sleeps with the enduring dead,
 Thou canst not soar where he is sitting
 now—

Dust to the dust! but the pure spirit shall
 flow
 Back to the burning fountain whence it
 came,
 A portion of the Eternal, which must
 glow 340
 Through time and change, unquenchably
 the same,
 Whilst thy cold embers choke the sordid
 hearth of shame

XXXIX

Peace, peace! he is not dead, he doth not
 sleep—
 He hath awakened from the dream of life—
 'Tis we, who, lost in stormy visions, keep 345
 With phantoms an unprofitable strife,
 And in mad trance strike with our spirit's
 knife
 Invulnerable nothings—*We* decay
 Like corpses in a charnel, fear and grief
 Convulse us and consume us day by day, 350
 And cold hopes swarm like worms within our
 living clay

XL

He has outsoared the shadow of our night,
 Envy and calumny and hate and pain,
 And that unrest which men miscall delight,
 Can touch him not and torture not again, 355
 From the contagion of the world's slow
 stain
 He is secure, and now can never mourn
 A heart grown cold, a head grown gray in
 vain,
 Nor, when the spirit's self has ceased to
 burn,
 With sparkless ashes load an unlamented
 urn 360

XLI

He lives, he wakes—'tis Death is dead, not
 he,
 Mourn not for Adonais—Thou young
 Dawn,
 Turn all thy dew to splendour, for from
 thee
 The spirit thou lamentest is not gone;
 Ye caverns and ye forests, cease to
 moan! 365
 Cease, ye faint flowers and fountains, and
 thou Air,

Which like a mourning veil thy scarf hadst
thrown
O'er the abandoned Earth, now leave it
bare
Even to the joyous stars which smile on its
despair!

XLII

He is made one with Nature there is
heard 370
His voice in all her music, from the moan
Of thunder to the song of night's sweet
bird,
He is a presence to be felt and known
In darkness and in light, from herb and
stone,
Spreading itself where'er that Power may
move 375
Which has withdrawn his being to its own,
Which welds the world with never-wearied
love,
Sustains it from beneath, and kindles it above

XLIII

He is a portion of the loveliness
Which once he made more lovely he doth
bear 380
His part, while the one Spirit's plastic
stress
Sweeps through the dull dense world, com-
pelling there
All new successions to the forms they wear,
Torturing th' unwilling dross that checks its
flight
To its own likeness, as each mass may
bear; 385
And bursting in its beauty and its might
From trees and beasts and men into the
Heaven's light

XLIV

The splendours of the firmament of time
May be eclipsed, but are extinguished not,
Like stars to their appointed height they
climb, 390
And death is a low mist which cannot blot
The brightness it may veil When lofty
thought
Lifts a young heart above its mortal lair,
And love and life contend in it for what
Shall be its earthly doom, the dead live
there 395

And move like winds of light on dark and
stormy air

XLV

The inheritors of unfulfilled renown
Rose from their thrones, built beyond mor-
tal thought,
Far in the Unapparent Chatterton
Rose pale,—his solemn agony had not 400
Yet faded from him, Sidney, as he fought
And as he fell and as he lived and loved
Sublimely mild, a Spirit without spot,
Arose, and Lucan, by his death approved
Oblivion as they rose shrank like a thing re-
proved 405

XLVI

And many more, whose names on Earth
are dark,
But whose transmitted effluence cannot die
So long as fire outlives the parent spark,
Rose, robed in dazzling immortality
'Thou art become as one of us,' they
cry, 410
'It was for thee yon kingless sphere has long
Swung blind in unascended majesty,
Silent alone amid an Heaven of Song
Assume thy wingèd throne, thou Vesper of
our throng!'

XLVII

Who mourns for Adonais? Oh, come
forth, 415
Fond wretch! and know thyself and him
aright.
Clasp with thy panting soul the pendulous
Earth,
As from a centre, dart thy spirit's light
Beyond all worlds, until its spacious might
Sate the void circumference then
shrink 420
Even to a point within our day and night;
And keep thy heart light lest it make thee
sink
When hope has kindled hope, and lured thee
to the brink

XLVIII

Or go to Rome, which is the sepulchre,
Oh, not of him, but of our joy 'tis
nought 425

That ages, empires, and religions there
Lie buried in the ravage they have wrought,
For such as he can lend,—they borrow not
Glory from those who made the world
their prey,

And he is gathered to the kings of
thought ⁴³⁰

Who waged contention with their time's de-
cay,

And of the past are all that cannot pass away

XLIX

Go thou to Rome,—at once the Paradise,
The grave, the city, and the wilderness,
And where its wrecks like shattered moun-
tains rise, ⁴³⁵

And flowering weeds and fragrant corses
dress

The bones of Desolation's nakedness,
Pass, till the spirit of the spot shall lead
Thy footsteps to a slope of green access,
Where, like an infant's smile, over the
dead ⁴⁴⁰

A light of laughing flowers along the grass is
spread,

L

And gray walls moulder round, on which
dull Time

Feeds, like slow fire upon a hoary brand,
And one keen pyramid with wedge sub-
lime,

Pavilions the dust of him who planned ⁴⁴⁵
This refuge for his memory, doth stand
Like flame transformed to marble, and be-
neath,

A field is spread, on which a newer band
Have pitched in Heaven's smile their camp
of death,

Welcoming him we lose with scarce extin-
guished breath ⁴⁵⁰

LI

Here pause these graves are all too young
as yet

To have outgrown the sorrow which con-
signed

Its charge to each, and if the seal is set,
Here, on one fountain of a mourning mind,
Break it not thou! too surely shalt thou
find ⁴⁵⁵

Thine own well full, if thou returnest home,

Of tears and gall From the world's bitter
wind

Seek shelter in the shadow of the tomb
What Adonais is, why fear we to become?

LII

The One remains, the many change and
pass, ⁴⁶⁰

Heaven's light forever shines, Earth's
shadows fly,

Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,
Stains the white radiance of Eternity,

Until Death tramples it to fragments —
Die,

If thou wouldst be with that which thou
dost seek! ⁴⁶⁵

Follow where all is fled!—Rome's azure sky,
Flowers, ruins, statues, music, words, are
weak

The glory they transfuse with fitting truth to
speak

LIII

Why linger, why turn back, why shrink, my
Heart?

Thy hopes are gone before. from all things
here ⁴⁷⁰

They have departed, thou shouldst now de-
part!

A light is passed from the revolving year,
And man, and woman, and what still is
dear

Attracts to crush, repels to make thee
wither

The soft sky smiles,—the low wind whispers
near ⁴⁷⁵

'Tis Adonais calls! oh, hasten thither,
No more let Life divide what Death can join
together

LIV

That Light whose smile kindles the Uni-
verse,

That Beauty in which all things work and
move,

That Benediction which the eclipsing
Curse ⁴⁸⁰

Of birth can quench not, that sustaining
Love

Which through the web of being blindly
wove

By man and beast and earth and air and
sea,

Burns bright or dim, as each are mirrors of
 The fire for which all thirst, now beams
 on me, ⁴⁸⁵
 Consuming the last clouds of cold mortality

LV

The breath whose might I have invoked in
 song
 Descends on me, my spirit's bark is driven
 Far from the shore, far from the trembling
 throng
 Whose sails were never to the tempest
 given; ⁴⁹⁰
 The massy earth and spherèd skies are
 riven!
 I am borne darkly, fearfully, afar,
 Whilst, burning through the inmost veil of
 Heaven,
 The soul of Adonais, like a star,
 Beacons from the abode where the Eternal
 are ⁴⁹⁵

ODE TO THE WEST WIND

I

O WILD West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's
 being,
 Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves
 dead
 Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter
 fleeing,
 Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,
 Pestilence-stricken multitudes O thou, ⁵
 Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed

The wingèd seeds, where they lie cold and
 low,
 Each like a corpse within its grave, until
 Thine azure sister of the Spring shall blow
 Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and ¹⁰
 fill
 (Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in
 air)
 With living hues and odours plain and hill.

Wild Spirit, which art moving everywhere,
 Destroyer and preserver, hear, oh, hear!

II

Thou on whose stream, mid the steep sky's
 commotion, ¹⁵

Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are
 shed,
 Shook from the tangled boughs of Heaven and
 Ocean,

Angels of rain and lightning there are spread
 On the blue surface of thine airy surge,
 Like the bright hair uplifted from the head ²⁰

Of some fierce Mænad, even from the dim
 verge
 Of the horizon to the zenith's height,
 The locks of the approaching storm Thou
 durge

Of the dying year, to which this closing
 night
 Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre, ²⁵
 Vaulted with all thy congregated might

Of vapours, from whose solid atmosphere
 Black rain, and fire, and hail will burst oh,
 hear!

III

Thou who didst waken from his summer
 dreams
 The blue Mediterranean, where he lay, ³⁰
 Lulled by the coil of his crystalline streams,

Beside a pumice isle in Baïæ's bay,
 And saw in sleep old palaces and towers
 Quivering within the wave's intenser day,

All overgrown with azure moss and flowers ³⁵
 So sweet, the sense faints picturing them!
 Thou

For whose path the Atlantic's level powers

Cleave themselves into chasms, while far be-
 low

The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which
 wear

The sapless foliage of the ocean know ⁴⁰

Thy voice, and suddenly grow gray with fear,
 And tremble and despoil themselves oh, hear!

IV

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear,
 If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee;
 A wave to pant beneath thy power, and
 share ⁴⁵

The impulse of thy strength, only less free
Than thou, O uncontrollable! If even
I were as in my boyhood, and could be

The comrade of thy wanderings over Heaven,
As then, when to outstrip thy skyey speed ⁵⁰
Scarce seemed a vision, I would ne'er have
striven

As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need
Oh, lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!
I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!

A heavy weight of hours has chained and
bowed ⁵⁵
One too like thee tameless, and swift, and
proud

V

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is
What if my leaves are falling like its own!
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies

Will take from both a deep, autumnal tone, ⁶⁰
Sweet though in sadness Be thou, Spirit
fierce,
My spirit! Be thou me, impetuous one!

Drive my dead thoughts over the universe
Like withered leaves to quicken a new birth!
And, by the incantation of this verse, ⁶⁵

Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!
Be through my lips to unawakened earth

The trumpet of a prophecy! O, Wind,
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind? ⁷⁰

THE INDIAN SERENADE

I

I ARISE from dreams of thee
In the first sweet sleep of night,
When the winds are breathing low,
And the stars are shining bright
I arise from dreams of thee, ⁵
And a spirit in my feet
Hath led me—who knows how?
To thy chamber window, Sweet!

II

The wandering airs they faint
On the dark, the silent stream; ¹⁰

The Champak odours fail
Like sweet thoughts in a dream;
The nightingale's complaint,
It dies upon her heart,
As I must die on thine, ¹⁵
Oh, beloved as thou art!

III

Oh lift me from the grass!
I die! I faint! I fail!
Let thy love in kisses rain
On my lips and eyelids pale ²⁰
My cheek is cold and white, alas!
My heart beats loud and fast,
Oh! press it to thine own again,
Where it will break at last

TO A SKYLARK

HAIL to thee, blithe Spirit!
Bird thou never wert,
That from Heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art ⁵

Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire,
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever ¹⁰
singest

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are bright'ning,
Thou dost float and run,
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just be- ¹⁵
gun

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight,
Like a star of Heaven,
In the broad daylight
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill ²⁰
delight,

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear
Until we hardly see—we feel that it is ²⁵
there

All the earth and air
 With thy voice is loud,
 As, when night is bare,
 From one lonely cloud
 The moon rains out her beams, and Heaven
 is overflowed 30

What thou art we know not,
 What is most like thee?
 From rainbow clouds there flow not
 Drops so bright to see
 As from thy presence showers a rain of
 melody 35

Like a Poet hidden
 In the light of thought,
 Singing hymns unbidden,
 Till the world is wrought
 To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded
 not 40

Like a high-born maiden
 In a palace-tower,
 Soothing her love-laden
 Soul in secret hour
 With music sweet as love, which overflows
 her bower 45

Like a glow-worm golden
 In a dell of dew,
 Scattering unbeholden
 Its aerial hue
 Among the flowers and grass, which screen
 it from the view! 50

Like a rose embowered
 In its own green leaves,
 By warm winds deflowered,
 Till the scent it gives
 Makes faint with too much sweet those heavy-
 winged thieves. 55

Sound of vernal showers
 On the twinkling grass,
 Rain-awakened flowers,
 All that ever was
 Joyous and clear and fresh, thy music doth
 surpass 60

Teach us, Sprite or Bird,
 What sweet thoughts are thine
 I have never heard
 Praise of love or wine
 That panted forth a flood of rapture so
 divine 65

Chorus Hymeneal,
 Or triumphal chant,
 Matched with thine, would be all
 But an empty vaunt,
 A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden
 want 70

What objects are the fountains
 Of thy happy strain?
 What fields or waves or mountains?
 What shapes of sky or plain?
 What love of thine own kind? what ignorance
 of pain? 75

With thy clear keen joyance
 Languor cannot be
 Shadow of annoyance
 Never came near thee
 Thou lovest—but ne'er knew love's sad
 satiety 80

Waking or asleep,
 Thou of death must deem
 Things more true and deep
 Than we mortals dream,
 Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal
 stream? 85

We look before and after,
 And pine for what is not
 Our sincerest laughter
 With some pain is fraught,
 Our sweetest songs are those that tell of
 saddest thought 90

Yet if we could scorn
 Hate and pride and fear;
 If we were things born
 Not to shed a tear,
 I know not how thy joy we ever should come
 near. 95

Better than all measures
 Of delightful sound,
 Better than all treasures
 That in books are found,
 Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the
 ground! 100

Teach me half the gladness
 That thy brain must know,
 Such harmonious madness
 From my lips would flow
 The world should listen then—as I am listen-
 ing now. 105

HYMN TO INTELLECTUAL BEAUTY

I

THE awful shadow of some unseen Power
 Floats though unseen among us, visiting
 This various world with as inconstant wing
 As summer winds that creep from flower to
 flower,
 Like moonbeams that behind some piny moun-
 tain shower, 5
 It visits with inconstant glance
 Each human heart and countenance;
 Like hues and harmonies of evening,
 Like clouds in starlight widely spread,
 Like memory of music fled, 10
 Like aught that for its grace may be
 Dear, and yet dearer for its mystery

II

Spirit of BEAUTY, that dost consecrate
 With thine own hues all thou dost shine
 upon
 Of human thought or form, where art thou
 gone? 15
 Why dost thou pass away and leave our state,
 This dim vast vale of tears, vacant and deso-
 late?
 Ask why the sunlight not forever
 Weaves rainbows o'er yon mountain
 river,
 Why aught should fail and fade that once 18
 is shown, 20
 Why fear and dream and death and birth
 Cast on the daylight of this earth
 Such gloom, why man has such a scope
 For love and hate, despondency and hope

III

No voice from some sublimer world hath ever
 To sage or poet these responses given, 26
 Therefore the names of Demon, Ghost, and
 Heaven,
 Remain the records of their vain endeavour—
 Frail spells, whose uttered charm might not
 avail to sever,
 From all we hear and all we see, 30
 Doubt, chance, and mutability.
 Thy light alone, like mist o'er mountains
 driven,
 Or music by the night-wind sent
 Through strings of some still instrument,
 Or moonlight on a midnight stream, 35
 Gives grace and truth to life's unquiet dream.

IV

Love, Hope, and Self-esteem, like clouds, de-
 part,
 And come, for some uncertain moments
 lent
 Man were immortal and omnipotent,
 Didst thou, unknown and awful as thou art,
 Keep with thy glorious train firm state within
 his heart 42
 Thou messenger of sympathies,
 That wax and wane in lovers' eyes!
 Thou—that to human thought art nourish-
 ment,
 Like darkness to a dying flame, 45
 Depart not as thy shadow came!
 Depart not—lest the grave should be,
 Like life and fear, a dark reality

V

While yet a boy I sought for ghosts, and sped
 Through many a listening chamber, cave
 and ruin, 50
 And starlight wood, with fearful steps pur-
 suing
 Hopes of high talk with the departed dead.
 I called on poisonous names with which our
 youth is fed,
 I was not heard—I saw them not—
 When musing deeply on the lot 55
 Of life, at that sweet time when winds are
 wooing
 All vital things that wake to bring
 News of birds and blossoming,—
 Sudden thy shadow fell on me,
 I shrieked, and clasped my hands in ecstasy!

VI

I vowed that I would dedicate my powers 61
 To thee and thine—have I not kept the
 vow?
 With beating heart and streaming eyes, even
 now
 I call the phantoms of a thousand hours
 Each from his voiceless grave they have in
 visioned bowers 65
 Of studious zeal or love's delight
 Outwatched with me the envious night—
 They know that never joy illumed my brow
 Unlinked with hope that thou wouldst free
 This world from its dark slavery, 70
 That thou—O awful LOVELINESS,
 Wouldst give whate'er these words cannot
 express

VII

The day becomes more solemn and serene
 When noon is past, there is a harmony
 In autumn, and a lustre in its sky, 75
 Which through the summer is not heard or
 seen,
 As if it could not be, as if it had not been!
 Thus let thy power, which like the truth
 Of nature on my passive youth
 Descended, to my onward life supply 80
 Its calm—to one who worships thee,
 And every form containing thee,
 Whom, SPIRIT fair, thy spells did bind
 To fear himself, and love all human kind

OZYMANDIAS

I MET a traveller from an antique land
 Who said Two vast and trunkless legs of
 stone
 Stand in the desert Near them, on the sand,
 Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose
 frown,
 And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold com-
 mand, 5
 Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
 Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless
 things,
 The hand that mocked them and the heart
 that fed
 And on the pedestal these words appear
 "My name is Ozymandias, king of kings 10
 Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!"
 Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
 Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare
 The lone and level sands stretch far away

TO NIGHT

I

SWIFTLY walk o'er the western wave,
 Spirit of Night!
 Out of the misty eastern cave,
 Where all the long and lone daylight
 Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear,
 Which make thee terrible and dear,—
 Swift be thy flight!

II

Wrap thy form in a mantle gray,
 Star-inwrought!
 Blind with thine hair the eyes of Day 10
 Kiss her until she be wearied out,
 Then wander o'er city, and sea, and land,
 Touching all with thine opiate wand—
 Come, long sought!

III

When I arose and saw the dawn, 15
 I sighed for thee,
 When light rode high, and the dew was gone,
 And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,
 And the weary Day turned to his rest,
 Lingered like an unloved guest, 20
 I sighed for thee

IV

Thy brother Death came, and cried,
 Wouldst thou me?
 Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,
 Murmured like a noon-tide bee, 25
 Shall I nestle near thy side?
 Wouldst thou me?—And I replied,
 No, not thee!

V

Death will come when thou art dead,
 Soon, too soon, 30
 Sleep will come when thou art fled,
 Of neither would I ask the boon
 I ask of thee, beloved Night,—
 Swift be thine approaching flight,
 Come soon, soon! 35

TO ———

Music, when soft voices die,
 Vibrates in the memory,
 Odors, when sweet violets sicken,
 Live within the sense they quicken

Rose-leaves, when the rose is dead, 5
 Are heaped for the beloved's bed,
 And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,
 Love itself shall slumber on.

JOHN KEATS (1795–1821)

That the son of a London hostler and an innkeeper's daughter should have become a poet particularly sensitive to beauty has seemed to many readers of his poems remarkable. Amy Lowell, however, has pointed out that the parents of Keats were far from ordinary persons. His father was energetic, sensible, and eager for his sons to have an education while his mother was lively and clever. Unfortunately they died before Keats was fifteen, and his guardians decided that he should leave school to become an apprentice to a surgeon. He also studied medicine in the hospitals of London. Although he passed his examinations successfully five years later, he gave up this unsuitable profession in 1817 for poetry.

Charles Cowden Clarke, the son of his old schoolmaster, had lent Keats books, among which was Spenser's *Faerie Queene*. Spenser's descriptions stirred his imagination and set him to thinking about the romantic deeds of the Middle Ages. Clarke also introduced him to Leigh Hunt and other minor literary figures. This association was harmful rather than valuable to Keats, for Hunt later turned against the young poet.

Keats' short poetic career was disturbed by the unkindly criticisms in the reviews and by his passion for Fanny Brawne. Some of his contemporaries suggested that the harsh treatment by the critics was the chief cause of his early death. But his spirit was not broken by these remarks although he undoubtedly felt the injustice of the prejudiced criticism. The affair with Fanny caused him greater sorrow because his poverty and delicate health prevented their marriage. She was fairly well educated and had considerable ability but was fond of social pleasures. Keats cared little for such entertainment. He was extremely jealous of her admirers and felt that she had little sympathy with his aims. During his last year in England, when he was suffering from tuberculosis, which had developed from a cold caught on a walking tour through the Lake country and Scotland, she saw him every day. Her letters prove that she was by no means so indifferent and frivolous as many biographers of the poet have pictured her. Keats

was finally forced to leave Fanny. Accompanied by his friend Joseph Severn, he sought to regain his health in the warmer climate of Italy, but he died a few months after he reached Rome.

In a letter written to his friend Bailey in 1817 Keats expressed the dominating influence of his life and poetry, "Oh for a life of Sensations rather than of Thoughts!" He did not underestimate the value of thought, but he desired the poet's intuitive vision. He believed that the imagination discerns the beauty which is the creative impulse for a work of art. Hence his creed:

"Beauty is truth, truth beauty,—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know"

He found this truth in the classical and medieval legends. He expressed it in colorful and imaginative language so vivid that every word added a distinctive touch. Keats was primarily a word painter of the sensuous.

Nowhere throughout his poetry are these traits more effectively illustrated than in *The Eve of St Agnes*. Keats was not only inspired by the spirit of medieval romance, but he has also breathed that spirit into every stanza. The poem is a reproduction of a romantic mood rather than a narrative of actual events. *La Belle Dame sans Merci*, on the other hand, does not reflect the true spirit of the medieval ballad since Keats is expressing his feelings concerning his own love affair.

A general criticism of Keats has been that he dealt with themes too remote from ordinary human experience. *Endymion*, *Lamia*, *Isabella*, *Ode to a Nightingale*, *On a Grecian Urn* are read more for the beauty of expression than for the ideas or stories. Keats believed that poetry should exist to reveal beauty and not to teach a moral or preach a reform. His letters, however, indicate that in time he would have turned his attention from classical mythology and medieval legend to "the agonies and strife of human hearts." His early death, therefore, was one of the greatest losses English poetry has suffered.

THE EVE OF ST AGNES

I

ST AGNES' EVE—Ah, bitter chill it was!
The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold,
The hare limp'd trembling through the frozen grass,
And silent was the flock in woolly fold

Numb were the Beadsman's fingers, while
he told
His rosary, and while his frosted breath,
Like pious incense from a censer old,
Seem'd taking flight for heaven, without
a death,
Past the sweet Virgin's picture, while his
prayer he saith

II

His prayer he saith, this patient, holy
man,¹⁰
Then takes his lamp, and riseth from his
knees,
And back returneth, meagre, barefoot, wan,
Along the chapel aisle by slow degrees
The sculptur'd dead, on each side, seem
to freeze,
Emprison'd in black, purgatorial rails¹⁵
Knights, ladies, praying in dumb orat'ries,
He passeth by, and his weak spirit fails
To think how they may ache in icy hoods
and mails

III

Northward he turneth through a little door,
And scarce three steps, ere Music's golden
tongue²⁰
Flatter'd to tears this aged man and poor,
But no—already had his death-bell rung
The joys of all his life were said and
sung
His was harsh penance on St Agnes' Eve
Another way he went, and soon among²⁵
Rough ashes sat he for his soul's re-
prieve,
And all night kept awake, for sinners' sake
to grieve

IV

That ancient Beadsman heard the prelude
soft,
And so it chanc'd, for many a door was
wide,
From hurry to and fro Soon, up aloft,³⁰
The silver, snarling trumpets 'gan to chide
The level chambers, ready with their pride,
Were glowing to receive a thousand guests
The carved angels, ever eager-eyed,
Stared, where upon their heads the cornice
rests,³⁵
With hair blown back, and wings put cross-
wise on their breasts

V

At length burst in the argent revelry,
With plume, tiara, and all rich array,
Numerous as shadows haunting fairly
The brain, new-stuff'd, in youth, with tri-
umphs gay⁴⁰

Of old romance These let us wish away,
And turn, sole-thoughted, to one Lady
there,
Whose heart had brooded, all that wintry
day,
On love, and wing'd St Agnes' saintly
care,
As she had heard old dames full many times
declare⁴⁵

VI

They told her how, upon St Agnes' Eve,
Young virgins might have visions of de-
light,
And soft adorings from their loves re-
ceive
Upon the honey'd middle of the night,
If ceremonies due they did aright,⁵⁰
As, supperless to bed they must retire,
And couch supine their beauties, lily white,
Nor look behind, nor sideways, but require
Of Heaven with upward eyes for all that
they desire

VII

Full of this whim was thoughtful Made-
line⁵⁵
The music, yearning like a God in pain,
She scarcely heard her maiden eyes divine,
Fix'd on the floor, saw many a sweeping
train
Pass by—she heeded not at all in vain
Came many a tiptoe, amorous cavalier,⁶⁰
And back retir'd, not cool'd by high dis-
dain,
But she saw not her heart was other-
where
She sigh'd for Agnes' dreams, the sweetest
of the year

VIII

She danc'd along with vague, regardless
eyes,
Anxious her lips, her breathing quick and
short.⁶⁵
The hallow'd hour was near at hand she
sighs
Amid the tumbrels, and the throng'd re-
sort
Of whisperers in anger, or in sport;
'Mid looks of love, defiance, hate, and
scorn,

Hoodwink'd with faery fancy, all amorn, 70
Save to St Agnes and her lambs unshorn,
And all the bliss to be before to-morrow
morn

IX

So, purposing each moment to retire,
She linger'd still Meantime, across the
moors,
Had come young Porphyro, with heart on
fire 75
For Madeline Beside the portal doors,
Buttress'd from moonlight, stands he, and
implores
All saints to give him sight of Madeline,
But for one moment in the tedious hours,
That he might gaze and worship all un-
seen, 80
Perchance speak, kneel, touch, kiss—in sooth
such things have been

X

He ventures in let no buzz'd whisper tell
All eyes be muffled, or a hundred swords
Will storm his heart, Love's fev'rous
citadel
For him, those chambers held barbarian
hordes, 85
Hyena foemen, and hot-blooded lords,
Whose very dogs, would execrations howl
Against his lineage not one breast af-
fords
Him any mercy, in that mansion foul,
Save one old beldame, weak in body and in
soul 90

XI

Ah, happy chance! the aged creature came,
Shuffling along with ivory-headed wand,
To where he stood, hid from the torch's
flame,
Behind a broad hall-pillar, far beyond
The sound of merriment and chorus
bland. 95
He startled her, but soon she knew his face,
And grasp'd his fingers in her palsied hand,
Saying, "Mercy, Porphyro! hie thee from
this place
They are all here to-night, the whole blood-
thirsty race!

XII

Get hence! get hence! there's dwarfish
Hildebrand, 100
He had a fever late, and in the fit
He cursed thee and thine, both house and
land
Then there's that old Lord Maurice, not
a whit
More tame for his gray hairs—Alas me!
fit!
Fht like a ghost away"—"Ah, Gossip
dear, 105
We're safe enough, here in this arm-chair
sit,
And tell me how"—"Good Saints! not
here, not here,
Follow me, child, or else these stones will
be thy bier"

XIII

He follow'd through a lowly arched way,
Brushing the cobwebs with his lofty
plume, 110
And she mutter'd "Well-a—well-a-day!"
He found him in a little moonlight room,
Pale, lattic'd, chill, and silent as a tomb
"Now tell me where is Madeline," said he,
"O tell me, Angela, by the holy loom 115
Which none but secret sisterhood may
see,
When they St Agnes' wool are weaving
piously"

XIV

"St Agnes! Ah! it is St Agnes' Eve—
Yet men will murder upon holy days
Thou must hold water in a witch's sieve, 120
And be liege-lord of all the Elves and
Fays,
To venture so it fills me with amaze
To see thee, Porphyro!—St Agnes' Eve!
God's help! my lady fair the conjuror
plays
This very night good angels her deceive! 125
But let me laugh awhile, I've mickle time to
grieve"

XV

Feebly she laugheth in the languid moon,
While Porphyro upon her face doth look,
Like puzzled urchin on an aged crone

Who keepeth clos'd a wond'rous riddle-
book, ¹³⁰
As spectacl'd she sits in chimney nook,
But soon his eyes grew brilliant, when she
told
His lady's purpose, and he scarce could
brook
Tears, at the thought of those enchant-
ments cold,
And Madeline asleep in lap of legends old ¹³⁵

XVI

Sudden a thought came like a full-blown
rose,
Flushing his brow, and in his pained heart
Made purple riot then doth he propose
A stratagem, that makes the beldame start
"A cruel man and impious thou art. ¹⁴⁰
Sweet lady, let her pray, and sleep, and
dream
Alone with her good angels, far apart
From wicked men like thee Go, go!—I
deem
Thou canst not surely be the same that thou
didst seem"

XVII

"I will not harm her, by all saints I
swear," ¹⁴⁵
Quoth Porphyro "O may I ne'er find
grace
When my weak voice shall whisper its last
prayer,
If one of her soft ringlets I displace,
Or look with ruffian passion in her face
Good Angela, believe me by these tears, ¹⁵⁰
Or I will, even in a moment's space,
Awake, with horrid shout, my foemen's
ears,
And beard them, though they be more
fang'd than wolves and bears"

XVIII

"Ah, why wilt thou affright a feeble soul?
A poor, weak, palsy-stricken, church-yard
thing, ¹⁵⁵
Whose passing-bell may ere the midnight
toll,
Whose prayers for thee, each morn and
evening,
Were never miss'd"—Thus plaining, doth
she bring

A gentler speech from burning Porphyro,
So woful, and of such deep sorrowing, ¹⁶⁰
That Angela gives promise she will do
Whatever he shall wish, betide her weal or
woe

XIX

Which was, to lead him, in close secrecy,
Even to Madeline's chamber, and there
hide
Him in a closet, of such privacy ¹⁶⁵
That he might see her beauty unespied,
And win perhaps that night a peerless bride,
While legion'd faines pac'd the coverlet,
And pale enchantment held her sleepy-eyed
Never on such a night have lovers met, ¹⁷⁰
Since Merlin paid his Demon all the monstrous
debt

XX

"It shall be as thou wishest," said the
Dame.
"All cates and dainties shall be stored there
Quickly on this feast-night by the tambour
frame
Her own lute thou wilt see no time to
spare, ¹⁷⁵
For I am slow and feeble, and scarce dare
On such a catering trust my dizzy head
Wait here, my child, with patience, kneel in
prayer
The while Ah! thou must needs the lady
wed,
Or may I never leave my grave among the
dead" ¹⁸⁰

XXI

So saying, she hobbled off with busy fear
The lover's endless minutes slowly pass'd,
The Dame return'd and whisper'd in his ear
To follow her, with aged eyes aghast
From fright of dim espial Safe at last, ¹⁸⁵
Through many a dusky gallery, they gain
The maiden's chamber, silken, hush'd, and
chaste,
Where Porphyro took covert, pleased amain
His poor guide hurned back with agues in
her brain

XXII

Her falt'ring hand upon the balustrade, ¹⁹⁰
Old Angela was feeling for the stair,

When Madeline, St Agnes' charmed maid,
Rose, like a mission'd spirit, unaware
With silver taper's light, and pious care,
She turn'd, and down the aged gossip
led ¹⁹⁵

To a safe level matting Now prepare,
Young Porphyro, for gazing on that bed,
She comes, she comes again, like ring-dove
fray'd and fled

XXIII

Out went the taper as she hurried in,
Its little smoke, in pallid moonshine,
died ²⁰⁰

She closed the door, she panted, all akin
To spirits of the air, and visions wide
No uttered syllable, or, woe betide!
But to her heart, her heart was voluble,
Paining with eloquence her balmy side, ²⁰⁵
As though a tongueless nightingale should
swell

Her throat in vain, and die, heart-stuffed, in
her dell

XXIV

A casement high and triple-arch'd there
was,

All garlanded with carven imag'ries
Of fruits, and flowers, and bunches of knot-
grass, ²¹⁰

And diamonded with panes of quaint device,
Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes,
As are the tiger-moth's deep-damask'd
wings,

And in the midst, 'mong thousand herald-
ries,

And twilight saints, and dim emblazon-
ings, ²¹⁵

A shielded scutcheon blush'd with blood of
queens and kings

XXV

Full on this casement shone the wintry
moon,

And threw warm gules on Madeline's fair
breast,

As down she knelt for heaven's grace and
boon;

Rose-bloom fell on her hands, together
prest, ²²⁰

And on her silver cross soft amethyst,
And on her hair a glory, like a saint

She seem'd a splendid angel, newly drest,
Save wings, for heaven — Porphyro grew
faint,
She knelt, so pure a thing, so free from
mortal taint ²²⁵

XXVI

Anon his heart revives her vespers done,
Of all its wreathed pearls her hair she
frees,

Uncasps her warmed jewels one by one,
Loosens her fragrant bodice, by degrees
Her rich attire creeps rustling to her
knees ²³⁰

Half-hidden, like a mermaid in sea-weed,
Pensive awhile she dreams awake, and
sees,

In fancy, fair St Agnes in her bed,
But dares not look behind, or all the charm
is fled

XXVII

Soon, trembling in her soft and chilly
nest, ²³⁵

In sort of wakeful swoon, perplex'd she
lay,

Until the poppiest warmth of sleep oppress'd
Her soothed limbs, and soul fatigued away,
Flown, like a thought, until the morrow-
day,

Blissfully haven'd both from joy and
pain, ²⁴⁰

Clasp'd like a missal where swart Paynims
pray,

Blinded alike from sunshine and from rain,
As though a rose should shut, and be a bud
again

XXVIII

Stol'n to this paradise, and so entranced,
Porphyro gazed upon her empty dress, ²⁴⁵

And listen'd to her breathing, if it chanced
To wake into a slumberous tenderness;

Which when he heard, that minute did he
bless,

And breath'd himself. then from the closet
except,

Noiseless as fear in a wide wilderness, ²⁵⁰
And over the hush'd carpet, silent, stept,

And 'tween the curtains peep'd, where, lo!
—how fast she slept

XXIX

Then by the bed-side, where the faded moon
Made a dim, silver twilight, soft he set
A table, and, half anguish'd, threw
thereon ²⁵⁵

A cloth of woven crimson, gold, and jet —
O for some drowsy Morphean amulet!
The boisterous, midnight, festive clarion,
The kettle-drum, and far-heard clarinet,
Affray his ears, though but in dying
tone — ²⁶⁰

The hall door shuts again, and all the noise
is gone

XXX

And still she slept an azure-lidded sleep,
In blanched linen, smooth, and lavender'd,
While he from forth the closet brought a
heap

Of candied apple, quince, and plum, and
gourd, ²⁶⁵

With jellies soother than the creamy curd,
And lucent syrops, tinct with cinnamon,
Manna and dates, in argosy transferr'd
From Fez, and spiced dainties, every one,
From silken Samarcand to cedar'd Lebanon ²⁷⁰

XXXI

These delicacies he heap'd with glowing
hand

On golden dishes and in baskets bright
Of wreathed silver sumptuous they stand
In the retired quiet of the night,
Filling the chilly room with perfume
light — ²⁷⁵

"And now, my love, my seraph fair, awake!
Thou art my heaven, and I thine eremite
Open thine eyes, for meek St Agnes'
sake,

Or I shall drowse beside thee, so my soul
doth ache"

XXXII

Thus whispering, his warm, unnerved
arm ²⁸⁰

Sank in her pillow Shaded was her dream
By the dusk curtains.—'twas a midnight
charm

Impossible to melt as iced stream
The lustrous salvers in the moonlight
gleam

Broad golden fringe upon the carpet lies ²⁸⁵
It seem'd he never, never could redeem
From such a steadfast spell his lady's eyes,
So mus'd awhile, entol'd in woofed phantasies

XXXIII

Awakening up, he took her hollow lute,—
Tumultuous,—and, in chords that tender-
est be, ²⁹⁰

He play'd an ancient ditty, long since mute,
In Provence call'd, "La belle dame sans
merci,"

Close to her ear touching the melody —
Wherewith disturb'd, she utter'd a soft
moan

He ceased—she panted quick—and sud-
denly ²⁹⁵

Her blue affrayed eyes wide open shone
Upon his knees he sank, pale as smooth-
sculptured stone

XXXIV

Her eyes were open, but she still beheld,
Now wide awake, the vision of her sleep
There was a painful change, that nigh ex-
pell'd ³⁰⁰

The blisses of her dream so pure and deep,
At which fair Madeline began to weep,
And moan forth witless words with many
a sigh,

While still her gaze on Porphyro would
keep,

Who knelt, with joined hands and piteous
eye, ³⁰⁵

Fearing to move or speak, she look'd so
dreamingly

XXXV

"Ah, Porphyro!" said she, "but even now
Thy voice was at sweet tremble in mine
ear,

Made tuneable with every sweetest vow,
And those sad eyes were spiritual and
clear ³¹⁰

How changed thou art! how pallid, chill,
and drear!

Give me that voice again, my Porphyro,
Those looks immortal, those complainings
dear!

Oh leave me not in this eternal woe,
For if thou diest, my Love, I know not
where to go" ³¹⁵

XXXVI

Beyond a mortal man impassion'd far
 At these voluptuous accents, he arose,
 Ethereal, flush'd, and like a throbbing star
 Seen mid the sapphire heaven's deep repose,
 Into her dream he melted, as the rose ³²⁰
 Blendeth its odour with the violet,—
 Solution sweet meantime the frost-wind
 blows

Like Love's alarum pattering the sharp sleet
 Against the window-panes, St Agnes' moon
 hath set

XXXVII

'Tis dark quick pattereth the flaw-blown
 sleet ³²⁵
 "This is no dream, my bride, my Madeline!"
 'Tis dark the iced gusts still rave and
 beat
 "No dream, alas! alas! and woe is mine!
 Porphyro will leave me here to fade and
 pine—

Cruel! what traitor could thee hither
 bring? ³³⁰

I curse not, for my heart is lost in thine,
 Though thou forsakest a deceived thing,—
 A dove forlorn and lost with sick unpruned
 wing "

XXXVIII

"My Madeline! sweet dreamer! lovely
 bride!

Say, may I be for aye thy vassal blest? ³³⁵
 Thy beauty's shield, heart-shaped and
 vermeil dyed?

Ah, silver shrine, here will I take my rest,
 After so many hours of toil and quest,
 A famish'd pilgrim,—saved by miracle
 Though I have found, I will not rob thy
 nest ³⁴⁰

Saving of thy sweet self, if thou think'st
 well

To trust, fair Madeline, to no rude infidel

XXXIX

"Hark! 'tis an elfin-storm from faery land,
 Of haggard seeming, but a boon indeed
 Arise—arise! the morning is at hand — ³⁴⁵
 The bloated wassailers will never heed —
 Let us away, my love, with happy speed,

There are no ears to hear, or eyes to
 see,—

Drown'd all in Rhenish and the sleepy
 mead

Awake! arise! my love, and fearless be, ³⁵⁰
 For o'er the southern moors I have a home
 for thee "

XL

She hurried at his words, beset with fears,
 For there were sleeping dragons all around,
 At glaring watch, perhaps, with ready
 spears—

Down the wide stairs a darkling way they
 found— ³⁵⁵

In all the house was heard no human sound
 A chain-droop'd lamp was flickering by
 each door,

The arras, rich with horseman, hawk, and
 hound,

Flutter'd in the besieging wind's uproar,
 And the long carpets rose along the gusty
 floor ³⁶⁰

XLI

They glide, like phantoms, into the wide
 hall,

Like phantoms, to the iron porch, they
 glide,

Where lay the Porter, in uneasy sprawl,
 With a huge empty flagon by his side.
 The wakeful bloodhound rose, and shook
 his hide, ³⁶⁵

But his sagacious eye an inmate owns
 By one, and one, the bolts full easy slide —
 The chains lie silent on the footworn
 stones,—

The key turns, and the door upon its hinges
 groans

XLII

And they are gone aye, ages long ago ³⁷⁰
 These lovers fled away into the storm

That night the Baron dreamt of many a
 woe,

And all his warrior-guests, with shade and
 form

Of witch, and demon, and large coffin-
 worm,

Were long be-nightmared Angela the
 old ³⁷⁵

Died palsy-twitch'd, with meagre face de-
 form.

The Beadsman, after thousand aves told,
For aye unsought-for slept among his ashes
cold

LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI

1

"Ah, what can ail thee, knight-at-arms
Alone and palely loitering?
The sedge is wither'd from the lake,
And no birds sing

2

"Ah, what can ail thee, knight-at-arms, 5
So haggard and so woe-begone?
The squirrel's granary is full,
And the harvest's done

3

"I see a lily on thy brow,
With anguish moist and fever dew, 10
And on thy cheek a fading rose
Fast withereth too "

4

"I met a lady in the meads,
Full beautiful, a faery's child,
Her hair was long, her foot was light, 15
And her eyes were wild

5

"I made a garland for her head,
And bracelets too, and fragrant zone,
She look'd at me as she did love,
And made sweet moan

6

"I set her on my pacing steed,
And nothing else saw all day long,
For sideways would she lean, and sing
A faery's song

7

"She found me roots of relish sweet, 25
And honey wild, and manna dew,
And sure in language strange she said,
'I love thee true'

8

"She took me to her elfin grot,
And there she wept and sighed full sore, 30
And there I shut her wild, wild eyes—
With kisses four

9

"And there she lulled me asleep,
And there I dream'd,—ah! woe betide!—
The latest dream I ever dream'd 35
On the cold hill's side

10

"I saw pale kings, and princes too,
Pale warriors, death-pale were they all,
Who cry'd—'La Belle Dame sans Merci
Hath thee in thrall!' 40

11

"I saw their starv'd lips in the gloam,
With horrid warning gaped wide,
And I awoke, and found me here
On the cold hill's side

12

"And this is why I sojourn here 45
Alone and palely loitering,
Though the sedge is wither'd from the lake,
And no birds sing "

ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE

1

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
My sense, as though of hemlock I had
drunk,

Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
One minute past, and Lethe-wards had
sunk

'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot, 5
But being too happy in thine happiness,—
That thou, light-winged Dryad of the
trees,

In some melodious plot
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
Singest of summer in full-throated ease. 10

2

O, for a draught of vintage! that hath been
Cool'd a long age in the deep-delved earth,

Tasting of Flora and the country green,
Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt
mirth!

O for a beaker full of the warm South, ¹⁵
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
With beaded bubbles winking at the
brim,
And purple-stained mouth,
That I might drink, and leave the world un-
seen,
And with thee fade away into the forest
dim ²⁰

3

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
What thou among the leaves hast never
known,
The weariness, the fever, and the fret
Here, where men sit and hear each other
groan,
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last grey
hairs, ²⁵
Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin,
and dies,
Where but to think is to be full of sor-
row
And leaden-ey'd despairs,
Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous
eyes,
Or new Love pine at them beyond to-
morrow ³⁰

4

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,
Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
Though the dull brain perplexes and re-
tards
Already with thee! tender is the night, ³⁵
And haply the Queen-Moon is on her
throne,
Cluster'd around by all her starry Fays,
But here there is no light,
Save what from heaven is with the breezes
blown
Through verdurous glooms and winding
mossy ways ⁴⁰

5

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the
boughs,

But, in embalmed darkness, guess each sweet
Wherewith the seasonable month endows
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree
wild, ⁴⁵
White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine,
Fast fading violets cover'd up in leaves,
And mid-May's eldest child,
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
The murmurous haunt of flies on sum-
mer eves ⁵⁰

6

Darkling I listen, and, for many a time
I have been half in love with easeful Death,
Call'd him soft names in many a mused
rhyme,
To take into the air my quiet breath,
Now more than ever seems it rich to die, ⁵⁵
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
While thou art pouring forth thy soul
abroad
In such an ecstasy!
Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in
vain—
To thy high requiem become a sod ⁶⁰

7

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down,
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown.
Perhaps the self-same song that found a
path ⁶⁵
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick
for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn,
The same that oft-times hath
Charm'd magic casements, opening on the
foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn ⁷⁰

8

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
To toll me back from thee to my sole self!
Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well
As she is fated to do, deceiving elf
Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades ⁷⁵
Past the near meadows, over the still
stream,
Up the hill-side, and now 'tis buried deep
In the next valley-glades

Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
 Fled is that music —Do I wake or
 sleep? 80

ODE ON A GRECIAN URN

1

THOU still unravish'd bride of quietness,
 Thou foster-child of silence and slow time,
 Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
 A flowery tale more sweetly than our
 rhyme
 What leaf-fring'd legend haunts about thy
 shape 5
 Of deities or mortals, or of both,
 In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?
 What men or gods are these? What maidens
 loth?
 What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?
 What pipes and timbrels? What wild
 ecstasy? 10

2

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
 Are sweeter, therefore, ye soft pipes, play
 on,
 Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,
 Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone
 Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not
 leave 15
 Thy song, nor ever can those trees be
 bare;
 Bold Lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
 Though winning near the goal—yet, do not
 grieve,
 She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy
 bliss,
 For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair! 20

3

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed
 Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu,
 And, happy melodist, unwearied,
 For ever piping songs for ever new;
 More happy love! more happy, happy love! 25
 For ever warm and still to be enjoy'd,
 For ever panting, and forever young,
 All breathing human passion far above,
 That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and
 cloy'd,

A burning forehead, and a parching
 tongue 30

4

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?
 To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
 Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
 And all her silken flanks with garlands
 drest?
 What little town by river or sea shore, 35
 Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
 Is emptied of this folk, this pious morn?
 And, little town, thy streets for evermore
 Will silent be, and not a soul to tell
 Why thou art desolate, can e'er return 40

5

O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede
 Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
 With forest branches and the trodden weed,
 Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of
 thought
 As doth eternity Cold Pastoral! 45
 When old age shall this generation waste,
 Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
 Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou
 say'st,
 "Beauty is truth, truth beauty,"—that is all
 Ye know on earth, and all ye need to
 know 50

SONNET TO SOLITUDE

O SOLITUDE! if I must with thee dwell,
 Let it not be among the jumbled heap
 Of murky buildings, climb with me the
 steep,—
 Nature's observatory,—whence the dell,
 Its flowery slopes, its river's crystal swell, 5
 May seem a span, let me thy vigils keep
 'Mongst boughs pavilion'd, where the deer's
 swift leap
 Startles the wild bee from the fox-glove bell
 But though I'll gladly trace these scenes with
 thee,
 Yet the sweet converse of an innocent
 mind, 10
 Whose words are images of thoughts re-
 fin'd,
 Is my soul's pleasure, and it sure must be
 Almost the highest bliss of human-kind,
 When to thy haunts two kindred spirits flee

SONNET

KEEN, fitful gusts are whisp'ring here and there

Among the bushes half leafless, and dry,
The stars look very cold about the sky,
And I have many miles on foot to fare
Yet feel I little of the cool bleak air, 5

Or of the dead leaves rustling drearily,
Or of those silver lamps that burn on high,
Or of the distance from home's pleasant lair
For I am brimful of the friendliness

That in a little cottage I have found, 10
Of fair-hair'd Milton's eloquent distress,
And all his love for gentle Lycid drown'd
Of lovely Laura in her light green dress,
And faithful Petrarch gloriously crown'd

SONNET

To one who has been long in city pent,
'Tis very sweet to look into the fair
And open face of heaven,—to breathe a
prayer

Full in the smile of the blue firmament
Who is more happy, when, with heart's content, 5

Fatigued he sinks into some pleasant lair
Of wavy grass, and reads a debonaire
And gentle tale of love and languishment?
Returning home at evening, with an ear

Catching the notes of Philomel,—an eye 10
Watching the sailing cloudlet's bright career,
He mourns that day so soon has glided by
E'en like the passage of an angel's tear
That falls through the clear ether silently

SONNET

ON SEEING THE ELGIN MARBLES

My spirit is too weak—mortality
Weighs heavily on me like unwilling sleep,
And each imagin'd pinnacle and steep
Of godlike hardship tells me I must die
Like a sick Eagle looking at the sky 5

Yet 'tis a gentle luxury to weep
That I have not the cloudy winds to keep,
Fresh for the opening of the morning's eye
Such dim-conceiv'd glories of the brain
Bring round the heart an indescribable
feud, 10

So do these wonders a most dizzy pain,
That mingles Grecian grandeur with the
rude

Wasting of old Time—with a billowy main—
A sun—a shadow of a magnitude

SONNET

WHEN I have fears that I may cease to be
Before my pen has glean'd my teeming
brain,

Before high piled books, in charactry,
Hold like rich garners the full ripen'd grain,
When I behold, upon the night's starr'd face, 5
Huge cloudy symbols of a high romance,
And think that I may never live to trace
Their shadows, with the magic hand of
chance,

And when I feel, fair creature of an hour,
That I shall never look upon thee more, 10
Never have relish in the faery power
Of unreflecting love,—then on the shore
Of the wide world I stand alone, and think
Till love and fame to nothingness do sink

THOMAS CARLYLE (1795–1881)

From his father, a Scotch farmer of Ecclefechan, Carlyle inherited his temper and his forceful manner of expression. He revered his father but was devoted to his affectionate mother. After attending Annan Grammar School for two years, he went to Edinburgh University to study for the Presbyterian ministry in accordance with the wishes of his parents. In his *Reminiscences* he describes this period as one of poverty and loneliness. "I was without friends, experience, or connection in the sphere of human business, was of sly humor, proud enough and to spare, and had begun my long curriculum of dyspepsia." Furthermore, he was so troubled by religious doubts that he decided not to enter the ministry. School teaching seemed the only alternative although he disliked that profession.

While he was thus engaged, Carlyle discussed his state of mind with a friend and read many books. Among these books was Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. This work he admired greatly and in later years credited it with directing his mental development. But German literature, which he began to read after he returned to Edinburgh in 1818, aided him more effectively in gaining a satisfying philosophy. At last he reached the firm conviction that "Our grand business undoubtedly is not to see what lies dimly at a distance but to do what lies clearly at hand."

In June 1821 Carlyle met Jane Welsh, whom he married five years later. The view that the marriage was an unhappy one has been derived from Carlyle's censure of himself after his wife's death. These accusations were the words of a grief-stricken husband exaggerating his faults. Since they both were rather impulsive and very sensitive, the Carlyles probably had some misunderstandings, but they thoroughly appreciated each other's abilities. For six years they lived on a farm in Craigenputtock, while Carlyle was writing for the reviews essays expounding German thought and was developing his own philosophy expounded in *Sartor Resartus*. Here Emerson visited him and received some of the ideas which were to become the basis of New England transcendentalism.

In 1834 the Carlyles went to live in Cheyne Row, Chelsea. Henceforth this house in London was his permanent home. His histories, political pamphlets, and lectures gained him not only the friendship of the literary world but also some social recognition. After the death of his wife in 1866, however, he seldom appeared in public although he received several honors, such as the Lord Rectorship of Edinburgh University.

Carlyle's principal message concerned the sacredness of work. This doctrine was voiced first in *Sartor Resartus*, his most original and most characteristic work. He pretended that his book was

an edition of *Clothes, Their Origin and Influence*, a treatise by a German Professor with the astounding name, Diogenes von Teufelsdröckh. After a discussion of the professor's mental problems Carlyle states the conclusion he had reached concerning man's place in the world. The main theme is "Do the Duty which lies nearest thee, which thou knowest to be a Duty!" The second Duty will already become clearer." He applied his belief to the social and economic problems and championed the laboring classes. He did not demand for them sympathy and charity but a fair return for their honest effort. His phrase, "A fair day's wages for a fair day's work," became the slogan of organized labor. But when he first announced it, this idea was novel both to capital and labor.

Carlyle believed that industrialism by its insincerity and disregard was crushing the foundation of England's national life. In *Past and Present* he deals with the subjects of overproduction and the resulting unemployment. He thought that the problems of his day could be solved by a sincere application of the principles of truth and justice. He hated and denounced shams of every kind, at times going so far as to let his prejudice get the better of his judgment. In his worst work he is hardly more than a scold censuring what he does not like with scorn and vituperation. In his best he is a leader and teacher of righteousness and justice.

His theories in *Heroes and Hero Worship*, that the ablest men should be put in power and that the masses should follow them unquestioningly, were directed at the current belief in democracy. He stated that the majority of the people were not capable of governing themselves and hence should be guided by a strong man. This belief led him to the doctrine that "Might is Right." He interpreted this maxim optimistically, for he believed that ultimately right would triumph. He also combated the new scientific developments of the nineteenth century because they changed the attitude toward religion.

That the great men of an age should be the recognized leaders is also the principle of his historical writing "History," he said, "is the essence of innumerable biographies." Therefore, *The Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell* and *The History of Frederick the Great* show how these men dominated their periods. Even in *The History of the French Revolution* Carlyle gave more attention to persons than to events. He made no attempt to write a connected narrative but in a series of vivid pictures revealed the spirit underlying the Revolution. The confusion, the suffering, the passion, and even the humor of those years are dramatically depicted by vigorous phrases.

As a critic Carlyle adhered to the historical

view He considered literature as an interpretation of life, which should be judged more by its content than by its style He tried to understand the purpose of an author and to enter into sympathy with him His principal work in the field of criticism was to introduce the German and French writers of the eighteenth century to English readers But his most appreciative critical writing is the *Essay on Burns* Of this fellow Scotchman he wrote with sympathy and understanding

Carlyle's views are often difficult to obtain because of his mannerisms of style He delighted in strange words, coined terms, and striking phrases He had little regard for the rules of grammar or composition Consequently his style abounds in fragmentary sentences and exclamations The result is a vivid and forceful style but also a very rugged one It was a style, nevertheless, particularly fitted for his denunciations of the faults of his generation

THE FLIGHT OF THE KING

COUNT FERSEN

On Monday night, the Twentieth of June, 1791, about eleven o'clock, there is many a hackney-coach, and glass-coach (*carrosse de remise*), still rumbling, or at rest, on the streets of Paris But of all glass-coaches, we recommend this to thee, O Reader, which stands drawn up in the Rue de l'Échelle, hard by the Carrousel and out-gate of the Tuileries, in the Rue de l'Échelle that then was, "opposite Ronsin the saddler's door," as if waiting for a fare there! Not long does it wait a hooded Dame, with two hooded Children, has issued from Villequier's door, where no sentry walks, into the Tuileries Court-of-Princes, into the Carrousel, into the Rue de l'Échelle, where the Glass-coachman readily admits them, and again waits Not long, another Dame, likewise hooded or shrouded, leaning on a servant, issues in the same manner, bids the servant good night, and is, in the same manner, by the Glass-coachman, cheerfully admitted Whither go so many Dames? 'Tis his Majesty's *Couchée*, Majesty just gone to bed, and all the Palace-world is retiring home But the Glass-coachman still waits, his fare seemingly incomplete

By and by, we note a thickest Individual, in round hat and peruke, arm-in-arm with some servant, seemingly of the Runner or Courier sort, he also issues through Villequier's door, starts a shoebuckle as he passes one of the sentries, stoops down to clasp it again, is however, by the Glass-coachman, still more cheerfully admitted And now, is his fare complete? Not yet, the Glass-coachman still waits—Alas! and the false Chambermaid has warned Gouvion that she thinks the Royal Family will fly this very night; and Gouvion, distrusting his own glazed eyes, has sent express for Lafayette, and Lafayette's Carriage, flaring with lights, rolls this moment through the in-

ner Arch of the Carrousel,—where a Lady shaded in broad gypsy-hat, and leaning on the arm of a servant, also of the Runner or Courier sort, stands aside to let it pass, and has even the whim to touch a spoke of it with her *badme*,—light little magic rod which she calls *badme*, such as the Beautiful then wore. The flare of Lafayette's Carriage rolls past all is found quiet in the Court-of-Princes, sentries at their post, Majesties' Apartments closed in smooth rest Your false Chambermaid must have been mistaken? Watch thou, Gouvion, with Argus' vigilance, for, of a truth, treachery is within these walls

But where is the Lady that stood aside in gypsy-hat, and touched the wheel-spoke with her *badme*? O Reader, that Lady that touched the wheel-spoke was the Queen of France! She has issued safe through that inner Arch, into the Carrousel itself, but not into the Rue de l'Échelle Flurried by the rattle and rencounter, she took the right hand not the left, neither she nor her Courier knows Paris, he indeed is no Courier, but a loyal stupid *ci-devant* Bodyguard disguised as one They are off, quite wrong, over the Pont Royal and River, roaming disconsolate in the Rue de Bac, far from the Glass-coachman, who still waits Waits, with flutter of heart, with thoughts—which he must button close up, under his jarvie-surtout!

Midnight clangs from all the City-steeple; one precious hour has been spent so, most mortals are asleep The Glass-coachman waits, and in what mood! A brother jarvie drives up, enters into conversation; is answered cheerfully in jarvie-dialect the brothers of the whip exchange a pinch of snuff, decline drinking together, and part with good night Be the Heavens blest! here at length is the Queen-lady, in gypsy-hat; safe after perils, who has had to inquire her way She too is admitted, her Courier jumps aloft, as the other, who is also a disguised Bodyguard, has done, and now, O Glass-coachman of a thou-

sand,—Count Fersen, for the Reader sees it is thou,—drive!

Dust shall not stick to the hoofs of Fersen crack! crack! the Glass-coach rattles, and every soul breathes lighter But is Fersen on the right road? Northeastward, to the Barrier of Saint-Martin and Metz Highway, thither were we bound and lo, he drives right Northward! The royal Individual, in round hat and peruke, sits astonished, but right or wrong, there is no remedy Crack, crack, we go incessant, through the slumbering City Seldom, since Paris rose out of mud, or the Longhaired Kings went in Bullock-carts, was there such a drive Mortals on each hand of you, close by, stretched out horizontal, dormant, and we alive and quaking! Crack, crack, through the Rue de Grammont, across the Boulevard, up the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin,—these windows, all silent, of Number 42, were Mirabeau's Towards the Barrier not of Saint-Martin, but of Clichy on the utmost North! Patience, ye royal Individuals, Fersen understands what he is about Passing up the Rue de Clichy, he alights for one moment at Madame Sullivan's "Did Count Fersen's Coachman get the Baroness de Korff's Berline?"—"Gone with it an hour-and-half ago," grumbles responsive the drowsy Porter—"C'est bien" Yes, it is well,—though had not such hour-and-half been *lost*, it were still better Forth therefore, O Fersen, fast, by the Barrier de Clichy, then Eastward along the Outer Boulevard, what horses and whip-cord can do!

Thus Fersen drives, through the ambrosial night Sleeping Paris is now all on the right-hand of him, silent except for some snoring hum, and now he is Eastward as far as the Barrier de Saint-Martin, looking earnestly for Baroness de Korff's Berline This Heaven's Berline he at length does descry, drawn up with its six horses, his own German Coachman waiting on the box Right, thou good German now haste, whither thou knowest!—And as for us of the Glass-coach, haste too, O haste, much time is already lost! The august Glass-coach fare, six Insides, hastily packs itself into the new Berline, two Bodyguard Couriers behind The Glass-coach itself is turned adrift, its head towards the City; to wander whither it lists,—and be found next morning tumbled in a ditch But Fersen is on the new box, with its brave new hammer-cloths, flourishing his whip: he bolts forward

towards Bondy There a third and final Bodyguard Courier of ours ought surely to be, with post-horses ready-ordered There likewise ought that purchased Chaise, with the two Waiting-maids and their band-boxes, to be, whom also her Majesty could not travel without Swift, thou deft Fersen, and may the Heavens turn it well!

Once more, by Heaven's blessing, it is all well Here is the sleeping Hamlet of Bondy, Chaise with Waiting-women, horses all ready, and postilions with their churn-boots, impatient in the dewy dawn Brief harnessing done, the postilions with their churn-boots vault into the saddles, brandish circularly their little noisy whips Fersen, under his jarvie-sur-tout, bends in lowly silent reverence of adieu, royal hands wave speechless inexpressible response, Baroness de Korff's Berline, with the Royalty of France, bounds off forever, as it proved Deft Fersen dashes obliquely Northward, through the country, towards Bougret, gains Bougret, finds his German Coachman and chariot waiting there, cracks off, and drives undiscovered into unknown space A deft active man, we say, what he undertook to do is numbly and successfully done

And so the Royalty of France is actually fled? This precious night, the shortest of the year, it flies, and drives! *Baroness de Korff* is, at bottom, Dame de Tourzel, Governess of the Royal Children she who came hooded with the two hooded little ones, little Dauphin, little Madame Royale, known long afterwards as Duchesse d'Angoulême Baroness de Korff's *Waiting-Maid* is the Queen in gypsy-hat The royal Individual in round hat and peruke, he is *Valet* for the time being That other hooded Dame, styled *Travelling-companion*, is kind Sister Elizabeth, she had sworn, long since, when the Insurrection of Women was, that only death should part her and them And so they rush there, not too impetuously, through the Wood of Bondy—over a Rubicon in their own and France's History

Great, though the future is all vague! If we reach Bouillé? If we do not reach him? O Louis! and this all round thee is the great slumbering Earth (and overhead, the great watchful Heaven), the slumbering Wood of Bondy,—where Long-haired Childeric Do-nothing was struck through with iron, not unreasonably, in a world like ours These peaked stone-towers are Rancy, towers of

wicked D'Orléans All slumbers save the multiple rustle of our new Berline Loose-skirted scarecrow of an Herb-merchant, with his ass and early greens, toilsomely plodding, seems the only creature we meet But right ahead, the great Northeast sends up evermore his gray brindled dawn from dewy branch, birds here and there, with short deep warble, salute the coming Sun Stars fade out, and Galaxies, Street-lamps of the City of God The Universe, O my brothers, is flinging wide its portals for the Levee of the GREAT HIGH KING Thou, poor King Louis, fairest nevertheless, as mortals do, towards Orient lands of Hope, and the Tuileries with *its* Levees, and France and the Earth itself, is but a larger kind of doghutch,—occasionally going rabid

The French Revolution, Pt II, Bk IV, ch 3

CHARLOTTE CORDAY

Amid which dim ferment of Caen and the World, History specially notices one thing in the lobby of the Mansion de *l'Intendance*, where busy Deputies are coming and going, a young Lady with an aged valet, taking grave graceful leave of Deputy Barbaroux She is of stately Norman figure, in her twenty-fifth year, of beautiful still countenance her name is Charlotte Corday, heretofore styled D'Armans, while Nobility still was Barbaroux has given her a Note to Deputy Duperret,—him who once drew his sword in the effervescence Apparently she will to Paris on some errand? "She was a Republican before the Revolution, and never wanted energy" A completeness, a decision is in this fair female Figure "by energy she means the spirit that will prompt one to sacrifice himself for his country" What if she, this fair young Charlotte, had emerged from her secluded stillness, suddenly like a Star, cruel-lovely, with half-angelic, half-demonic splendour, to gleam for a moment, and in a moment be extinguished to be held in memory, so bright complete was she, through long centuries!—Quitting Cimmerian Coalitions without, and the dim-simmering Twenty-five millions within, History will look fixedly at this one fair Apparition of a Charlotte Corday, will note whither Charlotte moves, how the little Life burns forth so radiant, then vanishes swallowed of the Night

With Barbaroux's Note of Introduction, and slight stock of luggage, we see Charlotte on Tuesday the ninth of July seated in the Caen Diligence, with a place for Paris None takes farewell of her, wishes her Good-journey her Father will find a line left, signifying that she is gone to England, that he must pardon her, and forget her The drowsy Diligence lumbers along, amid drowsy talk of Politics, and praise of the Mountain, in which she mingles not all night, all day, and again all night On Thursday, not long before noon, we are at the bridge of Neuilly, here is Paris with her thousand black domes, the goal and purpose of thy journey! Arrived at the Inn de la Providence in the Rue des Vieux Augustins, Charlotte demands a room, hastens to bed, sleeps all afternoon and night, till the morrow morning

On the morrow morning, she delivers her Note to Duperret It relates to certain Family Papers which are in the Minister of the Interior's hand, which a Nun at Caen, an old Convent-friend of Charlotte's, has need of, which Duperret shall assist her in getting this then was Charlotte's errand to Paris? She has finished this, in the course of Friday, yet says nothing of returning She has seen and silently investigated several things The Convention, in bodily reality, she has seen, what the Mountain is like The living physiognomy of Marat she could not see, he is sick at present, and confined to home

About eight on the Saturday morning, she purchases a large sheath-knife in the Palais Royal, then straightway, in the Place des Victoires, takes a hackney-coach "To the Rue de l'École de Médecine, No 44" It is the residence of the Citoyen Marat!—The Citoyen Marat is ill, and cannot be seen, which seems to disappoint her much Her business is with Marat, then? Hapless beautiful Charlotte, hapless squalid Marat! From Caen in the utmost West, from Neuchâtel in the utmost East, they two are drawing nigh each other, they two have, very strangely, business together—Charlotte, returning to her Inn, despatches a short Note to Marat, signifying that she is from Caen, the seat of rebellion, that she desires earnestly to see him, and "will put it in his power to do France a great service." No answer Charlotte writes another Note, still more pressing, sets out with it by coach, about seven in the evening, herself Tired day-labourers have again finished their Week, huge Paris is circling and simmering, manifold, according to its vague wont this one

fair Figure has decision in it, drives straight, —towards a purpose

It is yellow July evening, we say, the thirteenth of the month, eve of the Bastille day,—when “M Marat,” four years ago, in the crowd of the Pont Neuf, shrewdly required of that Besenval Hussar-party, which had such friendly dispositions, “to dismount, and give up their arms, then,” and became notable among Patriot men Four years what a road he has travelled,—and sits now about half-past seven of the clock, stewing in slipper-bath, sore afflicted, ill of Revolution Fever, —of what other malady this History had rather not name Excessively sick and worn, poor man with precisely eleven-pence-half-penny of ready-money in paper, with slipper-bath, strong three-footed stool for writing on, the while, and a squalid—Washerwoman one may call her that is his civic establishment in Medical-School Street, thither and not else-whither has his road led him Not to the reign of Brotherhood and Perfect Felicity, yet surely on the way towards that?—Hark, a rap again! A musical woman’s voice, refusing to be rejected it is the Citoyenne who would do France a service Marat, recognising from within, cries, Admit her Charlotte Corday is admitted

Citoyen Marat, I am from Caen the seat of rebellion, and wished to speak with you—Be seated, *mon enfant* Now what are the Traitors doing at Caen? What Deputies are at Caen?—Charlotte names some Deputies “Their heads shall fall within a fortnight,” croaks the eager People’s-friend, clutching his tablets to write *Barbaroux, Péton*, writes he with bare shrunk arm, turning aside in the bath *Péton*, and *Louvet*, and—Charlotte has drawn her knife from the sheath, plunges it, with one sure stroke, into the writer’s heart “*À moi, chère amie*, Help, ‘dear!’” no more could the Death-choked say or shriek The helpful Washerwoman running in, there is no Friend of the People, or Friend of the Washerwoman left, but his life with a groan gushes out, indignant, to the shades below

And so Marat People’s-friend is ended, the lone Stylites has got hurled down suddenly from his Pillar—*whitherward?* He that made him knows Patriot Paris may sound triple and tenfold, in dole and wail, re-echoed by Patriot France, and the Convention, “Chabot pale with terror, declaring that they are to be all assassinated,” may decree him Pantheon

Honours, Public Funeral, Mirabeau’s dust making way for him, and Jacobin Societies, in lamentable oratory, summing up his character, parallel him to One, whom they think it honour to call “the good Sansculotte,”—whom we name not here, also a Chapel may be made, for the urn that holds his Heart, in the Place du Carrousel, and new-born children be named Marat, and Lago-di-Como Hawkers bake mountains of stucco into unbeautiful Busts, and David paint his Picture, or Death-Scene, and such other Apotheosis take place as the human genius, in these circumstances, can devise but Marat returns no more to the light of this Sun One sole circumstance we have read with clear sympathy, in the old *Monteur* Newspaper how Marat’s Brother comes from Neuchâtel to ask of the Convention, “that the deceased Jean-Paul Marat’s musket be given him” For Marat too had a brother, and natural affections, and was wrapt once in swaddling clothes, and slept safe in a cradle like the rest of us Ye children of men!—A sister of his, they say, lives still to this day in Paris

As for Charlotte Corday, her work is accomplished, the recompense of it is near and sure The *chère amie*, and neighbours of the house, flying at her, she “overturns some movables,” entrenches herself till the gendarmes arrive, then quietly surrenders, goes quietly to the Abbaye Prison she alone quiet, all Paris sounding in wonder, in rage or admiration, round her Duperré is put in arrest, on account of her, his Papers sealed,—which may lead to consequences Fauchet, in like manner, though Fauchet had not so much as heard of her Charlotte, confronted with these two Deputies, praises the grave firmness of Duperré, censures the dejection of Fauchet

On Wednesday morning, the thronged Palais de Justice and Revolutionary Tribunal can see her face, beautiful and calm she dates it “fourth day of the Preparation of Peace” A strange murmur ran through the Hall, at sight of her, you could not say of what character Tinville has his indictments and tape-papers the cutler of the Palais Royal will testify that he sold her the sheath-knife, “All these details are needless,” interrupted Charlotte; “it is I that killed Marat” By whose instigation? —“By no one’s” What tempted you, then? His crimes “I killed one man,” added she, raising her voice extremely (*extrêmement*), as they went on with their questions, “I killed

one man to save a hundred thousand, a villain to save innocents, a savage wild-beast to give repose to my country I was a Republican before the Revolution, I never wanted energy" There is therefore nothing to be said The public gazes astonished the hasty limners sketch her features, Charlotte not disapproving the men of law proceed with their formalities The doom is Death as a murderess To her Advocate she gives thanks, in gentle phrase, in high-flown classical spirit To the Priest they send her she gives thanks, but needs not any shriving, any ghostly or other aid from him

On this same evening therefore, about half-past seven o'clock, from the gate of the Conciergerie, to a City all on tiptoe, the fatal Cart issues, seated on it a fair young creature, sheeted in red smock of Murderess, so beautiful, serene, so full of life, journeying towards death,—alone amid the World Many take off their hats, saluting reverently, for what heart but must be touched? Others growl and howl Adam Lux, of Mentz, declares that she is greater than Brutus, that it were beautiful to die with her the head of this young man seems turned At the Place de la Révolution, the countenance of Charlotte wears the same still smile The executioners proceed to bind her feet, she resists, thinking it meant as an insult, on a word of explanation, she submits with cheerful apology As the last act, all being now ready, they take the neckerchief from her neck, a blush of maidenly shame overspreads that fair face and neck, the cheeks were still tinged with it when the executioner lifted the severed head, to show it to the people "It is most true," says Forster, "that he struck the cheek insultingly, for I saw it with my eyes the Police imprisoned him for it"

In this manner have the Beautifullest and the Squaldest come in collision, and extinguished one another Jean-Paul Marat and Marie-Anne Charlotte Corday both, suddenly, are no more "Day of the Preparation of Peace?" Alas, how were peace possible or preparable, while, for example, the hearts of lovely Maidens, in their convent-stillness, are dreaming not of Love-paradises, and the light of Life, but of Codrus'-sacrifices, and Death well-earned? That Twenty-five million hearts have got to such temper, this is the Anarchy; the soul of it lies in this whereof not peace can be the embodiment! The death of Marat, whetting old animosities tenfold, will be worse

than any life O ye hapless Two, mutually extinctive, the Beautiful and the Squalid, sleep ye well,—in the Mother's bosom that bore you both!

This is the history of Charlotte Corday, most definite, most complete, angelic-dæmonic like a Star! Adam Lux goes home, half-delirious, to pour forth his Apotheosis of her, in paper and print, to propose that she have a statue with this inscription, *Greater than Brutus* Friends represent his danger, Lux is reckless, thinks it were beautiful to die with her

The French Revolution, Pt III, Bk iv, ch 1

LABOUR

For there is a perennial nobleness, and even sacredness, in Work Were he never so benighted, forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works in Idleness alone is there perpetual despair Work, never so Mammonish, mean, as in communication with Nature, the real desire to get Work done will itself lead one more and more to truth, to Nature's appointments and regulations, which are truth

The latest Gospel in this world is, Know thy work and do it "Know thyself" long enough has that poor "self" of thine tormented thee, thou wilt never get to "know" it, I believe! Think it not thy business, this of knowing thyself, thou art an unknowable individual know what thou canst work at, and work at it, like a Hercules! That will be thy better plan

It has been written, "an endless significance lies in Work," a man perfects himself by working Foul jungles are cleared away, fair seedfields rise instead, and stately cities, and withal the man himself first ceases to be a jungle and foul unwholesome desert thereby Consider how, even in the meanest sorts of Labour, the whole soul of a man is composed into a kind of real harmony, the instant he sets himself to work! Doubt, Desire, Sorrow, Remorse, Indignation, Despair itself, all these like hell-dogs he beleaguering the soul of the poor day-worker, as of every man but he bends himself with free valour against his task, and all these are stilled, all these shrunk murmuring far off into their caves The man is now a man The blessed glow of Labour in him, is it not as purifying fire, wherein all

poison is burnt up, and of sour smoke itself there is made bright blessed flame!

Destiny, on the whole, has no other way of cultivating us. A formless Chaos, once set it *revolving*, grows round and ever rounder, ranges itself, by mere force of gravity, into strata, spherical courses, is no longer a Chaos, but a round compacted World. What would become of the Earth, did she cease to revolve? In the poor old Earth, so long as she revolves, all inequalities, irregularities disperse themselves, all irregularities are incessantly becoming regular. Hast thou looked on the Potter's wheel,—one of the venerablest objects, old as the Prophet Ezechiel and far older? Rude lumps of clay, how they spin themselves up, by mere quick whirling, into beautiful circular dishes. And fancy the most assiduous Potter, but without his wheel, reduced to make dishes, or rather amorphous botches, by mere kneading and baking! Even such a Potter were Destiny, with a human soul that would rest and be at ease, that would not work and spin! Of an idle unrevolving man the kindest Destiny, like the most assiduous Potter without wheel, can bake and knead nothing other than a botch, let her spend on him what expensive colouring, what gilding and enamelling she will, he is but a botch. Not a dish, no, a bulging, kneaded, crooked, shambling, squint-cornered, amorphous botch,—a mere enamelled vessel of dishonour! Let the idle think of this.

Blessed is he who has found his work, let him ask no other blessedness. He has a work, a life-purpose, he has found it, and will follow it! How, as a free-flowing channel, dug and torn by noble force through the sour mud-swamp of one's existence, like an ever-deepening river there, it runs and flows,—draining-off the sour festering water, gradually from the root of the remotest grass-blade; making, instead of pestilential swamp, a green fruitful meadow with its clear-flowing stream. How blessed for the meadow itself, let the stream and its value be great or small! Labour is Life. from the inmost heart of the Worker rises his god-given Force, the sacred celestial Life-essence breathed into him by Almighty God, from his inmost heart awakens him to all nobleness,—to all knowledge, "self-knowledge" and much else, so soon as Work fitly begins Knowledge? The knowledge that will hold good in working, cleave thou to that; for Nature herself accredits that, says

Yea to that. Properly thou hast no other knowledge but what thou hast got by working: the rest is yet all a hypothesis of knowledge, a thing to be argued of in schools, a thing floating in the clouds, in endless logic-vortices, till we try it and fix it. "Doubt, of whatever kind, can be ended by Action alone."

And again, hast thou valued Patience, Courage, Perseverance, Openness to light, readiness to own thyself mistaken, to do better next time? All these, all virtues, in wrestling with the dim brute Powers of Fact, in ordering of thy fellows in such wrestle, there and elsewhere not at all, thou wilt continually learn. Set down a brave Sir Christopher in the middle of black ruined Stone-heaps, of foolish unarchitectural Bishops, redtape Officials, idle Nell-Gwyn Defenders of the Faith, and see whether he will ever raise a Paul's Cathedral out of all that, yea or no! Rough, rude, contradictory are all things and persons, from the mutinous masons and Irish hodmen, up to the idle Nell-Gwyn Defenders, to blustering redtape Officials, foolish unarchitectural Bishops. All these things and persons are there not for Christopher's sake and his Cathedral's, they are there for their own sake mainly! Christopher will have to conquer and constrain all these,—if he be able. All these are against him. Equitable Nature herself, who carries her mathematics and architectonics not on the face of her, but deep in the hidden heart of her,—Nature herself is but partially for him, will be wholly against him, if he constrain her not! His very money, where is it to come from? The pious munificence of England lies far-scattered, distant, unable to speak, and say, "I am here,"—must be spoken to before it can speak. Pious munificence, and all help, is so silent, invisible like the gods, impediment, contradictions manifold are so loud and near! O brave Sir Christopher, trust thou in those notwithstanding, and front all these, understand all these, by valiant patience, noble effort, insight, by man's strength, vanquish and compel all these,—and, on the whole, strike down victoriously the last topstone of that Paul's Edifice, thy monument for certain centuries, the stamp "Great Man" impressed very legibly on Portland-stone there!—

Yes, all manner of help, and pious response from Men or Nature, is always what we call silent, cannot speak or come to light, till it be seen, till it be spoken to. Every noble work

is at first "impossible" In very truth, for every noble work the possibilities will lie diffused through Immensity, inarticulate, undiscoverable except to faith Like Gideon thou shalt spread out thy fleece at the door of thy tent, see whether under the wide arch of Heaven there be any bounteous moisture, or none Thy heart and life-purpose shall be as a miraculous Gideon's fleece, spread out in silent appeal to Heaven, and from the kind Immensities, what from the poor unkind Localities and town and country Parishes there never could, blessed dew-moisture to suffice thee shall have fallen!

Work is of a religious nature —work is of a *brave* nature, which it is the aim of all religion to be All work of man is as the swimmer's a waste ocean threatens to devour him, if he front it not bravely, it will keep its word By incessant wise defiance of it, lusty rebuke and buffet of it, behold how it loyally supports him, bears him as its conqueror along "It is so," says Goethe, "with all things that man undertakes in this world"

Brave Sea-captain, Norse Sea-king,—Columbus, my hero, royalest Sea-king of all! it is no friendly environment this of thine, in the waste deep waters, around thee mutinous discouraged souls, behind thee disgrace and ruin, before thee the unpenetrated veil of Night Brother, these wild water-mountains, bounding from their deep bases (ten miles deep, I am told), are not entirely there on thy behalf! Meseems *they* have other work than floating thee forward —and the huge Winds, that sweep from Ursa Major to the Tropics and Equators, dancing their giant-waltz through the kingdoms of Chaos and Immensity, they care little about filling rightly or filling wrongly the small shoulder-of-mutton sails in this cockle-skiff of thine! Thou art not among articulate-speaking friends, my brother, thou are among immeasurable dumb monsters, tumbling, howling wide as the world here Secret, far off, invisible to all hearts but thine, there lies a help in them see how thou wilt get at that Patiently thou wilt wait till the mad Southwester spend itself, saving thyself by dextrous science of defence, the while valantly, with swift decision, wilt thou strike in, when the favouring East, the Possible, springs up Mutiny of men thou wilt sternly repress, weakness, despondency, thou wilt cheernly encourage thou wilt swallow down complaint, unreason, weariness, weakness of others and thyself,—how much wilt thou swallow down! There shall be a depth of Silence in thee, deeper than this Sea, which is but ten miles deep a Silence unsoundable, known to God only Thou shalt be a Great man Yes, my World-Soldier, thou of the World-Marine-service,—thou wilt have to be *greater* than this tumultuous unmeasured World here round thee is thou, in thy strong soul as with wrestler's arms, shalt embrace it, harness it down; and make it bear thee on,—to new Americas, or whither God wills!

Past and Present, Book III, Chapter XI.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY (1800-1859)

When Macaulay was five or six years old, his father took him to call on some friends. While his elders were conversing, the boy read a book he found on the table near by. Upon his return home his mother asked him how he had amused himself. Thereupon the lad quoted verbatim what he had read. His marvelous memory and the wide range of his reading astounded his contemporaries and has caused his readers to wonder how he found time for so much study. Thackeray said, "Macaulay reads twenty books to write a sentence and travels one hundred miles to make a line of description."

Macaulay's popularity with his contemporaries was due to the fact that in his opinions he was a representative of the English middle class. He had been brought up in the moral atmosphere of a religious home, where he had heard discussions concerning political and social reforms. At Trinity College, Cambridge, he had adopted the Whig doctrines, for, as he said later, "he looked with pride on all that the Whigs have done for the cause of human freedom and of human happiness." He enjoyed social conversation enlivened by good-natured argument and was never indifferent to a sentimental appeal. He was also thoroughly Victorian in his devotion to practical issues.

Although Macaulay was a lawyer, he preferred politics and literature to law. His essays in the *Edinburgh Review* gained him the recognition of political leaders and subsequently a seat in Parliament. Whenever he spoke, his colleagues listened to his eloquent speeches with respect and admiration. His appointment to the Supreme Council of India in 1834 required a sojourn in India for four years and gave him an opportunity for an extensive study of administrative problems. The essays on *Warren Hastings*

and *Lord Clive* show his mastery of the Indian situation. After his return from India, Macaulay held several offices and sat again in Parliament, but he gradually withdrew from politics and society to devote more time to his *History of England*. In 1857 he was made Baron Macaulay of Rothley in recognition of his ability.

Upon the *History of England* Macaulay hoped that his future literary reputation would rest. He intended to cover the period from the Revolution of 1688 to the Victorian Age. He was able, however, to carry the work down only to 1702 because he included so many details and wrote so voluminously. Therefore, his historical essays and certain brilliant passages from the *History* are more effective than the four volumes as a whole.

Macaulay's oratorical ability influenced his writing, which is particularly clear and convincing. He was a master of paragraph development. Each section of his essays was clearly outlined in his mind before he wrote. Unfortunately he became so enthusiastic about his interpretation of his subjects that he forgot that the chief essential of historical writing is accuracy. He allowed his prejudices to color his view of the facts and personalities with which he dealt. He often exaggerated minor points or overemphasized peculiarities so that he conveyed a distorted idea, as in the case of Johnson and Boswell.

Therefore, the reader must realize that he is reading history not as it actually occurred but as Macaulay saw it. These faults are, however, outweighed by his ability to recall vividly the past. By numerous historical and literary allusions, by repetitions and antithesis, and by "a striking and animated manner of writing," he impressed his opinions firmly upon his readers' minds.

LONDON IN 1685

Whoever examines the maps of London which were published towards the close of the reign of Charles the Second will see that only the nucleus of the present capital then existed. The town did not, as now, fade by imperceptible degrees into the country. No long avenues of villas, embowered in lilacs and laburnums, extended from the great centre of wealth and civilisation almost to the boundaries of Middlesex and far into the heart of

Kent and Surrey. In the east, no part of the immense line of warehouses and artificial lakes which now spreads from the Tower to Blackwall had even been projected. On the west, scarcely one of those stately piles of buildings which are inhabited by the noble and wealthy was in existence, and Chelsea, which is now peopled by more than forty thousand human beings, was a quiet country village with about a thousand inhabitants.¹ On the

¹ Lyson's *Environs of London*. The baptisms at Chelsea, between 1680 and 1690, were only forty-two a year.

north, cattle fed, and sportsmen wandered with dogs and guns, over the site of the borough of Marylebone, and over far the greatest part of the space now covered by the boroughs of Finsbury and of the Tower Ham-
5 lets Islington was almost a solitude, and poets loved to contrast its silence and repose with the din and turmoil of the monster London² On the south the capital is now connected with its suburb by several bridges,
10 not inferior in magnificence and solidity to the noblest works of the Cæsars In 1685, a single line of irregular arches, overhung by piles of mean and crazy houses, and garnished, after a fashion worthy of the naked bar-
15 barians of Dahomey, with scores of mouldering heads, impeded the navigation of the river

Of the metropolis, the City, properly so called, was the most important division At the time of the Restoration it had been built,
20 for the most part, of wood and plaster, the few bricks that were used were ill baked, the booths where goods were exposed to sale projected far into the streets and were over-
25 hung by the upper stories A few specimens of this architecture may still be seen in those districts which were not reached by the great fire That fire had, in a few days, covered a
space of little less than a square mile with the ruins of eighty-nine churches and of thir-
30 teen thousand houses But the City had risen again with a celerity which had excited the admiration of neighbouring countries Unfor-
tunately, the old lines of the streets had been to a great extent preserved, and those lines,
35 originally traced in an age when even princesses performed their journeys on horseback, were often too narrow to allow wheeled car-
riages to pass each other with ease, and were therefore ill adapted for the residence of
40 wealthy persons in an age when a coach and six was a fashionable luxury The style of building was, however, far superior to that of the City which had perished The ordinary
material was brick, of much better quality
45 than had been formerly used On the sites of the ancient parish churches had arisen a multitude of new domes, towers, and spires which bore the mark of the fertile genius
of Wren In every place save one the traces
50 of the great devastation had been completely

effaced But the crowds of workmen, the scaffolds and the masses of hewn stone, were still to be seen where the noblest of Protestant temples was slowly rising on the ruins of the
old Cathedral of St Paul³

The whole character of the City has, since that time, undergone a complete change At present the bankers, the merchants, and the
chief shopkeepers repair thither on six morn-
10 ings of every week for the transaction of business but they reside in other quarters of the metropolis, or at suburban country seats surrounded by shrubberies and flower gardens
This revolution in private habits has produced
15 a political revolution of no small importance The City is no longer regarded by the wealth-
iest traders with that attachment which every man naturally feels for his home It is no
longer associated in their minds with domestic
20 affections and endearments The fireside, the nursery, the social table, the quiet bed are not there Lombard Street and Threadneedle
Street are merely places where men toil and accumulate They go elsewhere to enjoy and
25 to expend On a Sunday, or in an evening after the hours of business, some courts and alleys, which a few hours before had been alive with
hurrying feet and anxious faces, are as silent as the glades of a forest The chiefs of the
30 mercantile interest are no longer citizens They avoid, they almost condemn, municipal
honours and duties Those honours and duties are abandoned to men who, though useful
and highly respectable, seldom belong to the
35 princely commercial houses of which the names are renowned throughout the world

In the seventeenth century the City was the merchant's residence Those mansions of
the great old burghers which still exist have
40 been turned into counting houses and ware-
houses but it is evident that they were origi-
nally not inferior in magnificence to the dwellings which were then inhabited by the nobility
They sometimes stand in retired and
45 gloomy courts, and are accessible only by inconvenient passages but their dimensions
are ample, and their aspect stately The en-
trances are decorated with richly carved pil-
lars and canopies The staircases and landing
50 places are not wanting in grandeur The floors are sometimes of wood, tessellated after the

² Cowley, *Discourse of Solitude*

³ The fullest and most trustworthy information about the state of the buildings of London at this time is to be derived from the maps and drawings in the British Museum and in the Pepysian Library The badness of the bricks in the old buildings of London

is particularly mentioned in the *Travels of the Grand Duke Cosmo* There is an account of the works at St Paul's in Ward's *London Spy* I am almost ashamed to quote such nauseous balderdash, but I have been forced to descend even lower, if possible, in search of materials

fashion of France The palace of Sir Robert Clayton, in the Old Jewry, contained a superb banquetting room wainscoted with cedar, and adorned with battles of gods and giants in fresco Sir Dudley North expended four thousand pounds, a sum which would then have been important to a Duke, on the rich furniture of his reception rooms in Basinghall Street In such abodes, under the last Stuarts, the heads of the great firms lived splendidly and hospitably To their dwelling place they were bound by the strongest ties of interest and affection There they had passed their youth, had made their friendships, had courted their wives, had seen their children grow up, had laid the remains of their parents in the earth, and expected that their own remains would be laid That intense patriotism which is peculiar to the members of societies congregated within a narrow space was, in such circumstances, strongly developed London was, to the Londoner, what Athens was to the Athenian of the age of Pericles, what Florence was to the Florentine of the fifteenth century The citizen was proud of the grandeur of his city, punctilious about her claims to respect, ambitious of her offices, and zealous for her franchises

We should greatly err if we were to suppose that any of the streets and squares then bore the same aspect as at present The great majority of the houses, indeed, have, since that time, been wholly, or in great part, rebuilt If the most fashionable parts of the capital could be placed before us, such as they then were, we should be disgusted by their squalid appearance, and poisoned by their noisome atmosphere In Covent Garden a filthy and noisy market was held close to the dwellings of the great Fruit women screamed, carters fought, cabbage stalks and rotten apples accumulated in heaps at the thresholds of the Countess of Berkshire and of the Bishop of Durham⁴

The centre of Lincoln's Inn Fields was an open space where the rabble congregated every evening, within a few yards of Cardigan House and Winchester House, to hear mountebanks harangue, to see bears dance, and to

set dogs at oxen Rubbish was shot in every part of the area Horses were exercised there The beggars were as noisy and importunate as in the worst governed cities of the Continent A Lincoln's Inn mumper was a proverb The whole fraternity knew the arms and liveries of every charitably disposed grandee in the neighbourhood, and, as soon as his lordship's coach and six appeared, came hopping and crawling in crowds to persecute him These disorders lasted, in spite of many accidents, and of some legal proceedings, till, in the reign of George the Second, Sir Joseph Jekyll, Master of the Rolls, was knocked down and nearly killed in the middle of the square Then at length palisades were set up, and a pleasant garden laid out⁵

Saint James's Square was a receptacle for all the offal and cinders, for all the dead cats and dead dogs, of Westminster At one time a cudgel player kept the ring there At another time an impudent squatter settled himself there, and built a shed for rubbish under the windows of the gilded saloons in which the first magnates of the realm, Norfolks, Ormonds, Kents, and Pembrokes, gave banquets and balls It was not till these nuisances had lasted through a whole generation, and till much had been written about them, that the inhabitants applied to Parliament for permission to put up rails and to plant trees

When such was the state of the region inhabited by the most luxurious portion of society, we may easily believe that the great body of the population suffered what would now be considered as insupportable grievances The pavement was detestable, all foreigners cried shame upon it The drainage was so bad that in rainy weather the gutters soon became torrents Several facetious poets have commemorated the fury with which these black rivulets roared down Snow Hill and Ludgate Hill, bearing to Fleet Ditch a vast tribute of animal and vegetable filth from the stalls of butchers and greengrocers This flood was profusely thrown to right and left by coaches and carts To keep as far from the carriage road as possible was therefore the wish of every pedestrian The mild and

⁴ See a very curious plan of Covent Garden made about 1690, and engraved for Smith's History of Westminster See also Hogarth's Morning, painted while some of the houses in the Piazza were still occupied by people of fashion

⁵ London Spy Tom Brown's Comical View of London and Westminster, Turner's Propositions for the employing of the Poor, 1678, Daily Courant and Daily Journal of June 7, 1733, Case of Michael v Allestree,

in 1676, 2 Levinz, p 172 Michael had been run over by two horses which Allestree was breaking in Lincoln's Inn Fields The declaration set forth that the defendant "porta deux chivals ungovernable en un coach, et improvide, incaute, et absque debita consideratione ineptitudinis locale, eux drive pur eux faire tractable et apt pur un coach, quels chivals, pur cec que, per leur ferocite, ne poient estre rule, curre sur le plaintiff et le noie."

timid gave the wall. The bold and athletic took it. If two roisterers met, they cocked their hats in each other's faces, and pushed each other about till the weaker was shoved towards the kennel. If he was a mere bully, he sneaked off, muttering that he should find a time. If he was pugnacious, the encounter probably ended in a duel behind Montague House.⁶

The houses were not numbered. There would indeed have been little advantage in numbering them, for of the coachmen, chairmen, porters, and errand boys of London, a very small proportion could read. It was necessary to use marks which the most ignorant could understand. The shops were therefore distinguished by painted signs, which gave a gay and grotesque aspect to the streets. The walk from Charing Cross to Whitechapel lay through an endless succession of Saracens' Heads, Royal Oaks, Blue Bears, and Golden Lambs, which disappeared when they were no longer required for the direction of the common people.

When the evening closed in, the difficulty and danger of walking about London became serious indeed. The garret windows were opened, and pails were emptied, with little regard to those who were passing below. Falls, bruises, and broken bones were of constant occurrence. For, till the last year of the reign of Charles the Second, most of the streets were left in profound darkness. Thieves and robbers plied their trade with impunity, yet they were hardly so terrible to peaceable citizens as another class of ruffians. It was a favourite amusement of dissolute young gentlemen to swagger by night about the town, breaking windows, upsetting sedans, beating quiet men, and offering rude caresses to pretty women. Several dynasties of these tyrants had, since the Restoration, domineered over the streets. The Muns and Tityre Tus had given place to the Hectors, and the Hectors had been recently succeeded by the Scourers. At a later period arose the Nicker, the Hawcubite, and the yet more dreaded name of Mohawk.⁷ The machinery for keeping the peace

was utterly contemptible. There was an Act of Common Council which provided that more than a thousand watchmen should be constantly on the alert in the city, from sunset to sunrise, and that every inhabitant should take his turn of duty. But this Act was negligently executed. Few of those who were summoned left their homes, and those few generally found it more agreeable to tiddle in ale-houses than to pace the streets.

It ought to be noticed that, in the last year of the reign of Charles the Second, began a great change in the police of London, a change which has perhaps added as much to the happiness of the body of the people as revolutions of much greater fame. An ingenious projector, named Edward Heming, obtained letters patent conveying to him, for a term of years, the exclusive right of lighting up London. He undertook, for a moderate consideration, to place a light before every tenth door, on moonless nights, from Michaelmas to Lady Day, and from six to twelve of the clock. Those who now see the capital all the year round, from dusk to dawn, blazing with a splendour compared with which the illuminations for La Hogue and Blenheim would have looked pale, may perhaps smile to think of Heming's lanterns, which glimmered feebly before one house in ten during a small part of one night in three. But such was not the feeling of his contemporaries. His scheme was enthusiastically applauded, and furiously attacked. The friends of improvement extolled him as the greatest of all the benefactors of his city. What, they asked, were the boasted inventions of Archimedes, when compared with the achievement of the man who had turned the nocturnal shades into noonday? In spite of these eloquent eulogies the cause of darkness was not left undefended. There were fools in that age who opposed the introduction of what was called the new light as strenuously as fools in our age have opposed the introduction of vaccination and railroads, as strenuously as the fools of an age anterior to the dawn of history doubtless opposed the in-

⁶ *Lettres sur les Anglais*, written early in the reign of William the Third, Swift's *City Shower*. Gay's *Trivia*, Johnson used to relate a curious conversation which he had with his mother about giving and taking the wall.

⁷ Oldham's *Imitation of the 3d Satire of Juvenal*, 1682, *Shadwell's Scourers*, 1690. Many other authorities will readily occur to all who are acquainted with the popular literature of that and the succeeding generation. It may be suspected that some of the Tityre Tus,

like good Cavaliers, broke Milton's windows shortly after the Restoration. I am confident that he was thinking of those pests of London when he dictated the noble lines,—

"And in luxurious cities, when the noise
Of riot ascends above the loftiest towers,
And injury and outrage, and when night
Darkens the streets, then wander forth the sons
Of Belial, flown with insolence and wine."

introduction of the plough and of alphabetical writing. Many years after the date of Hemming's patent there were extensive districts in which no lamp was seen.

We may easily imagine what, in such times, must have been the state of the quarters of London which were peopled by the outcasts of society. Among those quarters one had attained a scandalous pre-eminence. On the confines of the City and the Temple had been founded, in the thirteenth century, a House of Carmelite Friars, distinguished by their white hoods. The precinct of this house had, before the Reformation, been a sanctuary for criminals, and still retained the privilege of protecting debtors from arrest. Insolvents consequently were to be found in every dwelling, from cellar to garret. Of these a large proportion were knaves and libertines, and were followed to their asylum by women more abandoned than themselves. The civil power was unable to keep order in a district swarming with such inhabitants, and thus White-friars became the favourite resort of all who wished to be emancipated from the restraints of the law. Though the immunities legally belonging to the place extended only to cases of debt, cheats, false witnesses, forgers, and highwaymen found refuge there. For amidst a rabble so desperate no peace officer's life was in safety. At the cry of "Rescue" bulwarks with swords and cudgels, and termagant hags with spits and broomsticks, poured forth by hundreds, and the intruder was fortunate if he escaped back into Fleet Street, hustled, stripped, and pumped upon. Even the warrant of the Chief Justice of England could not be executed without the help of a company of musketeers. Such relics of the barbarism of the darkest ages were to be found within a short walk of the chambers where Somers was studying history and law, of the chapel where Tillotson was preaching, of the coffee house where Dryden was passing judgment on poems and plays, and of the hall where the Royal Society was examining the astronomical system of Isaac Newton.

Each of the two cities which made up the capital of England had its own centre of attraction. In the metropolis of commerce the point of convergence was the Exchange, in the metropolis of fashion the Palace. But the Palace did not retain its influence so long as the Exchange. The Revolution completely altered the relations between the court and

the higher classes of society. It was by degrees discovered that the King, in his individual capacity, had very little to give that coronets and garters, bishoprics and embassies, lordships of the Treasury and tellerships of the Exchequer, nay, even charges in the royal stud and bedchamber, were really bestowed, not by him, but by his advisers. Every ambitious and covetous man perceived that he would consult his own interest far better by acquiring the dominion of a Cornish borough, and by rendering good service to the ministry during a critical session, than by becoming the companion, or even the minion, of his prince. It was therefore in the antechambers, not of George the First and of George the Second, but of Walpole and of Pelham, that the daily crowd of courtiers was to be found. It is also to be remarked that the same revolution which made it impossible that our Kings should use the patronage of the state, merely for the purpose of gratifying their personal predilections, gave us several Kings unfitted by their education and habits to be gracious and affable hosts. They had been born and bred on the Continent. They never felt themselves at home in our island. If they spoke our language, they spoke it inelegantly and with effort. Our national character they never fully understood. Our national manners they hardly attempted to acquire. The most important part of their duty they performed better than any ruler who had preceded them: for they governed strictly according to law; but they could not be the first gentlemen of the realm, the heads of polite society. If ever they unbent, it was in a very small circle where hardly an English face was to be seen, and they were never so happy as when they could escape for a summer to their native land. They had indeed their days of reception for our nobility and gentry, but the reception was mere matter of form, and became at last as solemn a ceremony as a funeral.

Not such was the court of Charles the Second. Whitehall, when he dwelt there, was the focus of political intrigue and of fashionable gaiety. Half the jobbing and half the flirting of the metropolis went on under his roof. Whoever could make himself agreeable to the prince, or could secure the good offices of the mistress, might hope to rise in the world without rendering any service to the government, without being even known by sight to any minister of state. This courtier

got a frigate, and that a company, a third the pardon of a rich offender, a fourth, a lease of crown land on easy terms. If the King notified his pleasure that a briefless lawyer should be made a judge, or that a libertine baronet should be made a peer, the gravest counselors, after a little murmuring, submitted. Interest, therefore, drew a constant press of suitors to the gates of the palace, and those gates always stood wide. The King kept open house every day, and all day long, for the good society of London, the extreme Whigs only excepted. Hardly any gentleman had any difficulty in making his way to the royal presence. The levee was exactly what the word imports. Some men of quality came every morning to stand round their master, to chat with him while his wig was combed and his cravat tied, and to accompany him on his early walk through the Park. All persons who had been properly introduced might, without any special invitation, go to see him dine, sup, dance, and play at hazard, and might have the pleasure of hearing him tell stories, which indeed he told remarkably well, about his flight from Worcester, and about the misery which he had endured when he was a state prisoner in the hands of the canting meddling preachers of Scotland. Bystanders whom his Majesty recognised often came in for a courteous word. This proved a far more successful kingcraft than any that his father or grandfather had practised. It was not easy for the most austere republican of the school of Marvel to resist the fascination of so much good humour and affability, and many a veteran Cavalier, in whose heart the remembrance of unrequited sacrifices and services had been festering during twenty years, was compensated in one moment for wounds and sequestrations by his sovereign's kind nod, and "God bless you, my old friend!"

Whitehall naturally became the chief staple of news. Whenever there was a rumour that anything important had happened or was about to happen, people hastened thither to obtain intelligence from the fountain head. The galleries presented the appearance of a modern club room at an anxious time. They were full of people inquiring whether the Dutch mail was in, what tidings the express from France had brought, whether John

Sobiesky had beaten the Turks, whether the Doge of Genoa was really at Paris. These were matters about which it was safe to talk aloud. But there were subjects concerning which information was asked and given in whispers. Had Halifax got the better of Rochester? Was there to be a Parliament? Was the Duke of York really going to Scotland? Had Monmouth really been summoned from the Hague? Men tried to read the countenance of every minister as he went through the throng to and from the royal closet. All sorts of auguries were drawn from the tone in which His Majesty spoke to the Lord President, or from the laugh with which His Majesty honoured a jest of the Lord Privy Seal, and in a few hours the hopes and fears inspired by such slight indications had spread to all the coffee houses from St James's to the Tower.⁸

The coffee house must not be dismissed with a cursory mention. It might indeed at that time have been not improperly called a most important political institution. No Parliament had sat for years. The municipal council of the City had ceased to speak the sense of the citizens. Public meetings, harangues, resolutions, and the rest of the modern machinery of agitation had not yet come into fashion. Nothing resembling the modern newspaper existed. In such circumstances the coffee houses were the chief organs through which the public opinion of the metropolis vented itself.

The first of these establishments had been set up, in the time of the Commonwealth, by a Turkey merchant, who had acquired among the Mahometans a taste for their favourite beverage. The convenience of being able to make appointments in any part of the town, and of being able to pass evenings socially at a very small charge, was so great that the fashion spread fast. Every man of the upper or middle class went daily to his coffee house to learn the news and to discuss it. Every coffee house had one or more orators to whose eloquence the crowd listened with admiration, and who soon became, what the journalists of our own time have been called, a fourth Estate of the realm. The court had long seen with uneasiness the growth of this new power in the state. An attempt had been made, dur-

⁸ The sources from which I have drawn my information about the state of the court are too numerous to recapitulate. Among them are the Despatches of Barillon, Van Citters, Ronquillo, and Adda, the Travels

of the Grand Duke Cosmo, the Diaries of Pepys, Evelyn, and Teonge, and the Memoirs of Grammont and Keresby.

ing Danby's administration, to close the coffee houses. But men of all parties missed their usual places of resort so much that there was an universal outcry. The government did not venture, in opposition to a feeling so strong and general, to enforce a regulation of which the legality might well be questioned. Since that time ten years had elapsed, and during those years the number and influence of the coffee houses had been constantly increasing. 10 Foreigners remarked that the coffee house was that which especially distinguished London from all other cities, that the coffee house was the Londoner's home, and that those who wished to find a gentleman commonly asked, 15 not whether he lived in Fleet Street or Chancery Lane, but whether he frequented the Grecian or the Rainbow. Nobody was excluded from these places who laid down his penny at the bar. Yet every rank and pro- 20 fession, and every shade of religious and political opinion, had its own headquarters. There were houses near St James's Park where fops congregated, their heads and shoulders covered with black or flaxen wigs, not 25 less ample than those which are now worn by the Chancellor and by the Speaker of the House of Commons. The wig came from Paris, and so did the rest of the fine gentleman's ornaments, his embroidered coat, his 30 fringed gloves, and the tassel which upheld his pantaloons. The conversation was in that dialect which, long after it had ceased to be spoken in fashionable circles, continued, in the mouth of Lord Foppington, to excite the mirth 35 of theatres.⁹ The atmosphere was like that of a perfumer's shop. Tobacco in any other form than that of richly scented snuff was held in abomination. If any clown, ignorant of the usages of the house, called for a pipe, 40 the sneers of the whole assembly and the short answers of the waiters soon convinced him that he had better go somewhere else. Nor, indeed, would he have had far to go. For, in general, the coffee rooms reeked with tobacco like a guardroom, and strangers some- 45 times expressed their surprise that so many people should leave their own firesides to sit in the midst of eternal fog and stench. Nowhere was the smoking more constant than at Will's. That celebrated house, situated between Covent Garden and Bow Street, was

sacred to polite letters. There the talk was about poetical justice and the unities of place and time. There was a faction for Perrault and the moderns, a faction for Boileau and the ancients. One group debated whether Paradise Lost ought not to have been in rhyme. To another an envious poetaster demonstrated that Venice Preserved ought to have been 50 hooted from the stage. Under no roof was a greater variety of figures to be seen, Earls in stars and garters, clergymen in cassocks and bands, pert Templars, sheepish lads from the Universities, translators and index makers in ragged coats of frieze. The great press was 55 to get near the chair where John Dryden sate. In winter that chair was always in the warmest nook by the fire, in summer it stood in the balcony. To bow to him, and to hear his opinion of Racine's last tragedy or of Bossu's treatise on epic poetry, was thought a privilege. A pinch from his snuff box was an honour sufficient to turn the head of a young enthusiast. There were coffee houses where 60 the first medical men might be consulted. Doctor John Radcliffe, who, in the year 1685, rose to the largest practice in London, came daily, at the hour when the Exchange was full, from his house in Bow Street, then a fashionable part of the capital, to Garraway's, and was 65 to be found, surrounded by surgeons and apothecaries, at a particular table. There were Puritan coffee houses where no oath was heard, and where lank-haired men discussed election and reprobation through their noses, 70 Jew coffee houses where dark-eyed money changers from Venice and from Amsterdam greeted each other, and Polish coffee houses where, as good Protestants believed, Jesuits planned, over their cups, another great fire, 75 and cast silver bullets to shoot the King.

These gregarious habits had no small share in forming the character of the Londoner of that age. He was, indeed, a different being from the rustic Englishman. There was not 80 then the intercourse which now exists between the two classes. Only very great men were in the habit of dividing the year between town and country. Few esquires came to the capital thrice in their lives. Nor was it yet 85 the practice of all citizens in easy circumstances to breathe the fresh air of the fields and woods during some weeks of every sum-

⁹ The chief peculiarity of this dialect was that, in a large class of words, the O was pronounced like A. Thus stork was pronounced stark. See Vanbrugh's *Relapse*. Lord Sunderland was a great master of this

court tune, as Roger North calls it, and Titus Oates affected it in the hope of passing for a fine gentleman. *Examen*, 77. 254

mer A cockney, in a rural village, was stared at as much as if he had intruded into a Kraal of Hottentots On the other hand, when the lord of a Lincolnshire or Shropshire manor appeared in Fleet Street, he was easily distinguished from the resident population as a Turk or a Lascar His dress, his gait, his accent, the manner in which he stared at the shops, stumbled into the gutters, ran against the porters, and stood under the waterspouts, marked him out as an excellent subject for the operations of swindlers and banterers Bullies jostled him into the kennel Hackney coachmen splashed him from head to foot Thieves explored with perfect security the huge pockets of his horseman's coat, while he stood entranced by the splendour of the Lord Mayor's show Moneydroppers, sore from the cart's tail, introduced themselves to him, and appeared to him the most honest friendly gentlemen that he had ever seen Painted women, the refuse of Lewkner Lane and Whetstone Park, passed themselves on him for countesses and maids of honour If he asked his way to Saint James's, his informants sent him to Mile End If he went into a shop, he was instantly discerned to be a fit purchaser of everything that nobody else would buy, of secondhand embroidery, copper rings, and watches that would not go If he rambled into any fashionable coffee house, he became a mark for the insolent derision of fops and the grave waggery of Templars En-

raged and mortified, he soon returned to his mansion, and there, in the homage of his tenants, and the conversation of his boon companions, found consolation for the vexations and humiliations which he had undergone There he once more felt himself a great man, and he saw nothing above him except when at the assizes he took his seat on the bench near the Judge, or when at the muster of the militia he saluted the Lord Lieutenant

The chief cause which made the fusion of the different elements of society so imperfect was the extreme difficulty which our ancestors found in passing from place to place Of all inventions, the alphabet and the printing press alone excepted, those inventions which abridge distance have done most for the civilization of our species Every improvement of the means of locomotion benefits mankind morally and intellectually as well as materially, and not only facilitates the interchange of the various productions of nature and art, but tends to remove national and provincial antipathies, and to bind together all the branches of the great human family In the seventeenth century the inhabitants of London were, for almost every practical purpose, farther from Reading than they now are from Edinburgh, and farther from Edinburgh than they now are from Vienna

From *The History of England*, Ch III

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN (1801-1890)

From boyhood Newman thought about theological subjects and his own personal relationship to God. His studies led him from Calvinism to Roman Catholicism, where he finally found a doctrine of faith supported by generations of authority. But first he preached for nearly twenty years as a clergyman of the Church of England. After graduation from Trinity College, Oxford, he had become a fellow of Oriel and later vicar of St Mary's. The undergraduates listened with respectful attention to him as he simply but earnestly presented spiritual truths. The effect of his preaching has been described by an Oxford professor "He laid his finger how gently yet how powerfully on some inner place in the hearer's heart and told him things about himself he had never known till then."

On a visit to Rome in 1832 Newman came first into direct contact with Roman Catholicism, of which he had been an opponent. This experience changed to some extent his previous views. He saw much truth in the teachings of the early church and was impressed by the supremacy of the Roman church in the Middle Ages. When he returned to Oxford, he endeavored with some of his friends to restrain the trend toward liberalism in the Anglican church and to establish its position as a divine institution. This movement for reform was known as the Oxford or Tractarian movement because its leaders published their views under the title, *Tracts for the Times*. Newman's position grew more and more extreme until he became a Roman Catholic in 1845.

This step caused him to be severely criticized by Charles Kingsley and others, who charged him with insincerity. Newman's defense, the *Apologia Pro Vita Sua*, explained his spiritual

tendencies from his youth and proved that his conversion was most natural. It also altered the general opinion concerning the doctrines of the Catholic Church. Newman gave even to his controversial writings a spiritual significance, for he always kept before him his purpose of presenting the truth as it had been revealed to him. In his poems, especially *The Dream of Gerontius*, this spirituality predominates. Newman's nobility of character and service to the church were given recognition in 1879 when Pope Leo XIII created him a Cardinal. By that time all unfavorable criticism had been silenced.

The Idea of a University consists of nine lectures delivered in Dublin in 1852 after Newman had been appointed Rector of the Catholic University. He considers knowledge and its relationship to learning, professional skill, religious duty, science, and other fields. The enlargement of the mind through the discovery and contemplation of truth is according to these lectures the aim of a liberal education. Therefore, a university should teach freely all branches of knowledge. It should produce gentlemen and train good members of society.

This book is an admirable example of Newman's method and style. He discussed a subject from every angle, seeking to determine the underlying truth. After he had presented his ideas in logical order, he drew his conclusions, for Newman wrote with some definite purpose in mind. He said that he always aimed to make his meaning exact and clear. Every other quality of style, such as irony or humor, was subordinated to this aim. Simply and definitely he stated his thoughts. Hence he holds an honored place among the English prose writers of the nineteenth century.

KNOWLEDGE VIEWED IN RELATION TO LEARNING

1

It were well if the English, like the Greek language, possessed some definite word to express, simply and generally, intellectual proficiency or perfection, such as "health," as used with reference to the animal frame, and "virtue," with reference to our moral nature. I am not able to find such a term,—talent, ability, genius, belong distinctly to the raw material, which is the subject-matter, not to that excellence which is the result of exercise

and training. When we turn, indeed, to the particular kinds of intellectual perfection, words are forthcoming for our purpose, as, for instance, judgment, taste, and skill, yet even these belong, for the most part, to powers or habits bearing upon practice or upon art, and not to any perfect condition of the intellect, considered in itself. Wisdom, again, is certainly a more comprehensive word than any other, but it has a direct relation to conduct, and to human life. Knowledge, indeed, and science express purely intellectual ideas, but still not a state or quality of the intellect, for knowledge, in its ordinary sense, is but one of its circumstances, denoting a

possession or a habit, and science has been appropriated to the subject-matter of the intellect, instead of belonging in English, as it ought to do, to the intellect itself. The consequence is that, on an occasion like this, many words are necessary, in order, first, to bring out and convey what surely is no difficult idea in itself,—that of the cultivation of the intellect as an end, next, in order to recommend what surely is no unreasonable object, and lastly, to describe and make the mind realize the particular perfection in which that object consists. Every one knows practically what are the constituents of health or of virtue, and every one recognizes health and virtue as ends to be pursued, it is otherwise with intellectual excellence, and this must be my excuse, if I seem to any one to be bestowing a good deal of labour on a preliminary matter.

In default of a recognized term, I have called the perfection or virtue of the intellect by the name of philosophy, philosophical knowledge, enlargement of mind, or illumination, terms which are not uncommonly given to it by writers of this day but, whatever name we bestow on it, it is, I believe, as a matter of history, the business of a university to make this intellectual culture its direct scope, or to employ itself in the education of the intellect,—just as the work of a hospital lies in healing the sick or wounded, of a riding or fencing school, or of a gymnasium, in exercising the limbs, of an almshouse, in aiding and solacing the old, of an orphanage, in protecting innocence, of a penitentiary, in restoring the guilty. I say, a university, taken in its bare idea, and before we view it as an instrument of the church, has this object and this mission, it contemplates neither moral impression nor mechanical production, it professes to exercise the mind neither in art nor in duty, its function is intellectual culture, here it may leave its scholars, and it has done its work when it has done as much as this. It educates the intellect to reason well in all matters, to reach out towards truth, and to grasp it.

2

This, I said in my foregoing Discourse, was the object of a university, viewed in itself, and apart from the Catholic Church, or from the state, or from any other power which may

use it, and I illustrated this in various ways. I said that the intellect must have an excellence of its own, for there was nothing which had not its specific good, that the word “educate” would not be used of intellectual culture, as it is used, had not the intellect had an end of its own, that, had it not such an end, there would be no meaning in calling certain intellectual exercises “liberal,” in contrast with “useful,” as is commonly done, that the very notion of a philosophical temper implied it, for it threw us back upon research and system as ends in themselves, distinct from effects and works of any kind, that a philosophical scheme of knowledge, or system of sciences, could not, from the nature of the case, issue in any one definite art or pursuit, as its end, and that, on the other hand, the discovery and contemplation of truth, to which research and systematizing led, were surely sufficient ends, though nothing beyond them were added, and that they had ever been accounted sufficient by mankind.

Here then I take up the subject, and having determined that the cultivation of the intellect is an end distinct and sufficient in itself, and that, so far as words go, it is an enlargement or illumination, I proceed to inquire what this mental breadth, or power, or light, or philosophy consists in. A hospital heals a broken limb or cures a fever: what does an institution effect, which professes the health, not of the body, not of the soul, but of the intellect? What is this good, which in former times, as well as our own, has been found worth the notice, the appropriation, of the Catholic Church?

I have then to investigate, in the Discourses which follow, those qualities and characteristics of the intellect in which its cultivation issues or rather consists; and, with a view of assisting myself in this undertaking, I shall recur to certain questions which have already been touched upon. These questions are three: viz the relation of intellectual culture, first, to *mere* knowledge, secondly, to *professional* knowledge, and thirdly, to *religious* knowledge. In other words, are *acquirements* and *attainments* the scope of a university education? or *expertness in particular arts and pursuits?* or *moral and religious proficiency?* or something besides these three? These questions I shall examine in succession, with the purpose I have mentioned, and I hope to be excused, if, in this anxious under-

taking, I am led to repeat what, either in these Discourses or elsewhere, I have already put upon paper And first, of *mere knowledge*, or learning, and its connexion with intellectual illumination or philosophy

3

I suppose the *prima-facie* view which the public at large would take of a university, considering it as a place of education, is nothing more or less than a place for acquiring a great deal of knowledge on a great many subjects Memory is one of the first developed of the mental faculties, a boy's business when he goes to school is to learn, that is, to store up things in his memory For some years his intellect is little more than an instrument for taking in facts, or a receptacle for storing them, he welcomes them as fast as they come to him, he lives on what is without, he has his eyes ever about him, he has a lively susceptibility of impressions, he imbibes information of every kind, and little does he make his own in a true sense of the word, living rather upon his neighbours all around him He has opinions, religious, political, and literary, and, for a boy, is very positive in them and sure about them; but he gets them from his school-fellows, or his masters, or his parents, as the case may be Such as he is in his other relations, such also is he in his school exercises, his mind is observant, sharp, ready, retentive, he is almost passive in the acquisition of knowledge I say this in no disparagement of the idea of a clever boy Geography, chronology, history, language, natural history, he heaps up the matter of these studies as treasures for a future day It is the seven years of plenty with him he gathers in by handfuls, like the Egyptians, without counting, and though, as time goes on, there is exercise for his argumentative powers in the elements of mathematics, and for his taste in the poets and orators, still, while at school, or at least, till quite the last years of his time, he acquires, and little more, and when he is leaving for the university, he is mainly the creature of foreign influences and circumstances, and made up of accidents, homogeneous or not, as the case may be Moreover, the moral habits, which are a boy's praise, encourage and assist this result; that is, diligence, assiduity, regularity, despatch, persevering application, for these

are the direct conditions of acquisition, and naturally lead to it Acquirements, again, are emphatically producible, and at a moment, they are a something to show, both for master and scholar, an audience, even though ignorant themselves of the subjects of an examination, can comprehend when questions are answered and when they are not Here again is a reason why mental culture is in the minds of men identified with the acquisition of knowledge

The same notion possesses the public mind, when it passes on from the thought of a school to that of a university and with the best of reasons so far as this, that there is no true culture without acquirements, and that philosophy presupposes knowledge It requires a great deal of reading, or a wide range of information, to warrant us in putting forth our opinions on any serious subject, and without such learning the most original mind may be able indeed to dazzle, to amuse, to refute, to perplex, but not to come to any useful result or any trustworthy conclusion There are indeed persons who profess a different view of the matter, and even act upon it Every now and then you will find a person of vigorous or fertile mind, who relies upon his own resources, despises all former authors, and gives the world, with the utmost fearlessness, his views upon religion, or history, or any other popular subject And his works may sell for a while, he may get a name in his day, but this will be all His readers are sure to find on the long run that his doctrines are mere theories, and not the expression of facts, that they are chaff instead of bread, and then his popularity drops as suddenly as it rose

Knowledge then is the indispensable condition of expansion of mind, and the instrument of attaining to it, this cannot be denied, it is ever to be insisted on, I begin with it as a first principle, however, the very truth of it carries men too far, and confirms to them the notion that it is the whole of the matter A narrow mind is thought to be that which contains little knowledge, and an enlarged mind, that which holds a great deal, and what seems to put the matter beyond dispute is, the fact of the great number of studies which are pursued in a university, by its very profession Lectures are given on every kind of subject, examinations are held, prizes awarded There are moral, meta-

physical, physical professors, professors of languages, of history, of mathematics, of experimental science. Lists of questions are published, wonderful for their range and depth, variety and difficulty, treatises are written, which carry upon their very face the evidence of extensive reading or multifarious information, what then is wanting for mental culture to a person of large reading and scientific attainments? what is grasp of mind but acquirement? where shall philosophical repose be found, but in the consciousness and enjoyment of large intellectual possessions?

And yet this notion is, I conceive, a mistake, and my present business is to show that it is one, and that the end of a liberal education is not mere knowledge, or knowledge considered in its *matter*, and I shall best attain my object, by actually setting down some cases, which will be generally granted to be instances of the process of enlightenment or enlargement of mind, and others which are not, and thus, by the comparison, you will be able to judge for yourselves, Gentlemen, whether knowledge, that is, acquirement, is after all the real principle of the enlargement, or whether that principle is not rather something beyond it

4

For instance, let a person, whose experience has hitherto been confined to the more calm and unpretending scenery of these islands, whether here or in England, go for the first time into parts where physical nature puts on her wilder and more awful forms, whether at home or abroad, as into mountainous districts, or let one, who has ever lived in a quiet village, go for the first time to a great metropolis,—then I suppose he will have a sensation which perhaps he never had before. He has a feeling not in addition or increase of former feelings, but of something different in its nature. He will perhaps be borne forward, and find for a time that he has lost his bearings. He has made a certain progress, and he has a consciousness of mental enlargement; he does not stand where he did, he has a new centre, and a range of thoughts to which he was before a stranger.

Again, the view of the heavens which the telescope opens upon us, if allowed to fill and possess the mind, may almost whirl it round and make it dizzy. It brings in a flood

of ideas, and is rightly called an intellectual enlargement, whatever is meant by the term.

And so again, the sight of beasts of prey and other foreign animals, their strangeness, the originality (if I may use the term) of their forms and gestures and habits and their variety and independence of each other, throw us out of ourselves into another creation, and as if under another Creator, if I may so express the temptation which may come on the mind. We seem to have new faculties, or a new exercise of our faculties, by this addition to our knowledge, like a prisoner, who, having been accustomed to wear manacles or fetters, suddenly finds his arms and legs free.

Hence physical science generally, in all its departments, as bringing before us the exuberant riches and resources, yet the orderly course, of the universe, elevates and excites the student, and at first, I may say, almost takes away his breath, while in time it exercises a tranquillizing influence upon him.

Again, the study of history is said to enlarge and enlighten the mind, and why? because, as I conceive, it gives it a power of judging of passing events, and of all events, and a conscious superiority over them, which before it did not possess.

And in like manner, what is called seeing the world, entering into active life, going into society, travelling, gaining acquaintance with the various classes of the community, coming into contact with the principles and modes of thought of various parties, interests, and races, their views, aims, habits and manners, their religious creeds and forms of worship,—gaining experience how various yet how alike men are, how low-minded, how bad, how opposed, yet how confident in their opinions, all this exerts a perceptible influence upon the mind, which it is impossible to mistake, be it good or be it bad, and is popularly called its enlargement.

And then again, the first time the mind comes across the arguments and speculations of unbelievers, and feels what a novel light they cast upon what he has hitherto accounted sacred, and still more, if it gives in to them and embraces them, and throws off as so much prejudice what it has hitherto held, and, as if waking from a dream, begins to realize to its imagination that there is now no such thing as law and the transgression of law, that sin is a phantom, and punishment a

bugbear, that it is free to sin, free to enjoy the world and the flesh, and still further, when it does enjoy them, and reflects that it may think and hold just what it will, that "the world is all before it where to choose,"⁵ and what system to build up as its own private persuasion, when this torrent of wilful thoughts rushes over and inundates it, who will deny that the fruit of the tree of knowledge, or what the mind takes for knowledge,¹⁰ has made it one of the gods, with a sense of expansion and elevation,—an intoxication in reality, still, so far as the subjective state of the mind goes, an illumination? Hence the fanaticism of individuals or nations, who suddenly cast off their Maker¹⁵ Their eyes are opened, and, like the judgment-stricken king in the tragedy, they see two suns, and a magic universe, out of which they look back upon their former state of faith and innocence with a sort of contempt and indignation, as if they were then but fools, and the dupes of imposture

On the other hand, religion has its own enlargement, and an enlargement, not of tumult, but of peace²⁵ It is often remarked of uneducated persons, who have hitherto thought little of the unseen world, that, on their turning to God, looking into themselves, regulating their hearts, reforming their conduct, and meditating on death and judgment,³⁰ heaven and hell, they seem to become, in point of intellect, different beings from what they were Before, they took things as they came, and thought no more of one thing than another³⁵ But now every event has a meaning, they have their own estimate of whatever happens to them, they are mindful of times and seasons, and compare the present with the past, and the world, no longer dull,⁴⁰ monotonous, unprofitable, and hopeless, is a various and complicated drama, with parts and an object, and an awful moral

5

Now from these instances, to which many more might be added, it is plain, first, that the communication of knowledge certainly is either a condition or the means of that sense⁵⁰ of enlargement or enlightenment, of which at this day we hear so much in certain quarters; this cannot be denied, but next, it is equally plain, that such communication is not the whole of the process The enlargement com-

sists, not merely in the passive reception into the mind of a number of ideas hitherto unknown to it, but in the mind's energetic and simultaneous action upon and towards and among those new ideas, which are rushing in upon it It is the action of a formative power, reducing to order and meaning the matter of our acquirements, it is a making the objects of our knowledge subjectively our own, or, to use a familiar word, it is a digestion of what we receive, into the substance of our previous state of thought, and without this no enlargement is said to follow There is no enlargement, unless there be a comparison of ideas one with another, as they come before the mind, and a systematizing of them We feel our minds to be growing and expanding *then*, when we not only learn, but refer what we learn to what we know already It is not the mere addition to our knowledge that is the illumination, but the locomotion, the movement onwards, of that mental centre, to which both what we know, and what we are learning, the accumulating mass of our acquirements, gravitates And therefore a truly great intellect, and recognized to be such by the common opinion of mankind, such as the intellect of Aristotle, or of St Thomas, or of Newton, or of Goethe, (I purposely take instances within and without the Catholic pale, when I would speak of the intellect as such,) is one which takes a connected view of old and new, past and present, far and near, and which has an insight into the influence of all these one on another, without which there is no whole, and no centre It possesses the knowledge, not only of things, but also of their mutual and true relations, knowledge, not merely considered as acquirement, but as philosophy

Accordingly, when this analytical, distributive, harmonizing process is away, the mind experiences no enlargement, and is not reckoned as enlightened or comprehensive, whatever it may add to its knowledge⁴⁵ For instance, a great memory, as I have already said, does not make a philosopher, any more than a dictionary can be called a grammar There are men who embrace in their minds a vast multitude of ideas, but with little sensibility about their real relations towards each other These may be antiquarians, annalists, naturalists, they may be learned in the law; they may be versed in statistics, they are most useful in their own place; I should

shrink from speaking disrespectfully of them, still, there is nothing in such attainments to guarantee the absence of narrowness of mind. If they are nothing more than well-read men, or men of information, they have not what specially deserves the name of culture of mind, or fulfils the type of liberal education.

In like manner, we sometimes fall in with persons who have seen much of the world, and of the men who, in their day, have played a conspicuous part in it, but who generalize nothing, and have no observation, in the true sense of the word. They abound in information in detail, curious and entertaining, about men and things, and, having lived under the influence of no very clear or settled principles, religious or political, they speak of every one and every thing, only as so many phenomena, which are complete in themselves, and lead to nothing, not discussing them, or teaching any truth, or instructing the hearer, but simply talking. No one would say that these persons, well informed as they are, had attained to any great culture of intellect or to philosophy.

The case is the same still more strikingly where the persons in question are beyond dispute men of inferior powers and deficient education. Perhaps they have been much in foreign countries, and they receive, in a passive, otiose, unfruitful way, the various facts which are forced upon them there. Seafaring men, for example, range from one end of the earth to the other, but the multiplicity of external objects, which they have encountered, forms no symmetrical and consistent picture upon their imagination, they see the tapestry of human life, as it were on the wrong side, and it tells no story. They sleep, and they rise up, and they find themselves, now in Europe, now in Asia; they see visions of great cities and wild regions, they are in the marts of commerce, or amid the islands of the South, they gaze on Pompey's Pillar, or on the Andes, and nothing which meets them carries them forward or backward, to any idea beyond itself. Nothing has a drift or relation, nothing has a history or a promise. Every thing stands by itself, and comes and goes in its turn, like the shifting scenes of a show, which leave the spectator where he was. Perhaps you are near such a man on a particular occasion, and expect him to be shocked or perplexed at something which occurs, but

one thing is much the same to him as another, or, if he is perplexed, it is as not knowing what to say, whether it is right to admire, or to ridicule, or to disapprove, while conscious that some expression of opinion is expected from him, for in fact he has no standard of judgment at all, and no landmarks to guide him to a conclusion. Such is mere acquisition, and, I repeat, no one would dream of calling it philosophy.

6

Instances, such as these, confirm, by the contrast, the conclusion I have already drawn from those which preceded them. That only is true enlargement of mind which is the power of viewing many things at once as one whole, of referring them severally to their true place in the universal system, of understanding their respective values, and determining their mutual dependence. Thus is that form of universal knowledge, of which I have on a former occasion spoken, set up in the individual intellect, and constitutes its perfection. Possessed of this real illumination, the mind never views any part of the extended subject-matter of knowledge without recollecting that it is but a part, or without the associations which spring from this recollection. It makes every thing in some sort lead to every thing else, it would communicate the image of the whole to every separate portion, till that whole becomes in imagination like a spirit, everywhere pervading and penetrating its component parts, and giving them one definite meaning. Just as our bodily organs, when mentioned, recall their function in the body, as the word "creation" suggests the Creator, and "subjects" a sovereign, so, in the mind of the philosopher, as we are abstractly conceiving of him, the elements of the physical and moral world, sciences, arts, pursuits, ranks, offices, events, opinions, individualities, are all viewed as one, with correlative functions, and as gradually by successive combinations converging, one and all, to the true centre.

To have even a portion of this illuminative reason and true philosophy is the highest state to which nature can aspire, in the way of intellect, it puts the mind above the influences of chance and necessity, above anxiety, suspense, unsettlement, and superstition, which is the lot of the many. Men, whose minds are

possessed with some one object, take exaggerated views of its importance, are feverish in the pursuit of it, make it the measure of things which are utterly foreign to it, and are startled and despond if it happens to fail 5 them. They are ever in alarm or in transport. Those on the other hand who have no object or principle whatever to hold by, lose their way, every step they take. They are thrown out, and do not know what to think or say, 10 at every fresh juncture, they have no view of persons, or occurrences, or facts, which come suddenly upon them, and they hang upon the opinion of others, for want of internal resources. But the intellect, which has been 15 disciplined to the perfection of its powers, which knows, and thinks while it knows, which has learned to leaven the dense mass of facts and events with the elastic force of reason, such an intellect cannot be partial, cannot be exclusive, cannot be impetuous, cannot be at a loss, cannot but be patient, collected, and majestically calm, because it discerns the end in every beginning, the origin in every end, the law in every interruption, the limit 25 in each delay, because it ever knows where it stands, and how its path lies from one point to another. It is the *τετράγωνος* of the Peripatetic, and has the "nil admirari" of the Stoic,—

Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas,
Atque metus omnes, et inexorabile fatum
Subject pedibus, strepitumque Acherontis avan-

There are men who, when in difficulties, originate at the moment vast ideas or dazzling projects, who, under the influence of excitement, are able to cast a light, almost as if from inspiration, on a subject or course of action which comes before them, who have a sudden presence of mind equal to any emergency, rising with the occasion, and an undaunted magnanimous bearing, and an energy and keenness which is but made intense by 45 opposition. This is genius, this is heroism, it is the exhibition of a natural gift, which no culture can teach, at which no institution can aim, here, on the contrary, we are concerned, not with mere nature, but with training and teaching. That perfection of the intellect, which is the result of education, and its *beau idéal*, to be imparted to individuals in their respective measures, is the clear, calm, accurate vision and comprehension of all things, 55

as far as the finite mind can embrace them, each in its place, and with its own characteristics upon it. It is almost prophetic from its knowledge of history, it is almost heart-searching from its knowledge of human nature, it has almost supernatural charity from its freedom from littleness and prejudice, it has almost the repose of faith, because nothing can startle it, it has almost the beauty and harmony of heavenly contemplation, so intimate is it with the eternal order of things and the music of the spheres

7

And now, if I may take for granted that the true and adequate end of intellectual training and of a university is not learning or acquirement, but rather, is thought or reason exercised upon knowledge, or what may be called philosophy, I shall be in a position to explain the various mistakes which at the present day beset the subject of university education

I say then, if we would improve the intellect, first of all, we must ascend, we cannot gain real knowledge on a level, we must generalize, we must reduce to method, we must 30 have a grasp of principles, and group and shape our acquisitions by means of them. It matters not whether our field of operation be wide or limited, in every case, to command it, is to mount above it. Who has not felt 35 the irritation of mind and impatience created by a deep, rich country, visited for the first time, with winding lanes, and high hedges, and green steepes, and tangled woods, and every thing smiling indeed, but in a maze? The same feeling comes upon us in a strange city, when we have no map of its streets. Hence you hear of practised travellers, when they first come into a place, mounting some high hill or church tower, by way of reconnoitring its neighbourhood. In like manner, you must be above your knowledge, not under it, or it will oppress you; and the more you have of it, the greater will be the load. The learning of a Salmasius or a Burman, unless you are its master, will be your tyrant. "Imperat aut servit", if you can wield it with a strong arm, it is a great weapon, otherwise,

Vis consili expers
Mole ruit sua

You will be overwhelmed, like Tarpeia, by the heavy wealth which you have exacted from tributary generations

Instances abound, there are authors who are as pointless as they are inexhaustible in their literary resources. They measure knowledge by bulk, as it lies in the rude block, without symmetry, without design. How many commentators are there on the Classics, how many on Holy Scripture, from whom we rise up, wondering at the learning which has passed before us, and wondering why it passed! How many writers are there of Ecclesiastical History, such as Mosheim or Du Pin, who, breaking up their subject into details, destroy its life, and defraud us of the whole by their anxiety about the parts! The sermons, again, of the English divines in the seventeenth century, how often are they mere repertoires of miscellaneous and officious learning! Of course Catholics also may read without thinking, and in their case, equally as with Protestants, it holds good, that such knowledge is unworthy of the name, knowledge which they have not thought through, and thought out. Such readers are only possessed by their knowledge, not possessed of it, nay, in matter of fact they are often even carried away by it, without any volition of their own. Recollect, the memory can tyrannize, as well as the imagination. Derangement, I believe, has been considered as a loss of control over the sequence of ideas. The mind, once set in motion, is henceforth deprived of the power of initiation, and becomes the victim of a train of associations, one thought suggesting another, in the way of cause and effect, as if by a mechanical process, or some physical necessity. No one, who has had experience of men of studious habits, but must recognize the existence of a parallel phenomenon in the case of those who have over-stimulated the memory. In such persons reason acts almost as feebly and as impotently as in the madman, once fairly started on any subject whatever, they have no power of self-control, they passively endure the succession of impulses which are evolved out of the original exciting cause, they are passed on from one idea to another and go steadily forward, plodding along one line of thought in spite of the amplest concessions of the hearer, or wandering from it in endless digression in spite of his remonstrances. Now, if, as is very certain, no one

would envy the madman the glow and originality of his conceptions, why must we extol the cultivation of that intellect, which is the prey, not indeed of barren fancies but of barren facts, of random intrusions from without, though not of morbid imaginations from within? And in thus speaking, I am not denying that a strong and ready memory is in itself a real treasure, I am not disparaging a well-stored mind, though it be nothing besides, provided it be sober, any more than I would despise a bookseller's shop—it is of great value to others, even when not so to the owner. Nor am I banishing, far from it, the possessors of deep and multifarious learning from my ideal University, they adorn it in the eyes of men, I do but say that they constitute no type of the results at which it aims, that it is no great gain to the intellect to have enlarged the memory at the expense of faculties which are indisputably higher

8

Nor indeed am I supposing that there is any great danger, at least in this day, of over-education, the danger is on the other side. I will tell you, Gentlemen, what has been the practical error of the last twenty years,—not to load the memory of the student with a mass of undigested knowledge, but to force upon him so much that he has rejected all. It has been the error of distracting and enfeebling the mind by an unmeaning profusion of subjects, of implying that a smattering in a dozen branches of study is not shallowness, which it really is, but enlargement, which it is not, of considering an acquaintance with the learned names of things and persons, and the possession of clever duodecimos, and attendance on eloquent lecturers, and membership with scientific institutions, and the sight of the experiments of a platform and the specimens of a museum, that all this was not dissipation of mind, but progress. All things now are to be learned at once, not first one thing, then another, not one well, but many badly. Learning is to be without exertion, without attention, without toil, without grounding, without advance, without finishing. There is to be nothing individual in it, and this, forsooth, is the wonder of the age. What the steam engine does with matter, the printing press is to do with mind, it is to act mechanically, and the

population is to be passively, almost unconsciously enlightened, by the mere multiplication and dissemination of volumes. Whether it be the school boy, or school girl, or the youth at college, or the mechanic in the town, or the politician in the senate, all have been the victims in one way or other of this most preposterous and pernicious of delusions. Wise men have lifted up their voices in vain, and at length, lest their own institutions should be outshone and should disappear in the folly of the hour, they have been obliged, as far as they could with a good conscience, to humour a spirit which they could not withstand, and make temporizing concessions at which they could not but inwardly smile.

It must not be supposed that, because I so speak, therefore I have some sort of fear of the education of the people. On the contrary, the more education they have, the better, so that it is really education. Nor am I an enemy to the cheap publication of scientific and literary works, which is now in vogue. On the contrary, I consider it a great advantage, convenience, and gain, that is, to those to whom education has given a capacity for using them. Further, I consider such innocent recreations as science and literature are able to furnish will be a very fit occupation of the thoughts and the leisure of young persons, and may be made the means of keeping them from bad employments and bad companions. Moreover, as to that superficial acquaintance with chemistry, and geology, and astronomy, and political economy, and modern history, and biography, and other branches of knowledge, which periodical literature and occasional lectures and scientific institutions diffuse through the community, I think it a graceful accomplishment, and a suitable, nay, in this day a necessary accomplishment, in the case of educated men. Nor, lastly, am I disparaging or discouraging the thorough acquisition of any one of these studies, or denying that, as far as it goes, such thorough acquisition is a real education of the mind. All I say is, call things by their right names, and do not confuse together ideas which are essentially different. A thorough knowledge of one science and a superficial acquaintance with many, are not the same thing, a smattering of a hundred things or a memory for detail, is not a philosophical or comprehensive view. Recreations are not education, accomplishments are not educa-

tion. Do not say, the people must be educated, when, after all, you only mean, amused, refreshed, soothed, put into good spirits and good humour, or kept from vicious excesses. I do not say that such amusements, such occupations of mind, are not a great gain, but they are not education. You may as well call drawing and fencing education, as a general knowledge of botany or conchology. Stuffing birds or playing stringed instruments is an elegant pastime, and a resource to the idle, but it is not education, it does not form or cultivate the intellect. Education is a high word, it is the preparation for knowledge, and it is the imparting of knowledge in proportion to that preparation. We require intellectual eyes to know withal, as bodily eyes for sight. We need both objects and organs intellectual, we cannot gain them without setting about it, we cannot gain them in our sleep, or by hap-hazard. The best telescope does not dispense with eyes, the printing press or the lecture room will assist us greatly, but we must be true to ourselves, we must be parties in the work. A university is, according to the usual designation, an *alma mater*, knowing her children one by one, not a foundry, or a mint, or a treadmill.

9

I protest to you, Gentlemen, that if I had to choose between a so-called university, which dispensed with residence and tutorial superintendence, and gave its degrees to any person who passed an examination in a wide range of subjects, and a university which had no professors or examinations at all, but merely brought a number of young men together for three or four years, and then sent them away as the University of Oxford is said to have done some sixty years since, if I were asked which of these two methods was the better discipline of the intellect,—mind, I do not say which is *morally* the better, for it is plain that compulsory study must be a good and idleness an intolerable mischief,—but if I must determine which of the two courses was the more successful in training, moulding, enlarging the mind, which sent out men the more fitted for their secular duties, which produced better public men, men of the world, men whose names would descend to posterity, I have no hesitation in giving the preference to that university which did

nothing, over that which exacted of its members an acquaintance with every science under the sun And, paradox as this may seem, still if results be the test of systems, the influence of the public schools and colleges of England, in the course of the last century, at least will bear out one side of the contrast as I have drawn it What would come, on the other hand, of the ideal systems of education which have fascinated the imagination of this age, could they ever take effect, and whether they would not produce a generation frivolous, narrow-minded, and resourceless, intellectually considered, is a fair subject for debate, but so far is certain, that the universities and scholastic establishments, to which I refer, and which did little more than bring together first boys and then youths in large numbers, these institutions, with miserable deformities on the side of morals, with a hollow profession of Christianity, and a heathen code of ethics,—I say, at least they can boast of a succession of heroes and statesmen, of literary men and philosophers, of men conspicuous for great natural virtues, for habits of business, for knowledge of life, for practical judgment, for cultivated tastes, for accomplishments, who have made England what it is,—able to subdue the earth, able to domineer over Catholics

How is this to be explained? I suppose as follows When a multitude of young men, keen, open-hearted, sympathetic, and observant, as young men are, come together and freely mix with each other, they are sure to learn one from another, even if there be no one to teach them, the conversation of all is a series of lectures to each, and they gain for themselves new ideas and views, fresh matter of thought, and distinct principles for judging and acting, day by day An infant has to learn the meaning of the information which its senses convey to it, and this seems to be its employment It fancies all that the eye presents to it to be close to it, till it actually learns the contrary, and thus by practice does it ascertain the relations and uses of those first elements of knowledge which are necessary for its animal existence A parallel teaching is necessary for our social being, and it is secured by a large school or a college, and this effect may be fairly called in its own department an enlargement of mind It is seeing the world on a small field with little trouble, for the pupils or students come from

very different places, and with widely different notions, and there is much to generalize, much to adjust, much to eliminate, there are inter-relations to be defined, and conventional rules to be established, in the process, by which the whole assemblage is moulded together, and gains one tone and one character

Let it be clearly understood, I repeat it, that I am not taking into account moral or religious considerations, I am but saying that that youthful community will constitute a whole, it will embody a specific idea, it will represent a doctrine, it will administer a code of conduct, and it will furnish principles of thought and action It will give birth to a living teaching, which in course of time will take the shape of a self-perpetuating tradition, or a *genus loci*, as it is sometimes called, which haunts the home where it has been born, and which imbues and forms, more or less, and one by one, every individual who is successively brought under its shadow Thus it is that, independent of direct instruction on the part of superiors, there is a sort of self-education in the academic institutions of Protestant England, a characteristic tone of thought, a recognized standard of judgment is found in them, which, as developed in the individual who is submitted to it, becomes a twofold source of strength to him, both from the distinct stamp it impresses on his mind, and from the bond of union which it creates between him and others,—effects which are shared by the authorities of the place, for they themselves have been educated in it, and at all times are exposed to the influence of its ethical atmosphere Here then is a real teaching, whatever be its standards and principles, true or false, and it at least tends towards cultivation of the intellect, it at least recognizes that knowledge is something more than a sort of passive reception of scraps and details, it is a something, and it does a something, which never will issue from the most strenuous efforts of a set of teachers with no mutual sympathies and no inter-communion, of a set of examiners with no opinions which they dare profess, and with no common principles, who are teaching or questioning a set of youths who do not know them, and do not know each other, on a large number of subjects, different in kind, and connected by no wide philosophy, three times a week, or three times a year, or once

in three years, in chill lecture-rooms or on a pompous anniversary

10

Nay, self-education in any shape, in the most restricted sense, is preferable to a system of teaching which, professing so much, really does so little for the mind. Shut your college gates against the votary of knowledge, throw him back upon the searchings and the efforts of his own mind, he will gain by being spared an entrance into your Babel. Few indeed there are who can dispense with the stimulus and support of instructors, or will do any thing at all, if left to themselves. And fewer still (though such great minds are to be found), who will not, from such unassisted attempts, contract a self-reliance and a self-esteem, which are not only moral evils, but serious hindrances to the attainment of truth. And next to none, perhaps, or none, who will not be reminded from time to time of the disadvantage under which they lie, by their imperfect grounding, by the breaks, deficiencies, and irregularities of their knowledge, by the eccentricity of opinion and the confusion of principle which they exhibit. They will be too often ignorant of what every one knows and takes for granted, of that multitude of small truths which fall upon the mind like dust, impalpable and ever accumulating, they may be unable to converse, they may argue perversely, they may pride themselves on their worst paradoxes or their grossest truisms, they may be full of their own mode of viewing things, unwilling to be put out of their way, slow to enter into the minds of others,—but, with these and whatever other liabilities upon their heads, they are likely to have more thought, more mind, more philosophy, more true enlargement, than those earnest but ill-used persons, who are forced to load their minds with a score of subjects against an examination, who have too much on their hands to indulge themselves in thinking or investigation, who devour premise and conclusion together with indiscriminate greediness, who hold whole sciences on faith, and commit demonstrations to memory,

and who too often, as might be expected, when their period of education is passed, throw up all they have learned in disgust, having gained nothing really by their anxious labours, except perhaps the habit of application

Yet such is the better specimen of the fruit of that ambitious system which has of late years been making way among us for its result on ordinary minds, and on the common run of students, is less satisfactory still, they leave their place of education simply dissipated and relaxed by the multiplicity of subjects, which they have never really mastered, and so shallow as not even to know their shallowness. How much better, I say, is it for the active and thoughtful intellect, where such is to be found, to eschew the college and the university altogether, than to submit to a drudgery so ignoble, a mockery so contemptuous! How much more profitable for the independent mind, after the mere rudiments of education, to range through a library at random, taking down books as they meet him, and pursuing the trains of thought which his mother wit suggests! How much healthier to wander into the fields, and there with the exiled Prince to find “tongues in the trees, books in the running brooks!” How much more genuine an education is that of the poor boy in the poem¹—a poem, whether in conception or in execution, one of the most touching in our language—who, not in the wide world, but ranging day by day around his widowed mother’s home, “a dexterous gleaner” in a narrow field, and with only such slender outfit

“as the village school and books a few Supplied,”

contrived from the beach, and the quay, and the fisher’s boat, and the inn’s fireside, and the tradesman’s shop, and the shepherd’s walk, and the smuggler’s hut, and the mossy moor, and the screaming gulls, and the restless waves, to fashion for himself a philosophy and a poetry of his own!

The Idea of a University, Discourse VI

¹ Crabbe’s *Tales of the Hall*. This poem, let me say, I read on its first publication, above thirty years ago, with extreme delight, and have never lost my love of it, and on taking it up lately, found I was even more touched by it than heretofore. A work which

can please in youth and age, seems to fulfil (in logical language) the *accidental definition* of a Classic. [A further course of twenty years has past, and I bear the same witness in favour of this poem.]

ALFRED TENNYSON

(1809-1892)

The appointment of Tennyson as Poet Laureate upon the death of Wordsworth in 1850 was most appropriate because he expressed the ideals of Queen Victoria's reign. His life as well as his poetry was mid-Victorian. Like the majority of his countrymen he struggled to discover man's position in the world and to adapt his life to the astounding developments in commerce and science. He reached the same conclusion about life that the middle class in general had adopted. They decided it was useless to try to understand all the mysteries of nature and life. Since there are some facts beyond the comprehension of man, he must have sustaining faith. Tennyson explained in *Merlin and the Gleam* how he had learned this truth from his experiences. His counsel was that no matter what adversities might come, one should not lose sight of the ideal.

During his early youth in the small town of Somersby in Lincolnshire, where his father was the rector, Tennyson and his older brother Charles earnestly devoted themselves to poetry. In 1827 the brothers published *Poems by Two Brothers*, containing about 100 pieces. This book revealed little about the poets except their knowledge of classical authors and their admiration of Byron. The next year they went to Cambridge and made friendships with a number of serious minded youths. Among these was Arthur Hallam, a young man of great promise, whose death in 1833 so profoundly affected Tennyson that for ten years he published nothing. During these years he was pondering on the meaning of life. Before this tragic event Tennyson had published two more volumes. Each of these showed considerable improvement over his earlier efforts, but they also indicated that he had not as yet found himself. He tried various verse forms and dealt with a wide range of subjects, often drawn from classical or medieval sources.

Not until 1842 did Tennyson receive any general recognition. The volumes of that year contained revisions of some earlier poems as well as *Ulysses*, *Sir Galahad*, *St. Agnes' Eve*, *Locksley Hall*, and several others which became immediately popular. This success brought him a pension of two hundred pounds through the aid of Carlyle and permitted him to renew his engagement with Emily Sellwood, whom he married in 1851. For the remaining forty years of his life he was considered one of the great men of the Victorian Age. Twice he refused a peerage but at last accepted the honor in 1884, becoming Baron of Aldworth and Farringford. Although a few persons criticized this acceptance because of the democratic opinions expressed in his poems, the majority of his admirers approved his action, for the Laureate had con-

sistently been loyal to the English idea of government.

Tennyson thought that the poet should be a practical guide for his generation. He felt his responsibility as an interpreter of life. Therefore, he was intensely concerned with the science and commerce of England, which was rapidly expanding as a world power, and with the effect the new ideas would have upon the intellectual and spiritual development of the people. To him the ideal life was one of action and accomplishment. Many of his poems reflect this attitude, but *Locksley Hall* shows most clearly its influence. In this poem he dealt with the social problems of the nineteenth century. He stressed principally the confusion and resulting injustice but looked to the future with hope. His vision of the future in regard both to commerce and to politics is particularly interesting in view of the events of the last ten years. Tennyson is a teacher of faith in future greatness to be gained by a "Federation of the world." To him the poet's duty was to change conditions by wise counsel rather than by revolutionary ideas.

Tennyson also used the Arthurian legends to teach the principles of law and order. The poems in *The Idylls of the King* appeared at intervals from 1859 to 1885. Into them Tennyson injected lessons of modern morality, which he believed his generation needed. Arthur becomes the symbol of holiness in his endeavor to establish a perfect kingdom. He fails because the knights forget their vows and allow selfish interests to debase their noble purposes. At last Arthur leaves the world disappointed when men do not follow the Christian ideals.

In Memoriam, written at different intervals during the seventeen years after Arthur Hallam's death, is a record of Tennyson's doubts and final conviction that faith and love are the eternal virtues. After considerable questioning he arrived at a belief in immortality, the "one far-off divine event, to which the whole creation moves." This series of poems is more than an expression of Tennyson's own spiritual growth. It is the exposition of the experiences and conclusions of many who had been seriously disturbed by the new ideas. What we cannot understand we must accept on faith. Therein alone lies peace and hope for the human soul. With such a philosophy he brought comfort to many sorrowing and troubled persons. Therefore, he was widely read and generally loved, for he touched human nature at numerous points. Furthermore, the splendor of his descriptions and the artistry of his beautiful lyrics exerted an aesthetic appeal.

ST AGNES' EVE

DEEP on the convent-roof the snows
 Are sparkling to the moon
 My breath to heaven like vapour goes
 May my soul follow soon!
 The shadows of the convent-towers 5
 Slant down the snowy sward,
 Still creeping with the creeping hours
 That lead me to my Lord
 Make Thou my spirit pure and clear
 As are the frosty skies, 10
 Or this first snowdrop of the year
 That in my bosom lies

As these white robes are soil'd and dark,
 To yonder shining ground,
 As this pale taper's earthly spark, 15
 To yonder argent round,
 So shows my soul before the Lamb,
 My spirit before Thee,
 So in mine earthly house I am,
 To that I hope to be 20
 Break up the heavens, O Lord! and far,
 Thro' all yon starlight keen,
 Draw me, thy bride, a glittering star,
 In raiment white and clean

He lifts me to the golden doors, 25
 The flashes come and go,
 All heaven bursts her starry floors,
 And strows her lights below,
 And deepens on and up! the gates
 Roll back, and far within 30
 For me the Heavenly Bridegroom waits,
 To make me pure of sin
 The Sabbaths of Eternity,
 One Sabbath deep and wide—
 A light upon the shining sea— 35
 The Bridegroom with his bride!

LOCKSLEY HALL

COMRADES, leave me here a little, while as yet
 'tis early morn
 Leave me here, and when you want me, sound
 upon the bugle horn

'Tis the place, and all around it, as of old, the
 curlews call,
 Dreary gleams about the moorland flying over
 Locksley Hall;

Locksley Hall, that in the distance overlooks
 the sandy tracts, 5

And the hollow ocean-ridges roaring into
 cataracts

Many a night from yonder ivied casement, ere
 I went to rest,
 Did I look on great Orion sloping slowly to
 the West

Many a night I saw the Pleiads, rising thro'
 the mellow shade,
 Glitter like a swarm of fire-flies tangled in a
 silver braid 10

Here about the beach I wander'd, nourishing
 a youth sublime
 With the fairy tales of science, and the long
 result of Time,

When the centuries behind me like a fruitful
 land reposed,
 When I clung to all the present for the prom-
 ise that it closed

When I dipt into the future far as human eye
 could see, 15
 Saw the Vision of the world, and all the won-
 der that would be——

In the Spring a fuller crimson comes upon the
 robin's breast,
 In the Spring the wanton lapwing gets him-
 self another crest,

In the Spring a livelier iris changes on the
 burnish'd dove, 30
 In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly
 turns to thoughts of love 20

Then her cheek was pale and thinner than
 should be for one so young,
 And her eyes on all my motions with a mute
 observance hung

And I said, 'My cousin Amy, speak, and speak
 the truth to me,
 Trust me, cousin, all the current of my being
 sets to thee'

On her pallid cheek and forehead came a
 colour and a light, 25
 As I have seen the rosy red flushing in the
 northern night

And she turn'd—her bosom shaken with a
 sudden storm of sighs—

All the spirit deeply dawning in the dark of
hazel eyes—

Saying, 'I have hid my feelings, fearing they
should do me wrong,'

Saying, 'Dost thou love me, cousin?' weeping,
'I have loved thee long' 30

Love took up the glass of Time, and turn'd
it in his glowing hands,
Every moment, lightly shaken, ran itself in
golden sands

Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on
all the chords with might,
Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling,
pass'd in music out of sight

Many a morning on the moorland did we hear
the copses ring, 35
And her whisper throng'd my pulses with the
fullness of the Spring

Many an evening by the waters did we watch
the stately ships,
And our spirits rush'd together at the touching
of the lips

O my cousin, shallow-hearted! O my Amy,
mine no more!
O the dreary, dreary moorland! O the barren,
barren shore! 40

Falser than all fancy fathoms, falser than all
songs have sung,
Puppet to a father's threat, and servile to a
shrewish tongue!

Is it well to wish thee happy?—having known
me—to decline
On a range of lower feelings and a narrower
heart than mine!

Yet it shall be thou shalt lower to his level
day by day, 45
What is fine within thee growing coarse to
sympathize with clay

As the husband is, the wife is thou art mated
with a clown,
And the grossness of his nature will have
weight to drag thee down

He will hold thee, when his passion shall have
spent its novel force,

Something better than his dog, a little dearer
than his horse 50

What is this? his eyes are heavy think not
they are glazed with wine
Go to him it is thy duty kiss him take his
hand in thine

It may be my lord is weary, that his brain is
overwrought
Soothe him with thy finer fancies, touch him
with thy lighter thought

He will answer to the purpose, easy things to
understand— 55
Better thou wert dead before me, tho' I slew
thee with my hand!

Better thou and I were lying, hidden from the
heart's disgrace,
Roll'd in one another's arms, and silent in a
last embrace

Cursed be the social wants that sin against
the strength of youth!
Cursed be the social lies that warp us from the
living truth! 60

Cursed be the sickly forms that err from
honest Nature's rule!
Cursed be the gold that gilds the straiten'd
forehead of the fool!

Well—'tis well that I should bluster!—Hadst
thou less unworthy proved—
Would to God—for I had loved thee more
than ever wife was loved

Am I mad, that I should cherish that which
bears but bitter fruit? 65
I will pluck it from my bosom, tho' my heart
be at the root

Never, tho' my mortal summers to such length
of years should come
As the many-winter'd crow that leads the
clanging rookery home

Where is comfort? in division of the records
of the mind?
Can I part her from herself, and love her, as
I knew her, kind? 70

I remember one that perish'd. sweetly did she
speak and move:

Such a one do I remember, whom to look at
was to love

Can I think of her as dead, and love her for
the love she bore?

No—she never loved me truly love is love
for evermore

Comfort? comfort scorn'd of devils! this is
truth the poet sings, ⁷⁵

That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remem-
bering happier things

Drug thy memories, lest thou learn it, lest
thy heart be put to proof,

In the dead unhappy night, and when the rain
is on the roof

Like a dog, he hunts in dreams, and thou art
staring at the wall,

Where the dying night-lamp flickers, and the
shadows rise and fall ⁸⁰

Then a hand shall pass before thee, pointing to
his drunken sleep,

To thy widow'd marriage-pillows, to the tears
that thou wilt weep

Thou shalt hear the 'Never, never,' whisper'd
by the phantom years,

And a song from out the distance in the ring-
ing of thine ears,

And an eye shall vex thee, looking ancient
kindness on thy pain ⁸⁵

Turn thee, turn thee on thy pillow get thee
to thy rest again

Nay, but Nature brings thee solace, for a
tender voice will cry

'Tis a purer life than thine, a lip to drain thy
trouble dry

Baby lips will laugh me down my latest rival
brings thee rest

Baby fingers, waxen touches, press me from
the mother's breast ⁹⁰

O, the child too clothes the father with a dear-
ness not his due

Half is thine and half is his it will be worthy
of the two.

O, I see thee old and formal, fitted to thy
petty part,

With a little hoard of maxims preaching down
a daughter's heart

'They were dangerous guides the feelings—she
herself was not exempt—' ⁹⁵

Truly, she herself had suffer'd—Perish in thy
self-contempt!

Overlive it—lower yet—be happy! wherefore
should I care?

I myself must mix with action, lest I wither
by despair

What is that which I should turn to, lighting
upon days like these?

Every door is barr'd with gold, and opens but
to golden keys ¹⁰⁰

Every gate is throng'd with suitors, all the
markets overflow

I have but an angry fancy what is that
which I should do?

I had been content to perish, falling on the
foeman's ground,

When the ranks are roll'd in vapour, and the
winds are laid with sound

But the jingling of the guinea helps the hurt
that Honour feels, ¹⁰⁵

And the nations do but murmur, snarling at
each other's heels

Can I but relive in sadness? I will turn that
earlier page

Hide me from my deep emotion, O thou won-
drous Mother-Age!

Make me feel the wild pulsation that I felt
before the strife,

When I heard my days before me, and the
tumult of my life, ¹¹⁰

Yearning for the large excitement that the
coming years would yield,

Eager-hearted as a boy when first he leaves
his father's field,

And at night along the dusky highway near
and nearer drawn,

Sees in heaven the light of London flaring like
a dreary dawn,

And his spirit leaps within him to be gone be-
fore him then, ¹¹⁵

Underneath the light he looks at, in among the
throng of men,

And the thoughts of men are widen'd with the
process of the suns

Men, my brothers, men the workers, ever
reaping something new
That which they have done but earnest of the
things that they shall do

What is that to him that reaps not harvest of
his youthful joys,
Tho' the deep heart of existence beat for ever
like a boy's? 140

For I dipt into the future, far as human eye
could see,
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the
wonder that would be, 120

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and I
linger on the shore,
And the individual withers, and the world is
more and more

Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies
of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down
with costly bales,

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and he
bears a laden breast,
Full of sad experience, moving toward the
stillness of his rest

Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there
rain'd a ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies grappling in
the central blue,

Hark, my merry comrades call me, sounding
on the bugle-horn, 145
They to whom my foolish passion were a
target for their scorn

Far along the world-wide whisper of the
south-wind rushing warm, 125
With the standards of the peoples plunging
thro' the thunder-storm,

Shall it not be scorn to me to harp on such a
moulder'd string?
I am shamed thro' all my nature to have loved
so slight a thing

Till the war-drum throb'd no longer, and
the battle-flags were furl'd
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of
the world

Weakness to be wroth with weakness! wom-
an's pleasure, woman's pain—
Nature made them blinder motions bounded in
a shallower brain 150

There the common sense of most shall hold
a fretful realm in awe,
And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in
universal law 130

Woman is the lesser man, and all thy pas-
sions, match'd with mine,
Are as moonlight unto sunlight, and as water
unto wine—

So I triumph'd ere my passion sweeping thro'
me left me dry,
Left me with the palsied heart, and left me
with the jaundiced eye,

Here at least, where nature sickens, nothing
Ah! for some retreat
Deep in yonder shining Orient, where my life
began to beat,

Eye, to which all order festers, all things here
are out of joint
Science moves, but slowly, slowly, creeping on
from point to point

Where in wild Mahratta-battle fell my father
evil-starr'd, — 155
I was left a trampled orphan, and a selfish
uncle's ward

Slowly comes a hungry people, as a lion,
creeping nigher, 135
Glares at one that nods and winks behind a
slowly-dying fire

Or to burst all links of habit—there to wander
far away,
On from island unto island at the gateways of
the day.

Yet I doubt not thro' the ages one increasing
purpose runs,

Larger constellations burning, mellow moons
and happy skies,

Breadths of tropic shade and palms in cluster,
knots of Paradise 160

Never comes the trader, never floats an Euro-
pean flag,
Slides the bird o'er lustrous woodland, swings
the trailer from the crag,

Droops the heavy-blossom'd bower, hangs the
heavy-fruited tree—
Summer isles of Eden lying in dark-purple
spheres of sea

There methinks would be enjoyment more
than in this march of mind, 165
In the steamship, in the railway, in the
thoughts that shake mankind

There the passions cramp'd no longer^f shall
have scope and breathing-space,
I will take some savage woman, she shall rear
my dusky race

Iron-jointed, supple-sinew'd, they shall dive,
and they shall run,
Catch the wild goat by the hair, and hurl
their lances in the sun, 170

Whistle back the parrot's call, and leap the
rainbows of the brooks,
Not with blinded eyesight poring over miser-
able books—

Fool, again the dream, the fancy! but I *know*
my words are wild,
But I count the grey barbarian lower than
the Christian child

I, to herd with narrow foreheads, vacant of
our glorious gains, 175
Like a beast with lower pleasures, like a beast
with lower pains!

Mated with a squalid savage—what to me
were sun or clime?
I the heir of all the ages, in the foremost files
of time—

I that rather held it better men should perish
one by one,
Than that earth should stand at gaze like
Joshua's moon in Ajalon! 180

Not in vain the distance beacons Forward,
forward let us range.

Let the great world spin for ever down the
ringing grooves of change

Thro' the shadow of the globe we sweep into
the younger day
Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of
Cathay

Mother-Age (for mine I knew not) help me
as when life begun 185
Rift the hills, and roll the waters, flash the
lightnings, weigh the Sun—

O, I see the crescent promise of my spirit
hath not set
Ancient founts of inspiration well thro' all my
fancy yet

Howsoever these things be, a long farewell to
Locksley Hall!
Now for me the woods may wither, now for
me the roof-tree fall 190

Comes a vapour from the margin, blackening
over heath andholt,
Cramming all the blast before it, in its breast
a thunderbolt

Let it fall on Locksley Hall, with rain or hail,
or fire or snow,
For the mighty wind arises, roaring seaward,
and I go

BREAK, BREAK, BREAK

BREAK, break, break,
On thy cold grey stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me

O well for the fisherman's boy, 5
That he shouts with his sister at play!
O well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill, 10
But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead 15
Will never come back to me

SONGS

From THE PRINCESS

TEARS, IDLE TEARS

TEARS, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
 Tears from the depth of some divine despair
 Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
 In looking on the happy Autumn-fields,
 And thinking of the days that are no more 5

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,
 That brings our friends up from the under-
 world,
 Sad as the last which reddens over one
 That sinks with all we love below the verge,
 So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more 10

Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer
 dawns
 The earliest pipe of half-awakened birds
 To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
 The casement slowly grows a glimmering
 square,
 So sad, so strange, the days that are no
 more 15

Dear as remembered kisses after death,
 And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned
 On lips that are for others, deep as love,
 Deep as first love, and wild with all regret,
 O Death in Life, the days that are no more! 20

ASK ME NO MORE

Ask me no more the moon may draw the
 sea,

The cloud may stoop from heaven and take
 the shape,

With fold to fold, of mountain or of cape,
 But O too fond, when have I answered thee?
 Ask me no more 5

Ask me no more what answer should I give?
 I love not hollow cheek or faded eye
 Yet, O my friend, I will not have thee die!
 Ask me no more, lest I should bid thee live;
 Ask me no more 10

Ask me no more thy fate and mine are
 sealed,

I strove against the stream and all in vain;
 Let the great river take me to the main
 No more, dear love, for at a touch I yield,
 Ask me no more 15

SWEET AND LOW

SWEET and low, sweet and low,
 Wind of the western sea,
 Low, low, breathe and blow,
 Wind of the western sea!
 Over the rolling waters go, 5
 Come from the dying moon, and blow,
 Blow him again to me
 While my little one, while my pretty one,
 sleeps

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
 Father will come to thee soon, 10
 Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
 Father will come to thee soon,
 Father will come to his babe in the nest,
 Silver sails all out of the west
 Under the silver moon, 15
 Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one,
 sleep

THE SPLENDOUR FALLS

THE splendour falls on castle walls
 And snowy summits old in story,
 The long light shakes across the lakes,
 And the wild cataract leaps in glory
 Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying, 5
 Blow, bugle, answer, echoes, dying, dying,
 dying

O, hark, O, hear! how thin and clear,
 And thinner, clearer, farther going!
 O, sweet and far from cliff and scar
 The horns of Elfland faintly blowing! 10
 Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying,
 Blow, bugle, answer, echoes, dying, dying,
 dying

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
 They faint on hill or field or river,
 Our echoes roll from soul to soul, 15
 And grow for ever and for ever
 Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
 And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying,
 dying

THE PASSING OF ARTHUR

THAT story which the bold Sir Bedivere,
 First made and latest left of all the knights,
 Told, when the man was no more than a
 voice
 In the white winter of his age, to those

With whom he dwelt, new faces, other
minds 5

Before that last weird battle in the west,
There came on Arthur sleeping, Gawain
kill'd

In Lancelot's war, the ghost of Gawain blown
Along a wandering wind, and past his ear
Went shrilling "Hollow, hollow all delight!" 10
Hail, King! to-morrow thou shalt pass away
Farewell! there is an isle of rest for thee
And I am blown along a wandering wind,
And hollow, hollow, hollow all delight!"
And fainter onward, like wild birds that
change 15

Their season in the night and wail their way
From cloud to cloud, down the long wind
the dream

Shrill'd, but in going mingled with dim cries
Far in the moonlit haze among the hills,
As of some lonely city sack'd by night, 20
When all is lost, and wife and child with
wail

Pass to new lords, and Arthur woke and
call'd,

"Who spake? A dream O light upon the
wind,

Thine, Gawain, was the voice—are these dim
cries

Thine? or doth all that haunts the waste and
wild 25

Mourn, knowing it will go along with me?"

This heard the bold Sir Bedivere and spake
"O me, my King, let pass whatever will,
Elves, and the harmless glamour of the field,
But in their stead thy name and glory cling 30
To all high places like a golden cloud
For ever but as yet thou shalt not pass
Light was Gawain in life, and light in death
Is Gawain, for the ghost is as the man;
And care not thou for dreams from him, but
rise— 35

I hear the steps of Modred in the west,
And with him many of thy people, and knights
Once thine, whom thou hast loved, but grosser
grown

Than heathen, spitting at their vows and thee
Right well in heart they know thee for the
King 40

Arise, go forth and conquer as of old"

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere:
"Far other is this battle in the west

Whereto we move than when we strove in
youth,

And thrust the heathen from the Roman
wall, 45

And shook him thro' the north Ill doom is
mine

To war against my people and my knights
The king who fights his people fights him-
self

And they my knights, who loved me once, the
stroke

That strikes them dead is as my death to
me 50

Yet let us hence, and find or feel a way
Thro' this blind haze, which, ever since I saw
One lying in the dust at Almesbury,
Hath folded in the passes of the world"

Then rose the King and moved his host by
night, 55

And ever push'd Sir Modred, league by league,
Back to the sunset bound of Lyonesse—

A land of old upheaven from the abyss
By fire, to sink into the abyss again,

Where fragments of forgotten peoples dwelt, 60
And the long mountains ended in a coast
Of ever-shifting sand, and far away

The phantom circle of a moaning sea
There the pursuer could pursue no more,

And he that fled no further fly the King, 65
And there, that day when the great light of
heaven

Burn'd at his lowest in the rolling year,
On the waste sand by the waste sea they
closed

Nor ever yet had Arthur fought a fight
Like this last, dim, weird battle of the
west 70

A deathwhite mist slept over sand and sea
Whereof the chill, to him who breathed it,
drew

Down with his blood, till all his heart was
cold

With formless fear, and ev'n on Arthur fell
Confusion, since he saw not whom he
fought, 75

For friend and foe were shadows in the mist,
And friend slew friend not knowing whom
he slew,

And some had visions out of golden youth,
And some beheld the faces of old ghosts

Look in upon the battle, and in the mist 80
Was many a noble deed, many a base,
And chance and craft and strength in single
fights,

And ever and anon with host to host
 Shocks, and the splintering spear, the hard
 mail hewn,
 Shield-breakings, and the clash of brands,
 the crash ⁸⁵
 Of battleaxes on shatter'd helms, and shrieks
 After the Christ, of those who falling down
 Looked up for heaven, and only saw the
 mist,
 And shouts of heathen and the traitor knights,
 Oaths, insult, filth, and monstrous blasphem-
 ies, ⁹⁰
 Sweat, writhings, anguish, labouring of the
 lungs
 In that close must, and cryings for the light,
 Moans of the dying, and voices of the dead

Last, as by some one deathbed after wail
 Of suffering, silence follows, or thro' death ⁹⁵
 Or deathlike swoon, thus over all that shore,
 Save for some whisper of the seething seas,
 A dead hush fell, but when the dolorous day
 Grew drearier toward twilight falling, came
 A bitter wind, clear from the North, and
 blew ¹⁰⁰
 The mist aside, and with that wind the tide
 Rose, and the pale King glanced across the
 field
 Of battle but no man was moving there,
 Nor any cry of Christian heard thereon,
 Nor yet of heathen, only the wan wave ¹⁰⁵
 Brake in among dead faces, to and fro
 Swaying the helpless hands, and up and down
 Tumbling the hollow helmets of the fallen,
 And shiver'd brands that once had fought
 with Rome,
 And rolling far along the gloomy shores ¹¹⁰
 The voice of days of old and days to be

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere,
 And whiter than the mist that all day long
 Had held the field of battle was the King

"Hearest thou this great voice that shakes
 the world, ¹¹⁵
 And wastes the narrow realm whereon we
 move,
 And beats upon the faces of the dead,
 My dead, as tho' they had not died for
 me?—
 O Bedivere, for on my heart hath fall'n
 Confusion, till I know not what I am, ¹²⁰
 Nor whence I am, nor whether I be King
 Behold, I seem but King among the dead"

Then spake the bold Sir Bedivere "My
 King,
 King everywhere! and so the dead have
 kings,
 There also will I worship thee as King ¹²⁵
 Yet still thy life is whole, and still I live
 Who love thee, but who hates thee, he that
 brought
 The heathen back among us, yonder stands,
 Modred, unharm'd, the traitor of thine house"

Then spake the King "My house hath
 been my doom ¹³⁰
 But call not thou this traitor of my house
 Who hath but dwelt beneath one roof with
 me
 My house are rather they who swear my vows,
 Yea, even while they brake them, own'd me
 King
 And well for thee, saying in my dark hour, ¹³⁵
 When all the purport of my throne hath
 fail'd,
 That quick or dead thou holdest me for King
 King am I, whatsoever be their cry,
 And one last act of kinghood shalt thou see
 Yet, ere I pass" And uttering thus the
 King ¹⁴⁰
 Made at the man Then Modred smote his
 hege
 Hard on that helm which many a heathen
 sword
 Had beaten thin, while Arthur at one blow,
 Striking the last stroke with Excalibur,
 Slew him, and all but slain himself, he fell ¹⁴⁵

So all day long the noise of battle roll'd
 Among the mountains by the winter sea,
 Until King Arthur's Table, man by man,
 Had fall'n in Lyonesse about their lord,
 King Arthur Then, because his wound was
 deep, ¹⁵⁰
 The bold Sir Bedivere uplifted him,
 And bore him to a chapel nigh the field,
 A broken chancel with a broken cross,
 That stood on a dark strait of barren land
 On one side lay the Ocean, and on one ¹⁵⁵
 Lay a great water, and the moon was full

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere
 "The sequel of to-day unsolders all
 The goodliest fellowship of famous knights
 Whereof this world holds record Such a
 sleep ¹⁶⁰
 They sleep—the men I loved I think that
 we

Shall never more, at any future time,
 Delight our souls with talk of knightly deeds,
 Walking about the gardens and the halls
 Of Camelot, as in the days that were ¹⁶⁵
 I perish by this people which I made,—
 Tho' Merlin sware that I should come again
 To rule once more, but, let what will be, be
 I am so deeply smitten thro' the helm
 That without help I cannot last till morn ¹⁷⁰
 Thou therefore take my brand Excalbur,
 Which was my pride for thou rememberest
 how

In those old days, one summer noon, an arm
 Rose up from out the bosom of the lake,
 Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful, ¹⁷⁵
 Holding the sword—and how I row'd across
 And took it, and have worn it, like a king,
 And, wheresoever I am sung or told
 In aftertime, this also shall be known
 But now delay not take Excalbur, ¹⁸⁰
 And fling him far into the middle mere
 Watch what thou seest, and lightly bring me
 word "

To him replied the bold Sir Bedivere
 "It is not meet, Sir King, to leave thee thus,
 Aidless, alone, and smitten thro' the helm— ¹⁸⁵
 A little thing may harm a wounded man,
 Yet I thy best will all perform at full,
 Watch what I see, and lightly bring thee
 word "

So saying, from the ruin'd shrine he lept,
 And in the moon athwart the place of
 tombs, ¹⁹⁰
 Where lay the mighty bones of ancient men,
 Old knights, and over them the sea-wind
 sang
 Shrill, chill, with flakes of foam He, stepping
 down
 By zig-zag paths, and juts of pointed rock,
 Came on the shining levels of the lake ¹⁹⁵

There drew he forth the brand Excalbur,
 And o'er him, drawing it, the winter moon,
 Brightening the skirts of a long cloud, ran
 forth
 And sparkled keen with frost against the hilt
 For all the haft twinkled with diamond
 sparks, ²⁰⁰
 Mynads of topaz-lights, and jacinth-work
 Of subtlest jewelry He gazed so long
 That both his eyes were dazzled as he stood.
 This way and that dividing the swift mind,
 In act to throw but at the last it seem'd ²⁰⁵
 Better to leave Excalbur conceal'd

There in the many-knotted waterflags,
 That whistled stiff and dry about the marge
 So strode he back slow to the wounded King

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere ²¹⁰
 "Hast thou perform'd my mission which I
 gave?"

What is it thou hast seen? or what hast
 heard?"

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere
 "I heard the ripple washing in the reeds,
 And the wild water lapping on the crag" ²¹⁵

To whom replied King Arthur, faint and
 pale

"Thou hast betray'd thy nature and thy
 name,

Not rendering true answer, as beseem'd
 Thy fealty, nor like a noble knight
 For surer sign had follow'd, either hand, ²²⁰
 Or voice, or else a motion of the mere
 This is a shameful thing for men to lie
 Yet now, I charge thee, quickly go again,
 As thou art lief and dear, and do the thing
 I bade thee, watch, and lightly bring me
 word "

Then went Sir Bedivere the second time
 Across the ridge, and paced beside the mere,
 Counting the dewy pebbles, fix'd in thought,
 But when he saw the wonder of the hilt,
 How curiously and strangely chased, he
 smote ²³⁰

His palms together, and he cried aloud

"And if indeed I cast the brand away,
 Surely a precious thing, one worthy note,
 Should thus be lost for ever from the earth,
 Which might have pleased the eyes of many
 men ²³⁵
 What good should follow this, if this were
 done?"

What harm, undone? Deep harm to disobey,
 Seeing obedience is the bond of rule
 Were it well to obey then, if a king demand
 An act unprofitable, against himself? ²⁴⁰
 The King is sick, and knows not what he
 does

What record, or what relic of my lord
 Should be to aftertime, but empty breath
 And rumours of a doubt? But were this
 kept,
 Stored in some treasure-house of mighty
 kings, ²⁴⁵

Some one might show it at a joust of arms,

Saying, 'King Arthur's sword, Excalibur,
Wrought by the lonely Maiden of the Lake
Nine years she wrought it, sitting in the deeps
Upon the hidden bases of the hills' ²⁵⁰
So might some old man speak in the after-
time
To all the people, winning reverence
But now much honour and much fame were
lost "

So spake he, clouded with his own conceit,
And hid Excalibur the second time, ²⁵⁵
And so strode back slow to the wounded
King

Then spoke King Arthur, breathing heavily
"What is it thou hast seen? or what hast
heard?"

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere
"I heard the water lapping on the crag, ²⁶⁰
And the long ripple washing in the reeds "

To whom replied King Arthur, much in
wrath

"Ah, miserable and unkind, untrue,
Unknightly, traitor-hearted! Woe is me!
Authority forgets a dying King, ²⁶⁵
Laid widow'd of the power in his eye
That bow'd the will I see thee what thou
art,

For thou, the latest-left of all my knights,
In whom should meet the offices of all,
Thou wouldst betray me for the precious
hilt, ²⁷⁰

Either from lust of gold, or like a girl
Valuing the giddy pleasure of the eyes
Yet, for a man may fail in duty twice,
And the third time may prosper, get thee
hence

But, if thou spare to fling Excalibur, ²⁷⁵
I will arise and slay thee with my hands "

Then quickly rose Sir Bedivere, and ran,
And, leaping down the ridges lightly, plunged
Among the bulrush-beds, and clutch'd the
sword,

And strongly wheel'd and threw it The great
brand ²⁸⁰

Made lightnings in the splendour of the
moon,

And flashing round and round, and whirl'd in
an arch,

Shot like a streamer of the northern morn,
Seen where the moving isles of winter shock
By night, with noises of the Northern Sea ²⁸⁵

So flash'd and fell the brand Excalibur
But ere he dipt the surface, rose an arm
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
And caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd
him

Three times, and drew him under in the
mere ²⁹⁰

And lightly went the other to the King

Then spoke King Arthur, drawing thicker
breath

"Now see I by thine eyes that this is done
Speak out what is it thou hast heard, or
seen?"

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere ²⁹⁵
"Sir King, I closed mine eyelids, lest the
gems

Should blind my purpose, for I never saw,
Nor shall see, here or elsewhere, till I die,
Not tho' I live three lives of mortal men,
So great a miracle as yonder hilt ³⁰⁰

Then with both hands I flung him, wheeling
him,

But when I look'd again, behold an arm,
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
That caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd
him

Three times, and drew him under in the
mere " ³⁰⁵

And answer made King Arthur, breath-
ing hard.

"My end draws nigh, 'tis time that I were
gone

Make broad thy shoulders to receive my
weight,

And bear me to the margin, yet I fear
My wound hath taken cold, and I shall
die " ³¹⁰

So saying, from the pavement he half
rose,

Slowly, with pain, reclining on his arm,
And looking wistfully with wide blue eyes
As in a picture Him Sir Bedivere
Remorsefully regarded thro' his tears, ³¹⁵
And would have spoken, but he found not
words;

Then took with care, and kneeling on one
knee,

O'er both his shoulders drew the languid hands,
And rising bore him thro' the place of tombs

But, as he walk'd, King Arthur panted
hard, ³²⁰

Like one that feels a nightmare on his bed
When all the house is mute So sigh'd the
King,

Muttering and murmuring at his ear, "Quick,
quick!"

I fear it is too late, and I shall die "

But the other swiftly strode from ridge to
ridge, ³²⁵

Clothed with his breath, and looking, as he
walk'd,

Larger than human on the frozen hills

He heard the deep behind him, and a cry

Before His own thought drove him like a
goad

Dry clash'd his harness in the icy caves ³³⁰

And barren chasms, and all to left and right

The bare black cliff clang'd round him, as he
based

His feet on juts of slippery crag that rang
Sharp-smitten with the dint of armed heels—

And on a sudden, lo! the level lake, ³³⁵

And the long glories of the winter moon

Then saw they how there hove a dusky
barge,

Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern,
Beneath them, and descending they were
ware

That all the decks were dense with stately
forms, ³⁴⁰

Black-stoled, black-hooded, like a dream—by
these

Three Queens with crowns of gold and from
them rose

A cry that shiver'd to the tingling stars,

And, as it were one voice, an agony

Of lamentation, like a wind that shrills ³⁴⁵

All night in a waste land, where no one
comes,

Or hath come, since the making of the world

Then murmur'd Arthur, "Place me in the
barge,"

So to the barge they came There those three
Queens

Put forth their hands, and took the King
and wept ³⁵⁰

But she that rose the tallest of them all

And fairest laid his head upon her lap,

And loosed the shatter'd casque, and chafed
his hands,

And call'd him by his name, complaining loud,

And dropping bitter tears against his brow ³⁵⁵

Striped with dark blood: for all his face was
white

And colourless, and like the wither'd moon
Smote by the fresh beam of the springing
east,

And all his greaves and cuisses dash'd with
drops

Of onset, and the light and lustrous curls— ³⁶⁰

That made his forehead like a rising sun

High from the dais-throne—were parch'd with
dust,

Or, clotted into points and hanging loose,

Mix'd with the knightly growth that fringed
his lips

So like a shatter'd column lay the King, ³⁶⁵

Not like that Arthur who, with lance in rest,

From spur to plume a star of tournament,

Shot thro' the lists at Camelot, and charged

Before the eyes of ladies and of kings

Then loudly cried the bold Sir Bedivere ³⁷⁰

"Ah! my Lord Arthur, whither shall I go?

Where shall I hide my forehead and my
eyes?

For now I see the true old times are dead,

When every morning brought a noble chance,

And every chance brought out a noble
knight ³⁷⁵

Such times have been not since the light
that led

The holy Elders with the gift of myrrh

But now the whole Round Table is dissolved

Which was an image of the mighty world,

And I, the last, go forth companionless, ³⁸⁰

And the days darken round me, and the
years,

Among new men, strange faces, other minds "

And slowly answered Arthur from the
barge

"The old order changeth, yielding place to
new,

And God fulfils himself in many ways, ³⁸⁵

Lest one good custom should corrupt the
world

Comfort thyself what comfort is in me?

I have lived my life, and that which I have
done

May He within himself make pure! but thou,

If thou shouldst never see my face again, ³⁹⁰

Pray for my soul More things are wrought
by prayer

Than this world dreams of Wherefore, let
thy voice

Rise like a fountain for me night and day

For what are men better than sheep or goats

That nourish a blind life within the brain, ³⁹⁵

If, knowing God, they lift not hands of
prayer

Both for themselves and those who call them
friend?

For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God
But now farewell I am going a long way ⁴⁰⁰
With these thou seest—if indeed I go
(For all my mind is clouded with a doubt)—
To the island-valley of Avilion,
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly, but it lies ⁴⁰⁵
Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard-
lawns

And bowery hollows crown'd with summer
sea,
Where I will heal me of my grievous wound "

So said he, and the barge with oar and
sail
Moved from the brink, like some full-breasted
swan ⁴¹⁰
That, fluting a wild carol ere her death,
Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes the
flood
With swarthy webs Long stood Sir Bedi-
vere

Revolving many memories, till the hull
Look'd one black dot against the verge of
dawn, ⁴¹⁵
And on the mere the wailing died away

At length he groan'd, and turning slowly
clomb
The last hard footstep of that iron crag,
Thence mark'd the black hull moving yet,
and cried,
"He passes to be King among the dead, ⁴²⁰
And after healing of his grievous wound
He comes again, but—if he come no more—
O me, be yon dark Queens in yon black
boat,

Who shriek'd and wail'd, the three whereat we
gazed
On that high day, when, clothed with living
light ⁴²⁵
They stood before his throne in silence, friends
Of Arthur, who should help him at his need?"

Then from the dawn it seem'd there came,
but faint
As from beyond the limit of the world,
Like the last echo born of a great cry, ⁴³⁰
Sounds, as if some fair city were one voice
Around a king returning from his wars

Thereat once more he moved about, and
clomb

E'en to the highest he could climb, and saw,
Straining his eyes beneath an arch of hand, ⁴³⁵
Or thought he saw, the speck that bare the
King,

Down that long water opening on the deep
Somewhere far off, pass on and on, and go
From less to less and vanish into light
And the new sun rose bringing the new
year ⁴⁴⁰

MERLIN AND THE GLEAM

I

O YOUNG Mariner,
You from the haven
Under the sea-cliff,
You that are watching
The gray Magician ⁵
With eyes of wonder,
I am Merlin,
And I am dying,
I am Merlin
Who follow The Gleam ¹⁰

II

Mighty the Wizard
Who found me at sunrise
Sleeping and woke me
And learn'd me Magic!
Great the Master, ¹⁵
And sweet the Magic,
When over the valley,
In early summers,
Over the mountain,
On human faces, ²⁰
And all around me,
Moving to melody,
Floated The Gleam

III

Once at the croak of a Raven who crossed it,
A barbarous people, ²⁵
Blind to the magic,
And deaf to the melody,
Snarl'd at and cursed me
A demon vexed me,
The light retreated, ³⁰
The landskip darken'd,
The melody deaden'd,
The Master whisper'd,
"Follow The Gleam "

IV

Then to the melody,
Over a wilderness
Gliding and glancing at
Elf of the woodland,
Gnome of the cavern,
Griffin and Giant,
And dancing of Faines
In desolate hollows,
And wraiths of the mountain,
And rolling of dragons
By warble of water,
Or cataract music,
Of falling torrents,
Flitted The Gleam

V

Down from the mountain
And over the level,
And streaming and shining on
Silent river,
Silvery willow,
Pasture and plowland,
Innocent maidens,
Garrulous children,
Homestead and harvest,
Reaper and gleaner,
And rough-ruddy faces
Of lowly labour,
Slided The Gleam—

VI

Then, with a melody
Stronger and stater, her,
Led me at length
To the city and palace
Of Arthur the King,
Touch'd at the golden
Cross of the churches,
Flash'd on the tournament,
Flicker'd and bicker'd
From helmet to helmet,
And last on the forehead
Of Arthur the blameless
Rested The Gleam.

VII

Clouds and darkness
Closed upon Camelot,
Arthur had vanish'd
I knew not whither,
The king who loved me,
And cannot die;
For out of the darkness

Silent and slowly
The Gleam, that had waned to a wintry glum-
mer
On icy fallow
And faded forest, 85
Drew to the valley
Named of the shadow,
And slowly brightening 40
Out of the glimmer,
And slowly moving again to a melody 90
Yearningly tender,
Fell on the shadow, 45
No longer a shadow,
But clothed with The Gleam

VIII

And broader and brighter 95
The Gleam flying onward,
Wed to the melody, 50
Sang thro' the world,
And slower and fainter, 100
Old and weary,
But eager to follow,
I saw, whenever 55
In passing it glanced upon
Hamlet or city, 105
That under the Crosses
The dead man's garden,
The mortal hillock, 60
Would break into blossom,
And so to the land's 110
Last limit I came—
And can no longer,
But die rejoicing,
For thro' the Magic
Of Him the Mighty, 65
Who taught me in childhood, 115
There on the border
Of boundless Ocean,
And all but in Heaven
Hovers The Gleam 70

IX

Not of the sunlight, 120
Not of the moonlight,
Not of the starlight!
O young Mariner,
Down to the haven,
Call your companions, 125
Launch your vessel
And crowd your canvas,
And, ere it vanishes
Over the margin,
After it, follow it, 80
Follow The Gleam 130

ULYSSES

Ir little profits that an idle king,
By this still hearth, among these barren crags,
Match'd with an aged wife, I mete and dole
Unequal laws unto a savage race,
That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know
not me 5

I cannot rest from travel I will drink
Life to the lees all times I have enjoy'd
Greatly, have suffer'd greatly, both with those
That loved me, and alone, on shore, and
when

Thro' scudding drifts the rainy Hyades 10
Vext the dim sea I am become a name,
For always roaming with a hungry heart
Much have I seen and known, cities of men
And manners, climates, councils, governments,
Myself not least, but honour'd of them all, 15
And drunk delight of battle with my peers,
Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy
I am a part of all that I have met,
Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'
Gleams that untravell'd world, whose margin
fades 20

For ever and for ever when I move
How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnish'd, not to shine in use!
As tho' to breathe were life. Life piled on life
Were all too little, and of one to me 25
Little remains, but every hour is saved
From that eternal silence, something more,
A bringer of new things, and vile it were
For some three suns to store and hoard my-
self,

And this grey spint yearning in desire 30
To follow knowledge like a sinking star,
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought

This is my son, mine own Telemachus,
To whom I leave the sceptre and the isle—
Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfil 35
This labour, by slow prudence to make mild
A rugged people, and thro' soft degrees
Subdue them to the useful and the good.
Most blameless is he, centred in the sphere
Of common duties, decent not to fail 40
In offices of tenderness, and pay
Meet adoration to my household gods,
When I am gone. He works his work, I mine.

There lies the port, the vessel puffs her
sail

There gloom the dark broad seas My
mariners, 45
Souls that have toil'd, and wrought, and
thought with me,—

That ever with a frolic welcome took
The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
Free hearts, free foreheads,—you and I are
old;

Old age hath yet his honor and his toil 50
Death closes all, but something ere the end,
Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
Not unbecoming men that strove with Gods
The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks,
The long day wanes, the slow moon climbs,
the deep 55

Moans round with many voices Come, my
friends,

'Tis not too late to seek a newer world
Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows, for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths 60
Of all the western stars, until I die
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down,
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew
Tho' much is taken, much abides, and tho' 65
We are not now that strength which in old
days

Moved earth and heaven; that which we are,
we are,

One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in
will

To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield 70

IN MEMORIAM A H H

OBITU MDCCLXXXIII

STRONG Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove,

Thine are these orbs of light and shade; 5
Thou madest Life in man and brute;
Thou madest Death, and lo, thy foot
Is on the skull which thou hast made

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust
Thou madest man, he knows not why, 10
He thinks he was not made to die;
And thou hast made him thou art just

Thou seemest human and divine,
The highest, holiest manhood, thou.
Our wills are ours, we know not how; 15
Our wills are ours, to make them thine.

Our little systems have their day,
 They have their day and cease to be,
 They are but broken lights of thee,
 And thou, O Lord, art more than they

We have but faith we cannot know;
 For knowledge is of things we see,
 And yet we trust it comes from thee,
 A beam in darkness let it grow

Let knowledge grow from more to more, 25
 But more of reverence in us dwell,
 That mind and soul, according well,
 May make one music as before,

But vaster We are fools and slight,
 We mock thee when we do not fear 30
 But help thy foolish ones to bear,
 Help thy vain worlds to bear thy light

Forgive what seem'd my sin in me,
 What seem'd my worth since I began,
 For merit lives from man to man, 35
 And not from man, O Lord, to thee

Forgive my grief for one removed,
 Thy creature, whom I found so fair
 I trust he lives in thee, and there
 I find him worthier to be loved

Forgive these wild and wandering cries,
 Confusions of a wasted youth,
 Forgive them where they fail in truth,
 And in thy wisdom make me wise

CROSSING THE BAR

SUNSET and evening star,
 And one clear call for me!
 And may there be no moaning of the bar, 5
 When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep, 5
 Too full for sound and foam,
 When that which drew from out the bound-
 less deep 30
 Turns again home

Twilight and evening bell,
 And after that the dark! 10
 And may there be no sadness of farewell,
 When I embark, 35

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and
 Place
 The flood may bear me far,
 I hope to see my Pilot face to face 15
 When I have crossed the bar 40

EDWARD FITZGERALD

(1809–1883)

Although the *Rubáiyát* of Omar Khayyam is a translation from the Persian, Fitzgerald adapted it so freely that his version may be considered an original poem inspired by Omar's philosophy. The Persian poet pondered over the vicissitudes of life and the impossibility of solving the problems from which doubts arise. He noted how swiftly pleasure and beauty pass, how surely man is disillusioned, how uncertain the future is. The only satisfactory philosophy seemed to him to be that of Epicurus. He would enjoy the pleasures of the moment, for one knew not what the morrow might bring. This view was particularly acceptable to the English in the last half of the nineteenth century because they had been so troubled by intellectual difficulties.

Fitzgerald led a retired, quiet life in the

country, reading the books of his contemporaries, collecting pictures, and translating the dramas of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Calderon. Among his friends were included practically all of the important writers as well as numerous less known literary men. To these friends he expressed frankly his opinions in numerous letters.

When the *Rubáiyát* was first published in 1859, it attracted little attention. Rossetti and his friends, however, proclaimed its excellences. In the later editions Fitzgerald added stanzas and made several changes as he gained a more complete understanding of the poem from a study of the manuscripts. He made no attempt to render Omar's lines literally but aimed to reproduce the spirit of the original. He not only succeeded in this purpose but also wrote a melodious poem filled with matchless imagery.

RUBÁIYÁT OF OMAR KHAYYÁM

I

Wake! For the Sun, who scatter'd into flight
The Stars before him from the Field of
Night,

Drives Night along with them from Heav'n,
and strikes

The Sultán's Turret with a Shaft of Light

II

Before the phantom of False morning
died,

Methought a Voice within the Tavern cried,

"When all the Temple is prepared within,
Why nods the drowsy Worshipper outside?"

III

And, as the Cock crew, those who stood before

The Tavern shouted—"Open then the Door!"

You know how little while we have to
stay,

And, once departed, may return no more"

IV

Now the New Year reviving old Desires,
The thoughtful Soul to Solitude retires,

Where the WHITE HAND of MOSES on the
Bough

Puts out, and Jesus from the Ground sus-
pires

V

Iram indeed is gone with all his Rose,
And Jamshyd's Sev'n-ring'd Cup where no
one knows,

But still a Ruby kindles in the Vine,
And many a Garden by the Water blows

VI

And David's lips are lockt, but in divine
High-piping Pehlevi, with "Wine! Wine!
Wine!"

Red Wine!"—the Nightingale cries to the
Rose

That sallow cheek of hers to incarnadine

VII

Come, fill the Cup, and in the fire of
Spring

Your Winter-garment of Repentance fling

The Bird of Time has but a little way
To flutter—and the Bird is on the Wing

VIII

Whether at Naishápúr or Babylon,
Whether the Cup with sweet or bitter run,

The Wine of Life keeps oozing drop by drop,
The Leaves of Life keep falling one by one

IX

Each Morn a thousand Roses brings, you say,
Yes, but where leaves the Rose of Yesterday?
And this first Summer month that brings
the Rose 35
Shall take Jamshyd and Kaikobád away

X

Well, let it take them! What have we to do
With Kaikobád the Great, or Kaikhosrú?
Let Zál and Rustum bluster as they will,
Or Háum call to Supper—heed not you 40

XI

With me along the strip of Herbage strown
That just divides the desert from the sown,
Where name of Slave and Sultán is forgot—
And Peace to Mahmúd on his golden Throne!

XII

A Book of Verses underneath the Bough, 45
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread—and Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness—
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow!

XIII

Some for the Glories of This World, and some
Sigh for the Prophet's Paradise to come, 50
Ah, take the Cash, and let the Credit go,
Nor heed the rumble of a distant Drum!

XIV

Look to the blowing Rose about us—"Lo,
Laughing," she says, "into the world I blow,
At once the silken tassel of my Purse 55
Tear, and its Treasure on the Garden throw"

XV

And those who husbanded the Golden Gram,
And those who flung it to the winds like
Rain,

Alike to no such aureate Earth are turn'd
As, buried once, Men want dug up again 60

XVI

The Worldly Hope men set their Hearts upon
Turns Ashes—or it prospers, and anon,
Like Snow upon the Desert's dusty Face,
Lighting a little hour or two—was gone

XVII

Think, in this batter'd Caravanserai 65
Whose Portals are alternate Night and Day,
How Sultán after Sultán with his Pomp
Abode his destin'd Hour, and went his way

XVIII

They say the Lion and the Lizard keep
The Courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep 70
And Bahráam, that great Hunter—the Wild Ass
Stamps o'er his Head, but cannot break his Sleep

XIX

I sometimes think that never blows so red
The Rose as where some buried Cæsar bled,
That every Hyacinth the Garden wears 75
Dropt in her Lap from some once lovely Head

XX

And this reviving Herb whose tender Green
Fledges the River-Lip on which we lean—
Ah, lean upon it lightly! for who knows
From what once lovely Lip it springs un-
seen! 80

XXI

Ah, my Beloved, fill the Cup that clears
To-day of past Regrets and future Fears
To-morrow!—Why, To-morrow I may be
Myself with Yesterday's Sev'n thousand Years

XXII

For some we loved, the loveliest and the best 85
That from his Vintage rolling Time hath
prest,

Have drunk their Cup a Round or two be-
fore,
And one by one crept silently to rest

XXIII

And we that now make merry in the Room
They left, and Summer dresses in new
bloom, ⁹⁰
Ourselves must we beneath the Couch of
Earth
Descend—ourselves to make a couch—for
whom?

XXIV

Ah, make the most of what we yet may
spend,
Before we too into the Dust descend,
Dust into Dust, and under Dust to lie, ⁹⁵
Sans Wine, sans Song, sans Singer, and—
sans End!

XXV

Alike for those who for To-DAY prepare,
And those that after some To-MORROW stare,
A Muezzin from the Tower of Darkness
cries,
"Fools! your Reward is neither Here nor ¹⁰⁰
There"

XXVI

Why, all the Saints and Sages who discuss'd
Of the Two Worlds so wisely—they are
thrust
Like foolish Prophets forth, their Words
to Scorn
Are scatter'd, and their Mouths are stopt
with Dust

XXVII

Myself when young did eagerly frequent ¹⁰⁵
Doctor and Saint, and heard great argu-
ment
About it and about: but evermore
Came out by the same door where in I went

XXVIII

With them the seed of Wisdom did I sow,
And with mine own hand wrought to make
it grow, ¹¹⁰
And this was all the Harvest that I reap'd—
"I came like Water, and like Wind I go"

XXIX

Into this Universe, and *Why* not knowing
Nor *Whence*, like Water willy-nilly flowing,
And out of it, as Wind along the Waste, ¹¹⁵
I know not *Whither*, willy-nilly, blowing

XXX

What, without asking, hither hurried *Whence*?
And, without asking, *Whither* hurried hence?
Oh, many a Cup of this forbidden Wine
Must drown the memory of that insolence! ¹²⁰

XXXI

Up from Earth's Centre through the Seventh
Gate
I rose, and on the Throne of Saturn sate,
And many a Knot unravell'd by the Road,
But not the Master-knot of Human Fate

XXXII

There was the Door to which I found no
Key, ¹²⁵
There was the Veil through which I might not
see
Some little talk awhile of ME and THEE
There was—and then no more of THEE and
ME

XXXIII

Earth could not answer, nor the Seas that
mourn
In flowing Purple, of their Lord forlorn; ¹³⁰
Nor rolling Heaven, with all his Signs re-
veal'd
And hidden by the sleeve of Night and Morn

XXXIV

Then of the THEE IN ME who works behind
The Veil, I lifted up my hands to find
A Lamp amid the Darkness, and I heard, ¹³⁵
As from Without—"THE ME WITHIN THEE
BLIND!"

XXXV

Then to the Lip of this poor earthen Urn
I lean'd, the Secret of my Life to learn
And Lip to Lip it murmur'd—"While you
live,
Drink!—for, once dead, you ney¹⁴⁰ shall re-
turn"

XXXVI

I think the Vessel, that with fugitive
 Articulation answer'd, once did live,
 And drink, and Ah! the passive Lip I
 kiss'd,
 How many Kisses might it take—and give!

XXXVII

For I remember stopping by the way ¹⁴⁵
 To watch a Potter thumping his wet Clay
 And with its all-obiterated Tongue
 It murmur'd—"Gently, Brother, gently, pray!"

XXXVIII

And has not such a Story from of Old
 Down Man's successive generations roll'd ¹⁵⁰
 Of such a clod of saturated Earth
 Cast by the Maker into Human mould?

XXXIX

And not a drop that from our Cups we throw
 For Earth to drink of, but may steal below
 To quench the fire of Anguish in some
 Eye ¹⁵⁵
 There hudden—far beneath, and long ago

XL

As then the Tulip for her morning sup
 Of Heav'nly Vintage from the soil looks up,
 Do you devoutly do the like, till Heav'n
 To Earth invert you—like an empty Cup ¹⁶⁰

XLI

Perplext no more with Human or Divine,
 To-morrow's tangle to the winds resign,
 And lose your fingers in the tresses of
 The Cypress-slender Minister of Wine

XLII

And if the Wine you drink, the Lip you
 press, ¹⁶⁵
 End in what All begins and ends in—Yes,
 Think then you are To-day what YESTERDAY
 You were—To-morrow you shall not be less

XLIII

So when the Angel of the darker Drink
 At last shall find you by the river-brink, ¹⁷⁰
 And, offering his Cup, invite your Soul

Forth to your Lips to quaff—you shall not
 shrink

XLIV

Why, if the Soul can fling the Dust aside,
 And naked on the Air of Heaven ride,
 Were 't not a Shame—were 't not a Shame ¹⁷⁵
 for him
 In this clay carcase crippled to abide?

XLV

'Tis but a Tent where takes his one day's
 rest
 A Sultán to the realm of Death address,
 The Sultán rises, and the dark Ferrásh
 Strikes, and prepares it for another Guest ¹⁸⁰

XLVI

And fear not lest Existence closing your
 Account, and mine, should know the like no
 more,
 The Eternal Sáki from that Bowl has
 pour'd
 Millions of Bubbles like us, and will pour

XLVII

When You and I behind the Veil are
 past, ¹⁸⁵
 Oh, but the long, long while the World shall
 last
 Which of our Coming and Departure heeds
 As the Sea's self should heed a pebble-cast

XLVIII

A Moment's Halt—a momentary taste
 Of BEING from the Well amid the Waste— ¹⁹⁰
 And Lo!—the phantom Caravan has
 reach'd
 The NOTHING it set out from—Oh, make
 haste!

XLIX

Would you that spangle of Existence spend
 About THE SECRET—quick about it, Friend!
 A Hair perhaps divides the False and
 True— ¹⁹⁵
 And upon what, prithee, does life depend?

L

A Hair perhaps divides the False and True,
 Yes; and a single Alif were the clue—

Could you but find it—to the Treasure-
house,
And peradventure to THE MASTER too, 200

LI

Whose secret Presence, through Creation's
veins
Running Quicksilver-like eludes your pains,
Taking all shapes from Máh to Máh,
and
They change and perish all—but He re-
mains,

LII

A moment guess'd—then back behind the
Fold 205
Immerst of Darkness round the Drama roll'd
Which, for the Pastime of Eternity,
He doth Himself contrive, enact, behold

LIII

But if in vain, down on the stubborn floor
Of Earth, and up to Heav'n's unopening
Door, 210
You gaze TO-DAY, while You are You—
how then
TO-MORROW, when You shall be You no more?

LIV

Waste not your Hour, nor in the vain pursuit
Of This and That endeavor and dispute,
Better be jocund with the fruitful Grape 215
Than sadden after none, or bitter, Fruit

LV

You know, my Friends, with what a brave
Carouse
I made a Second Marriage in my house,
Divorced old barren Reason from my
Bed,
And took the Daughter of the Vine to
Spouse 220

LVI

For "Is" and "Is-NOR" though with Rule and
Line,
And "UP-AND-DOWN" by Logic I define,
Of all that one should care to fathom, I
Was never deep in anything but—Wine

LVII

Ah, but my Computations, People say, 225
Reduced the Year to better reckoning?—
Nay,
'Twas only striking from the Calendar
Unborn To-morrow, and dead Yesterday

LVIII

And lately, by the Tavern Door agape,
Came shining through the Dusk an Angel
Shape 230
Bearing a Vessel on his Shoulder, and
He bid me taste of it, and 't was—the Grape!

LIX

The Grape that can with Logic absolute
The Two-and-Seventy jarring Sects confute
The sovereign Alchemist that in a trice 235
Life's leaden metal into Gold transmute.

LX

The mighty Mahmúd, Allah-breathing Lord,
That all the misbelieving and black Horde
Of Fears and Sorrows that infest the Soul
Scatters before him with his whirlwind
Sword 240

LXI

Why, be this Juice the growth of God, who
dare
BlaspHEME the twisted tendril as a Snare?
A Blessing, we should use it, should we
not?
And if a Curse—why, then, Who set it there?

LXII

I must abjure the Balm of Life, I must, 245
Scared by some After-reckoning ta'en on
trust,
Or lured with Hope of some Diviner
Drink,
To fill the Cup—when crumbled into Dust!

LXIII

Oh, threats of Hell and Hopes of Paradise!
One thing at least is certain—*This* Life
flies, 250
One thing is certain and the rest is Lies,
The Flower that once has blown for ever
dies

LXIV

Strange, is it not? that of the myriads who
 Before us pass'd the door of Darkness through,
 Not one returns to tell us of the Road, ²⁵⁵
 Which to discover we must travel too

LXV

The Revelations of Devout and Learn'd
 Who rose before us, and as Prophets burn'd,
 Are all but Stories, which, awoke from
 Sleep
 They told their comrades, and to Sleep re-
 turn'd ²⁶⁰

LXVI

I sent my Soul through the Invisible,
 Some letter of that After-life to spell
 And by and by my Soul return'd to me,
 And answer'd "I Myself am Heav'n and
 Hell "

LXVII

Heav'n but the Vision of fulfill'd Desire, ²⁶⁵
 And Hell the Shadow from a Soul on fire,
 Cast on the Darkness into which Our-
 selves,
 So late emerged from, shall so soon expire

LXVIII

We are no other than a moving row
 Of Magic Shadow-shapes that come and go ²⁷⁰
 Round with the Sun-illumined Lantern held
 In Midnight by the Master of the Show,

LXIX

But helpless Pieces of the Game He plays
 Upon this Chequer-board of Nights and
 Days,
 Hither and thither moves, and checks, and ²⁷⁵
 slays,
 And one by one back in the Closet lays

LXX

The Ball no question makes of Ayes and
 Noes,
 But Here or There as strikes the Player goes,
 And He that toss'd you down into the Field,
He knows about it all—*HE* knows—*HE*
 knows! ²⁸⁰

LXXI

The Moving Finger writes, and, having writ,
 Moves on nor all your Piety nor Wit
 Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line,
 Nor all your Tears wash out a Word of it

LXXII

And that inverted Bowl they call the Sky, ²⁸⁵
 Whereunder crawling coop'd we live and die,
 Lift not your hands to *It* for help—for *IT*
 As impotently moves as you or I

LXXIII

With Earth's first Clay They did the Last
 Man knead,
 And there of the Last Harvest sow'd the
 Seed ²⁹⁰
 And the first Morning of Creation wrote
 What the Last Dawn of Reckoning shall read

LXXIV

YESTERDAY *This* Day's Madness did prepare,
 To-morrow's Silence, Triumph, or Despair
 Drink! for you know not whence you came,
 nor why ²⁹⁵
 Drink! for you know not why you go, nor
 where

LXXV

I tell you this—When, started from the Goal,
 Over the flaming shoulders of the Foal
 Of Heav'n Parwin and Mushtari they flung,
 In my predestined Plot of Dust and Soul ³⁰⁰

LXXVI

The Vine had struck a fibre which about
 If clings my Being—let the Dervish flout,
 Of my Base metal may be filed a Key,
 That shall unlock the Door he howls with-
 out

LXXVII

And thus I know whether the one True
 Light ³⁰⁵
 Kindle to Love, or Wrath consume me quite,
 One Flash of It within the Tavern caught
 Better than in the Temple lost outright

LXXVIII

What! out of senseless Nothing to provoke
A conscious Something to resent the yoke ³¹⁰
Of unpermitted Pleasure, under pain
Of Everlasting Penalties, if broke!

LXXIX

What! from his helpless Creature be repaid
Pure Gold for what he lent him dross-
allay'd—
Sue for a Debt we never did contract, ³¹⁵
And cannot answer—Oh, the sorry trade!

LXXX

Oh Thou, who didst with pitfall and with
gin
Beset the Road I was to wander in,
Thou wilt not with Predestined Evil round
Enmesh, and then impute my Fall to Sin! ³²⁰

LXXXI

Oh Thou, who Man of baser Earth didst
make,
And ev'n with Paradise devise the Snake
For all the Sin wherewith the Face of Man
Is blacken'd—Man's forgiveness give—and
take!

LXXXII

As under cover of departing Day ³²⁵
Slunk hunger-stricken Ramázan away,
Once more within the Potter's house alone
I stood, surrounded by the Shapes of Clay

LXXXIII

Shapes of all Sorts and Sizes, great and
small,
That stood along the floor and by the wall, ³³⁰
And some loquacious Vessels were, and
some
Listen'd perhaps, but never talk'd at all

LXXXIV

Said one among them—"Surely not in vain
My substance of the common Earth was ta'en
And to this Figure moulded, to be broke, ³³⁵
Or trampled back to shapeless Earth again"

LXXXV

Then said a Second—"Ne'er a peevish Boy
Would break the Bowl from which he drank
in joy,
And He that with his hand the Vessel made
Will surely not in after Wrath destroy" ³⁴⁰

LXXXVI

After a momentary silence spake
Some Vessel of a more ungainly Make
"They sneer at me for leaning all awry
What! did the Hand then of the Potter
shake?"

LXXXVII

Whereat some of the loquacious Lot— ³⁴⁵
I think a Súfi pipkin—waxing hot—
"All this of Pot and Potter—Tell me then,
Who is the Potter, pray, and who the Pot?"

LXXXVIII

"Why," said another, "Some there are who
tell
Of one who threatens he will toss to Hell ³⁵⁰
The luckless Pots he marr'd in making—
Pish!
He's a Good Fellow, and 't will all be well"

LXXXIX

"Well," murmur'd one, "Let whoso make or
buy,
My Clay with long Oblivion is gone dry—
But fill me with the old familiar Juice, ³⁵⁵
Methinks I might recover by and by"

XC

So while the Vessels one by one were speak-
ing,
The little Moon look'd in that all were
seeking
And then they jogg'd each other, "Brother!
Brother!
Now for the Porter's shoulder-knot a-creak-
ing!" ³⁶⁰

XCI

Ah, with the Grape my fading Life provide,
And wash the Body whence the Life has died,
And lay me, shrouded in the living Leaf,
By some not unfrequented Garden-side

XCII

That ev'n my buried Ashes such a snare 365
 Of Vintage shall fling up into the Air
 As not a True-believer passing by
 But shall be overtaken unaware

XCIII

Indeed the Idols I have loved so long
 Have done my credit in this World much 370
 wrong
 Have drown'd my Glory in a shallow Cup,
 And sold my Reputation for a Song

XCIV

Indeed, indeed, Repentance oft before
 I swore—but was I sober when I swore?
 And then and then came Spring, and Rose- 375
 in-hand
 My thread-bare Penitence apieces tore

XCV

And much as Wine has play'd the Infidel,
 And robb'd me of my Robe of Honor—Well,
 I wonder often what the Vinters buy
 One half so precious as the stuff they sell 380

XCVI

Yet Ah, that Spring should vanish with the
 Rose!
 That Youth's sweet-scented manuscript should
 close!
 The Nightingale that in the branches sang,
 Ah whence, and whither flown again, who
 knows!

XCVII

Would but the Desert of the Fountain yield 385
 One glimpse—if dimly, yet indeed, reveal'd,
 To which the fainting Traveller might
 spring,
 As springs the trampled herbage of the field

XCVIII

Would but some wingéd Angel ere too late
 Arrest the yet unfolded Roll of Fate, 390
 And make the stern Recorder otherwise
 Enregister, or quite obliterate!

XCIX

Ah Love! could you and I with Him con-
 spire
 To grasp this sorry Scheme of Things Entire,
 Would not we shatter it to bits—and 395
 then
 Re-mould it nearer to the Heart's desire!

C

Yon rising Moon that looks for us again—
 How oft hereafter will she wax and wane,
 How oft hereafter rising look for us
 Through this same Garden—and for *one* in 400
 vain!

CI

And when like her, oh Sákí, you shall pass
 Among the Guests Star-scatter'd on the Grass,
 And in your joyous errand reach the spot
 Where I made One—turn down an empty
 Glass!

TAMAN

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

(1811-1863)

For two generations before the novelist was born in Calcutta, several members of the Thackeray family had distinguished themselves in the Indian service. Thackeray, however, terminated his personal connection with India at the age of six when he was sent to England to begin his education at a boarding school. He was so lonely that once he ran away, but not knowing where to go he returned within a few hours. After his mother and stepfather came home from India, he was more contented. From Charterhouse he went to Cambridge, where he remained a little over a year and where he formed enduring friendships with Tennyson and Fitzgerald.

During the next five years Thackeray travelled in Germany, became a law clerk for a brief period in London, studied art in Paris, and wrote for the magazines. By the failure of an Indian bank and some unfortunate associations he lost the money inherited from his father. He was undecided whether to choose art or literature as a profession until his stepfather's connection with the *National Standard and Journal of Literature, Science, Music, Theatricals, and Fine Arts* offered him the opportunity of becoming an editor. When this magazine proved to be an unsuccessful venture, Thackeray determined to study art seriously. At the same time he continued his writing and in 1836 became Paris correspondent for *The Constitutional*, an ultra-liberal paper under the direction of a company formed by his stepfather. The existence of this paper was very brief, but it definitely turned Thackeray to literature, for he discovered he could earn a living more easily and agreeably by writing than by drawing. He continued, however, to illustrate his letters with amusing caricatures and some of his articles and novels with very effective sketches.

Upon his employment with *The Constitutional* Thackeray had married. When it failed, he returned to London and began a long career of contributing to the magazines, especially *Fraser's* and *Punch*, in order to support his family. After four years of very happy married life his wife became ill and eventually lost her mind. For a time Thackeray was depressed, but the association with his friends and the companionship of his two daughters, for whom he provided a home as soon as possible, restored his happy disposition. The experiences of these years spent in Paris, a visit to Ireland, and a journey to the East furnished material for many of his sketches, both serious and humorous.

With the appearance of the *Snob Papers* during 1846 and 1847 Thackeray acquired a reputation as a satirist. These portraits were so true and

so lively that they became popular at once. Some readers even claimed to identify individuals as the models for particular types of snobs. Thackeray hated hypocrisy and sham and with genial but keen thrusts exposed the weaknesses of society. His long observation of varied scenes made him familiar with the self-satisfaction of a certain group.

It was this set of people Thackeray wanted to present in *Vanity Fair* with their selfish aims and superior attitude. In this "novel without a hero" the kind and thoughtful Dobbin alone is admirable. The contrast between his motives and those of the other characters brings out unmistakably the general meanness of society. Thackeray saw life through the eyes of a moralist, who desired to stress virtue and condemn vice. *Vanity Fair* was published in parts from January, 1847, to July, 1848. Of its reception the author wrote, "It does everything but sell, and appears really immensely to increase my reputation, if not my income."

Vanity Fair was followed by *Pendennis*, another society novel, for which Thackeray drew upon his early experiences. Shortly afterward he delivered his lectures on the *English Humorists*, dealing with the important writers of the eighteenth century. This period also furnished the background for the historical novel, *Henry Esmond*. Not only in subject but also in style this novel reveals how completely Thackeray understood the manners and ideas of the preceding century. Once again he turned to the past when he prepared the lectures on *The Four Georges*. The later novels, *The Newcomes* and *The Virginians*, are not so powerful as the early works because the tendency toward moralizing is more pronounced in them. *The Virginians*, recounting the further fortunes of the Esmond family, contains the impressions formed during Thackeray's two lecture tours in America. Most of his last work appeared in the *Cornhill Magazine*, of which he was editor for over two years. He was too good-natured and too easy-going to be a good editor.

Thackeray endeavored to describe life as he saw it, but he placed too much emphasis upon the unpleasant traits of his characters. His sensitive nature was affronted by the insincerity and indifference about him. Like the eighteenth century writers he chose satire as a means of directing attention to those faults and recommending the virtues of respectability. He was always kindly, alleviating his remarks with wit. Frequently he would delay the progress of his story to comment in a short moral essay upon the actions of his characters. He continually reminded his readers that true affection is to be

highly regarded. He wrote in a dignified and leisurely but simple style, which resembles the discourse of a lecturer. These characteristics have

prevented Thackeray from exerting so general an appeal as Dickens, but he has always been greatly admired by discriminating readers.

ON UNIVERSITY SNOBS

ALL the men of Saint Boniface will recognize Hugby and Crump in these two pictures. They were tutors in our time, and Crump is since advanced to be President of the College. He was formerly, and is now, a rich specimen of a University Snob.

At five-and-twenty, Crump invented three new metres, and published an edition of an exceedingly improper Greek Comedy, with no less than twenty emendations upon the German text of Schnupfenius and Schnapsius. These services to religion instantly pointed him out for advancement in the Church, and he is now President of Saint Boniface, and very narrowly escaped the bench.

Crump thinks Saint Boniface the centre of the world, and his position as President the highest in England. He expects the fellows and tutors to pay him the same sort of service that Cardinals pay to the Pope. I am sure Crawler would have no objection to carry his trencher, or Page to hold up the skirts of his gown as he stalks into chapel. He roars out the responses there as if it were an honour to heaven that the President of Saint Boniface should take a part in the service, and in his own lodge and college acknowledges the Sovereign only as his superior.

When the allied monarchs came down, and were made Doctors of the University, a breakfast was given at Saint Boniface, on which occasion Crump allowed the Emperor Alexander to walk before him, but took the *pas* himself of the King of Prussia and Prince Blucher. He was going to put the Hetman Platoff to breakfast at a side-table with the under college tutors, but he was induced to relent, and merely entertained that distinguished Cossack with a discourse on his own language, in which he showed that the Hetman knew nothing about it.

As for us undergraduates, we scarcely knew more about Crump than about the Grand Llama. A few favoured youths are asked occasionally to tea at the lodge, but they do not speak unless first addressed by the Doctor, and if they venture to sit down, Crump's follower, Mr. Toady, whispers,

"Gentlemen, will you have the kindness to get up?—The President is passing," or "Gentlemen, the President prefers that undergraduates should not sit down," or words to a similar effect.

To do Crump justice, he does not cringe now to great people. He rather patronizes them than otherwise, and, in London, speaks quite affably to a Duke who has been brought up at his college, or holds out a finger to a Marquis. He does not disguise his own origin, but brags of it with considerable self-gratulation—"I was a Charity-boy," says he, "see what I am now, the greatest Greek scholar of the greatest College of the greatest University of the greatest Empire in the world." The argument being, that this is a capital world for beggars, because he, being a beggar, has managed to get on horseback.

Hugby owes his eminence to patient merit and agreeable perseverance. He is a meek, mild, inoffensive creature, with just enough of scholarship to fit him to hold a lecture, or set an examination paper. He rose by kindness to the aristocracy. It was wonderful to see the way in which that poor creature grovelled before a nobleman or a lord's nephew, or even some noisy and disreputable commoner, the friend of a lord. He used to give the young noblemen the most painful and elaborate breakfasts, and adopt a jaunty genteel air, and talk with them (although he was decidedly serious) about the opera, or the last run with the hounds. It was good to watch him in the midst of a circle of young tufts, with his mean, smiling, eager, uneasy familiarity. He used to write home confidential letters to their parents, and made it his duty to call upon them when in town, to condole or rejoice with them when a death, birth, or marriage took place in their family, and to feast them whenever they came to the University. I recollect a letter lying on a desk in his lecture-room for a whole term, beginning, "My Lord Duke." It was to show us that he corresponded with such dignities.

When the late lamented Lord Glenlivat, who broke his neck at a hurdle-race, at the premature age of twenty-four, was at the University, the amiable young fellow, passing

to his rooms in the early morning, and seeing Hugby's boots at his door, on the same staircase, playfully wadded the insides of the boots with cobbler's wax, which caused excruciating pains to the Rev Mr Hugby 5 when he came to take them off the same evening, before dining with the Master of St Crispin's

Everybody gave the credit of this admirable piece of fun to Lord Glenlivat's 10 friend, Bob Tizzy, who was famous for such feats, and who had already made away with the college pump-handle, filed St Boniface's nose smooth with his face, carried off four images of nigger-boys from the tobacconists, 15 painted the senior proctor's horse pea-green, &c &c, and Bob (who was of the party certainly, and would not peach) was just on the point of incurring expulsion, and so losing the family living which was in store for him, when 20 Glenlivat nobly stepped forward, owned himself to be the author of the delightful *jeu-d'esprit*, apologized to the tutor, and accepted the rustication

Hugby cried when Glenlivat apologized, if 25 the young nobleman had kicked him round the court, I believe the tutor would have been happy, so that an apology and a reconciliation might subsequently ensue "My lord," said he, "in your conduct on this and all other 30 occasions, you have acted as becomes a gentleman, you have been an honour to the University, as you will be to the peerage, I am sure, when the amiable vivacity of youth is calmed down, and you are called upon to 35 take your proper share in the government of the nation." And when his Lordship took leave of the University, Hugby presented him with a copy of his "Sermons to a Noble- 40 man's Family" (Hugby was once private tutor to the sons of the Earl of Muffborough), which Glenlivat presented in return to Mr William Ramm, known to the fancy as the 45 Tutbury Pet, and the sermons now figure on the boudoir-table of Mrs Ramm, behind the bar of her house of entertainment, "The Game Cock and Spurs," near Woodstock, Oxon.

At the beginning of the long vacation, Hugby comes to town, and puts up in hand- 50 some lodgings near St James's Square, rides in the Park in the afternoon, and is delighted to read his name in the morning papers among the list of persons present at Muffborough House, and the Marquis of Farintosh's eve-

ning-parties He is a member of Sydney Scraper's Club, where, however, he drinks his pint of claret

Sometimes you may see him on Sundays, at the hour when tavern doors open, whence issue little girls with great jugs of porter, when charity-boys walk the streets, bearing brown dishes of smoking shoulders of mutton and baked 'tators, when Sheeny and Moses are seen smoking their pipes before their lazy shutters in Seven Dials, when a crowd of smiling persons in clean outlandish dresses, in monstrous bonnets and flaring printed gowns, or in crumpled glossy coats and silks that bear the creases of the drawers where they have lain all the week, file down High Street,—sometimes, I say, you may see Hugby coming out of the Church of St Giles-in-the-Fields, with a stout gentlewoman leaning on his arm, whose old face bears an expression of supreme pride and happiness as she glances round at all the neighbours, and who faces the curate himself, and marches into Holborn, where she pulls the bell of a house over which is inscribed, "Hugby, Haberdasher" It is the mother of the Rev F Hugby, as proud of her son in his white choker as Cornelia of her jewels at Rome That is old Hugby bringing 30 up the rear with the Prayer-books, and Betsy Hugby the old maid, his daughter,—old Hugby, Haberdasher and Church-warden

In the front room upstairs, where the dinner is laid out, there is a picture of Muffborough Castle, of the Earl of Muffborough, K X, Lord-Lieutenant for Diddlesex, an engraving, from an almanac, of Saint Boniface College, Oxon, and a sticking-plaster portrait of Hugby when young, in a cap and gown A copy of his "Sermons to a Nobleman's 40 Family" is on the bookshelf, by the "Whole Duty of Man," the Reports of the Missionary Societies, and the "Oxford University Calendar" Old Hugby knows part of this by heart, every living belonging to Saint Boniface, and the name of every tutor, fellow, nobleman, and undergraduate

He used to go to meeting and preach himself, until his son took orders, but of late the old gentleman has been accused of Puseyism, and is quite pitiless against the Dissenters.

ON UNIVERSITY SNOBS

I SHOULD like to fill several volumes with 55 accounts of various University Snobs, so fond

are my reminiscences of them, and so numerous are they I should like to speak, above all, of the wives and daughters of some of the Professor-Snobs, their amusements, habits, jealousies, their innocent artifices to entrap young men, their picnics, concerts, and evening-parties I wonder what has become of Emily Blades, daughter of Blades, the Professor of the Mandingo language? I remember her shoulders to this day, as she sat in the midst of a crowd of about seventy young gentlemen, from Corpus and Catherine Hall, entertaining them with ogles and French songs on the guitar Are you married, fair Emily of the shoulders? What beautiful ringlets those were that used to dribble over them!—what a waist!—what a killing sea-green shot-silk gown!—what a cameo, the size of a muffin! There were thirty-six young men of the University in love at one time with Emily Blades and no words are sufficient to describe the pity, the sorrow, the deep, deep commiseration—the rage, fury, and uncharitableness, in other words—with which the Miss Trumps (daughter of Trumps, the Professor of Phlebotomy) regarded her, because she *didn't* squint, and because she *wasn't* marked with the small-pox

As for the young University Snobs, I am getting too old, now, to speak of such very familiarly My recollections of them lie in the far, far past—almost as far back as Pelham's time

We then used to consider Snobs raw-looking lads, who never missed chapel, who wore highlows and no straps, who walked two hours on the Trumpington road every day of their lives, who carried off the college scholarships, and who overrated themselves in hall We were premature in pronouncing our verdict of youthful Snobbishness The man without straps fulfilled his destiny and duty He eased his old governor, the curate in Westmoreland, or helped his sisters to set up the Ladies' School He wrote a "Dictionary," or a "Treatise on Conic Sections," as his nature and genius prompted He got a fellowship and then took to himself a wife, and a living He presides over a parish now, and thinks it rather a dashing thing to belong to the "Oxford and Cambridge Club", and his parishioners love him, and snore under his sermons No, no, *he* is not a Snob It is not straps that make the gentleman, or highlows that unmake him, be they ever so thick My son, it is you

who are the Snob if you lightly despise a man for doing his duty, and refuse to shake an honest man's hand because it wears a Berlin glove

We then used to consider it not the least vulgar for a parcel of lads who had been whipped three months previous, and were not allowed more than three glasses of port at home, to sit down to pineapples and ices at each other's rooms, and fuddle themselves with champagne and claret

One looks back to what was called a "wine-party" with a sort of wonder Thirty lads round a table covered with bad sweetmeats, drinking bad wines, telling bad stories, singing bad songs over and over again Milk punch—smoking—ghastly headache—frightful spectacle of dessert-table next morning, and smell of tobacco—your guardian, the clergyman, dropping in, in the midst of this—expecting to find you deep in Algebra, and discovering the Gyp administering soda-water

There were young men who despised the lads who indulged in the coarse hospitalities of wine-parties, who prided themselves in giving *récherché* little French dinners Both wine-party-givers and dinner-givers were Snobs

There were what used to be called "dressy" Snobs—Jimmy, who might be seen at five o'clock elaborately rigged out, with a camellia in his button-hole, glazed boots, and fresh kid-gloves twice a day,—Jessamy, who was conspicuous for his "jewellery,"—a young donkey, glittering all over with chains, rings, and shirt-studs,—Jacky, who rode every day solemnly on the Blenheim Road, in pumps and white silk stockings, with his hair curled,—all three of whom flattered themselves they gave laws to the University about dress—all three most odious varieties of Snobs

Sporting Snobs of course there were, and are always—those happy beings in whom Nature has implanted a love of slang who loitered about the horsekeeper's stables, and drove the London coaches—a stage in and out—and might be seen swaggering through the courts in pink of early mornings, and indulged in dice and blind-hookey at nights, and never missed a race or a boxing-match, and rode flat-races, and kept bull-terriers Worse Snobs even than these were poor miserable wretches who did not like hunting at all, and could not afford it, and were in mortal fear at a two-foot ditch, but who hunted because Glenlivet and Cinquars hunted The Billiard

Snob and the Boating Snob were varieties of these, and are to be found elsewhere than in universities

Then there were Philosophical Snobs, who used to ape statesmen at the spouting-clubs, and who believed as a fact that Government always had an eye on the University for the selection of orators for the House of Commons. There were audacious young free-thinkers, who adored nobody or nothing, except perhaps Robespierre and the Koran, and panted for the day when the pale name of priest should shrink and dwindle away before the indignation of an enlightened world

But the worst of all University Snobs are those unfortunates who go to rack and ruin from their desire to ape their betters. Smith

becomes acquainted with great people at college, and is ashamed of his father the tradesman. Jones has fine acquaintances, and lives after their fashion like a gay free-hearted fellow as he is, and ruins his father, and robs his sister's portion, and cripples his younger brother's outset in life, for the pleasure of entertaining my lord, and riding by the side of Sir John. And though it may be very good fun for Robinson to fuddle himself at home as he does at College, and to be brought home by the policeman he has just been trying to knock down—think what fun it is for the poor old soul his mother!—the half-pay captain's widow, who has been pinching herself all her life long, in order that that jolly young fellow might have a University education

CHARLES DICKENS (1812-1870)

The misery and sufferings of poverty Dickens knew from his early experiences as well as from observation. His industrious but unfortunate father, the original of the optimistic and improvident Micawber, became so entangled in financial difficulties that he was confined for nearly two years in a debtor's prison. Here his wife and younger children were forced to join him after she had pawned most of their belongings. At the suggestion of a relative Charles, then eleven years old, began to work in a blacking warehouse. He received six shillings a week for pasting labels on the pots of blacking. This period was one of loneliness because Dickens was too sensitive to associate with the other boys in the warehouse. He probably would have continued with this firm, even after his father had been released from prison upon the inheritance of a small sum, except for a quarrel between the elder Dickens and the relative.

Charles was then sent to Wellington House Academy, whose owner was noted principally for his ignorance and tyrannical methods. Perhaps Dickens actually learned very little, but he stored his memory with scenes to be used as material for the description of Dotheboys Hall in *Nicholas Nickleby*. Many other memories of these early years were recorded in *David Copperfield*.

When Dickens was fifteen, he became a clerk in a lawyer's office. He had, however, a desire to write and so studied shorthand in order to qualify as a parliamentary reporter. He also considered the possibility of becoming an actor, even going so far as to apply at one of the theaters. This idea was abandoned because he obtained a position on the *Morning Chronicle*. Since his work as a reporter of political speeches took him on numerous journeys from London, he gained expert knowledge of the inns and modes of travelling. While he was thus employed, he began the papers which later appeared as *Sketches by Boz*.

In 1836 Dickens was asked to write a serial for a Library of Fiction, and the delightfully humorous and amazing adventures of the Pickwick Club appeared. The popularity of *Pickwick Papers* with its lively characters and entertaining stories determined the future career of its author. He continued to please an ever-increasing number of readers with *Oliver Twist*, *Nicholas Nickleby*, *Old Curiosity Shop*, *Dombey and Son*, *David Copperfield*, *The Tale of Two Cities*, *The Christmas Stories*, and those other books so eagerly awaited by his contemporaries.

Through these books Dickens endeavored to arouse Victorian England to a realization of the

need for social reform and the improvement of conditions among the lower classes. His sympathetic understanding of their misery, his indignation at the cruelty suffered by children, and his belief that the general indifference to such wretchedness was responsible for crime caused him sometimes to exaggerate conditions in order to produce a vivid effect. Some scenes are melodramatic, others are uproariously funny, and still others are exceedingly sentimental. As Dickens left no emotion untouched, he appealed to a wide circle of readers. A remarkable imagination enabled him to portray in vivid detail these scenes most effectively. His humanitarian purpose and his fondness for description, however, obstructed the action of his stories. Only in *The Tale of Two Cities* did he so restrain these tendencies that this novel of the French Revolution stands as his most artistic work.

Not only was Dickens a successful novelist, he was also a popular lecturer. He had many of the characteristics of an actor and had had some experience in amateur theatricals. Hence his lectures took the form of dramatic readings from his works. He knew how to please his public and to display his talents to the best advantage. In 1842 he came to America for one of these lecture tours. Although he was well received, he was disappointed because he had pictured America as a romantic land of golden opportunity. In *Martin Chuzzlewit* and in *American Notes* he gave his none too flattering impressions of the visit.

Undoubtedly Dickens created more characters which have become generally familiar than any other English novelist. Micawber, Uriah Heep, Betsey Trotwood, Alfred Jingle, Pickwick, Sam Weller, Little Nell, Pecksniff, Sarey Gamp, Scrooge, Sidney Carton, and a host of others remind us of certain types of humanity by their actions. Yet they are not real men and women. They are caricatures, whose dominating traits or peculiarities are particularly stressed. His villains are too detestable, and his heroes too noble and innocent. Occasionally his beautiful maidens, like Dora in *David Copperfield*, bore us with their insipidity. Nevertheless, we do not forget these persons because Dickens has so admirably presented them. He appealed to the heart of humanity and received a gratifying response.

The following story from *Pickwick Papers* combines clever characterization, fertile imagination, and sly humor in the manner so peculiar to the author. Even though the plot is extremely slight, the reader is as much engrossed in the story as were the group gathered at the Peacock

THE BAGMAN'S STORY

"One winter's evening, about five o'clock, just as it began to grow dusk, a man in a gig might have been seen urging his tired horse along the road which leads across Marlborough Downs, in the direction of Bristol. I say he might have been seen, and I have no doubt he would have been, if anybody but a blind man had happened to pass that way, but the weather was so bad, and the night so cold and wet, that nothing was out but the water, and so the traveller jogged along in the middle of the road, lonesome and dreary enough. If any bagman of that day could have caught sight of the little neck-or-nothing sort of gig, with a clay-coloured body and red wheels, and the vixenish, ill-tempered, fast-going bay mare, that looked like a cross between a butcher's horse and a two-penny post-office pony, he would have known at once, that this traveller could have been no other than Tom Smart, of the great house of Bilson and Slum, Cateaton Street, City. However, as there was no bagman to look on, nobody knew anything at all about the matter, and so Tom Smart and his clay-coloured gig with the red wheels, and the vixenish mare with the fast pace, went on together, keeping the secret among them and nobody was a bit wiser.

"There are many pleasanter places even in this dreary world, than Marlborough Downs when it blows hard, and if you throw in beside, a gloomy winter's evening, a miry and sloppy road, and a pelting fall of heavy rain, and try the effect, by way of experiment, in your own proper person, you will experience the full force of this observation.

"The wind blew—not up the road or down it, though that's bad enough, but sheer across it, sending the rain slanting down like the lines they used to rule in the copy-books at school, to make the boys slope well. For a moment it would die away, and the traveller would begin to delude himself into the belief that, exhausted with its previous fury, it had quietly lain itself down to rest, when, who! he would hear it growling and whistling in the distance, and on it would come rushing over the hill-tops, and sweeping along the plain, gathering sound and strength as it drew nearer, until it dashed with a heavy gust against horse and man, driving the sharp rain into their ears, and its cold damp breath into their very bones, and past them it would scour,

far, far away, with a stunning roar, as if in ridicule of their weakness, and triumphant in the consciousness of its own strength and power.

"The bay mare splashed away, through the mud and water, with drooping ears, now and then tossing her head as if to express her disgust at this very ungentlemanly behaviour of the elements, but keeping a good pace notwithstanding, until a gust of wind, more furious than any that had yet assailed them, caused her to stop suddenly and plant her four feet firmly against the ground, to prevent her being blown over. It's a special mercy that she did this, for if she had been blown over, the vixenish mare was so light, and the gig was so light, and Tom Smart such a light weight into the bargain, that they must infallibly have gone rolling over and over together until they reached the confines of earth, or until the wind fell, and in either case the probability is, that neither the vixenish mare, nor the clay-coloured gig with the red wheels, nor Tom Smart, would ever have been fit for service again.

"Well, damn my straps and whiskers," says Tom Smart (Tom sometimes had an unpleasant knack of swearing), 'Damn my straps and whiskers,' says Tom, 'if this ain't pleasant, blow me!'

"You'll very likely ask me why, as Tom Smart had been pretty well blown already, he expressed this wish to be submitted to the same process again. I can't say—all I know is, that Tom Smart said so—or at least he always told my uncle he said so, and it's just the same thing.

"Blow me," says Tom Smart, and the mare neighed as if she were precisely of the same opinion.

"Cheer up, old girl," said Tom, patting the bay mare on the neck with the end of his whip. 'It won't do pushing on, such a night as this, the first house we come to we'll put up at, so the faster you go the sooner it's over. Soho, old girl—gently—gently.'

"Whether the vixenish mare was sufficiently well acquainted with the tones of Tom's voice to comprehend his meaning, or whether she found it colder standing still than moving on, of course I can't say. But I can say that Tom had no sooner finished speaking, than she pricked up her ears, and started forward at a speed which made the clay-coloured gig rattle till you would have supposed every one

of the red spokes were going to fly out on the turf of Marlborough Downs, and even Tom, whip as he was, couldn't stop or check her pace, until she drew up, of her own accord, before a road-side inn on the right-hand side of the way, about half a quarter of a mile from the end of the Downs

"Tom cast a hasty glance at the upper part of the house as he threw the reins to the hostler, and stuck the whip in the box. It was a strange old place, built of a kind of shingle, inlaid, as it were, with cross-beams, with gabled-topped windows projecting completely over the pathway, and a low door with a dark porch, and a couple of steep steps leading down into the house, instead of the modern fashion of half a dozen shallow ones leading up to it. It was a comfortable-looking place though, for there was a strong cheerful light in the bar-window, which shed a bright ray across the road, and even lighted up the hedge on the other side; and there was a red flickering light in the opposite window, one moment but faintly discernible, and the next gleaming strongly through the drawn curtains, which intimated that a rousing fire was blazing within. Marking these little evidences with the eye of an experienced traveller, Tom dismounted with as much agility as his half-frozen limbs would permit, and entered the house

"In less than five minutes time, Tom was ensconced in the room opposite the bar—the very room where he had imagined the fire blazing—before a substantial matter-of-fact roaring fire, composed of something short of a bushel of coals, and wood enough to make half a dozen decent gooseberry bushes, piled half way up the chimney, and roaring and crackling with a sound that of itself would have warmed the heart of any reasonable man. This was comfortable, but this was not all, for a smartly-dressed girl, with a bright eye and a neat ankle, was laying a very clean white cloth on the table, and as Tom sat with his slippers on the fender, and his back to the open door, he saw a charming prospect of the bar reflected in the glass over the chimney-piece, with delightful rows of green bottles and gold labels, together with jars of pickles and preserves, and cheeses and boiled hams, and rounds of beef, arranged on shelves in the most tempting and delicious array. Well, this was comfortable too, but even this was not all—for in the bar, seated at tea at

the nicest possible little table, drawn close up before the brightest possible little fire, was a buxom widow of somewhere about eight and forty or thereabouts, with a face as comfortable as the bar, who was evidently the landlady of the house, and the supreme ruler over all these agreeable possessions. There was only one drawback to the beauty of the whole picture, and that was a tall man—a very tall man—in a brown coat and bright basket buttons, and black whiskers, and wavy black hair, who was seated at tea with the widow, and who it required no great penetration to discover was in a fair way of persuading her to be a widow no longer, but to confer upon him the privilege of sitting down in that bar for and during the whole remainder of the term of his natural life.

"Tom Smart was by no means of an irritable or envious disposition, but somehow or other the tall man with the brown coat and the bright basket buttons did rouse what little gall he had in his composition, and did make him feel extremely indignant, the more especially as he could now and then observe, from his seat before the glass, certain little affectionate familiarities passing between the tall man and the widow, which sufficiently denoted that the tall man was as high in favour as he was in size. Tom was fond of hot punch—I may venture to say he was very fond of hot punch—and after he had seen the vixenish mare well fed and well littered down, and eaten every bit of the nice little hot dinner which the widow tossed up for him with her own hands, he just ordered a tumbler of it, by way of experiment. Now, if there was one thing in the whole range of domestic art, which the widow could manufacture better than another, it was this identical article, and the first tumbler was adapted to Tom Smart's taste with such peculiar nicety, that he ordered a second with the least possible delay. Hot punch is a pleasant thing, gentlemen—an extremely pleasant thing under any circumstances—but in that snug old parlour, before the roaring fire, with the wind blowing outside till every timber in the old house creaked again, Tom Smart found it perfectly delightful. He ordered another tumbler, and then another—I am not quite certain whether he didn't order another after that—but the more he drank of the hot punch, the more he thought of the tall man.

"'Confound his impudence!' said Tom to

himself, 'what business has he in that snug bar? Such an ugly villain too!' said Tom 'If the widow had any taste, she might surely pick up some better fellow than that' Here Tom's eye wandered from the glass on the chimney-piece, to the glass on the table, and as he felt himself becoming gradually sentimental, he emptied the fourth tumbler of punch and ordered a fifth

"Tom Smart, gentlemen, had always been very much attached to the public line It had long been his ambition to stand in a bar of his own, in a green coat, knee-cords, and tops He had a great notion of taking the chair at convivial dinners, and he had often thought how well he could preside in a room of his own in the talking way, and what a capital example he could set to his customers in the drinking department All these things passed rapidly through Tom's mind as he sat drinking the hot punch by the roaring fire, and he felt very justly and properly indignant that the tall man should be in a fair way of keeping such an excellent house, while he, Tom Smart, was as far from it as ever So, after deliberating over the last two tumblers, whether he hadn't a perfect right to pick a quarrel with the tall man for having contrived to get into the good graces of the buxom widow, Tom Smart at last arrived at the satisfactory conclusion that he was a very ill-used and persecuted individual, and had better go to bed

"Up a wide and ancient staircase the smart girl preceded Tom, shading the chamber candle with her hand, to protect it from the currents of air which in such a rambling old place might have found plenty of room to disport themselves in, without blowing the candle out, but which did blow it out nevertheless, thus affording Tom's enemies an opportunity of asserting that it was he, and not the wind, who extinguished the candle, and that while he pretended to be blowing it alight again, he was in fact kissing the girl Be this as it may, another light was obtained, and Tom was conducted through a maze of rooms, and a labyrinth of passages, to the apartment which had been prepared for his reception, where the girl bade him good night, and left him alone

"It was a good large room with big closets, and a bed which might have served for a whole boarding-school, to say nothing of a couple of oaken presses that would have held

the baggage of a small army, but what struck Tom's fancy most was a strange, grim-looking high-backed chair, carved in the most fantastic manner, with a flowered damask cushion, and the round knobs at the bottom of the legs carefully tied up in red cloth, as if it had got the gout in its toes Of any other queer chair, Tom would only have thought it *was* a queer chair, and there would have been an end of the matter, but there was something about this particular chair, and yet he couldn't tell what it was, so odd and so unlike any other piece of furniture he had ever seen, that it seemed to fascinate him He sat down before the fire, and stared at the old chair for half an hour,—Deuce take the chair, it was such a strange old thing, he couldn't take his eyes off it

"Well," said Tom, slowly undressing himself, and staring at the old chair all the while, which stood with a mysterious aspect by the bed-side, 'I never saw such a rum concern as that in my days Very odd,' said Tom, who had got rather sage with the hot punch, 'Very odd' Tom shook his head with an air of profound wisdom, and looked at the chair again He couldn't make anything of it though, so he got in bed, covered himself up warm, and fell asleep

"In about half an hour, Tom woke up, with a start, from a confused dream of tall men and tumblers of punch. and the first object that presented itself to his waking imagination was the queer chair

"I won't look at it any more," said Tom to himself, and he squeezed his eyelids together, and tried to persuade himself he was going to sleep again No use, nothing but queer chairs danced before his eyes, kicking up their legs, jumping over each other's backs, and playing all kinds of antics

"I may as well see one real chair, as two or three complete sets of false ones," said Tom, bringing out his head from under the bed-clothes There it was, plainly discernible by the light of the fire, looking as provoking as ever

"Tom gazed at the chair, and, suddenly as he looked at it, a most extraordinary change seemed to come over it The carving of the back gradually assumed the lineaments and expression of an old shrivelled human face; the damask cushion became an antique, flapped waistcoat, the round knobs grew into a couple of feet, encased in red cloth slippers;

and the old chair looked like a very ugly old man, of the previous century, with his arms a-kimbo. Tom sat up in bed, and rubbed his eyes to dispel the illusion. No! The chair was an ugly old gentleman, and what was more, he was winking at Tom Smart.

"Tom was naturally a headlong, careless sort of dog, and he had had five tumblers of hot punch into the bargain, so, although he was a little startled at first, he began to grow rather indignant when he saw the old gentleman winking and leering at him with such an impudent air. At length he resolved that he wouldn't stand it; and as the old face still kept winking away as fast as ever, Tom said, in a very angry tone

"What the devil are you winking at me for?"

"Because I like it, Tom Smart," said the chair, or the old gentleman, whichever you like to call him. He stopped winking though, when Tom spoke, and began grinning like a superannuated monkey.

"How do you know my name, old nut-cracker face!" inquired Tom Smart, rather staggered,—though he pretended to carry it off so well.

"Come, come, Tom," said the old gentleman, 'that's not the way to address solid Spanish Mahogany. Dam'me, you couldn't treat me with less respect if I was venerated.' When the old gentleman said this, he looked so fierce that Tom began to be frightened.

"I didn't mean to treat you with any disrespect, sir," said Tom in a much humbler tone than he had spoken in at first.

"Well, well," said the old fellow, 'perhaps not—perhaps not. Tom—'

"Sir—"

"I know everything about you, Tom, everything. You're very poor, Tom."

"I certainly am," said Tom Smart. "But how came you to know that?"

"Never mind that," said the old gentleman, 'you're much too fond of punch, Tom.'

"Tom Smart was just on the point of protesting that he hadn't tasted a drop since his last birth-day, but when his eye encountered that of the old gentleman, he looked so knowing that Tom blushed, and was silent."

"Tom," said the old gentleman, 'the widow's a fine woman—remarkably fine woman—eh, Tom?' Here the old fellow screwed up his eyes, cocked up one of his wasted little legs, and

and looked altogether so unpleasantly amorous, that Tom was quite disgusted with the levity of his behaviour,—at his time of life, too!

"I am her guardian, Tom," said the old gentleman.

"Are you?" inquired Tom Smart.

"I knew her mother, Tom," said the old fellow, 'and her grandmother. She was very fond of me—made me this waistcoat, Tom.'

"Did she?" said Tom Smart.

"And these shoes," said the old fellow, lifting up one of the red-cloth mufflers, 'but don't mention it, Tom. I shouldn't like to have it known that she was so much attached to me. It might occasion some unpleasantness in the family.' When the old rascal said this, he looked so extremely impertinent, that, as Tom Smart afterwards declared, he could have sat upon him without remorse.

"I have been a great favourite among the women in my time, Tom," said the profligate old debauchee, 'hundreds of fine women have sat in my lap for hours together. What do you think of that, you dog, eh?' The old gentleman was proceeding to recount some other exploits of his youth, when he was seized with such a violent fit of creaking that he was unable to proceed.

"Just serves you right, old boy," thought Tom Smart, but he didn't say anything.

"Ah!" said the old fellow, 'I am a good deal troubled with this now. I am getting old, Tom, and have lost nearly all my rails. I have had an operation performed, too—a small piece put into my back—and I found it a severe trial, Tom.'

"I daresay you did, sir," said Tom Smart.

"However," said the old gentleman, 'that's not the point, Tom! I want you to marry the widow.'

"Me, sir?" said Tom.

"You," said the old gentleman.

"Bless your reverend locks," said Tom—(he had a few scattered horse-hairs left), 'bless your reverend locks, she wouldn't have me.' And Tom sighed involuntarily, as he thought of the bar.

"Wouldn't she?" said the old gentleman, firmly.

"No, no," said Tom, 'there's somebody else in the wind. A tall man—a confoundedly tall man—with black whiskers.'

"Tom," said the old gentleman, 'she will never have him.'

"Won't she?" said Tom. 'If you stood in

the bar, old gentleman, you'd tell another story'

"'Pooh, pooh,' said the old gentleman 'I know all about that'

"'About what?' said Tom

"'The kissing behind the door, and all that sort of thing, Tom,' said the old gentleman. And here he gave another impudent look, which made Tom very wroth, because as you all know, gentlemen, to hear an old fellow, who ought to know better, talking about these things, is very unpleasant—nothing more so

"'I know all about that, Tom,' said the old gentleman 'I have seen it done very often in my time, Tom, between more people than I should like to mention to you, but it never came to anything after all'

"'You must have seen some queer things,' said Tom, with an inquisitive look

"'You may say that, now,' replied the old fellow, with a very complicated wink 'I am the last of my family, Tom,' said the old gentleman, with a melancholy sigh

"'Was it a large one?' inquired Tom Smart

"'There were twelve of us, Tom,' said the old gentleman, 'fine, straight-backed, handsome fellows, as you'd wish to see. None of your modern abortions—all with arms, and with a degree of polish, though I say it that should not, which would have done your heart good to behold'

"'And what's become of the others, sir?' asked Tom Smart

"'The old gentleman applied his elbow to his eye as he replied, 'Gone, Tom, gone. We had hard service, Tom, and they hadn't all my constitution. They got rheumatic about the legs and arms, and went into kitchens and other hospitals, and one of 'em, with long service and hard usage, positively lost his senses—he got so crazy that he was obliged to be burnt. Shocking thing that, Tom'

"'Dreadful!' said Tom Smart

"'The old fellow paused for a few minutes, apparently struggling with his feelings of emotion, and then said.

"'However, Tom, I am wandering from the point. This tall man, Tom, is a rascally adventurer. The moment he married the widow, he would sell off all the furniture, and run away. What would be the consequence? She would be deserted and reduced to ruin, and I should catch my death of cold in some broker's shop'

"'Yes, but—'

"'Don't interrupt me,' said the old gentleman 'Of you, Tom, I entertain a very different opinion, for I well know if you once settled yourself in a public-house, you would never leave it, as long as there was anything to drink within its walls'

"'I am very much obliged to you for your good opinion, sir,' said Tom Smart

"'Therefore,' resumed the old gentleman, in a dictatorial tone, 'you shall have her, and he shall not'

"'What is to prevent it?' said Tom Smart, eagerly

"'This disclosure,' replied the old gentleman 'he is already married'

"'How can I prove it?' said Tom, starting half out of bed

"'The old gentleman untucked his arm from his side, and having pointed to one of the oaken presses, immediately replaced it in its old position

"'He little thinks,' said the old gentleman, 'that in the right-hand pocket of a pair of trousers in that press, he has left a letter, entreating him to return to his disconsolate wife, with six—mark me, Tom—six babes, and all of them small ones'

"'As the old gentleman solemnly uttered these words, his features grew less and less distinct, and his figure more shadowy. A film came over Tom Smart's eyes. The old man seemed gradually blending into the chair, the damask waistcoat to resolve into a cushion, the red slippers to shrink into little red cloth bags. The light faded gently away, and Tom Smart fell back on his pillow, and dropped asleep

"'Morning aroused Tom from the lethargic slumber, into which he had fallen on the disappearance of the old man. He sat up in bed, and for some minutes vainly endeavoured to recall the events of the preceding night. Suddenly they rushed upon him. He looked at the chair, it was a fantastic and grim-looking piece of furniture, certainly, but it must have been a remarkably ingenious and lively imagination, that could have discovered any resemblance between it and an old man

"'How are you, old boy?' said Tom. He was bolder in the daylight—most men are

"'The chair remained motionless, and spoke not a word

"'Miserable morning,' said Tom. No. The chair would not be drawn into conversation

"'Which press did you point to?—you can

tell me that,' said Tom Devil a word, gentlemen, the chair would say

"It's not much trouble to open it, anyhow,' said Tom, getting out of bed very deliberately. He walked up to one of the presses. The key was in the lock, he turned it, and opened the door. There *was* a pair of trousers there. He put his hand into the pocket, and drew forth the identical letter the old gentleman had described!

"Queer sort of thing, this,' said Tom Smart, looking first at the chair and then at the press, and then at the letter, and then at the chair again. 'Very queer,' said Tom. But, as there was nothing in either, to lessen the queeriness, he thought he might as well dress himself, and settle the tall man's business at once—just to put him out of his misery.

"Tom surveyed the rooms he passed through, on his way down-stairs, with the scrutinising eye of a landlord, thinking it not impossible, that before long, they and their contents would be his property. The tall man was standing in the snug little bar, with his hands behind him, quite at home. He grinned vacantly at Tom. A casual observer might have supposed he did it, only to show his white teeth, but Tom Smart thought that a consciousness of triumph was passing through the place where the tall man's mind would have been, if he had had any. Tom laughed in his face, and summoned the landlady.

"Good morning, ma'am,' said Tom Smart, closing the door of the little parlour as the widow entered.

"Good morning, sir,' said the widow. 'What will you take for breakfast, sir?'

"Tom was thinking how he should open the case, so he made no answer.

"There's a very nice ham,' said the widow, 'and a beautiful cold larded fowl. Shall I send 'em in, sir?'

"These words roused Tom from his reflections. His admiration of the widow increased as she spoke. Thoughtful creature! Comfortable provider!

"Who is that gentleman in the bar, ma'am?' inquired Tom.

"His name is Jinkins, sir,' said the widow, slightly blushing.

"He's a tall man,' said Tom.

"He is a very fine man, sir,' replied the widow, 'and a very nice gentleman.'

"Ah!' said Tom.

"Is there anything more you want, sir?'

inquired the widow, rather puzzled by Tom's manner.

"Why, yes,' said Tom. 'My dear ma'am, will you have the kindness to sit down for one moment?'

"The widow looked much amazed, but she sat down, and Tom sat down too, close beside her. I don't know how it happened, gentlemen—indeed my uncle used to tell me that Tom Smart said *he* didn't know how it happened either—but somehow or other the palm of Tom's hand fell upon the back of the widow's hand, and remained there while he spoke.

"My dear ma'am,' said Tom Smart—he had always a great notion of committing the amiable—'My dear ma'am, you deserve a very excellent husband,—you do indeed.'

"Lor', sir,' said the widow—as well she might Tom's mode of commencing the conversation being rather unusual, not to say startling, the fact of his never having set eyes upon her before the previous night, being taken into consideration. 'Lor', sir.'

"I scorn to flatter, my dear ma'am,' said Tom Smart. 'You deserve a very admirable husband, and whoever he is, he'll be a very lucky man.' As Tom said this his eye involuntarily wandered from the widow's face, to the comforts around him.

"The widow looked more puzzled than ever, and made an effort to rise. Tom gently pressed her hand, as if to detain her, and she kept her seat. Widows, gentlemen, are not usually timorous, as my uncle used to say.

"I am sure I am very much obliged to you, sir, for your good opinion,' said the buxom landlady, half laughing, 'and if ever I marry again—'

"If,' said Tom Smart, looking very shrewdly out of the right-hand corner of his left eye. 'If—'

"Well,' said the widow, laughing outright this time. 'When I do, I hope I shall have as good a husband as you describe.'

"Jinkins to wit,' said Tom.

"Lor', sir!' exclaimed the widow.

"Oh, don't tell me,' said Tom, 'I know him.'

"I am sure nobody who knows him, knows anything bad of him,' said the widow, bridling up at the mysterious air with which Tom had spoken.

"Hem!' said Tom Smart.

"The widow began to think it was high time to cry, so she took out her handkerchief and

inquired whether Tom wished to insult her whether he thought it like a gentleman to take away the character of another gentleman behind his back why, if he had got anything to say, he didn't say it to the man, like a man, 5 instead of terrifying a poor weak woman in that way, and so forth

"I'll say it to him fast enough," said Tom, 'only I want you to hear it first'

"What is it?" inquired the widow, looking 10 intently in Tom's countenance

"I'll astonish you," said Tom, putting his hand in his pocket

"If it is, that he wants money," said the widow, 'I know that already, and you needn't 15 trouble yourself'

"Pooh, nonsense, that's nothing," said Tom Smart 'I want money 'Tan't that'

"Oh, dear, what can it be?" exclaimed the poor widow

"Don't be frightened," said Tom Smart He slowly drew forth the letter, and unfolded it 'You won't scream?' said Tom, doubtfully

"No, no," replied the widow, 'let me see it'

"You won't go fainting away, or any of 25 that nonsense?" said Tom

"No, no," returned the widow, hastily

"And don't run out, and blow him up," said Tom, 'because I'll do all that for you, you had better not exert yourself'

"Well, well," said the widow, 'let me see it'

"I will," replied Tom Smart, and, with these words, he placed the letter in the widow's hand

"Gentlemen, I have heard my uncle say, that Tom Smart said, the widow's lamentations 35 when she heard the disclosure would have pierced a heart of stone Tom was certainly very tender-hearted, but they pierced his, to the very core The widow rocked herself to and fro, and wrung her hands

"Oh, the deception and villainy of man!" said the widow

"Frightful, my dear ma'am, but compose yourself," said Tom Smart

"Oh, I can't compose myself," shrieked the 45 widow 'I shall never find any one else I can love so much!'

"Oh yes, you will, my dear soul," said Tom Smart, letting fall a shower of the largest sized

tears, in pity for the widow's misfortunes Tom Smart, in the energy of his compassion, had put his arm round the widow's waist, and the widow, in a passion of grief, had clasped Tom's hand She looked up in Tom's face and smiled through her tears Tom looked down in hers, and smiled through his

"I could never find out, gentlemen, whether Tom did or did not kiss the widow at that particular moment He used to tell my uncle he didn't, but I have my doubts about it Between ourselves, gentlemen, I rather think he did

"At all events, Tom kicked the very tall man out at the front door half an hour after, and married the widow a month after And he used to drive about the country, with the clay-coloured gig with red wheels, and the vixenish mare with the fast pace, till he gave 20 up business many years afterwards, and went to France with his wife, and then the old house was pulled down"

"Will you allow me to ask you," said the inquisitive old gentleman, "what became of the chair?"

"Why," replied the one-eyed bagman, "it was observed to creak very much on the day of the wedding, but Tom Smart couldn't say 30 for certain whether it was with pleasure or bodily infirmity He rather thought it was the latter, though, for it never spoke afterwards"

"Everybody believed the story, didn't they?" said the dirty-faced man, re-filling his pipe

"Except Tom's enemies," replied the bagman "Some of 'em said Tom invented it altogether, and others said he was drunk, and fancied it, and got hold of the wrong trousers 40 by mistake before he went to bed But nobody ever minded what *they* said"

"Tom said it was all true?"

"Every word"

"And your uncle?"

"Every letter"

"They must have been very nice men, both of 'em," said the dirty-faced man

"Yes, they were," replied the bagman, "very nice men indeed!"

ROBERT BROWNING

(1812-1889)

The conclusion which Tennyson reached after years of intellectual doubt Browning expressed in his first poem, *Pauline*, published when he was twenty-one "I believe in God and truth and love" This creed is further developed in *Paracelsus*, the story of a scholar's search for knowledge Paracelsus discovers that "truth is within ourselves" and that God's "right hand doth guide us through the world, wherein we stumble" Browning arrived at this certainty so early in his career because of his training in his parents' home at Camberwell His mother, a lover of music and art, was a devout adherent of Scotch evangelical doctrines, while his father was a serious thinker, who related to Robert stories about medieval scholars and permitted him to read extensively in a well-stocked library This reading gave him a broader culture than his few months in the University of London

With strong assurance in the final triumph of truth and love Browning taught a philosophy of optimism and courage Although a man might fail, he could learn by these failures to attain success His aim should ever be to exceed what he had already accomplished no matter how great the struggle According to *Paracelsus*, "Progress is the law of life" By continually striving to gain more knowledge and to reach a more complete understanding of life, a man prepared for the future Hence the concluding years would be the best Even death Browning wished to face like a fighter, brave to the last This courage made life for him a joyous existence, which he acclaimed in *Saul* with the words, "How good is man's life, the mere living!"

His own experiences confirmed these views At first his poetry was generally neglected, but later it was earnestly studied as the work of an intellectual leader. A trip to Italy in 1838 revealed to him a country whose cultural history and atmosphere became so great an inspiration for his poems on the Italian Renaissance The first of these poems, *Sordello*, is extremely difficult because of its obscurity in style Although he resided principally in Italy after his marriage, he remained thoroughly English in his vigorous determination This marriage, above all, proved to him the goodness of life He had admired the poetry of Elizabeth Barrett and had corresponded with her for some time before he met her Because she had been for years an invalid confined to her room, few knew her personally She was, however, judged by many to be as great a poet as Tennyson Since her father was obstinately opposed to the marriage,

Browning wed her secretly and took her to Italy in 1846 Her *Sonnets from the Portuguese* together with their letters indicate how perfect was the union of these two poets At her death in 1861 Browning returned to England and devoted his remaining years to his poetry, which after 1870 became more and more philosophical in theme

Browning believed that a "perfect bard was one who chronicled the stages of all life" He was not, however, interested in the social or political movements of the Victorian period but in the individual's attitude toward his problems regardless of the time when he lived Outward acts concerned Browning only in so far as they disclosed the soul The character sketches in *Dramatic Lyrics*, *Dramatic Romances*, *Men and Women*, and *Dramatis Personæ* are intimate studies of painters, musicians, scholars, churchmen, noblemen, soldiers, merchants, and various other interesting figures Browning has penetrated the complexities of their natures and has shown how their desires shaped their careers He has taken some dramatic incident in each case as the basis for his study He also used this method in *The Ring and the Book*, composed of monologues, in which the persons connected with the murder of Pompilia, the young wife of Guido, give their reactions to the crime Each section presents the story from a different angle, revealing by detailed analysis the characters of the speakers

Browning never attained the popularity of Tennyson because he was too far removed intellectually from his contemporaries They did not recognize the allusions drawn from his extensive reading and often did not have the background necessary to understand his subtle analyses They found his lyrics easier to comprehend, but even in these poems disregard of poetic qualities marred their enjoyment Browning was too obscure and too verbose to gain a large audience He seemed to forget that the reader might not follow his train of thought unless he supplied the connecting links He poured forth his ideas without thinking of his readers Consequently his poetry is often unpoetical and diffuse, in some respects it resembles involved prose Sometimes the reader wonders if he knew what he wanted to say, for it is evident that he did not pause for consideration Yet he wrote many effective dramatic monologues and lyrics His optimistic philosophy brought his readers a courageous faith

MY LAST DUCHESS

FERRARA

THAT's my last Duchess painted on the wall,
Looking as if she were alive I call
That piece a wonder, now Frà Pandolf's
hands

Worked busily a day, and there she stands
Will 't please you sit and look at her? I
said

"Frà Pandolf" by design, for never read
Strangers like you that pictured countenance,
The depth and passion of its earnest glance,
But to myself they turned (since none puts
by

The curtain I have drawn for you, but I) ¹⁰
And seemed as they would ask me, if they
durst,

How such a glance came there, so, not the
first

Are you to turn and ask thus Sir, 't was not
Her husband's presence only, called that spot
Of joy into the Duchess' cheek perhaps ¹⁵
Frà Pandolf chanced to say, "Her mantle laps
Over my lady's wrist too much," or "Paint
Must never hope to reproduce the faint
Half-flush that dies along her throat " such
stuff

Was courtesy, she thought, and cause enough ²⁰
For calling up that spot of joy She had
A heart—how shall I say?—too soon made
glad,

Too easily impressed she liked whate'er
She looked on, and her looks went everywhere
Sir, 't was all one! My favor at her breast, ²⁵
The dropping of the daylight in the West,
The bough of cherries some officious fool
Broke in the orchard for her, the white mule
She rode with round the terrace—all and each
Would draw from her alike the approving
speech, ³⁰

Or blush, at least She thanked men,—good!
but thanked

Somehow—I know not how—as if she ranked
My gift of a nine-hundred-years-old name
With anybody's gift Who'd stoop to blame
This sort of trifling? Even had you skill ³⁵
In speech—(which I have not)—to make your
will

Quite clear to such an one, and say, "Just this
Or that in you disgusts me, here you miss,
Or there exceed the mark"—and if she let
Herself be lessoned so, nor plainly set ⁴⁰
Her wits to yours, forsooth, and made excuse,

—E'en then would be some stooping, and I
choose

Never to stoop Oh sir, she smiled, no doubt,
Whene'er I passed her, but who passed with-
out

Much the same smile? This grew, I gave com-
mands, ⁴⁵

Then all smiles stopped together There she
stands

As if alive Will 't please you rise? We'll meet
The company below, then I repeat,

The Count your master's known munificence
Is ample warrant that no just pretence ⁵⁰

Of mine for dowry will be disallowed,
Though his fair daughter's self, as I avowed

At starting, is my object Nay, we'll go
Together down, sir Notice Neptune, though,

Taming a sea-horse, thought a rarity, ⁵⁵
Which Claus of Innsbruck cast in bronze for
me!

IN A GONDOLA

He sings

I SEND my heart up to thee, all my heart

In this my singing

For the stars help me, and the sea bears part,
The very night is clinging

Closer to Venice' streets to leave one space ⁵
Above me, whence thy face

May light my joyous heart to thee its dwelling-
place

She speaks

Say after me, and try to say

My very words, as if each word

Came from you of your own accord, ¹⁰

In your own voice, in your own way

"This woman's heart and soul and brain

Are mine as much as this gold chain

She bids me wear, which" (say again)

"I choose to make by cherishing ¹⁵

A precious thing, or choose to fling

Over the boat-side, ring by ring"

And yet once more say no word more!

Since words are only words Give o'er!

Unless you call me, all the same, ²⁰

Familiarly by my pet name,

Which if the Three should hear you call,

And me reply to, would proclaim

At once our secret to them all

Ask of me, too, command me, blame— ²⁵

Do, break down the partition-wall
 'Twixt us, the daylight world beholds
 Curtained in dusk and splendid folds!
 What's left but—all of me to take?
 I am the 'Three's prevent them, slake
 Your thirst! 'T is said, the Arab sage,
 In practising with gems, can loose
 Their subtle spirit in his cruce
 And leave but ashes so, sweet mage,
 Leave them my ashes when thy use
 Sucks out my soul, thy heritage!

He sings

Past we glide, and past, and past!
 What's that poor Agnese doing
 Where they make the shutters fast?
 Gray Zanobi's just a-wooning
 To his couch the purchased bride
 Past we glide!

Past we glide, and past, and past!
 Why's the Pucci Palace flaring
 Like a beacon to the blast?
 Guests by hundreds, not one caring
 If the dear host's neck were wried
 Past we glide!

She sings

The moth's kiss, first!
 Kiss me as if you made believe
 You were not sure, this eve,
 How my face, your flower, had pursed
 Its petals up, so, here and there
 You brush it, till I grow aware
 Who wants me, and wide ope I burst

The bee's kiss, now!
 Kiss me as if you entered gay
 My heart at some noonday,
 A bud that dares not disallow
 The clam, so all is rendered up,
 And passively its shattered cup
 Over your head to sleep I bow

He sings

What are we two?
 I am a Jew,
 And carry thee, farther than friends can
 pursue,
 To a feast of our tribe,
 Where they need thee to bribe
 The devil that blasts them unless he imbibe

Thy Scatter the vision forever! And
 now,
 As of old, I am I, thou art thou! 70

30 Say again, what we are?
 The sprite of a star,
 I lure thee above where the destines bar
 My plumes their full play
 Till a ruddier ray 75
 35 Than my pale one announce there is withering
 away
 Some Scatter the vision forever! And
 now,
 As of old, I am I, thou art thou!

He muses

40 Oh, which were best, to roam or rest?
 The land's lap or the water's breast? 80
 To sleep on yellow millet-sheaves,
 Or swim in lucid shallows, just
 Eluding water-lily leaves,
 An inch from Death's black fingers, thrust
 45 To lock you, whom release he must, 85
 Which life were best on Summer eves?

He speaks, musing

Lie back, could thought of mine improve
 you?
 From this shoulder let there spring
 A wing, from this, another wing,
 50 Wings, not legs and feet, shall move you! 90
 Snow-white must they spring, to blend
 With your flesh, but I intend
 They shall deepen to the end,
 55 Broader, into burning gold, 95
 Till both wings crescent-wise enfold
 Your perfect self, from 'neath your feet
 To o'er your head, where, lo, they meet
 As if a million sword-blades hurled
 Defiance from you to the world!
 60 Rescue me thou, the only real! 100
 And scare away this mad ideal
 That came, nor motions to depart!
 Thanks! Now, stay ever as thou art!

Still he muses

What if the Three should catch at last
 Thy serenader? While there's cast 105
 Paul's cloak about my head, and fast 65
 Gian pinions me, Himself has 'past
 His stylet through my back, I reel,
 And is it thou I feel?

They trail me, these three godless knaves, ¹¹⁰
 Past every church that saints and saves,
 Nor stop till, where the cold sea raves
 By Lido's wet accursed graves,
 They scoop mine, roll me to its brink,
 And on thy breast I sink! ¹¹⁵

She replies, musing

Dip your arm o'er the boat-side, elbow-deep,
 As I do thus were death so unlike sleep,
 Caught thus way? Death's to fear from flame
 or steel,
 Or poison doubtless, but from water—feel!
 Go find the bottom! Would you stay me?
 There! ¹²⁰
 Now pluck a great blade of that ribbon-grass
 To plant in where the foolish jewel was,
 I flung away since you have praised my hair,
 'T is proper to be choice in what I wear

He speaks

Row home? must we row home? Too
 surely ¹²⁵
 Know I where its front's demurely
 Over the Giudecca piled,
 Window just with window mating,
 Door on door exactly waiting,
 All's the set face of a child ¹³⁰
 But behind it, where's a trace
 Of the staidness and reserve,
 And formal lines without a curve,
 In the same child's playing-face?
 No two windows look one way ¹³⁵
 O'er the small sea-water thread
 Below them Ah, the autumn day
 I, passing, saw you overhead!
 First, out a cloud of curtain blew,
 Then a sweet cry, and last came you— ¹⁴⁰
 To catch your lory that must needs
 Escape just then, of all times then,
 To peck a tall plant's fleecy seeds,
 And make me happiest of men
 I scarce could breathe to see you reach ¹⁴⁵
 So far back o'er the balcony
 To catch him ere he climbed too high
 Above you in the Smyrna peach,
 That quick the round smooth cord of gold,
 This coiled hair on your head, unrolled, ¹⁵⁰
 Fell down you like a gorgeous snake
 The Roman girls were wont, of old,
 When Rome there was, for coolness' sake
 To let lie curling o'er their bosoms
 Dear lory, may his beak retain ¹⁵⁵

Ever its delicate rose stain
 As if the wounded lotus-blossoms
 Had marked their thief to know again!

Stay longer yet, for others' sake
 Than mine! What should your chamber
 do? ¹⁶⁰

—With all its rarities that ache
 In silence while day lasts, but wake
 At night-time and their life renew,
 Suspended just to pleasure you
 Who brought against their will together ¹⁶⁵
 These objects, and, while day lasts, weave
 Around them such a magic tether
 That dumb they look your harp, believe,
 With all the sensitive tight strings
 Which dare not speak, now to itself ¹⁷⁰
 Breathes slumberously, as if some elf
 Went in and out the chords, his wings
 Make murmur wheresoe'er they graze,
 As an angel may, between the maze
 Of midnight palace-pillars, on ¹⁷⁵
 And on, to sow God's plagues, have gone
 Through guilty glorious Babylon
 And while such murmurs flow, the nymph
 Bends o'er the harp-top from her shell
 As the dry lumpet for the lymph ¹⁸⁰
 Come with a tune he knows so well
 And how your statues' hearts must swell!
 And how your pictures must descend
 To see each other, friend with friend!
 Oh, could you take them by surprise, ¹⁸⁵
 You'd find Schidone's eager Duke
 Doing the quaintest courtesies
 To that prim saint by Haste-thee-Luke!
 And, deeper into her rock den,
 Bold Castelfranco's Magdalen ¹⁹⁰
 You'd find retreated from the ken
 Of that robed counsel-keeping Ser—
 As if the Tizian thinks of her,
 And is not, rather, gravely bent
 On seeing for himself what toys ¹⁹⁵
 Are these, his progeny invent,
 What litter now the board employs
 Whereon he signed a document
 That got him murdered! Each enjoys
 Its night so well, you cannot break ²⁰⁰
 The sport up, so, indeed must make
 More stay with me, for others' sake

She speaks

To-morrow, if a harp-string, say,
 Is used to tie the jasmine back
 That overfloods my room with sweets, ²⁰⁵

Contrive your Zorzi somehow meets
My Zanze! If the ribbon's black,
The Three are watching keep away!

Your gondola—let Zorzi wreathe
A mesh of water-weeds about 210
Its prow, as if he unaware
Had struck some quay or bridge-foot stair!
That I may throw a paper out
As you and he go underneath

There's Zanze's vigilant taper, safe are we 215
Only one minute more to-night with me?
Resume your past self of a month ago!
Be you the bashful gallant, I will be
The lady with the colder breast than snow
Now bow you, as becomes, nor touch my
hand 220
More than I touch yours when I step to land,
And say, "All thanks, Siora!"—

Heart to heart
And lips to lips! Yet once more, ere we part,
Clasp me and make me thine, as mine thou
art!

He is surprised, and stabbed

It was ordained to be so, sweet!—and best 225
Comes now, beneath thine eyes, upon thy
breast
Still kiss me! Care not for the cowards! Care
Only to put aside thy beauteous hair
My blood will hurt! The Three, I do not
scorn
To death, because they never lived but I 230
Have lived indeed, and so—(yet one more
kiss)—can die!

PORPHYRIA'S LOVER

THE rain set early in to-night,
The sullen wind was soon awake,
It tore the elm-tops down for spite,
And did its worst to vex the lake.
I listened with heart fit to break 5
When glided in Porphyria, straight
She shut the cold out and the storm,
And kneeled and made the cheerless grate
Blaze up, and all the cottage warm,
Which done, she rose, and from her form 10
Withdrew the dripping cloak and shawl,
And laid her soiled gloves by, untied
Her hat and let the damp hair fall,
And, last, she sat down by my side
And called me. When no voice replied, 15

She put my arm about her waist,
And made her smooth white shoulder bare,
And all her yellow hair displaced,
And, stooping, made my cheek lie there,
And spread, o'er all, her yellow hair, 20
Murmuring how she loved me—she
Too weak, for all her heart's endeavor,
To set its struggling passion free
From pride, and vainer ties dissever,
And give herself to me forever. 25
But passion sometimes would prevail,
Nor could to-night's gay feast restrain
A sudden thought of one so pale
For love of her, and all in vain
So, she was come through wind and rain 30
Be sure I looked up at her eyes
Happy and proud, at last I knew
Porphyria worshipped me, surprise
Made my heart swell, and still it grew
While I debated what to do 35
That moment she was mine, mine, fair,
Perfectly pure and good I found
A thing to do, and all her hair
In one long yellow string I wound
Three times her little throat around, 40
And strangled her. No pain felt she,
I am quite sure she felt no pain.
As a shut bud that holds a bee,
I warily oped her lids again
Laughed the blue eyes without a stain 45
And I untightened next the tress
About her neck, her cheek once more
Blushed bright beneath my burning kiss.
I propped her head up as before,
Only, this time my shoulder bore 50
Her head, which droops upon it still
The smiling rosy little head,
So glad it has its utmost will,
That all it scorned at once is fled,
And I, its love, am gained instead! 55
Porphyria's love she guessed not how
Her darling one wish would be heard
And thus we sit together now,
And all night long we have not stirred,
And yet God has not said a word! 60

ANDREA DEL SARTO

CALLED "THE FAULTLESS PAINTER"

BUT do not let us quarrel any more,
No, my Lucrezia, bear with me for once
Sit down and all shall happen as you wish
You turn your face, but does it bring your
heart?

I'll work then for your friend's friend, never
fear,
Treat his own subject after his own way,
Fix his own time, accept too his own price,
And shut the money into this small hand
When next it takes mine Will it? tenderly?
Oh, I'll content him,—but to-morrow, Love! 10
I often am much wearier than you think,
This evening more than usual, and it seems
As if—forgive now—should you let me sit
Here by the window with your hand in mine
And look a half-hour forth on Fiesole, 15
Both of one mind, as married people use,
Quietly, quietly the evening through,
I might get up to-morrow to my work
Cheerful and fresh as ever Let us try.
To-morrow, how you shall be glad for this! 20
Your soft hand is a woman of itself,
And mine the man's bared breast she curls
inside
Don't count the time lost, neither, you must
serve
For each of the five pictures we require
It saves a model. So! keep looking so— 25
My serpentining beauty, rounds on rounds!
—How could you ever prick those perfect ears,
Even to put the pearl there! oh, so sweet—
My face, my moon, my everybody's moon,
Which everybody looks on and calls his, 30
And, I suppose, is looked on by in turn,
While she looks—no one's very dear, no less
You smile? why, there's my picture ready
made,
There's what we painters call our harmony!
A common grayness silvers everything,— 35
All in a twilight, you and I alike
—You, at the point of your first pride in me
(That's gone you know),—but I, at every
point,
My youth, my hope, my art, being all toned
down
To yonder sober pleasant Fiesole 40
There's the bell clinking from the chapel-top;
That length of convent-wall across the way
Holds the trees safer, huddled more inside,
The last monk leaves the garden, days de-
crease,
And autumn grows, autumn in everything 45
Eh? the whole seems to fall into a shape
As if I saw alike my work and self
And all that I was born to be and do,
A twilight-piece Love, we are in God's hand
How strange now looks the life he makes us
lead, 50
So free we seem, so fettered fast we are!

I feel he laid the fetter let it lie!
This chamber for example—turn your head—
All that's behind us! You don't understand
Nor care to understand about my art, 55
But you can hear at least when people speak
And that cartoon, the second from the door
—It is the thing, Love! so such things should
be—
Behold Madonna!—I am bold to say
I can do with my pencil what I know, 60
What I see, what at bottom of my heart
I wish for, if I ever wish so deep—
Do easily, too—when I say, perfectly,
I do not boast, perhaps yourself are judge,
Who listened to the Legate's talk last week, 65
And just as much they used to say in France.
At any rate 't is easy, all of it!
No sketches first, no studies, that's long past
I do what many dream of all their lives,
—Dream? strive to do, and agonize to do, 70
And fail in doing I could count twenty such
On twice your fingers, and not leave this town,
Who strive—you don't know how the others
strive
To paint a little thing like that you smeared
Carelessly passing with your robes afloat,— 75
Yet do much less, so much less, Someone says,
(I know his name, no matter)—so much less!
Well, less is more, Lucrezia I am judged
There burns a truer light of God in them,
In their vexed beating stuffed and stopped-up
brain, 80
Heart, or whate'er else, than goes on to
prompt
This low-pulsed forthright craftsman's hand
of mine
Their works drop groundward, but themselves,
I know,
Reach many a time a heaven that's shut to
me,
Enter and take their place there sure
enough, 85
Though they come back and cannot tell the
world
My works are nearer heaven, but I sit here
The sudden blood of these men! at a word—
Praise them, it boils, or blame them, it boils
too
I, panting from myself and to myself, 90
Know what I do, am unmoved by men's blame
Or their praise either Somebody remarks
Morello's outline there is wrongly traced,
His hue mistaken, what of that? or else,
Rightly traced and well ordered; what of
that? 95

Speak as they please, what does the mountain
care?

Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp,
Or what's a heaven for? All is silver-gray,
Placid and perfect with my art the worse!

I know both what I want and what might
gain, 100

And yet how profitless to know, to sigh
"Had I been two, another and myself,
Our head would have o'erlooked the world!"

No doubt

Yonder's a work now, of that famous youth
The Urbinate who died five years ago 105

(*'T is copied, George Vasari sent it me*)

Well, I can fancy how he did it all,
Pouring his soul, with kings and popes to see,
Reaching, that heaven might so replenish him,
Above and through his art—for it gives
way 110

That arm is wrongly put—and there again—
A fault to pardon in the drawing's lines,
Its body, so to speak its soul is right,
He means right—that, a child may understand
Still, what an arm! and I could alter it 115
But all the play, the insight and the stretch—
Out of me, out of me! And wherefore out?

Had you enjoined them on me, given me soul,
We might have risen to Rafael, I and you!
Nay, Love, you did give all I asked, I
think— 120

More than I merit, yes, by many times
But had you—oh, with the same perfect brow,
And perfect eyes, and more than perfect
mouth,

And the low voice my soul hears, as a bird
The fowler's pipe, and follows to the
snare— 125

Had you, with these the same, but brought a
mind!

Some women do so Had the mouth there
urged

"God and the glory! never care for gain
The present by the future, what is that?
Live for fame, side by side with Agnolo! 130
Rafael is waiting: up to God, all three!"

I might have done it for you So it seems
Perhaps not. All is as God overrules
Beside, incentives come from the soul's self,
The rest avail not Why do I need you? 135
What wife had Rafael, or has Agnolo?

In this world, who can do a thing, will not,
And who would do it, cannot, I perceive
Yet the will's somewhat,—somewhat, too, the
power—

And thus we half-men struggle At the end, 140

God, I conclude, compensates, punishes
*'T is safer for me, if the award be strict,
That I am something underrated here,
Poor this long while, despised, to speak the
truth*

I dared not, do you know, leave home all
day, 145

For fear of chancing on the Paris lords
The best is when they pass and look aside,
But they speak sometimes, I must bear it all
Well may they speak! That Francis, that first
time,

And that long festal year at Fontainebleau! 150
I surely then could sometimes leave the
ground,

Put on the glory, Rafael's daily wear,
In that humane great monarch's golden look,—
One finger in his beard or twisted curl
Over his mouth's good mark that made the
smile, 155

One arm about my shoulder, round my neck,
The jingle of his gold chain in my ear,
I painting proudly with his breath on me,
All his court round him, seeing with his eyes,
Such frank French eyes, and such a fire of
souls 160

Profuse, my hand kept plying by those
hearts,—

And, best of all, this, this, this face beyond,
This in the background, waiting on my work,
To crown the issue with a last reward!
A good time, was it not, my kingly days? 165
And had you not grown restless . but I
know—

*'T is done and past, 't was right, my instinct
said,*

Too live the life grew, golden and not gray,
And I'm the weak-eyed bat no sun should
tempt

Out of the grange whose four walls make his
world 170

How could it end in any other way?
You called me, and I came home to your heart
The triumph was—to reach and stay there,
since

I reached it ere the triumph, what is lost?
Let my hands frame your face in your hair's
gold, 175

You beautiful Lucrezia that are mine!
"Rafael did this, Andrea painted that,
The Roman's is the better when you pray,
But still the other's Virgin was his wife"—
Men will excuse me I am glad to judge 180
Both pictures in your presence, clearer grows
My better fortune, I resolve to think.

For, do you know, Lucrezia, as God lives,
Said one day Agnolo, his very self,
To Rafael I have known it all these
years ¹⁸⁵

(When the young man was flaming out his
thoughts

Upon a palace-wall for Rome to see,
Too lifted up in heart because of it)
"Friend, there's a certain sorry little scrub
Goes up and down our Florence, none cares
how, ¹⁹⁰

Who, were he set to plan and execute
As you are, pricked on by your popes and
kings,

Would bring the sweat into that brow of
yours!"

To Rafael's!—And indeed the arm is wrong
I hardly dare yet, only you to see, ¹⁹⁵
Give the chalk here—quick, thus the line
should go!

Ay, but the soul! he's Rafael! rub it out!
Still, all I care for, if he spoke the truth,
(What he? why, who but Michel Agnolo?
Do you forget already words like those?) ²⁰⁰
If really there was such a chance, so lost,—
Is, whether you're—not grateful—but more
pleased

Well, let me think so And you smile indeed!
This hour has been an hour! Another smile?
If you would sit thus by me every night ²⁰⁵
I should work better, do you comprehend?
I mean that I should earn more, give you
more

See it is settled dusk now, there's a star,
Morello's gone, the watch-lights show the
wall,

The cue-owls speak the name we call them
by ²¹⁰

Come from the window, love,—come in, at
last,

Inside the melancholy little house
We built to be so gay with God is just
King Francis may forgive me oft at nights
When I look up from painting, eyes tired
out, ²¹⁵

The walls become illumined, brick from brick
Distinct, instead of mortar, fierce bright
gold,

That gold of his I did cement them with!
Let us but love each other Must you go?
That Cousin here again? he waits outside? ²²⁰
Must see you—you, and not with me? Those
loans?

More gaming debts to pay? you smiled for
that?

Well, let smiles buy me! have you more to
spend?

While hand and eye and something of a heart
Are left me, work's my ware, and what's it
worth? ²²⁵

I'll pay my fancy Only let me sit
The gray remainder of the evening out,
Idle, you call it, and muse, perfectly
How I could paint, were I but back in France,
One picture, just one more—the Virgin's
face, ²³⁰

Not yours this time! I want you at my side
To hear them—that is, Michel Agnolo—
Judge all I do and tell you of its worth
Will you? To-morrow, satisfy your friend
I take the subjects for his corridor, ²³⁵
Finish the portrait out of hand—there, there,
And throw him in another thing or two
If he demurs, the whole should prove enough
To pay for this same Cousin's freak Beside,
What's better and what's all I care about, ²⁴⁰
Get you the thirteen scudi for the ruff!
Love, does that please you? Ah, but what does
he,

The Cousin! what does he to please you more?

I am grown peaceful as old age to-night
I regret little, I would change still less ²⁴⁵
Since there my past life lies, why alter it?
The very wrong to Francis!—it is true
I took his coin, was tempted and complied,
And built this house and sinned, and all is
said

My father and my mother died of want ²⁵⁰
Well, had I riches of my own? you see
How one gets rich! Let each one bear his lot
They were born poor, lived poor, and poor
they died

And I have labored somewhat in my time
And not been paid profusely Some good
son ²⁵⁵

Paint my two hundred pictures—let him try!
No doubt, there's something strikes a balance
Yes,

You loved me quite enough, it seems to-night.
This must suffice me here What would one
have?

In heaven, perhaps, new chances, one more
chance— ²⁶⁰

Four great walls in the New Jerusalem,
Meted on each side by the angel's reed,
For Leonard, Rafael, Agnolo and me
To cover—the three first without a wife,
While I have mine! So—still they over-
come ²⁶⁵

Because there's still Lucrezia,—as I choose

Again the Cousin's whistle! Go, my Love

ONE WORD MORE

To E B B

I

THERE they are, my fifty men and women
Naming me the fifty poems finished!
Take them, Love, the book and me together
Where the heart lies, let the brain be also

II

RAFael made a century of sonnets, ⁵
Made and wrote them in a certain volume
Dinted with the silver-pointed pencil
Else he only used to draw Madonnas
These, the world might view—but one, the
volume

Who that one, you ask? Your heart instructs
you ¹⁰

Did she live and love it all her lifetime?
Did she drop, his lady of the sonnets,
Die, and let it drop beside her pillow
Where it lay in place of Rafael's glory,
Rafael's cheek so duteous and so loving— ¹⁵
Cheek, the world was wont to hail a painter's,
Rafael's cheek, her love had turned a poet's?

III

You and I would rather read that volume,
(Taken to his beating bosom by it)
Lean and list the bosom-beats of Rafael, ²⁰
Would we not? than wonder at Madonnas—
Her, San Sisto names, and Her, Foligno,
Her, that visits Florence in a vision,
Her, that's left with lilies in the Louvre—
Seen by us and all the world in circle ²⁵

IV

You and I will never read that volume
Guido Reni, like his own eye's apple
Guarded long the treasure-book and loved it
Guido Reni dying, all Bologna
Cried, and the world cried too, "Ours, the
treasure!" ³⁰
Suddenly, as rare things will, it vanished

V

Dante once prepared to paint an angel.
Whom to please? You whisper "Beatrice."

While he mused and traced it and retraced it,
(Peradventure with a pen corroded) ³⁵
Still by drops of that hot ink he dipped for,
When, his left-hand i' the hair o' the wicked,
Back he held the brow and pricked its stigma,
Bit into the live man's flesh for parchment,
Loosed him, laughed to see the writing
rankle, ⁴⁰

Let the wretch go festering through Flor-
ence)—

Dante, who loved well because he hated,
Hated wickedness that hinders loving,
Dante standing, studying his angel,—
In there broke the folk of his Inferno ⁴⁵
Says he—"Certain people of importance"
(Such he gave his daily dreadful line to)
"Entered and would seize, forsooth, the poet"
Says the poet—"Then I stopped my paint-
ing"

VI

You and I would rather see that angel, ⁵⁰
Painted by the tenderness of Dante,
Would we not?—then read a fresh Inferno

VII

You and I will never see that picture
While he mused on love and Beatrice,
While he softened o'er his outlined angel, ⁵⁵
In they broke, those "people of importance"
We and Bice bear the loss forever

VIII

What of Rafael's sonnets, Dante's picture?
This no artist lives and loves, that longs not
Once, and only once, and for one only, ⁶⁰
(Ah, the prize!) to find his love a language
Fit and fair and simple and sufficient—
Using nature that's an art to others,
Not, this one time, art that's turned his na-
ture

Ay, of all the artists living, loving, ⁶⁵
None but would forego his proper dowry,—
Does he paint? he fain would write a poem,—
Does he write? he fain would paint a picture,
Put to proof art alien to the artist's,
Once, and only once, and for one only, ⁷⁰
So to be the man and leave the artist,
Gain the man's joy, miss the artist's sorrow

IX

Wherefore? Heaven's gift takes earth's abate-
ment!

He who smites the rock and spreads the water,
 Bidding drink and live a crowd beneath him, ⁷⁵
 Even he, the minute makes immortal,
 Proves, perchance, but mortal in the minute,
 Desecrates, belike, the deed in doing
 While he smites, how can he but remember,
 So he smote before, in such a peril, ⁸⁰
 When they stood and mocked—"Shall smiting
 help us?"

When they drank and sneered—"A stroke is
 easy!"

When they wiped their mouths and went their
 journey,

Throwing him for thanks—"But drought was
 pleasant"

Thus old memories mar the actual triumph, ⁸⁵

Thus the doing savors of disrelish,

Thus achievement lacks a gracious somewhat,

O'er-importuned brows becloud the mandate,

Carelessness or consciousness—the gesture

For he bears an ancient wrong about him, ⁹⁰

Sees and knows again those phalanxed faces,

Hears, yet one time more, the 'customed pre-
 lude—

"How shouldst thou, of all men, smite, and
 save us?"

Guesses what is like to prove the sequel—

"Egypt's flesh-pots—nay, the drought was
 better" ⁹⁵

X

Oh, the crowd must have emphatic warrant!
 Theirs, the Sinai-forehead's cloven brilliance,
 Right-arm's rod-sweep, tongue's imperial fiat
 Never dares the man put off the prophet

XI

Did he love one face from out the thou-
 sands, ¹⁰⁰

(Were she Jethro's daughter, white and wifely,

Were she but the Æthiopian bondslave,)

He would envy yon dumb patient camel,

Keeping a reserve of scanty water

Meant to save his own life in the desert, ¹⁰⁵

Ready in the desert to deliver

(Kneeling down to let his breast be opened)

Hoard and life together for his mistress

XII

I shall never, in the years remaining,
 Paint you pictures, no, nor carve you
 statues, ¹¹⁰

Make you music that should all-express me,
 So it seems I stand on my attainment
 This of verse alone, one life allows me,
 Verse and nothing else have I to give you
 Other heights in other lives, God willing ¹¹⁵
 All the gifts from all the heights, your own,
 Love!

XIII

Yet a semblance of resource avails us—

Shade so finely touched, love's sense must
 seize it

Take these lines, look lovingly and nearly,
 Lines I write the first time and the last
 time ¹²⁰

He who works in fresco, steals a hair-brush,

Curbs the liberal hand, subservient proudly,

Cramps his spirit, crowds its all in little,

Makes a strange art of an art familiar,

Fills his lady's missal-marge with flowerets ¹²⁵

He who blows through bronze, may breathe
 through silver,

Fitly serenade a slumbrous princess

He who writes, may write for once as I do

XIV

Love, you saw me gather men and women,
 Live or dead or fashioned by my fancy, ¹³⁰

Enter each and all, and use their service,

Speak from every mouth,—the speech, a poem

Hardly shall I tell my joys and sorrows,

Hopes and fears, belief and disbelieving

I am mine and yours—the rest be all men's, ¹³⁵

Karshush, Cleon, Norbert, and the fifty

Let me speak this once in my true person,

Not as Lippo, Roland, or Andrea,

Though the fruit of speech be just this sen-
 tence·

Pray you, look on these my men and
 women, ¹⁴⁰

Take and keep my fifty poems finished,

Where my heart lies, let my brain be also!

Poor the speech, be how I speak, for all
 things

XV

Not but that you know me! Lo, the moon's
 self!

Here in London, yonder late in Florence, ¹⁴⁵

Still we find her face, the thrice-transfigured

Curving on a sky imbrued with color,

Drifted over Fiesolè by twilight,

Came she, our new crescent of a hair's-
breadth
Full she flared it, lamping Samminato, 150
Rounder 'twixt the cypresses and rounder,
Perfect till the nightingales applauded
Now, a piece of her old self, impoverished,
Hard to greet, she traverses the house-roofs,
Hurries with unhandsome thrift of silver, 155
Goes dispiritedly, glad to finish

XVI

What, there's nothing in the moon note-
worthy?
Nay for if that moon could love a mortal,
Use, to charm him (so to fit a fancy),
All her magic ('t is the old sweet mythos), 160
She would turn a new side to her mortal,
Side unseen of herdsman, huntsman, steers-
man—
Blank to Zoroaster on his terrace,
Blind to Galileo on his turret,
Dumb to Homer, dumb to Keats—him, 165
even!
Think, the wonder of the moonstruck mor-
tal—
When she turns round, comes again in heaven,
Opens out anew for worse or better!
Proves she like some portent of an iceberg
Swimming full upon the ship it founders, 170
Hungry with huge teeth of splintered crys-
tals?
Proves she as the paved work of a sapphire
Seen by Moses when he climbed the moun-
tain?
Moses, Aaron, Nadab and Abihu
Climbed and saw the very God, the High-
est, 175
Stand upon the paved work of a sapphire
Like the bodied heaven in his clearness
Shone the stone, the sapphire of that paved
work,
When they ate and drank and saw God also!

XVII

What were seen? None knows, none ever shall
know 180
Only this is sure—the sight were other,
Not the moon's same side, born late in Flor-
ence,
Dying now impoverished here in London
God be thanked, the meanest of his creatures
Boasts two soul-sides, one to face the world
with, 185
One to show a woman when he loves her!

XVIII

This I say of me, but think of you, Love!
This to you—yourself my moon of poets!
Ah, but that's the world's side, there's the
wonder,
Thus they see you, praise you, think they
know you! 190
There, in turn I stand with them and praise
you—
Out of my own self, I dare to phrase it
But the best is when I glide from out them,
Cross a step or two of dubious twilight,
Come out on the other side, the novel 195
Silent silver lights and darks undreamed of,
Where I hush and bless myself with silence

XIX

Oh, their Rafael of the dear Madonnas,
Oh, their Dante of the dread Inferno,
Wrote one song—and in my brain I sing it, 200
Drew one angel—borne, see, on my bosom!
R B

RABBI BEN EZRA

GROW old along with me!
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was made
Our times are in His hand
Who saith, "A whole I planned, 5
Youth shows but half, trust God see all, nor
be afraid!"

Not that, amassing flowers,
Youth sighed, "Which rose make ours,
Which lily leave and then as best recall?"
Not that, admiring stars, 10
It yearned, "Nor Jove, nor Mars,
Mine be some figured flame which blends,
transcends them all!"

Not for such hopes and fears
Annulling youth's brief years,
Do I remonstrate folly wide the mark! 15
Rather I prize the doubt
Low kinds exist without,
Finished and finite clods, untroubled by a
spark

Poor vaunt of life indeed,
Were man but formed to feed 20
On joy, to solely seek and find and feast.
Such feasting ended, then

As sure an end to men,
Irks care the crop-full bird? Frets doubt the
maw-crammed beast?

Rejoice we are allied 25
To that which doth provide
And not partake, effect and not receive!
A spark disturbs our clod,
Nearer we hold of God
Who gives, than of His tribes that take, I must
believe 30

Then, welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand but go!
Be our joys three-parts pain!
Strive, and hold cheap the strain, 35
Learn, nor account the pang, dare, never
grudge the throe!

For thence,—a paradox
Which comforts while it mocks,—
Shall life succeed in that it seems to fail
What I aspired to be, 40
And was not, comforts me
A brute I might have been, but would not sink
i' the scale

What is he but a brute
Whose flesh has soul to sune,
Whose spirit works lest arms and legs want
play? 45
To man, propose this test—
Thy body at its best,
How far can that project thy soul on its lone
way?

Yet gifts should prove their use
I own the Past profuse 50
Of power each side, perfection every turn.
Eyes, ears took in their dole,
Brain treasured up the whole,
Should not the heart beat once "How good to
live and learn"?

Not once beat "Praise be thine!" 55
I see the whole design,
I, who saw Power, see now Love perfect too:
Perfect I call Thy plan:
Thanks that I was a man!
Maker, remake, complete,—I trust what Thou
shalt do!" 60

For pleasant is this flesh,
Our soul, in its rose-mesh

Pulled ever to the earth, still yearns for rest
Would we some prize might hold
To match those manifold 65
Possessions of the brute,—gain most, as we
did best!

Let us not always say,
"Spite of this flesh to-day
I strove, made head, gained ground upon the
whole!"
As the bird wings and sings, 70
Let us cry, "All good things
Are ours, nor soul helps flesh more, now, than
flesh helps soul!"

Therefore I summon age
To grant youth's heritage,
Life's struggle having so far reached its
term 75

Thence shall I pass, approved
A man, for aye, removed
From the developed brute, a God though in
the germ

And I shall thereupon
Take rest, ere I be gone 80
Once more on my adventure brave and new
Fearless and unperplexed,
When I wage battle next,
What weapons to select, what armor to indue

Youth ended, I shall try 85
My gain or loss thereby,
Leave the fire ashes, what survives is gold
And I shall weigh the same,
Give life its praise or blame.
Young, all lay in dispute, I shall know, being
old. 90

For note, when evening shuts,
A certain moment cuts
The deed off, calls the glory from the gray.
A whisper from the west
Shoots—"Add this to the rest, 95
Take it and try its worth here dies another
day"

So, still within this life,
Though lifted o'er its strife,
Let me discern, compare, pronounce at last,
"This rage was right i' the man, 100
That acquiescence vain
The Future I may face now I have proved the
Past"

For more is not reserved
 To man, with soul just nerved
 To act to-morrow what he learns to-day ¹⁰⁵
 Here, work enough to watch
 The Master work, and catch
 Hints of the proper craft, tricks of the tool's
 true play

As it was better, youth
 Should strive, through acts uncouth, ¹¹⁰
 Toward making, than repose on aught found
 made

So, better, age, exempt
 From strife, should know, than tempt
 Further Thou waitedst age wait death nor be
 afraid!

Enough now, if the Right ¹¹⁵
 And Good and Infinite
 Be named here, as thou callest thy hand thine
 own,
 With knowledge absolute,
 Subject to no dispute
 From fools that crowded youth, nor let thee ¹²⁰
 feel alone

Be there, for once and all,
 Severed great minds from small,
 Announced to each his station in the Past!
 Was I, the world arraigned,
 Were they, my soul disdained, ¹²⁵
 Right? Let age speak the truth and give us
 peace at last!

Now, who shall arbitrate?
 Ten men love what I hate,
 Shun what I follow, slight what I receive,
 Ten, who in ears and eyes ¹³⁰
 Match me we all surmise,
 They this thing, and I that whom shall my
 soul believe?

Not on the vulgar mass
 Called "work," must sentence pass,
 Things done, that took the eye and had the
 price; ¹³⁵
 O'er which, from level stand,
 The low world laid its hand,
 Found straightway to its mind, could value in
 a trice:

But all, the world's coarse thumb
 And finger failed to plumb, ¹⁴⁰
 So passed in making up the main account;
 All instincts immature,

All purposes unsure,
 That weighed not as his work, yet swelled the
 man's amount.

Thoughts hardly to be packed ¹⁴⁵
 Into a narrow act,
 Fancies that broke through language and
 escaped,
 All I could never be,
 All, men ignored in me,
 This, I was worth to God, whose wheel the
 pitcher shaped ¹⁵⁰

Ay, note that Potter's wheel,
 That metaphor! and feel
 Why time spins fast, why passive lies our
 clay,—
 Thou, to whom fools propound,
 When the wine makes its round, ¹⁵⁵
 "Since life fleets, all is change, the Past gone,
 seize to-day!"

Fool! All that is, at all,
 Lasts ever, past recall,
 Earth changes, but thy soul and God stand
 sure
 What entered into thee, ¹⁶⁰
That was, is, and shall be
 Time's wheel runs back or stops Potter and
 clay endure

He fixed thee 'mid this dance
 Of plastic circumstance,
 This Present, thou, forsooth, wouldst fain ar-
 rest ¹⁶⁵
 Machinery just meant
 To give thy soul its bent,
 Try thee and turn thee forth, sufficiently im-
 pressed

What though the earlier grooves,
 Which ran the laughing loves ¹⁷⁰
 Around thy base, no longer pause and press?
 What though, about thy rim,
 Skull-things in order grim
 Grow out, in graver mood, obey the sterner
 stress?

Look not thou down but up! ¹⁷⁵
 To uses of a cup,
 The festal board, lamp's flash and trumpet's
 peal,
 The new wine's foaming flow,
 The Master's lips aglow!
 Thou, heaven's consummate cup, what needst
 thou with earth's wheel? ¹⁸⁰

But I need, now as then,
Thee, God, who moulded men,
And since, not even while the whirl was worst,
Did I—to the wheel of life
With shapes and colors rife, 185
Bound dizzily—mistake my end, to slake Thy
thrust

So, take and use Thy work—
Amend what flaws may lurk,
What strain o' the stuff, what warpings past
the aim!
My times be in Thy hand! 190
Perfect the cup as planned!
Let age approve of youth, and death complete
the same!

PROSPICE

FEAR death?—to feel the fog in my throat,
The mist in my face,
When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
I am nearing the place,
The power of the night, the press of the
storm, 5
The post of the foe,
Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible
form,
Yet the strong man must go
For the journey is done and the summit at-
tained,
And the barriers fall, 10
Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be
gamed,
The reward of it all.
I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,
The best and the last!
I would hate that death bandaged my eyes,
and forbore, 15
And bade me creep past
No! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my
peers
The heroes of old,
Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's
arrears
Of pain, darkness and cold. 20
For sudden the worst turns the best to the
brave,
The black minute's at end,
And the elements' rage, the fiend-voices that
rave,
Shall dwindle, shall blend,
Shall change, shall become first a peace out of
pain, 25
Then a light, then thy breast,

O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee
again,
And with God be the rest!

THE LOST LEADER

I

JUST for a handful of silver he left us,
Just for a riband to stick in his coat—
Found the one gift of which fortune bereft
us,
Lost all the others she lets us devote;
They, with the gold to give, doled him out
silver, 5
So much was theirs who so little allowed
How all our copper had gone for his service!
Rags—were they purple, his heart had been
proud!
We that had loved him so, followed him, hon-
ored him,
Lived in his mild and magnificent eye, 10
Learned his great language, caught his clear
accents,
Made him our pattern to live and to die!
Shakespeare was of us, Milton was for us,
Burns, Shelley, were with us,—they watch
from their graves!
He alone breaks from the van and the free-
men, 15
—He alone sinks to the rear and the slaves!

II

We shall march prospering,—not thro' his
presence,
Songs may inspire us,—not from his lyre;
Deeds will be done,—while he boasts his
quiescence,
Still bidding crouch whom the rest bade
aspire. 20
Blot out his name, then, record one lost soul
more,
One task more declined, one more footpath
untrod,
One more devils'-triumph and sorrow for an-
gels,
One wrong more to man, one more insult
to God!
Life's night begins. let him never come back
to us! 25
There would be doubt, hesitation and pain,
Forced praise on our part—the glimmer of
twilight,
Never glad confident morning again!

Best fight on well, for we taught him—strike
gallantly,
Menace our heart ere we master his own, ³⁰
Then let him receive the new knowledge and
wait us,
Pardoned in heaven, the first by the throne!

THE LABORATORY

(*Ancien régime*)

Now that I, tying thy glass mask tightly,
May gaze thro' these faint smokes curling
whitely,
As thou pliest thy trade in this devil's
smithy—
Which is the poison to poison her, prithee?

He is with her, and they know that I know ⁵
Where they are, what they do they believe
my tears flow
While they laugh, laugh at me, at me fled to
the drear
Empty church, to pray God in, for them!—
I am here.

Grind away, moisten and mash up thy paste,
Pound at thy powder,—I am not in haste! ¹⁰
Better sit thus, and observe thy strange
things,
Than go where men wait me and dance at
the King's

That in the mortar—you call it a gum?
Ah, the brave tree whence such gold oozeings
come!
And yonder soft phial, the exquisite blue, ¹⁵
Sure to taste sweetly,—is that poison too?

Had I but all of them, thee and thy treasures,
What a wild crowd of invisible pleasures!
To carry pure death in an earring, a casket,
A signet, a fan-mount, a filigree basket! ²⁰

Soon, at the King's, a mere lozenge to give,
And Pauline should have just thirty minutes
to live!
But to light a pastille, and Elise, with her
head
And her breast and her arms and her hands,
should drop dead!

Quick—is it finished? The color's too grim! ²⁵
Why not soft like the phial's, enticing and
dim?

Let it brighten her drink, let her turn it and
stir,
And try it and taste, ere she fix and prefer!

What a drop! She's not little, no minion like
me!
That's why she ensnared him this never will
free ³⁰
The soul from those masculine eyes,—say,
"no!"
To that pulse's magnificent come-and-go

For only last night, as they whispered, I
brought
My own eyes to bear on her so, that I thought
Could I keep them one half minute fixed, she
would fall, ³⁵
Shrivelled, she fell not, yet this does it all!

Not that I bid you spare her the pain;
Let death be felt and the proof remain
Brand, burn up, bite into its grace—
He is sure to remember her dying face! ⁴⁰

Is it done? Take my mask off! Nay, be not
morose,
It kills her, and this prevents seeing it close
The delicate droplet, my whole fortune's fee!
If it hurts her, beside, can it ever hurt me?

Now, take all my jewels, gorge gold to your
fill, ⁴⁵
You may kiss me, old man, on my mouth if
you will!
But brush this dust off me, lest horror it
brings
Ere I know it—next moment I dance at the
King's!

A TOCCATA OF GALUPPI'S

Oh Galuppi, Baldassaro, this is very sad to
find!
I can hardly misconceive you; it would prove
me deaf and blind,
But although I take your meaning, 't is with
such a heavy mind!

Here you come with your old music, and
here's all the good it brings
What, they lived once thus at Venice where
the merchants were the kings, ⁵
Where St. Mark's is, where the Doges used
to wed the sea with rings?

Ay, because the sea's the street there, and
 't is arched by what you call
 . . Shylock's bridge with houses on it, where
 they kept the carnival
 I was never out of England—it's as if I saw
 it all

Did young people take their pleasure when
 the sea was warm in May? ¹⁰
 Balls and masks begun at midnight, burning
 ever to mid-day,
 When they made up fresh adventures for the
 morrow, do you say?

Was a lady such a lady, cheeks so round and
 lips so red,—
 On her neck the small face buoyant, like a
 bell-flower on its bed,
 O'er the breast's superb abundance where a
 man might base his head? ¹⁵

Well, and it was graceful of them—they'd
 break talk off and afford
 —She, to bite her mask's black velvet—he, to
 finger on his sword,
 While you sat and played Toccatas, stately
 at the clavichord?

What? Those lesser thirds so plaintive, sixths
 diminished, sigh on sigh,
 Told them something? Those suspensions,
 those solutions—"Must we die?" ²⁰
 Those commiserating sevenths—"Life might
 last! we can but try!"

"Were you happy?"—"Yes"—"And are you
 still as happy?"—"Yes And you?"
 —"Then, more kisses!"—"Did I stop them,
 when a million seemed so few?"

Hark, the dominant's persistence till it must
 be answered to!

So, an octave struck the answer. Oh, they
 praised you, I dare say! ²⁵
 "Brave Galuppi! that was music! good alike
 at grave and gay!

I can always leave off talking when I hear a
 master play!"

Then they left you for their pleasure till in
 due time, one by one,
 Some with lives that came to nothing, some
 with deeds as well undone,
 Death stepped tactily and took them where
 they never see the sun ³⁰

But when I sit down to reason, think to take
 my stand nor swerve,
 While I triumph o'er a secret wrung from na-
 ture's close reserve,
 In you come with your cold music till I creep
 thro' every nerve.

Yes, you, like a ghostly cricket, creaking
 where a house was burned
 "Dust and ashes, dead and done with, Venice
 spent what Venice earned ³⁵
 The soul, doubtless, is immortal—where a
 soul can be discerned

"Yours for instance you know physics, some-
 thing of geology,
 Mathematics are your pastime, souls shall rise
 in their degree,
 Butterflies may dread extinction,—you'll not
 die, it cannot be!

"As for Venice and her people, merely born
 to bloom and drop, ⁴⁰
 Here on earth they bore their fruitage, mirth
 and folly were the crop
 What of soul was left, I wonder, when the
 kissing had to stop?

"Dust and ashes!" So you creak it, and I
 want the heart to scold
 Dear dead women, with such hair, too—
 what's become of all the gold
 Used to hang and brush their bosoms? I feel
 chilly and grown old. ⁴⁵

JOHN RUSKIN

(1819-1900)

Since Ruskin's father, a wealthy wine merchant of London with æsthetic tastes, believed his son to have considerable talent, he encouraged the boy's natural fondness for literature and art. He often took him to Europe to admire the art treasures and to marvel at the grandeur of the Alps. He bought for him Turner's pictures to hang in his rooms at Oxford. He determined that this remarkable youth should lack no educational or material advantage. Ruskin's mother taught him the doctrines of Puritanism and insisted upon his reading the Bible daily. In *Præterita* Ruskin described this early training, which had so great an effect upon his views. Although he appreciated the devotion of his parents, he felt that their solicitude had prevented him from receiving the stern discipline of life.

Ruskin was unable to remain at Oxford because he was taken ill with a slight attack of tuberculosis. While he was attempting to regain his health in Italy, he was working on the first volume of *Modern Painters*. This book was to be an explanation and defense of Turner's style of painting, but it became a discussion of art in general. Besides numerous essays and lectures, some given after Ruskin was appointed Slade Professor of Art at Oxford in 1869, he wrote two other long books on art. These were *The Seven Lamps of Architecture* and *The Stones of Venice*.

The basis of Ruskin's theories was stated in *Modern Painters* when he wrote, "Nothing can atone for want of truth." He stressed the necessity for the artist to discern truth and to make that truth comprehensible to others. As Turner expressed the essential truth in nature, he was for Ruskin a painter of the first order. Any artist or poet who subordinated thought to method could never reach the highest order. According to Ruskin the function of art is to stir the imagination by suggestion. The painter and architect accomplish this aim by the attention they give to details while the poet gains his effect through appropriate diction. Ruskin's ideas had such an influence with the English people between 1850 and 1860 that he could dictate what subjects the painters should choose. His championship of the Pre-Raphaelites, therefore, brought favorable attention to that school.

His studies of architecture led Ruskin to an unbounded admiration for the Gothic. To him a medieval cathedral expressed the ideals and virtues of an age when the workmen took a personal pride in their work. The beauty of this art resulted from the happiness of the workers. They were not imitators, they were sincere believers in the ideas they were endeavoring to convey. Since the Middle Ages was a period dominated by religion, Ruskin devoted much attention to the legends of the saints. In his discussions of sincerity in art he compared the painters, archi-

tects, and poets of the different schools and periods to illustrate his points.

Gradually Ruskin came to the conclusion that modern industrialism was destroying true art. After 1860, therefore, he criticized the economic life of England and advocated better conditions for the laboring classes. *Unto This Last* states the principles of his economic teachings, which are based on this theory, "That country is the richest which nourishes the greatest number of noble and happy human beings." Ruskin wished to remove the distinction between the professions and business and to raise the merchant to a higher plane in the consideration of the general public.

If the merchant were to attain this position, it was necessary that he be educated for it. According to Ruskin a large number of the problems of business life came from the modern method of carrying on industry and trade. The workers were not happy in their work, for they were mere machines. Business had idolized the material and neglected the beautiful. The result was that business was crushing the life of its followers because it deprived them of joy in their work. Commerce was essentially selfish, disregarding the means and focusing its attention on the end sought. Ruskin pleaded for a reorganization of commerce and a fairer attitude toward labor in the essays in *Unto This Last*, which he called "the truest, rightest-worded, and most serviceable things I have written." Other books dealing with industrial problems and making suggestions for the reform of the unjust treatment of the workers are *Munera Pulveris*, *Time and Tide*, *Fors Clavigera*, *Sesame and Lilies*, and *The Crown of Wild Olive*.

Ruskin further endeavored to prove his theories by establishing St. George's Guild, where co-operation was to replace competition in the conduct of industry. Even though this experiment was not successful principally because many who did not understand Ruskin's ideas joined the Guild, yet its principles had a salutary effect upon business life. His warfare to persuade manufacturers to produce honest goods and merchants to sell pure, unadulterated articles has borne fruit as the Pure Food and Drug Acts will bear testimony. For the last forty years of his life John Ruskin thus spent a large share of his time and effort in expounding these ethical teachings.

The failure of St. George's Guild, the indifference and hostility with which his views were received, in addition to his unhappy marriage and his unfortunate passion for Rose La Touche, a girl thirty years younger than himself, embittered these later years. Ruskin denounced his generation as vehemently as Carlyle, a letter to whom he once signed, "your disciple-son." He felt so keenly this disregard of his work that finally his mind was affected. After 1880 he lived quietly at Brantwood in the Lake district.

Although Ruskin's ideas and criticisms cause no longer the effect they once produced, his style is still admired. From his familiarity with the Bible he acquired a simple and harmonious prose. His method of description was to proceed from the general impression to the particular details.

With its colorful diction, vivid phrases, and striking figures of speech his style often attains poetic qualities. Always sensitive to beauty Ruskin at times wrote as though he were inspired.

SUNRISE ON THE ALPS

Stand upon the peak of some isolated mountain at daybreak, when the night mists first rise from off the plains, and watch their white and lake-like fields as they float in level bays and winding gulfs about the islanded summits of the lower hills, untouched yet by more than dawn, colder and more quiet than a windless sea under the moon of mid-
night, watch when the first sunbeam is sent upon the silver channels, how the foam of their undulating surface parts and passes away, and down under their depths, the glittering city and green pasture lie like Atlantis, between the white paths of winding rivers, the flakes of light falling every moment faster and broader among the starry spires, as the wreathed surges break and vanish above them, and the confused crests and ridges of the dark hills shorten their grey shadows upon the plain. Has Claude given this? Wait a little longer, and you shall see those scattered mists rallying in the ravines, and floating up towards you, along the winding valleys, till they couch in quiet masses, iridescent with the morning light, upon the broad breasts of the higher hills, whose leagues of massy undulation will melt back and back into that robe of material light, until they fade away, lost in its lustre, to appear again above, in the serene heaven, like a wild, bright, impossible dream, foundationless and inaccessible, their very bases vanishing in the unsubstantial and mocking blue of the deep lake below. Has Claude given this? Wait yet a little longer, and you shall see those mists gather themselves into white towers, and stand like fortresses along the promontories, massy and motionless, only piled with every instant higher and higher into the sky, and casting longer shadows athwart the rocks; and cut of the pale blue of the horizon you will see forming and advancing a troop of narrow, dark, pointed vapours, which will cover the sky, inch by inch, with their grey network, and take the light off the landscape with an eclipse which will stop the singing of the birds and the motion

of the leaves together, and then you will see horizontal bars of black shadow forming under them, and lurid wreaths create themselves, you know not how, along the shoulders of the hills, you never see them form, but when you look back to a place which was clear an instant ago, there is a cloud on it, hanging by the precipices, as a hawk pauses over his prey. Has Claude given this? And then you will hear the sudden rush of the awakened wind, and you will see those watch-towers of vapour swept away from their foundations, and waving curtains of opaque rain let down to the valleys, swinging from the burdened clouds in black, bending fringes, or pacing in pale columns along the lake level, grazing its surface into foam as they go. And then, as the sun sinks, you shall see the storm drift for an instant from off the hills, leaving their broad sides smoking, and loaded yet with snow-white, torn, steam-like rags of capricious vapour, now gone, now gathered again, while the smouldering sun, seeming not far away, but burning like a red-hot ball beside you, and as if you could reach it, plunges through the rushing wind and rolling cloud with headlong fall, as if it meant to rise no more, dyeing all the air about it with blood. Has Claude given this? And then you shall hear the fainting tempest die in the hollow of the night, and you shall see a green halo kindling on the summit of the eastern hills, brighter—brighter yet, till the large white circle of the slow moon is lifted up among the barred clouds, step by step, line by line, star after star she quenches with her kindling light, setting in their stead an army of pale, penetrable, fleecy wreaths in the heaven, to give light upon the earth, which move together, hand in hand, company by company, troop by troop, so measured in their unity of motion, that the whole heaven seems to roll with them, and the earth to reel under them. Ask Claude, or his brethren, for that. And then wait yet for one hour, until the east again becomes purple, and the heaving mountains, rolling against it in darkness, like waves of a wild sea, are drowned one by one in the glory of its burning; watch the

white glaciers blaze in their winding paths about the mountains, like mighty serpents with scales of fire, watch the columnar peaks of solitary snow, kindling downwards, chasm by chasm, each in itself a new morning, their long avalanches cast down in keen streams brighter than the lightning, sending each his tribute of driven snow, like altar-smoke, up to the heaven, the rose-light of their silent domes flushing that heaven about them and above them, piercing with purer light through its purple lines of lifted cloud, casting a new glory on every wreath as it passes by, until the whole heaven,—one scarlet canopy,—is interwoven with a roof of waving flame, and tossing, vault beyond vault, as with the drifted wings of many companies of angels, and then, when you can look no more for gladness, and when you are bowed down with fear and love of the Maker and Doer of this, tell me who has best delivered this His message unto men!

From *Modern Painters*

ST MARK'S

And now I wish that the reader, before I bring him into St Mark's Place, would imagine himself for a little time in a quiet English cathedral town, and walk with me to the west front of its cathedral. Let us go together up the more retired street, at the end of which we can see the pinnacles of one of the towers, and then through the low grey gateway, with its battlemented top and small latticed window in the centre, into the inner private-looking road or close, where nothing goes in but the carts of the tradesmen who supply the bishop and the chapter, and where there are little shaven grass-plots, fenced in by neat rails, before old-fashioned groups of somewhat diminutive and excessively trim houses, with little oriel and bay windows jutting out here and there, and deep wooden cornices and eaves painted cream colour and white, and small porches to their doors in the shape of cockle-shells, or little, crooked, thick, indescribable wooden gables warped a little on one side, and so forward till we come to larger houses, also old-fashioned, but of red brick, and with gardens behind them, and fruit walls, which show here and there, among the nectarnes, the vestiges of an old cloister arch or shaft, and looking in front on the cathedral square itself, laid out

in rigid divisions of smooth grass and gravel walk, yet not uncheerful, especially on the sunny side, where the canons' children are walking with their nursery-maids. And so, taking care not to tread on the grass, we will go along the straight walk to the west front, and there stand for a time, looking up at its deep-pointed porches and the dark places between their pillars where there were statues once, and where the fragments, here and there, of a stately figure are still left, which has in it the likeness of a king, perhaps indeed a king on earth, perhaps a saintly king long ago in heaven, and so higher and higher up to the great mouldering wall of rugged sculpture and confused arcades, shattered, and grey, and grisly with heads of dragons and mocking fiends, worn by the rain and swirling winds into yet unseemlier shape, and coloured on their stony scales by the deep russet-orange lichen, melancholy gold, and so, higher still, to the bleak towers, so far above that the eye loses itself among the bosses of their traceries, though they are rude and strong, and only sees like a drift of eddying black points, now closing, now scattering, and now settling suddenly into invisible places among the bosses and flowers, the crowd of restless birds that fill the whole square with that strange clangour of theirs, so harsh and yet so soothing, like the cries of birds on a solitary coast between the cliffs and sea.

Think for a little while of that scene, and the meaning of all its small formalisms, mixed with its serene sublimity. Estimate its secluded, continuous, drowsy felicities, and its evidence of the sense and steady performance of such kind of duties as can be regulated by the cathedral clock, and weigh the influence of those dark towers on all who have passed through the lonely square at their feet for centuries, and on all who have seen them rising far away over the wooded plain, or catching on their square masses the last rays of the sunset, when the city at their feet was indicated only by the mist at the bend of the river. And then let us quickly recollect that we are in Venice, and land at the extremity of the Calla Lunga san Moisè, which may be considered as there answering to the secluded street that led us to our English cathedral gateway.

We find ourselves in a paved alley, some seven feet wide where it is widest, full of people, and resonant with cries of itinerant

salesmen,—a shriek in their beginning, and dying away into a kind of brazen ringing, all the worse for its confinement between the high houses of the passage along which we have to make our way. Over-head, an inextricable confusion of rugged shutters, and iron balconies and chimney flues, pushed out on brackets to save room, and arched windows with projecting sills of Istrian stone, and gleams of green leaves here and there where a fig-tree branch escapes over a lower wall from some inner cortile, leading the eye up to the narrow stream of blue sky high over all. On each side, a row of shops, as densely set as may be, occupying, in fact, intervals between the square stone shafts, about eight feet high, which carry the first floors intervals of which one is narrow and serves as a door, the other is, in the more respectable shops, wainscotted to the height of the counter and glazed above, but in those of the poorer tradesmen left open to the ground, and the wares laid on benches and tables in the open air, the light in all cases entering at the front only, and fading away in a few feet from the threshold into a gloom which the eye from without cannot penetrate, but which is generally broken by a ray or two from a feeble lamp at the back of the shop, suspended before a print of the Virgin. The less pious shopkeeper sometimes leaves his lamp unlighted, and is contented with a penny print, the more religious one has his print coloured and set in a little shrine with a gilded or figured fringe, with perhaps a faded flower or two on each side, and his lamp burning brilliantly. Here, at the fruiterer's, where the dark-green water-melons are heaped upon the counter like cannon balls, the Madonna has a tabernacle of fresh laurel leaves, but the pewterer next door has let his lamp out, and there is nothing to be seen in his shop but the dull gleam of the studded patterns on the copper pans, hanging from his roof in the darkness. Next comes a "Vendita Frittole e Liquori," where the Virgin, enthroned in a very humble manner beside a tallow candle on a back shelf, presides over certain ambrosial morsels of a nature too ambiguous to be defined or enumerated. But a few steps farther on, at the regular wine-shop of the calle, where we are offered "Vino Nostrani a Soldi 28 32," the Madonna is in great glory, enthroned above ten or a dozen large red casks of three-year-old vintage, and flanked

by goodly ranks of bottles of Maraschino, and two crimson lamps, and for the evening, when the gondoliers will come to drink out, under her auspices, the money they have gained during the day, she will have a whole chandelier.

A yard or two farther, we pass the hostelry of the Black Eagle, and, glancing as we pass through the square door of marble, deeply moulded, in the outer wall, we see the shadows of its pergola of vines resting on an ancient well, with a pointed shield carved on its side, and so presently emerge on the bridge and Campo San Moisè, whence to the entrance into St Mark's Place, called the Bocca di Piazza (mouth of the square), the Venetian character is nearly destroyed, first by the frightful façade of San Moisè, which we will pause at another time to examine, and then by the modernizing of the shops as they near the piazza, and the mingling with the lower Venetian populace of lounging groups of English and Austrians. We will push fast through them into the shadow of the pillars at the end of the "Bocca di Piazza," and then we forget them all, for between those pillars there opens a great light, and, in the midst of it, as we advance slowly, the vast tower of St Mark seems to lift itself visibly forth from the level field of chequered stones, and, on each side, the countless arches prolong themselves into ranged symmetry, as if the rugged and irregular houses that pressed together above us in the dark alley had been struck back into sudden obedience and lovely order, and all their rude casements and broken walls had been transformed into arches charged with goodly sculpture, and fluted shafts of delicate stone.

And well may they fall back, for beyond those troops of ordered arches there rises a vision out of the earth, and all the great square seems to have opened from it in a kind of awe, that we may see it far away,—a multitude of pillars and white domes, clustered into a long low pyramid of coloured light, a treasure-heap, it seems, partly of gold, and partly of opal and mother-of-pearl, hollowed beneath into five great vaulted porches, ceiled with fair mosaic, and beset with sculpture of alabaster, clear as amber and delicate as ivory,—sculpture fantastic and involved, of palm leaves and lilies, and grapes and pomegranates, and birds clinging and fluttering among the branches, all twined to-

gether into an endless network of buds and plumes, and, in the midst of it, the solemn forms of angels, sceptred, and robed to the feet, and leaning to each other across the gates, their figures indistinct among the gleaming of the golden ground through the leaves beside them, interrupted and dim, like the morning light as it faded back among the branches of Eden, when first its gates were angel-guarded long ago. And round the walls of the porches there are set pillars of variegated stones, jasper and porphyry, and deep-green serpentine spotted with flakes of snow, and marbles, that half refuse and half yield to the sunshine, Cleopatra-like, "their bluest veins to kiss"—the shadow, as it steals back from them, revealing line after line of azure undulation, as a receding tide leaves the waved sand, their capitals rich with interwoven tracery, rooted knots of herbage, and drifting leaves of acanthus and vine, and mystical signs, all beginning and ending in the Cross; and above them, in the broad archivolts, a continuous chain of language and of life—angels, and the signs of heaven, and the labours of men, each in its appointed season upon the earth; and above these, another range of glittering pinnacles, mixed with white arches edged with scarlet flowers,—a confusion of delight, amidst which the breasts of the Greek horses are seen blazing in their breadth of golden strength, and the St Mark's Lion, lifted on a blue field covered with stars, until at last, as if in ecstasy, the crests of the arches break into a marble foam, and toss themselves far into the blue sky in flashes and wreaths of sculptured spray, as if the breakers on the Lido shore had been frost-bound before they fell, and the sea-nymphs had inlaid them with coral and amethyst.

Between that grim cathedral of England and this, what an interval! There is a type of it in the very birds that haunt them; for, instead of the restless crowd, hoarse-voiced and sable-winged, drifting on the bleak upper air, the St. Mark's porches are full of doves, that nestle among the marble foliage, and mingle the soft iridescence of their living plumes, changing at every motion, with the tints, hardly less lovely, that have stood unchanged for seven hundred years.

And what effect has this splendour on those who pass beneath it? You may walk from sunrise to sunset, to and fro, before the gateway of St Mark's, and you will not see an

eye lifted to it, nor a countenance brightened by it. Priest and layman, soldier and civilian, rich and poor, pass by it alike regardlessly. Up to the very recesses of the porches, the meanest tradesmen of the city push their counters, nay, the foundations of its pillars are themselves the seats—not "of them that sell doves" for sacrifice, but of the vendors of toys and caricatures. Round the whole square in front of the church there is almost a continuous line of cafés, where the idle Venetians of the middle classes lounge, and read empty journals, in its centre the Austrian bands play during the time of vespers, their martial music jarring with the organ notes,—the march drowning the miserere, and the sullen crowd thickening round them,—a crowd, which, if it had its will, would stiletto every soldier that pipes to it. And in the recesses of the porches, all day long, knots of men of the lowest classes, unemployed and listless, lie basking in the sun like lizards, and unregarded children,—every heavy glance of their young eyes full of desperation and stony depravity, and their throats hoarse with cursing,—gamble, and fight, and snarl, and sleep, hour after hour, clashing their bruised centesimi upon the marble ledges of the church porch. And the images of Christ and His angels look down upon it continually.

From The Stones of Venice

THE FUNCTION OF A MERCHANT

I have already alluded to the difference hitherto existing between regiments of men associated for purposes of violence, and for purposes of manufacture, in that the former appear capable of self-sacrifice—the latter, not, which singular fact is the real reason of the general lowness of estimate in which the profession of commerce is held, as compared with that of arms. Philosophically, it does not, at first sight, appear reasonable (many writers have endeavoured to prove it unreasonable) that a peaceable and rational person, whose trade is buying and selling, should be held in less honour than an unpeaceable and often irrational person, whose trade is slaying. Nevertheless, the consent of mankind has always, in spite of the philosophers, given precedence to the soldier.

And this is right

For the soldier's trade, verily and essentially,

is not slaying, but being slain. This, without well knowing its own meaning, the world honours it for. A bravo's trade is slaying, but the world has never respected bravos more than merchants: the reason it honours the soldier is, because he holds his life at the service of the State. Reckless he may be—fond of pleasure or of adventure—all kinds of bye-motives and mean impulses may have determined the choice of his profession, and may affect (to all appearance exclusively) his daily conduct in it; but our estimate of him is based on this ultimate fact—of which we are well assured—that, put him in a fortress breach, with all the pleasures of the world behind him, and only death and his duty in front of him, he will keep his face to the front, and he knows that his choice may be put to him at any moment, and has beforehand taken his part—virtually takes such part continually—does, in reality, die daily.

Not less is the respect we pay to the lawyer and physician, founded ultimately on their self-sacrifice. Whatever the learning or acuteness of a great lawyer, our chief respect for him depends on our belief that, set in a judge's seat, he will strive to judge justly, come of it what may. Could we suppose that he would take bribes, and use his acuteness and legal knowledge to give plausibility to iniquitous decisions, no degree of intellect would win for him our respect. Nothing will win it, short of our tacit conviction, that in all important acts of his life justice is first with him, his own interest, second.

In the case of a physician, the ground of the honour we render him is clearer still. Whatever his science, we should shrink from him in horror if we found him regard his patients merely as subjects to experiment upon, much more, if we found that, receiving bribes from persons interested in their deaths, he was using his best skill to give poison in the mask of medicine.

Finally, the principle holds with utmost clearness as it respects clergymen. No goodness of disposition will excuse want of science in a physician, or of shrewdness in an advocate; but a clergyman, even though his power of intellect be small, is respected on the presumed ground of his unselfishness and serviceableness.

Now, there can be no question but that the fact, foresight, decision, and other mental powers, required for the successful manage-

ment of a large mercantile concern, if not such as could be compared with those of a great lawyer, general, or divine, would at least match the general conditions of mind required in the subordinate officers of a ship, or of a regiment, or in the curate of a country parish. If, therefore, all the efficient members of the so-called liberal professions are still, somehow, in public estimate of honour, preferred before the head of a commercial firm, the reason must lie deeper than in the measurement of their several powers of mind.

And the essential reason for such preference will be found to lie in the fact that the merchant is presumed to act always selfishly. His work may be very necessary to the community, but the motive of it is understood to be wholly personal. The merchant's first object in all his dealings must be (the public believe) to get as much for himself, and leave as little to his neighbour (or customer) as possible. Enforcing this upon him, by political statute, as the necessary principle of his action, recommending it to him on all occasions, and themselves reciprocally adopting it, proclaiming vociferously, for law of the universe, that a buyer's function is to cheapen, and a seller's to cheat,—the public, nevertheless, involuntarily condemn the man of commerce for his compliance with their own statement, and stamp him forever as belonging to an inferior grade of human personality.

This they will find, eventually, they must give up doing. They must not cease to condemn selfishness, but they will have to discover a kind of commerce which is not exclusively selfish. Or, rather, they will have to discover that there never was, or can be, any other kind of commerce, that this which they have called commerce was not commerce at all, but cozening, and that a true merchant differs as much from a merchant according to laws of modern political economy, as the hero of the *Excursion* from Autolycus. They will find that commerce is an occupation which gentlemen will every day see more need to engage in, rather than in the businesses of talking to men, or slaying them, that, in true commerce, as in true preaching, or true fighting, it is necessary to admit the idea of occasional voluntary loss;—that sixpences have to be lost, as well as lives, under a sense of duty, that the market may have its martyrdoms as well as the pulpit, and trade its heroisms as well as war.

May have—in the final issue, must have—and only has not had yet, because men of heroic temper have always been misguided in their youth into other fields, not recognizing what is in our days, perhaps, the most important of all fields, so that, while many a zealous person loses his life in trying to teach the form of a gospel, very few will lose a hundred pounds in showing the practice of one

The fact is, that people never have had clearly explained to them the true functions of a merchant with respect to other people I should like the reader to be very clear about this

Five great intellectual professions, relating to daily necessities of life, have hitherto existed—three exist necessarily, in every civilized nation

The Soldier's profession is to *defend* it

The Pastor's, to *teach* it

The Physician's, to *keep it in health*

The Lawyer's, to *enforce justice* in it

The Merchant's, to *provide* for it

And the duty of all these men is, on due occasion, to *die* for it

"On due occasion," namely —

The Soldier, rather than leave his post in battle

The Physician, rather than leave his post in plague

The Pastor, rather than teach Falsehood

The Lawyer, rather than countenance Injustice

The Merchant—what is *his* "due occasion" of death?

It is the main question for the merchant, as for all of us For truly, the man who does not know when to die, does not know how to live

Observe, the merchant's function (or manufacturer's, for in the broad sense in which it is here used the word must be understood to include both) is to provide for the nation It is no more his function to get profit for himself out of that provision than it is a clergyman's function to get his stipend This stipend is a due and necessary adjunct, but not the object, of his life, if he be a true clergyman, any more than his fee (or *honorarium*) is the object of life to a true physician Neither is his fee the object of life to a true merchant All three, if true men, have a work to be done irrespective of fee—to be done even at any cost, or for quite the contrary of fee, the pastor's function being to teach, the

physician's to heal, and the merchant's, as I have said, to provide That is to say, he has to understand to their very root the qualities of the thing he deals in, and the means of obtaining or producing it, and he has to apply all his sagacity and energy to the producing or obtaining it in perfect state, and distributing it at the cheapest possible price where it is most needed

And because the production or obtaining of any commodity involves necessarily the agency of many lives and hands, the merchant becomes in the course of his business the master and governor of large masses of men in a more direct, though less confessed way, than a military officer or pastor, so that on him falls, in great part, the responsibility for the kind of life they lead and it becomes his duty, not only to be always considering how to produce what he sells in the purest and cheapest forms, but how to make the various employments involved in the production, or transference of it, most beneficial to the men employed

And as into these two functions, requiring for their right exercise the highest intelligence, as well as patience, kindness, and tact, the merchant is bound to put all his energy, so for their just discharge he is bound, as a soldier or physician is bound, to give up, if need be, his life, in such way as it may be demanded of him Two main points he has in his providing function to maintain first, his engagements (faithfulness to engagements being the real root of all possibilities in commerce), and secondly, the perfectness and purity of the thing provided, so that, rather than fail in any engagement, or consent to any deterioration, adulteration, or unjust and exorbitant price of that which he provides, he is bound to meet fearlessly any form of distress, poverty, or labour, which may, through maintenance of these points, come upon him

Again in his office as governor of the men employed by him, the merchant or manufacturer is invested with a distinctly paternal authority and responsibility In most cases, a youth entering a commercial establishment is withdrawn altogether from home influence, his master must become his father, else he has, for practical and constant help, no father at hand in all cases the master's authority, together with the general tone and atmosphere of his business, and the character of the men with whom the youth is compelled in the

course of it to associate, have more immediate and pressing weight than the home influence, and will usually neutralize it either for good or evil, so that the only means which the master has of doing justice to the men employed by him is to ask himself sternly whether he is dealing with such subordinate as he would with his own son, if compelled by circumstances to take such a position

Supposing the captain of a frigate saw it right, or were by any chance obliged, to place his own son in the position of a common sailor, as he would then treat his son, he is bound always to treat every one of the men under him So, also, supposing the master of a manufactory saw it right, or were by any chance obliged, to place his own son in the

position of an ordinary workman, as he would then treat his son, he is bound always to treat every one of his men This is the only effective, true, or practical RULE which can be given on this point of political economy

And as the captain of a ship is bound to be the last man to leave his ship in case of wreck, and to share his last crust with the sailors in case of famine, so the manufacturer, in any commercial crisis or distress, is bound to take the suffering of it with his men, and even to take more of it for himself than he allows his men to feel, as a father would in a famine, shipwreck, or battle, sacrifice himself for his son

From Unto This Last

MATTHEW ARNOLD (1822-1888)

From his studies of Greek literature at Rugby and Oxford, Arnold reached the conviction that the Hellenic restraint was preferable to the modern confusion. Thereafter the classical view of life exerted a directing influence upon his poetry, his literary criticism, and his educational ideas. He defended the traditional training against the new scientific education advocated by Huxley because he believed that a study of literature gave a man a broader outlook. This view came to some extent from his thirty-five years of practical experience as an inspector of secondary schools. He examined teachers, studied the educational methods of France and Germany, and wrote reports recommending improvements. His sojourns on the continent also brought him into contact with French literature and the works of Goethe. The ideas he found there are reflected in his own writings. Thus was Arnold prepared to become the apostle of culture to a world devoted largely to materialism.

Much of Arnold's literary work was done in the early morning or at night after he had finished the routine duties of his position. He wrote to his mother that he was eager to complete a report so that he might return to his poetry. When his poems were published, they received little attention because of their lack of emotional appeal. Arnold considered poetry to be a criticism of life. Therefore, he placed the main emphasis upon the thought. He used the classical form for the presentation of romantic material. He took the themes of his three long narrative poems, *Sohrab and Rustum*, *Balder Dead*, and *Tristram and Iseult* from Persian legend, Norse mythology, and Arthurian romance. Throughout these poems recurs that "eternal note of sadness," so characteristic of his shorter poems. Arnold was not pessimistic, but he was saddened by the loss of faith and the doubts of the Victorian Age. Among his finest poems, therefore, are his elegies, such as *The Scholar-Gypsy* and *Thyrsis*, in which he regrets that the peace of former times has yielded to feverish hurry.

While Arnold was professor of poetry at Oxford, he formulated his principles of criticism. The aim of the critic is "to know the best which has been thought and said in the world" and to recommend the best to the public. He should consider judiciously the faults and virtues of a work, resisting the temptation to follow the crowd. Furthermore, his knowledge should be so extensive that he will be able to determine the value of his subject by the comparative method. Arnold even placed knowledge above judgment in the requisites for a literary critic. He insisted upon the study

of classical literature as a preparation, for in that literature greatness of action took precedence over form. Yet style was not to be neglected. The grand style "arises in poetry when a noble nature, poetically gifted, treats with simplicity or sincerity a serious subject." These ideas Arnold explained and applied in his lectures, in his essay *On Translating Homer*, and in the *Essays in Criticism*.

In 1867 Arnold turned from poetry and literary criticism to write practical essays against materialism and individualism, which he was wont to call Philistinism. The most influential and characteristic of these essays are in *Culture and Anarchy* and *Discourses in America*. With all the power of his critical ability he analyzed society and divided it into three groups, "a materialized upper class, a vulgarized middle class, and a brutalized lower class." This condition had been brought about because mankind had lost the desire to make the finest ideas prevail. Like Ruskin, Arnold felt that the selfishness of industrialism was degrading the life of the nation. The happiness of the majority had been sacrificed in order that a few might live in luxury and ease.

To remedy these evils of modern society Arnold preached his doctrine of sweetness and light. By acquiring culture, which he defined as "a study of perfection which consists in becoming something rather than in having something," a person may learn "to see life clearly and see it whole." Culture gives breadth of knowledge and contact with life at many points. It arouses an intellectual curiosity, leading to a better understanding of ourselves and the world. It includes also a consideration of religion and moral excellence as Arnold pointed out in such books as *Literature and Dogma*. In Victorian England, however, the apostle of culture had a difficult task because he had to strive against the tendency toward materialism, individualism, and oneness. With persistent effort he devoted his energies to this task.

Arnold's purpose determined his manner of writing, for he desired to obtain a wide hearing. He endeavored to make his meaning so clear that everyone might easily follow him. By frequent repetition he emphasized his main ideas and by flashes of wit impressed his readers. He is seldom heavy or consciously didactic. Although he affected certain mannerisms, he did not allow them undue prominence. On account of his penetration and understanding Arnold achieved an important place as a literary and social critic.

LITERATURE AND SCIENCE

Practical people talk with a smile of Plato and of his absolute ideas, and it is impossible to deny that Plato's ideas do often seem un-
 practical and impracticable, and especially when one views them in connection with the
 life of a great work-a-day world like the United States. The necessary staple of the
 life of such a world Plato regards with dis-
 dam, handicraft and trade and the working
 professions he regards with disdain, but
 what becomes of the life of an industrial
 modern community if you take handicraft
 and trade and the working professions out of
 it? The base mechanic arts and handicrafts,
 says Plato, bring about a natural weakness in
 the principle of excellence in a man, so that
 he cannot govern the ignoble growths in him,
 but nurses them, and cannot understand foster-
 ing any other. Those who exercise such arts
 and trades, as they have their bodies, he
 says, marred by their vulgar businesses, so
 they have their souls, too, bowed and broken
 by them. And if one of these uncomely
 people has a mind to seek self-culture and
 philosophy, Plato compares him to a bald little
 tinker, who has scraped together money, and
 has got his release from service, and has had
 a bath, and bought a new coat, and is rigged
 out like a bridegroom about to marry the
 daughter of his master who has fallen into
 poor and helpless estate.

Nor do the working professions fare any
 better than trade at the hands of Plato. He
 draws for us an inimitable picture of the
 working lawyer, and of his life of bondage;
 he shows how this bondage from his youth up
 has stunted and warped him, and made him
 small and crooked of soul, encompassing him
 with difficulties which he is not man enough
 to rely on justice and truth as means to en-
 counter, but has recourse, for help out of
 them, to falsehood and wrong. And so, says
 Plato, this poor creature is bent and broken,
 and grows up from boy to man without a
 particle of soundness in him, although ex-
 ceedingly smart and clever in his own esteem.

One cannot refuse to admire the artist who
 draws these pictures. But we say to ourselves
 that his ideas show the influence of a primitive
 and obsolete order of things, when the
 warrior caste and the priestly caste were alone
 in honour, and the humble work of the world
 was done by slaves. We have now changed

all that, the modern majority consists in
 work, as Emerson declares, and in work, we
 may add, principally of such plain and dusty
 kind as the work of cultivators of the ground,
 handicraftsmen, men of trade and business,
 men of the working professions. Above all
 is this true in a great industrious community
 such as that of the United States.

Now education, many people go on to say,
 is still mainly governed by the ideas of men
 like Plato, who lived when the warrior caste
 and the priestly or philosophical class were
 alone in honour, and the really useful part of
 the community were slaves. It is an education
 fitted for persons of leisure in such a com-
 munity. This education passed from Greece
 and Rome to the feudal communities of
 Europe, where also the warrior caste and
 the priestly caste were alone held in honour,
 and where the really useful and working part
 of the community, though not nominally slaves
 as in the pagan world, were practically not
 much better off than slaves, and not more seri-
 ously regarded. And how absurd it is, peo-
 ple end by saying, to inflict this education
 upon an industrious modern community, where
 very few indeed are persons of leisure, and
 the mass to be considered has not leisure,
 but is bound, for its own great good, and
 for the great good of the world at large, to
 plain labour and to industrial pursuits, and the
 education in question tends necessarily to
 make men dissatisfied with these pursuits and
 unfitted for them!

That is what is said. So far I must defend
 Plato, as to plead that his view of education
 and studies is in the general, as it seems to
 me, sound enough, and fitted for all sorts
 and conditions of men, whatever their pur-
 suits may be. "An intelligent man," says Plato,
 "will prize those studies which result in his
soul getting soberness, righteousness, and wis-
dom, and will less value the others." I cannot
 consider that a bad description of the aim of
 education, and of the motives which should
 govern us in the choice of studies, whether we
 are preparing ourselves for a hereditary seat
 in the English House of Lords or for the pork
 trade in Chicago.

Still I admit that Plato's world was not
 ours, that his scorn of trade and handicraft
 is fantastic that he had no conception of a
 great industrial community such as that of
 the United States, and that such a community
 must and will shape its education to suit its

own needs. If the usual education handed down to it from the past does not suit it, it will certainly before long drop this and try another. The usual education in the past has been mainly literary. The question is whether the studies which were long supposed to be the best for all of us are practically the best now, whether others are not better. The tyranny of the past, many think, weighs on us injuriously in the predominance given to letters in education. The question is raised whether, to meet the needs of our modern life, the predominance ought not now to pass from letters to science, and naturally the question is nowhere raised with more energy than here in the United States. The design of abasing what is called "mere literary instruction and education," and of exalting what is called "sound, extensive, and practical scientific knowledge," is, in this intensely modern world of the United States, even more perhaps than in Europe, a very popular design, and makes great and rapid progress.

I am going to ask whether the present movement for ousting letters from their old predominance in education, and for transferring the predominance in education to the natural sciences, whether this brisk and flourishing movement ought to prevail, and whether it is likely that in the end it really will prevail. An objection may be raised which I will anticipate. My own studies have been almost wholly in letters, and my visits to the field of the natural sciences have been very slight and inadequate, although those sciences have always strongly moved my curiosity. A man of letters, it will perhaps be said, is not competent to discuss the comparative merits of letters and natural science as means of education. To this objection I reply, first of all, that his incompetence, if he attempts the discussion but is really incompetent for it, will be abundantly visible, nobody will be taken in, he will have plenty of sharp observers and critics to save mankind from that danger. But the line I am going to follow is, as you will soon discover, so extremely simple, that perhaps it may be followed without failure even by one who for a more ambitious line of discussion would be quite incompetent.

Some of you may possibly remember a phrase of mine which has been the object of a good deal of comment; an observation to the effect that in our culture, the aim being to know ourselves and the world, we have, as

the means to this end, *to know the best which has been thought and said in the world*. A man of science, who is also an excellent writer and the very prince of debaters, Professor Huxley, in a discourse at the opening of Sir Josiah Mason's college at Birmingham, laying hold of this phrase, expanded it by quoting some more words of mine, which are these: "The civilized world is to be regarded as now being, for intellectual and spiritual purposes, one great confederation, bound to a joint action and working to a common result, and whose members have for their proper outfit a knowledge of Greek, Roman, and Eastern antiquity, and of one another. Special local and temporary advantages being put out of account, that modern nation will in the intellectual and spiritual sphere make most progress, which most thoroughly carries out this programme."

Now on my phrase, thus enlarged, Professor Huxley remarks that when I speak of the above-mentioned knowledge as enabling us to know ourselves and the world, I assert *literature* to contain the materials which suffice for thus making us know ourselves and the world. But it is not by any means clear, says he, that after having learnt all which ancient and modern literatures have to tell us, we have laid a sufficiently broad and deep foundation for that criticism of life, that knowledge of ourselves and the world, which constitutes culture. On the contrary, Professor Huxley declares that he finds himself "wholly unable to admit that either nations or individuals will really advance, if their outfit draws nothing from the stores of physical science. An army without weapons of precision, and with no particular base of operations, might more hopefully enter upon a campaign on the Rhine, than a man, devoid of a knowledge of what physical science has done in the last century, upon a criticism of life."

This shows how needful it is for those who are to discuss any matter together, to have a common understanding as to the sense of the terms they employ,—how needful, and how difficult. What Professor Huxley says, implies just the reproach which is so often brought against the study of *belles lettres*, as they are called: that the study is an elegant one, but light and ineffectual; a smattering of Greek and Latin and other ornamental things, of little use for any one whose object is to get at truth and to be a practical man. So,

too, M. Renan talks of the "superficial humanism" of a school-course which treats us as if we were all going to be poets, writers, preachers, orators, and he opposes this humanism to positive science, or the critical search after truth. And there is always a tendency in those who are remonstrating against the predominance of letters in education, to understand by letters *belles lettres*, and by *belles lettres* a superficial humanism, the opposite of science or true knowledge.

But when we talk of knowing Greek and Roman antiquity, for instance, which is the knowledge people have called the humanities, I for my part mean a knowledge which is something more than a superficial humanism, mainly decorative. "I call all teaching *scientific*," says Wolf, the critic of Homer, "which is systematically laid out and followed up to its original sources. For example a knowledge of classical antiquity is scientific when the remains of classical antiquity are correctly studied in the original languages." There can be no doubt that Wolf is perfectly right, that all learning is scientific which is systematically laid out and followed up to its original sources, and that a genuine humanism is scientific.

When I speak of knowing Greek and Roman antiquity, therefore, as a help to knowing ourselves and the world, I mean more than a knowledge of so much vocabulary, so much grammar, so many portions of authors in the Greek and Latin languages, I mean knowing the Greeks and Romans, and their life and genius, and what they were and did in the world, what we get from them, and what is its value. That, at least, is the ideal, and when we talk of endeavouring to know Greek and Roman antiquity, as a help to knowing ourselves and the world, we mean endeavouring so to know them as to satisfy this ideal, however much we may still fall short of it.

The same also as to knowing our own and other modern nations, with the like aim of getting to understand ourselves and the world. To know the best that has been thought and said by the modern nations, is to know, says Professor Huxley, "only what modern literatures have to tell us, it is the criticism of life contained in modern literature." And yet "the distinctive character of our times," he urges, "lies in the vast and constantly increasing part which is played by natural knowledge." And how, therefore, can a man, de-

void of knowledge of what physical science has done in the last century, enter hopefully upon a criticism of modern life?

Let us, I say, be agreed about the meaning of the terms we are using. I talk of knowing the best which has been thought and uttered in the world. Professor Huxley says this means knowing *literature*. Literature is a large word, it may mean everything written with letters or printed in a book. Euclid's *Elements* and Newton's *Principia* are thus literature. All knowledge that reaches us through books is literature. But by literature Professor Huxley means *belles lettres*. He means to make me say, that knowing the best which has been thought and said by the modern nations is knowing their *belles lettres* and no more. And this is no sufficient equipment, he argues, for a criticism of modern life. But as I do not mean, by knowing ancient Rome, knowing merely more or less of Latin *belles lettres*, and taking no account of Rome's military, and political, and legal, and administrative work in the world, and as, by knowing ancient Greece, I understand knowing her as the giver of Greek art, and the guide to a free and right use of reason and to scientific method, and the founder of our mathematics and physics and astronomy and biology,—I understand knowing her as all this, and not merely knowing certain Greek poems, and histories, and treatises, and speeches,—so as to the knowledge of modern nations also. By knowing modern nations, I mean not merely knowing their *belles lettres*, but knowing also what has been done by such men as Copernicus, Galileo, Newton, Darwin. "Our ancestors learned," says Professor Huxley, "that the earth is the centre of the visible universe, and that man is the cynosure of things terrestrial, and more especially was it inculcated that the course of nature had no fixed order, but that it could be, and constantly was, altered." But for us now, continues Professor Huxley, "the notions of the beginning and the end of the world entertained by our forefathers are no longer credible. It is very certain that the earth is not the chief body in the material universe, and that the world is not subordinated to man's use. It is even more certain that nature is the expression of a definite order, with which nothing interferes." "And yet," he cries, "the purely classical education advocated by the representatives of the humanists in our day gives no inkling of all this!"

In due place and time I will just touch upon that vexed question of classical education, but at present the question is as to what is meant by knowing the best which modern nations have thought and said. It is not knowing their *belles lettres* merely which is meant. To know Italian *belles lettres* is not to know Italy, and to know English *belles lettres* is not to know England. Into knowing Italy and England there comes a great deal more, Galileo and Newton amongst it. The reproach of being a superficial humanism, a tincture of *belles lettres*, may attach rightly enough to some other disciplines, but to the particular discipline recommended when I proposed knowing the best that has been thought and said in the world, it does not apply. In that best I certainly include what in modern times has been thought and said by the great observers and knowers of nature.

There is, therefore, really no question between Professor Huxley and me as to whether knowing the great results of the modern scientific study of nature is not required as a part of our culture, as well as knowing the products of literature and art. But to follow the processes by which those results are reached, ought, say the friends of physical science, to be made the staple of education for the bulk of mankind. And here there does arise a question between those whom Professor Huxley calls with playful sarcasm "the Levites of culture," and those whom the poor humanist is sometimes apt to regard as its Nebuchadnezzars.

The great results of the scientific investigation of nature we are agreed upon knowing, but how much of our study are we bound to give to the processes by which those results are reached? The results have their visible bearing on human life. But all the processes, too, all the items of fact, by which those results are reached and established, are interesting. All knowledge is interesting to a wise man, and the knowledge of nature is interesting to all men. It is very interesting to know, that, from the albuminous white of the egg, the chick in the egg gets the materials for its flesh, bones, blood, and feathers, while from the fatty yolk of the egg, it gets the heat and energy which enable it at length to break its shell and begin the world. It is less interesting, perhaps, but still it is interesting, to know that when a taper burns, the wax is converted into carbonic acid and water. Moreover, it

is quite true that the habit of dealing with facts, which is given by the study of nature, is, as the friends of physical science praise it for being, an excellent discipline. The appeal, in the study of nature, is constantly to observation and experiment, not only is it said that the thing is so, but we can be made to see that it is so. Not only does a man tell us that when a taper burns the wax is converted into carbonic acid and water, as a man may tell us, if he likes, that Charon is punting his ferry-boat on the river Styx, or that Victor Hugo is a sublime poet, or Mr Gladstone the most admirable of statesmen, but we are made to see that the conversion into carbonic acid and water does actually happen. This reality of natural knowledge it is, which makes the friends of physical science contrast it, as a knowledge of things, with the humanist's knowledge, which is, say they, a knowledge of words. And hence Professor Huxley is moved to lay it down that, "for the purpose of attaining real culture, an exclusively scientific education is at least as effectual as an exclusively literary education." And a certain President of the Section for Mechanical Science in the British Association is, in Scripture phrase, "very bold," and declares that if a man, in his mental training, "has substituted literature and history for natural science, he has chosen the less useful alternative." But whether we go these lengths or not, we must all admit that in natural science the habit gained of dealing with facts is a most valuable discipline, and that every one should have some experience of it.

More than this, however, is demanded by the reformers. It is proposed to make the training in natural science the main part of education, for the great majority of mankind at any rate. And here, I confess, I part company with the friends of physical science, with whom up to this point I have been agreeing. In differing from them, however, I wish to proceed with the utmost caution and diffidence. The smallness of my own acquaintance with the disciplines of natural science is ever before my mind, and I am fearful of doing these disciplines an injustice. The ability and pugnacity of the partisans of natural science make them formidable persons to contradict. The tone of tentative inquiry, which befits a being of dim faculties and bounded knowledge, is the tone I would wish to take and not to depart from. At present it seems to me, that those

who are for giving to natural knowledge, as they call it, the chief place in the education of the majority of mankind, leave one important thing out of their account the constitution of human nature But I put this forward on the strength of some facts not at all recondite, very far from it, facts capable of being stated in the simplest possible fashion, and to which, if I so state them, the man of science will, I am sure, be willing to allow their due weight

Deny the facts altogether, I think, he hardly can He can hardly deny, that when we set ourselves to enumerate the powers which go to the building up of human life, and say that they are the power of conduct, the power of intellect and knowledge, the power of beauty, and the power of social life and manners,—he can hardly deny that this scheme, though drawn in rough and plain lines enough, and not pretending to scientific exactness, does yet give a fairly true representation of the matter Human nature is built up by these powers, we have the need for them all When we have rightly met and adjusted the claims of them all, we shall then be in a fair way for getting soberness and righteousness, with wisdom This is evident enough, and the friends of physical science would admit it

But perhaps they may not have sufficiently observed another thing namely, that the several powers just mentioned are not isolated, but there is, in the generality of mankind, a perpetual tendency to relate them one to another in divers ways With one such way of relating them I am particularly concerned now Following our instinct for intellect and knowledge, we acquire pieces of knowledge, and presently in the generality of men, there arises the desire to relate these pieces of knowledge to our sense for conduct, to our sense for beauty,—and there is weariness and dissatisfaction if the desire is baulked Now in this desire lies, I think, the strength of that hold which letters have upon us

All knowledge is, as I said just now, interesting, and even items of knowledge which from the nature of the case cannot well be related, but must stand isolated in our thoughts, have their interest Even lists of exceptions have their interest If we are studying Greek accents, it is interesting to know that *pas* and *pas*, and some other monosyllables of the same form of declension, do not take the circumflex upon the last syllable of the genitive plural, but vary, in this respect, from the

common rule If we are studying physiology, it is interesting to know that the pulmonary artery carries dark blood and the pulmonary vein carries bright blood, departing in this respect from the common rule for the division of labour between the veins and the arteries But every one knows how we seek naturally to combine the pieces of our knowledge together, to bring them under general rules, to relate them to principles, and how unsatisfactory and tiresome it would be to go on forever learning lists of exceptions, or accumulating items of fact which must stand isolated

Well, that same need of relating our knowledge, which operates here within the sphere of our knowledge itself, we shall find operating, also, outside that sphere We experience, as we go on learning and knowing,—the vast majority of us experience,—the need of relating what we have learnt and known to the sense which we have in us for conduct, to the sense which we have in us for beauty

A certain Greek prophetess of Mantinea in Arcadia, Diotima by name, once explained to the philosopher Socrates that love, and impulse, and bent of all kinds, is, in fact, nothing else but the desire in men that good should forever be present to them This desire for good, Diotima assured Socrates, is our fundamental desire, of which fundamental desire every impulse in us is only some one particular form And therefore this fundamental desire it is, I suppose,—this desire in men that good should be forever present to them,—which acts in us when we feel the impulse for relating our knowledge to our sense for conduct and to our sense for beauty At any rate, with men in general the instinct exists Such is human nature. And the instinct, it will be admitted, is innocent, and human nature is preserved by our following the lead of its innocent instincts Therefore, in seeking to gratify this instinct in question, we are following the instinct of self-preservation in humanity

But, no doubt, some kinds of knowledge cannot be made to directly serve the instinct in question, cannot be directly related to the sense for beauty, to the sense for conduct These are instrument-knowledges, they lead on to other knowledges, which can A man who passes his life in instrument-knowledge is a specialist They may be invaluable as instruments to something beyond, for those who have the gift thus to employ them, and

they may be disciplines in themselves wherein it is useful for every one to have some schooling. But it is inconceivable that the generality of men should pass all their mental life with Greek accents or with formal logic. My friend Professor Sylvester, who is one of the first mathematicians in the world, holds transcendental doctrines as to the virtue of mathematics, but those doctrines are not for common men. In the very Senate House and heart of our English Cambridge I once ventured, though not without an apology for my profaneness, to hazard the opinion that for the majority of mankind a little of mathematics, even, goes a long way. Of course this is quite consistent with their being of immense importance as an instrument to something else, but it is the few who have the aptitude for thus using them, not the bulk of mankind.

The natural sciences do not, however, stand on the same footing with these instrument-knowledges. Experience shows us that the generality of men will find more interest in learning that, when a taper burns, the wax is converted into carbonic acid and water, or in learning the explanation of the phenomenon of dew, or in learning how the circulation of the blood is carried on, than they find in learning that the genitive plural of *pas* and *pas* does not take the circumflex on the termination. And one piece of natural knowledge is added to another, and others are added to that, and at last we come to propositions so interesting as Mr Darwin's famous proposition that "our ancestor was a hairy quadruped furnished with a tail and pointed ears, probably arboreal in his habits." Or we come to propositions of such reach and magnitude as those which Professor Huxley delivers, when he says that the notions of our forefathers about the beginning and the end of the world were all wrong, and that nature is the expression of a definite order with which nothing interferes.

Interesting, indeed, these results of science are, important they are, and we should all of us be acquainted with them. But what I now wish you to mark is, that we are still, when they are propounded to us and we receive them, we are still in the sphere of intellect and knowledge. And for the generality of men there will be found, I say, to arise, when they have duly taken in the proposition that their ancestor was "a hairy quadruped furnished with a tail and pointed ears, prob-

ably arboreal in his habits," there will be found to arise an invincible desire to relate this proposition to the sense in us for conduct, and to the sense in us for beauty. But this the men of science will not do for us, and will hardly even profess to do. They will give us other pieces of knowledge, other facts, about other animals and their ancestors, or about plants, or about stones, or about stars, and they may finally bring us to those great "general conceptions of the universe, which are forced upon us all," says Professor Huxley, "by the progress of physical science." But still it will be *knowledge* only which they give us, knowledge not put for us into relation with our sense for conduct, our sense for beauty, and touched with emotion by being so put, not thus put for us, and therefore, to the majority of mankind, after a certain while, unsatisfying, wearying.

Not to the born naturalist, I admit. But what do we mean by a born naturalist? We mean a man in whom the zeal for observing nature is so uncommonly strong and eminent, that it marks him off from the bulk of mankind. Such a man will pass his life happily in collecting natural knowledge and reasoning upon it, and will ask for nothing, or hardly anything, more. I have heard it said that the sagacious and admirable naturalist whom we lost not very long ago, Mr Darwin, once owned to a friend that for his part he did not experience the necessity for two things which most men find so necessary to them,—religion and poetry, science and the domestic affections, he thought, were enough. To a born naturalist, I can well understand that this should seem so. So absorbing is his occupation with nature, so strong his love for his occupation, that he goes on acquiring natural knowledge and reasoning upon it, and has little time or inclination for thinking about getting it related to the desire in man for conduct, the desire in man for beauty. He relates it to them for himself, as he goes along, so far as he feels the need, and he draws from the domestic affections all the additional solace necessary. But then Darwins are extremely rare. Another great and admirable master of natural knowledge, Faraday, was a Sandemanian. That is to say, he related his knowledge to his instinct for conduct and to his instinct for beauty, by the aid of that respectable Scottish secretary, Robert Sandeman. And so strong, in general, is the demand of religion and poetry to have their share in a

man, to associate themselves with his knowing, and to relieve and rejoice it, that, probably, for one man amongst us with the disposition to do as Darwin did in this respect, there are at least fifty with the disposition to do as Faraday

Education lays hold upon us, in fact, by satisfying this demand Professor Huxley holds up to scorn mediæval education, with its neglect of the knowledge of nature, its poverty even of literary studies, its formal logic devoted to "showing how and why that which the Church said was true must be true." But the great mediæval Universities were not brought into being, we may be sure, by the zeal for giving a jejune and contemptible education. Kings have been their nursing fathers, and queens have been their nursing mothers, but not for this. The mediæval Universities came into being, because the supposed knowledge, delivered by Scripture and the Church, so deeply engaged men's hearts, by so simply, easily, and powerfully relating itself to their desire for conduct, their desire for beauty. All other knowledge was dominated by this supposed knowledge and was subordinated to it, because of the surpassing strength of the hold which it gained upon the affections of men, by allying itself profoundly with their sense for conduct, their sense for beauty.

But now, says Professor Huxley, conceptions of the universe fatal to the notions held by our forefathers have been forced upon us by physical science. Grant to him that they are thus fatal, that the new conceptions must and will soon become current everywhere, and that every one will finally perceive them to be fatal to the beliefs of our forefathers. The need of humane letters, as they are truly called, because they serve the paramount desire in men that good should be forever present to them,—the need of humane letters, to establish a relation between the new conceptions, and our instinct for beauty, our instinct for conduct, is only the more visible. The Middle Age could do without humane letters, as it could do without the study of nature, because its supposed knowledge was made to engage its emotions so powerfully. Grant that the supposed knowledge disappears, its power of being made to engage the emotions will of course disappear along with it,—but the emotions themselves, and their claim to be engaged and satisfied, will remain. Now if we find by experience that humane letters have

an undeniable power of engaging the emotions, the importance of humane letters in a man's training becomes not less, but greater, in proportion to the success of modern science in extirpating what it calls "mediæval thinking."

Have humane letters, then, have poetry and eloquence, the power here attributed to them of engaging the emotions, and do they exercise it? And if they have it and exercise it, *how* do they exercise it, so as to exert an influence upon man's sense for conduct, his sense for beauty? Finally, even if they both can and do exert an influence upon the senses in question, how are they to relate to them the results—the modern results—of natural science? All these questions may be asked. First, have poetry and eloquence the power of calling out the emotions? The appeal is to experience. Experience shows that for the vast majority of men, for mankind in general, they have the power. Next, do they exercise it? They do. But then, *how* do they exercise it so as to affect man's sense for conduct, his sense for beauty? And this is perhaps a case for applying the Preacher's words "Though a man labour to seek it out, yet he shall not find it, yea, farther, though a wise man think to know it, yet shall he not be able to find it." Why should it be one thing, in its effect upon the emotions, to say, "Patience is a virtue," and quite another thing, in its effect upon the emotions, to say with Homer,

τλητόν γάρ Μοῖραι θυμὸν θέσαν ἀνθρώποισι—

"for an enduring heart have the destinies appointed to the children of men"? Why should it be one thing, in its effect upon the emotions, to say with the philosopher Spinoza, *Felicitas in eo consistit quod homo suum esse conservare potest*—"Man's happiness consists in his being able to preserve his own essence," and quite another thing, in its effect upon the emotions, to say with the Gospel, "What is a man advantaged, if he gain the whole world, and lose himself, forfeit himself?" How does this difference of effect arise? I cannot tell, and I am not much concerned to know; the important thing is that it does arise, and that we can profit by it. But how, finally, are poetry and eloquence to exercise the power of relating the modern results of natural science to man's instinct for conduct, his instinct for beauty? And here again I answer that I do not know *how* they will exercise it, but that they can and will exercise it I am sure. I do

not mean that modern philosophical poets and modern philosophical moralists are to come and relate for us, in express terms, the results of modern scientific research to our instinct for conduct, our instinct for beauty. But I mean that we shall find, as a matter of experience, if we know the best that has been thought and uttered in the world, we shall find that the art and poetry and eloquence of men who lived, perhaps, long ago, who had the most limited natural knowledge, who had the most erroneous conceptions about many important matters, we shall find that this art, and poetry, and eloquence, have in fact not only the power of refreshing and delighting us, they have also the power,—such is the strength and worth, in essentials, of their authors' criticism of life,—they have a fortifying, and elevating, and quickening, and suggestive power, capable of wonderfully helping us to relate the results of modern science to our need for conduct, our need for beauty. Homer's conceptions of the physical universe were, I imagine, grotesque, but really, under the shock of hearing from modern science that "the world is not subordinated to man's use, and that man is not the cynosure of things terrestrial," I could, for my own part, desire no better comfort than Homer's line which I quoted just now,

τλητὸν λάρ Μοῖραι θυμὸν θέσαν ἀνθρώποις—

"for an enduring heart have the destinies appointed to the children of men!"

And the more that men's minds are cleared, the more that the results of science are frankly accepted, the more that poetry and eloquence come to be received and studied as what in truth they really are,—the criticism of life by gifted men, alive and active with extraordinary power at an unusual number of points,—so much the more will the value of humane letters, and of art also, which is an utterance having a like kind of power with theirs, be felt and acknowledged, and their place in education be secured.

Let us, therefore, all of us, avoid indeed as much as possible any invidious comparison between the merits of humane letters, as means of education, and the merits of the natural sciences. But when some President of a Section for Mechanical Science insists on making the comparison, and tells us that "he who in his training has substituted literature and history for natural science has chosen the

less useful alternative," let us make answer to him that the student of humane letters only, will, at least, know also the great general conceptions brought in by modern physical science for science, as Professor Huxley says, forces them upon us all. But the student of the natural sciences only, will, by our very hypothesis, know nothing of humane letters, not to mention that in setting himself to be perpetually accumulating natural knowledge, he sets himself to do what only specialists have in general the gift for doing generally. And so he will probably be unsatisfied, or at any rate incomplete, and even more incomplete than the student of humane letters only.

I once mentioned in a school-report, how a young man in one of our English training colleges having to paraphrase the passage in *Macbeth* beginning,

"Can'st thou not minister to a mind diseased?"

turned this line into, "Can you not wait upon the lunatic?" And I remarked what a curious state of things it would be, if every pupil of our national schools knew, let us say, that the moon is two thousand one hundred and sixty miles in diameter, and thought at the same time that a good paraphrase for

"Can'st thou not minister to a mind diseased?"

was, "Can you not wait upon the lunatic?" If one is driven to choose, I think I would rather have a young person ignorant about the moon's diameter, but aware that "Can you not wait upon the lunatic?" is bad, than a young person whose education had been such as to imagine things the other way.

Or to go higher than the pupils of our national schools. I have in my mind's eye a member of our British Parliament who comes to travel here in America, who afterwards relates his travels, and who shows a really masterly knowledge of the geology of this great country and of its mining capabilities, but who ends by gravely suggesting that the United States should borrow a prince from our Royal Family, and should make him their king, and should create a House of Lords of great landed proprietors after the pattern of ours; and then America, he thinks, would have her future happily and perfectly secured. Surely, in this case, the President of the Section for Mechanical Science would himself hardly say that our member of Parliament,

by concentrating himself upon geology and mineralogy, and so on, and not attending to literature and history, had "chosen the more useful alternative"

If then there is to be separation and option between humane letters on the one hand, and the natural sciences on the other, the great majority of mankind, all who have not exceptional and overpowering aptitudes for the study of nature, would do well, I cannot but think, to choose to be educated in humane letters rather than in the natural sciences. Letters will call out their being at more points, will make them live more

I said that before I ended I would just touch on the question of classical education, and I will keep my word. Even if literature is to retain a large place in our education, yet Latin and Greek, say the friends of progress, will certainly have to go. Greek is the grand offender in the eyes of these gentlemen. The attackers of the established course of study think that against Greek, at any rate, they have irresistible arguments. Literature may perhaps be needed in education, they say, but why on earth should it be Greek literature? Why not French or German? Nay, "has not an Englishman models in his own literature of every kind of excellence?" As before, it is not on any weak pleadings of my own that I rely for convincing the gainsayers, it is on the constitution of human nature itself, and on the instinct of self-preservation in humanity. The instinct for beauty is set in human nature, as surely as the instinct for knowledge is set there, or the instinct for conduct. If the instinct for beauty is served by Greek literature and art as it is served by no other literature and art, we may trust to the instinct of self-preservation in humanity for keeping Greek as part of our culture. We may trust to it for even making the study of Greek more prevalent than it is now. Greek will come, I hope, some day to be studied more rationally than at present, but it will be increasingly studied as men increasingly feel the need in them for beauty, and how powerfully Greek art and Greek literature can serve this need. Women will again study Greek, as Lady Jane Grey did, I believe that in that chain of forts, with which the fair host of the Amazons are now engirdling our English universities, I find that here in America, in colleges like Smith College in Massachusetts, and Vassar College in the State of New York, and in

the happy families of the mixed universities out West, they are studying it already.

Defuit una mihi symmetria prisca,—"The antique symmetry was the one thing wanting to me," said Leonardo da Vinci, and he was an Italian. I will not presume to speak for the Americans, but I am sure that, in the Englishman, the want of this admirable symmetry of the Greeks is a thousand times more great and crying than in any Italian. The results of the want show themselves most glaringly, perhaps, in our architecture, but they show themselves, also, in all our art. *Fit details strictly combined, in view of a large general result nobly conceived*, that is just the beautiful *symmetria prisca* of the Greeks, and it is just where we English fail, where all our art fails. Striking ideas we have, and well executed details we have, but that high symmetry which, with satisfying and delightful effect, combines them, we seldom or never have. The glorious beauty of the Acropolis at Athens did not come from single fine things stuck about on that hill, a statue here, a gateway there,—no, it arose from all things being perfectly combined for a supreme total effect. What must not an Englishman feel about our deficiencies in this respect, as the sense for beauty, whereof this symmetry is an essential element, awakens and strengthens within him! what will not one day be his respect and desire for Greece and its *symmetria prisca*, when the scales drop from his eyes as he walks the London streets, and he sees such a lesson in meanness, as the Strand, for instance, in its true deformity! But here we are coming to our friend Mr Ruskin's province, and I will not intrude upon it, for he is its very sufficient guardian.

And so we at last find, it seems, we find flowing in favour of the humanities the natural and necessary stream of things, which seemed against them when we started. The "hairy quadruped furnished with a tail and pointed ears, probably arboreal in his habits," this good fellow carried hidden in his nature, apparently, something destined to develop into a necessity for humane letters. Nay, more, we seem finally to be even led to the further conclusion that our hairy ancestor carried in his nature, also, a necessity for Greek.

And, therefore, to say the truth, I cannot really think that humane letters are in much actual danger of being thrust out from their leading place in education, in spite of the ar-

ray of authorities against them at this moment So long as human nature is what it is, their attractions will remain irresistible As with Greek, so with letters generally they will some day come, we may hope, to be studied more rationally, but they will not lose their place What will happen will rather be that there will be crowded into education other matters besides, far too many, there will be, perhaps, a period of unsettlement and confusion and false tendency, but letters will not in the end lose their leading place If they lose it for a time, they will get it back again We shall be brought back to them by our wants and aspirations And a poor humanist may possess his soul in patience, neither strive nor cry, admit the energy and brilliancy of the partisans of physical science, and their present favour with the public, to be far greater than his own, and still have a happy faith that the nature of things works silently on behalf of the studies which he loves, and that, while we shall all have to acquaint ourselves with the great results reached by modern science, and to give ourselves as much training in its disciplines as we can conveniently carry, yet the majority of men will always require humane letters, and so much the more, as they have the more and the greater results of science to relate to the need in man for conduct, and to the need in him for beauty

From Discourses in America

SOHRAB AND RUSTUM

AN EPISODE

And the first grey of morning fill'd the east,
And the fog rose out of the Oxus stream
But all the Tartar camp along the stream
Was hush'd, and still the men were plunged in sleep,

Sohrab alone, he slept not, all night long
He had lain wakeful, tossing on his bed,
But when the grey dawn stole into his tent,
He rose, and clad himself, and girt his sword,
And took his horseman's cloak, and left his tent,

And went abroad into the cold wet fog,
Through the dim camp to Peran-Wisa's tent
Through the black Tartar tents he pass'd,
which stood

Clustering like bee-hives on the low flat strand
Of Oxus, where the summer-floods o'erflow

When the sun melts the snows in high Pamere,¹⁵

Through the black tents he pass'd, o'er that low strand,

And to a hillock came, a little back

From the stream's brink—the spot where first a boat,

Crossing the stream in summer, scrapes the land

The men of former times had crown'd the top²⁰

With a clay fort, but that was fall'n, and now The Tartars built there Peran-Wisa's tent,

A dome of laths, and o'er it felts were spread And Sohrab came there, and went in, and stood

Upon the thick piled carpets in the tent,²⁵

And found the old man sleeping on his bed Of rugs and felts, and near him lay his arms

And Peran-Wisa heard him, though the step Was dull'd, for he slept light, an old man's sleep,

And he rose quickly on one arm, and said —³⁰

"Who art thou? for it is not yet clear dawn Speak! is there news, or any night alarm?"

But Sohrab came to his bedside, and said —

"Thou know'st me, Peran-Wisa! it is I

The sun is not yet risen, and the foe³⁵

Sleep, but I sleep not, all night long I lie

Tossing and wakeful, and I come to thee

For so did King Afrasiab bid me seek

Thy counsel, and to heed thee as thy son,

In Samarcand, before the army march'd,⁴⁰

And I will tell thee what my heart desires

Thou know'st if, since from Ader-baijan first

I came among the Tartars and bore arms,

I have still served Afrasiab well, and shown,

At my boy's years, the courage of a man⁴⁵

This too thou know'st, that while I still bear on

The conquering Tartar ensigns through the world,

And beat the Persians back on every field,

I seek one man, one man, and one alone—

Rustum, my father, who I hoped should greet,⁵⁰

Should one day greet, upon some well-fought field,

His not unworthy, not inglorious son

So I long hoped, but him I never find

Come then, hear now, and grant me what I ask

Let the two armies rest to-day, but I⁵⁵

Will challenge forth the bravest Persian lords

To meet me, man to man, if I prevail,

Rustum will surely hear it, if I fall—
 Old man, the dead need no one, claim no kin
 Dim is the rumour of a common fight, 60
 Where host meets host, and many names are
 sunk,

But of a single combat fame speaks clear”

He spoke, and Peran-Wisa took the hand
 Of the young man in his, and sigh'd, and
 said —

“O Sohrab, an unquiet heart is thine! 65
 Canst thou not rest among the Tartar chiefs,
 And share the battle's common chance with
 us

Who love thee, but must press for ever first,
 In single fight incurring single risk,
 To find a father thou hast never seen? 70
 That were far best, my son, to stay with us
 Unmurmuring, in our tents, while it is war,
 And when 'tis truce, then in Afrasiab's towns
 But, if this one desire indeed rules all,
 To seek out Rustum—seek him not through
 fight! 75

Seek him in peace, and carry to his arms,
 O Sohrab, carry an unwounded son!
 But far hence seek him, for he is not here
 For now it is not as when I was young,
 When Rustum was in front of every fray, 80
 But now he keeps apart, and sits at home,
 In Seistan, with Zal, his father old
 Whether that his own mighty strength at last
 Feels the abhorr'd approaches of old age,
 Or in some quarrel with the Persian King 85
 There go!—Thou wilt not? Yet my heart fore-
 bodes

Danger or death awaits thee on this field
 Fain would I know thee safe and well, though
 lost

To us, fain therefore send thee hence, in peace
 To seek thy father, not seek single fights 90
 In vain,—but who can keep the lion's cub
 From ravening, and who govern Rustum's
 son?

Go, I will grant thee what thy heart desires”
 So said he, and dropp'd Sohrab's hand, and
 left

His bed, and warm rugs whereon he lay, 95
 And o'er his chilly limbs his woollen coat
 He pass'd, and tied his sandals on his feet,
 And threw a white cloak round him, and he
 took

In his right hand a ruler's staff, no sword,
 And on his head he set his sheep-skin cap, 100
 Black, glossy, curl'd, the fleece of Kara-Kul,
 And raised the curtain of his tent, and call'd
 His herald to his side, and went abroad

The sun by this had risen, and clear'd the
 fog
 From the broad Oxus and the glittering
 sands 105

And from their tents the Tartar horsemen
 filed

Into the open plain, so Haman bade—
 Haman, who next to Peran-Wisa ruled
 The host, and still was in his lusty prime
 From their black tents, long files of horse,
 they stream'd, 110

As when some grey November morn the files,
 In marching order spread, of long-neck'd
 cranes

Stream over Casbin and the southern slopes
 Of Elburz, from the Aralian estuaries,
 Or some froze Caspian reed-bed, southward
 bound 115

For the warm Persian sea-board—so they
 stream'd

The Tartars of the Oxus, the King's guard,
 First, with black sheep-skin caps and with long
 spears,

Large men, large steeds, whom from Bokhara
 come

And Khiva, and ferment the milk of
 mares 120

Next, the more temperate Toorkmuns of the
 south,

The Tukas, and the lances of Salore,
 And those from Attruck and the Caspian
 sands,

Light men and on light steeds, who only
 drink

The acrid milk of camels, and their wells 125
 And then a swarm of wandering horse, who
 came

From far, and a more doubtful service own'd,
 The Tartars of Ferghana, from the banks
 Of the Jaxartes, men with scanty beards
 And close-set skull-caps, and those wilder 130
 hordes

Who roam o'er Kipchak and the northern
 waste,
 Kalmucks and unkempt Kuzzaks, tribes who
 stray

Nearest the Pole, and wandering Kirghizzes,
 Who come on shaggy ponies from Pamere,
 These all filed out from camp into the
 plain 135

And on the other side the Persians form'd,—
 First a light cloud of horse, Tartars they
 seem'd,

The Ilyats of Khorassan, and behind,
 The royal troops of Persia, horse and foot,

Marshall'd battalions bright in burnish'd
steel ¹⁴⁰

But Peran-Wisa with his herald came,
Threading the Tartar squadrons to the front,
And with his staff kept back the foremost
ranks

And when Ferood, who led the Persians, saw
That Peran-Wisa kept the Tartars back, ¹⁴⁵
He took his spear, and to the front he came,
And check'd his ranks, and fix'd them where
they stood

And the old Tartar came upon the sand
Betwixt the silent hosts, and spake, and
said —

"Ferood, and ye, Persians and Tartars,
hear! ¹⁵⁰

Let there be truce between the hosts to-day
But choose a champion from the Persian lords
To fight our champion Sohrab, man to man"

As, in the country, on a morn in June,
When the dew glistens on the pearled ears, ¹⁵⁵
A shiver runs through the deep corn for joy—
So, when they heard what Peran-Wisa said,
A thrill through all the Tartar squadrons ran
Of pride and hope for Sohrab, whom they
loved

But as a troop of pedlars, from Cabool, ¹⁶⁰
Cross underneath the Indian Caucasus,
That vast sky-neighbouring mountain of milk
snow,

Crossing so high, that, as they mount, they
pass

Long flocks of travelling birds dead on the
snow,

Choked by the air, and scarce can they them-
selves ¹⁶⁵

Slake their parch'd throats with sugar'd mul-
berries—

In single file they move, and stop their breath,
For fear they should dislodge the o'erhanging
snows—

So the pale Persians held their breath with
fear

And to Ferood his brother chiefs came
up ¹⁷⁰

To counsel, Gudurz and Zoarrah came,
And Feraburz, who ruled the Persian host
Second, and was the uncle of the King,
These came and counsell'd, and then Gudurz
said —

"Ferood, shame bids us take their challenge
up, ¹⁷⁵

Yet champion have we none to match this
youth

He has the wild stag's foot, the lion's heart.

But Rustum came last night, aloof he sits
And sullen, and has pitch'd his tents apart
Him will I seek, and carry to his ear ¹⁸⁰
The Tartar challenge, and this young man's
name

Haply he will forget his wrath, and fight
Stand forth the while, and take their chal-
lenge up"

So spake he, and Ferood stood forth and
cried —

"Old man, be it agreed as thou hast said! ¹⁸⁵
Let Sohrab arm, and we will find a man"

He spake and Peran-Wisa turn'd, and
strode

Back through the opening squadrons to his
tent

But through the anxious Persians Gudurz ran,
And cross'd the camp which lay behind, and
reach'd, ¹⁹⁰

Out on the sands beyond it, Rustum's tents
Of scarlet cloth they were, and glittering gay,
Just pitch'd, the high pavilion in the midst
Was Rustum's, and his men lay camp'd
around

And Gudurz enter'd Rustum's tent, and
found ¹⁹⁵

Rustum, his morning meal was done, but still
The table stood before him, charged with
food—

A side of roasted sheep, and cakes of bread,
And dark green melons; and there Rustum
sate

Listless, and held a falcon on his wrist, ²⁰⁰
And play'd with it, but Gudurz came and
stood

Before him, and he look'd, and saw him stand,
And with a cry sprang up and dropp'd the
bird,

And greeted Gudurz with both hands, and
said —

"Welcome! these eyes could see no better
sight ²⁰⁵

What news? but sit down, first, and eat and
drink"

But Gudurz stood in the tent-door, and
said —

"Not now! a time will come to eat and drink,
But not to-day, to-day has other needs
The armies are drawn out, and stand at
gaze, ²¹⁰

For from the Tartars is a challenge brought
To pick a champion from the Persian lords
To fight their champion—and thou know'st his
name—

Sohrab men call him, but his birth is hid.

O Rustum, like thy might is this young
man's! ²¹⁵

He has the wild stag's foot, the lion's heart,
And he is young, and Iran's chiefs are old,
Or else too weak, and all eyes turn to thee
Come down and help us, Rustum, or we lose!"

He spoke, but Rustum answer'd with a
smile — ²²⁰

"Go to! if Iran's chiefs are old, then I
Am older, if the young are weak, the King
Errs strangely, for the King, for Kai Khos-
roo,

Himself is young, and honours younger men,
And lets the aged moulder to their graves ²²⁵
Rustum he loves no more, but loves the
young—

The young may rise at Sohrab's vaunts, not I
For what care I, though all speak Sohrab's
fame?

For would that I myself had such a son,
And not that one slight helpless girl I
have— ²³⁰

A son so famed, so brave, to send to war,
And I to tarry with the snow-hair'd Zal,
My father, whom the robber Afghans vex,
And clip his borders short, and drive his
herds,

And he has none to guard his weak old age ²³⁵
There would I go, and hang my armour up,
And with my great name fence that weak old
man,

And spend the goodly treasures I have got,
And rest my age, and hear of Sohrab's fame,
And leave to death the hosts of thankless
kings, ²⁴⁰

And with these slaughterous hands draw sword
no more"

He spoke, and smiled, and Gudurz made
reply —

"What then, O Rustum, will men say to this,
When Sohrab dares our bravest forth, and
seeks

Thee most of all, and thou, whom most he
seeks, ²⁴⁵

Hidest thy face? Take heed lest men should
say.

*Like some old miser, Rustum hoards his fame,
And shuns to peril it with younger men"*

And, greatly moved, then Rustum made re-
ply —

"O Gudurz, wherefore dost thou say such
words? ²⁵⁰

Thou knowest better words than this to say
What is one more, one less, obscure or famed,
Valiant or craven, young or old, to me?

Are not they mortal, am not I myself?

But who for men of nought would do great
deeds? ²⁵⁵

Come, thou shalt see how Rustum hoards his
fame!

But I will fight unknown, and in plain arms,
Let not men say of Rustum, he was match'd
In single fight with any mortal man"

He spoke, and frown'd, and Gudurz turn'd,
and ran ²⁶⁰

Back quickly through the camp in fear and
joy—

Fear at his wrath, but joy that Rustum came
But Rustum strode to his tent-door, and call'd
His followers in, and bade them bring his
arms,

And clad himself in steel, the arms he
chose ²⁶⁵

Were plain, and on his shield was no device,
Only his helm was rich, inlaid with gold,
And, from the fluted spine atop, a plume
Of horsehair waved, a scarlet horsehair plume
So arm'd, he issued forth, and Ruksh, his
horse, ²⁷⁰

Follow'd him like a faithful hound at heel—
Ruksh, whose renown was noised through all
the earth,

The horse, whom Rustum on a foray once
Did in Bokhara by the river find
A colt beneath its dam, and drove him
home, ²⁷⁵

And rear'd him, a bright bay, with lofty crest,
Dight with a saddle-cloth of broider'd green
Crusted with gold, and on the ground were
work'd

All beasts of chase, all beasts which hunters
know

So follow'd, Rustum left his tents, and
cross'd ²⁸⁰

The camp, and to the Persian host appear'd
And all the Persians knew him, and with
shouts

Hail'd, but the Tartars knew not who he was
And dear as the wet diver to the eyes
Of his pale wife who wails and weeps on
shore, ²⁸⁵

By sandy Bahrein, in the Persian Gulf,
Plunging all day in the blue waves, at night,
Having made up his tale of precious pearls,
Rejoins her in their hut upon the sands—

So dear to the pale Persians Rustum came. ²⁹⁰

And Rustum to the Persian front advanced,
And Sohrab arm'd in Haman's tent, and came.
And as afield the reapers cut a swath
Down through the middle of a rich man's corn,

And on each side are squares of standing
corn, 295
And in the midst a stubble, short and bare—
So on each side were squares of men, with
spears
Bristling, and in the midst, the open sand
And Rustum came upon the sand, and cast
His eyes toward the Tartar tents, and saw 300
Sohrab come forth, and eyed him as he came
As some rich woman, on a winter's morn,
Eyes through her silken curtains the poor
drudge
Who with numb blacken'd fingers makes her
fire—
At cock-crow, on a starlit winter's morn, 305
When the frost flowers the whiten'd window-
panes—
And wonders how she lives, and what the
thoughts
Of that poor drudge may be, so Rustum eyed
The unknown adventurous youth, who from
afar
Came seeking Rustum, and defying forth 310
All the most valiant chiefs, long he perused
His spirited air, and wonder'd who he was
For very young he seem'd, tenderly rear'd,
Like some young cypress, tall, and dark, and
straight,
Which in a queen's secluded garden throws 315
Its slight dark shadow on the moonlit turf,
By midnight, to a bubbling fountain's sound—
So slender Sohrab seem'd, so softly rear'd
And a deep pity enter'd Rustum's soul
As he beheld him coming, and he stood, 320
And beckon'd to him with his hand, and
said —
"O thou young man, the air of Heaven is
soft,
And warm, and pleasant, but the grave is
cold!
Heaven's air is better than the cold dead
grave
Behold me! I am vast, and clad in iron, 325
And tried, and I have stood on many a field
Of blood, and I have fought with many a
foe—
Never was that field lost, or that foe saved
O Sohrab, wherefore wilt thou rush on death?
Be govern'd! quit the Tartar host, and
come 330
To Iran, and be as my son to me,
And fight beneath my banner till I die!
There are no youths in Iran brave as thou!"
So he spake, mildly, Sohrab heard his voice,
The mighty voice of Rustum, and he saw 335

His giant figure planted on the sand,
Sole, like some single tower, which a chief
Hath builded on the waste in former years
Against the robbers, and he saw that head,
Streak'd with its first grey hairs,—hope filled
his soul, 340
And he ran forward and embraced his knees,
And clasp'd his hand within his own, and
said —
"O, by thy father's head! by thine own
soul!
Art thou not Rustum? speak! art thou not
he?"
But Rustum eyed askance the kneeling
youth, 345
And turn'd away, and spake to his own soul —
"Ah me, I muse what this young fox may
mean!
False, wily, boastful, are these Tartar boys
For if I now confess this thing he asks,
And hide it not, but say *Rustum is here!* 350
He will not yield indeed, nor quit our foes,
But he will find some pretext not to fight,
And praise my fame, and proffer courteous
gifts
A belt or sword perhaps, and go his way
And on a feast-tide, in Afrasiab's hall, 355
In Samarcand, he will arise and cry
'I challenged once, when the two armies
camp'd
Beside the Oxus, all the Persian lords
To cope with me in single fight, but they
Shrank, only Rustum dared, then he and I 360
Changed gifts, and went on equal terms
away'
So will he speak, perhaps, while men applaud,
Then were the chiefs of Iran shamed through
me"
And then he turn'd, and sternly spake
aloud —
"Rise! wherefore dost thou vainly question
thus 365
Of Rustum? I am here, whom thou hast call'd
By challenge forth, make good thy vaunt, or
yield!
Is it with Rustum only thou wouldst fight?
Rash boy, men look on Rustum's face and
flee!
For well I know, that did great Rustum
stand 370
Before thy face this day, and were reveal'd,
There would be then no talk of fighting
more
But being what I am, I tell thee this—
Do thou record it in thine inmost soul.

Either thou shalt renounce thy vaunt and
yield, 375
Or else thy bones shall strew this sand, till
winds

Bleach them, or Oxus with his summer-floods,
Oxus in summer wash them all away"

He spoke, and Sohrab answer'd, on his
feet —

"Art thou so fierce? Thou wilt not fright me
so! 380

I am no girl, to be made pale by words
Yet this thou hast said well, did Rustum stand
Here on this field, there were no fighting then
But Rustum is far hence, and we stand here
Begin! thou art more vast, more dread than
I, 385

And thou art proved, I know, and I am
young—

But yet success sways with the breath of
Heaven

And though thou thinkest that thou knowest
sure

Thy victory, yet thou canst not surely know
For we are all, like swimmers in the sea, 390
Poised on the top of a huge wave of fate,
Which hangs uncertain to which side to fall
And whether it will heave us up to land,
Or whether it will roll us out to sea,
Back out to sea, to the deep waves of
death, 395

We know not, and no search will make us
know,

Only the event will teach us in its hour"

He spoke, and Rustum answer'd not, but
hurl'd

His spear, down from the shoulder, down it
came,

As on some partridge in the corn a hawk, 400
That long has tower'd in the airy clouds,
Drops like a plummet; Sohrab saw it come,
And sprang aside, quick as a flash, the spear
Hiss'd, and went quivering down into the sand,
Which it sent flying wide,—then Sohrab
threw 405

In turn, and full struck Rustum's shield, sharp
rang,

The iron plates rang sharp, but turn'd the
spear

And Rustum seized his club, which none but he
Could wield, an unlopp'd trunk it was, and
huge,

Stall rains—like those which men in treeless
plains 410

To build them boats fish from the flooded
rivers,

Hyphasis or Hydaspes, when, high up
By their dark springs, the wind in winter-time
Hath made in Himalayan forests wrack,
And strewn the channels with torn boughs—so
huge 415

The club which Rustum lifted now, and
struck

One stroke, but again Sohrab sprang aside,
Lithe as the glancing snake, and the club came
Thundering to earth, and leapt from Rustum's
hand

And Rustum follow'd his own blow, and
fell 420

To his knees, and with his fingers clutch'd the
sand,

And now might Sohrab have unsheathed his
sword,

And pierced the mighty Rustum while he lay
Dizzy, and on his knees, and choked with
sand,

But he look'd on, and smiled, nor bared his
sword, 425

But courteously drew back, and spoke, and
said —

"Thou strik'st too hard! that club of thine
will float

Upon the summer-floods, and not my bones
But rise, and be not wroth! not wroth am I,
No, when I see thee, wrath forsakes my
soul 430

Thou say'st, thou art not Rustum, be it so!
Who art thou then, that canst so touch my
soul?

Boy as I am, I have seen battles too—
Have waded foremost in their bloody waves,
And heard their hollow roar of dying men, 435
But never was my heart thus touch'd before
Are they from Heaven, these softening of
the heart?

O thou old warrior, let us yield to Heaven!
Come, plant we here in earth our angry
spears,

And make a truce, and sit upon this sand, 440
And pledge each other in red wine, like
friends,

And thou shalt talk to me of Rustum's deeds
There are enough foes in the Persian host,
Whom I may meet, and strike, and feel no
pang,

Champions enough Afrasiab has, whom
thou 445

Mayst fight, fight *them*, when they confront
thy spear!

But oh, let there be peace 'twixt thee and
me!"

He ceased, but while he spake, Rustum had
 risen,
 And stood erect, trembling with rage, his club
 He left to lie, but had regain'd his spear, 450
 Whose fiery point now in his mail'd right-hand
 Blazed bright and baleful, like that autumn-
 star,
 The baleful sign of fevers, dust had soil'd
 His stately crest, and dimm'd his glittering
 arms
 His breast heaved, his lips foam'd, and twice
 his voice 455
 Was choked with rage, at last these words
 broke way.—
 "Girl! nimble with thy feet, not with thy
 hands!
 Curl'd minion, dancer, comer of sweet words!
 Fight, let me hear thy hateful voice no more!
 Thou art not in Afrasiab's gardens now 460
 With Tartar girls, with whom thou art wont
 to dance;
 But on the Oxus-sands, and in the dance
 Of battle, and with me, who make no play
 Of war, I fight it out, and hand to hand
 Speak not to me of truce, and pledge, and
 wine! 465
 Remember all thy valour, try thy feints
 And cunning! all the pity I had is gone,
 Because thou hast shamed me before both the
 hosts
 With thy light skipping tricks, and thy girl's
 wiles"
 He spoke, and Sohrab kindled at his
 taunts, 470
 And he too drew his sword, at once they
 rush'd
 Together, as two eagles on one prey
 Come rushing down together from the clouds,
 One from the east, one from the west, their
 shields
 Dash'd with a clang together, and a din 475
 Rose, such as that the sinewy woodcutters
 Make often in the forest's heart at morn,
 Of hewing axes, crashing trees—such blows
 Rustum and Sohrab on each other hail'd
 And you would say that sun and stars took
 part 480
 In that unnatural conflict; for a cloud
 Grew suddenly in Heaven, and dark'd the sun
 Over the fighters' heads, and a wind rose
 Under their feet, and moaning swept the plain,
 And in a sandy whirlwind wrapp'd the pair 485
 In gloom they twain were wrapp'd, and they
 alone;
 For both the on-looking hosts on either hand

Stood in broad daylight, and the sky was
 pure,
 And the sun sparkled on the Oxus stream
 But in the gloom they fought, with bloodshot
 eyes 490
 And labouring breath, first Rustum struck the
 shield
 With Sohrab held stiff out, the steel-spiked
 spear
 Rent the tough plates, but fail'd to reach the
 skin,
 And Rustum pluck'd it back with angry groan
 Then Sohrab with his sword smote Rustum's
 helm, 495
 Nor clove its steel quite through, but all the
 crest
 He shore away, and that proud horsehair
 plume,
 Never till now defiled, sank to the dust,
 And Rustum bow'd his head, but then the
 gloom
 Grew blacker, thunder rumbled in the air, 500
 And lightnings rent the cloud, and Ruksh, the
 horse,
 Who stood at hand, utter'd a dreadful cry,—
 No horse's cry was that, most like the roar
 Of some pain'd desert-lion, who all day
 Hath trail'd the hunter's javelin in his side, 505
 And comes at night to die upon the sand
 The two hosts heard that cry, and quaked for
 fear,
 And Oxus curdled as it cross'd his stream
 But Sohrab heard, and quail'd not, but rush'd
 on,
 And struck again, and again Rustum bow'd 510
 His head, but this time all the blade, like
 glass,
 Sprang in a thousand shivers on the helm,
 And in the hand the hilt reman'd alone
 Then Rustum raised his head, his dreadful
 eyes
 Glared, and he shook on high his menacing
 spear, 515
 And shouted *Rustum!*—Sohrab heard that
 shout,
 And shrank amazed, back he recoil'd one step,
 And scann'd with blinking eyes the advancing
 form,
 And then he stood bewilder'd, and he dropp'd
 His covering shield, and the spear pierced his
 side 520
 He reel'd, and staggering back, sank to the
 ground,
 And then the gloom dispersed, and the wind
 fell,

And the bright sun broke forth, and melted all
The cloud, and the two armies saw the pair—
Saw Rustum standing, safe upon his feet, 525
And Sohrab, wounded, on the bloody sand

Then, with a bitter smile, Rustum began —
"Sohrab, thou thoughtest in thy mind to kill
A Persian lord this day, and strip his corpse,
And bear thy trophies to Afrasiab's tent 530
Or else that the great Rustum would come
down

Himself to fight, and that thy wiles would
move

His heart to take a gift, and let thee go
And then that all the Tartar host would praise
Thy courage or thy craft, and spread thy
fame, 535

To glad thy father in his weak old age
Fool, thou art slain, and by an unknown man!
Dearer to the red jackals shalt thou be
Than to thy friends, and to thy father old"

And, with a fearless mien, Sohrab re-
plied — 540

"Unknown thou art, yet thy fierce vaunt is
vain

Thou dost not slay me, proud and boastful
man!

No! Rustum slays me, and this filial heart
For were I match'd with ten such men as thee,
And I were that which till to-day I was, 545
They should be lying here, I standing there
But that belovéd name unnerved my arm—
That name, and something, I confess, in thee,
Which troubles all my heart, and made my
shield

Fall- and thy spear transfix'd an unarm'd
foe 550

And now thou boastest, and insult'st my fate
But hear thou this, fierce man, tremble to hear
The mighty Rustum shall avenge my death!
My father, whom I seek through all the
world,

He shall avenge my death, and punish
thee!" 555

As when some hunter in the spring hath
found

A breeding eagle sitting on her nest,
Upon the craggy isle of a hill-lake,
And pierced her with an arrow as she rose,
And follow'd her to find her where she fell 560
Far off,—anon her mate comes winging back
From hunting, and a great way off describes
His huddling young left sole, at that, he
checks

His pinion, and with short uneasy sweeps
Circles above his eyry, with loud screams 565

Chiding his mate back to her nest, but she
Lies dying, with the arrow in her side,
In some far stony gorge out of his ken,
A heap of fluttering feathers—never more
Shall the lake glass her, flying over it, 570
Never the black and dripping precipices
Echo her stormy scream as she sails by—
As that poor bird flies home, nor knows his
loss,

So Rustum knew not his own loss, but stood
Over his dying son, and knew him not 575

But, with a cold incredulous voice, he
said —

"What prate is this of fathers and revenge?
The mighty Rustum never had a son"

And, with a failing voice, Sohrab replied —
"Ah yes, he had! and that lost son am I 580
Surely the news will one day reach his ear,
Reach Rustum, where he sits, and tarries
long,

Somewhere, I know not where, but far from
here

And pierce him like a stab, and make him leap
To arms, and cry for vengeance upon thee 585
Fierce man, bethink thee, for an only son!
What will that grief, what will that vengeance
be?

Oh, could I live, till I that brief had seen!
Yet him I pity not so much, but her,
My mother, who in Ader-baijan dwells 590
With that old king, her father, who grows grey
With age, and rules over the valiant Koords
Her most I pity, who no more will see
Sohrab returning from the Tartar camp,
With spoils and honour, when the war is
done 595

But a dark rumour will be bruited up,
From tribe to tribe, until it reach her ear,
And then will that defenceless woman learn
That Sohrab will rejoice her sight no more,
But that in battle with a nameless foe, 600
By the far-distant Oxus, he is slain"

He spoke, and as he ceased, he wept aloud,
Thinking of her he left, and his own death
He spoke; but Rustum listen'd, plunged in
thought

Nor did he yet believe it was his son 605
Who spoke, although he call'd back names he
knew;

For he had had sure tidings that the babe,
Which was in Ader-baijan born to him,
Had been a puny girl, no boy at all—
So that sad mother sent him word, for fear 610
Rustum should seek the boy, to train in arms
And so he deem'd that either Sohrab took,

By a false boast, the style of Rustum's son,
Or that men gave it him, to swell his fame
So deem'd he, yet he listen'd, plunged in
thought 615

And his soul set to grief, as the vast tide
Of the bright rocking Ocean sets to shore
At the full moon, tears gather'd in his eyes,
For he remember'd his own early youth,
And all its bounding rapture, as, at dawn, 620
The shepherd from his mountain-lodge de-
scries

A far, bright city, smitten by the sun,
Through many rolling clouds—so Rustum saw
His youth, saw Sohrab's mother, in her bloom,
And that old king, her father, who loved
well 625

His wandering guest, and gave him his fair
child

With joy, and all the pleasant life they led,
They three, in that long-distant summer-
time—

The castle, and the dewy woods, and hunt
And hound, and morn on those delightful
hills 630

In Ader-baijan And he saw that Youth,
Of age and looks to be his own dear son,
Piteous and lovely, lying on the sand,
Like some rich hyacinth which by the scythe
Of an unskilful gardener has been cut, 635
Mowing the garden grass-plots near its bed,
And lies, a fragrant tower of purple bloom,
On the mown, dying grass—so Sohrab lay,
Lovely in death, upon the common sand
And Rustum gazed on him with grief, and
said — 640

"O Sohrab, thou indeed art such a son
Whom Rustum, wert thou his, might well have
loved

Yet here thou errest, Sohrab, or else men
Have told thee false—thou art not Rustum's
son

For Rustum had no son, one child he
had— 645

But one—a girl; who with her mother now
Plies some light female task, nor dreams of
us—

Of us she dreams not, nor of wounds, nor
war "

But Sohrab answer'd him in wrath, for now
The anguish of the deep-fix'd spear grew
fierce, 650

And he desired to draw forth the steel,
And let the blood flow free, and so to die—
But first he would convince his stubborn
foe;

And, rising sternly on one arm, he said —

"Man, who art thou who dost deny my
words? 655

Truth sits upon the lips of dying men,
And falsehood, while I lived, was far from
mine

I tell thee, prick'd upon this arm I bear
That seal which Rustum to my mother gave,
That she might prick it on the babe she
bore " 660

He spoke, and all the blood left Rustum's
cheeks,

And his knees totter'd, and he smote his hand
Against his breast, his heavy mailed hand,
That the hard iron corslet clank'd aloud,
And to his heart he press'd the other hand, 665
And in a hollow voice he spake, and said —

"Sohrab, that were a proof which could not
lie!

If thou show this, then art thou Rustum's
son "

Then, with weak hasty fingers, Sohrab
loosed

His belt, and near the shoulder bared his
arm, 670

And show'd a sign in faint vermilion points
Prick'd, as a cunning workman, in Pekin,
Pricks with vermilion some clear porcelain
vase,

An emperor's gift—at early morn he paints,
And all day long, and, when night comes, the
lamp 675

Lights up his studious forehead and thin
hands—

So delicately prick'd the sign appear'd
On Sohrab's arm, the sign of Rustum's seal
It was that griffin, which of old rear'd Zal,
Rustum's great father, whom they left to
die, 680

A helpless babe, among the mountain-rocks,
Him that kind creature found, and rear'd, and
loved—

Then Rustum took it for his glorious sign
And Sohrab bared that image on his arm,
And himself scann'd it long with mournful
eyes, 685

And then he touch'd it with his hand and
said —

"How say'st thou? Is that sign the proper
sign

Of Rustum's son, or of some other man's?"
He spoke, but Rustum gazed, and gazed,
and stood

Speechless, and then he utter'd one sharp
cry: 690

O boy—thy father!—and his voice choked there
 And then a dark cloud pass'd before his eyes,
 And his head swam, and he sank down to earth
 But Sohrab crawl'd to where he lay, and cast
 His arms about his neck, and kiss'd his lips, ⁶⁹⁵
 And with fond faltering fingers stroked his cheeks,
 Trying to call him back to life, and life
 Came back to Rustum, and he oped his eyes,
 And they stood wide with horror, and he seized
 In both his hands the dust which lay around, ⁷⁰⁰
 And threw it on his head, and smirch'd his hair,—
 His hair, and face, and beard, and glittering arms,
 And strong convulsive groanings shook his breast,
 And his sobs choked him, and he clutch'd his sword,
 To draw it, and for ever let life out ⁷⁰⁵
 But Sohrab saw his thought, and held his hands,
 And with a soothing voice he spake, and said —
 "Father, forbear! for I but meet to-day
 The doom which at my birth was written down
 In Heaven, and thou art Heaven's unconscious hand ⁷¹⁰
 Surely my heart cried out that it was thou,
 When first I saw thee, and thy heart spoke too,
 I know it! but fate trod those promptings down
 Under its iron heel, fate, fate engaged
 The strife, and hurl'd me on my father's spear ⁷¹⁵
 But let us speak no more of this! I find
 My father, let me feel that I have found!
 Come, sit beside me on this sand, and take
 My head betwixt thy hands, and kiss my cheeks,
 And wash them with thy tears, and say *My son!* ⁷²⁰
 Quick! quick! for number'd are my sands of life,
 And swift, for like the lightning to this field
 I came, and like the wind I go away—
 Sudden, and swift, and like a passing wind
 But it was writ in Heaven that this should be "

So said he, and his voice released the heart
 Of Rustum, and his tears broke forth, he cast
 His arms round his son's neck, and wept aloud,
 And kiss'd him And awe fell on both the hosts,
 When they saw Rustum's grief, and Ruksh, the horse, ⁷³⁰
 With his head bowing to the ground and mane
 Sweeping the dust, came near, and in mute woe
 First to the one then to the other moved
 His head, as if inquiring what their grief
 Might mean, and from his dark, compassionate eyes, ⁷³⁵
 The big warm tears roll'd down, and caked the sand
 But Rustum chid him with stern voice, and said —
 "Ruksh, now thou grieve'st, but, O Ruksh, thy feet
 Should first have rotted on their numble joints,
 Or ere they brought thy master to this field!" ⁷⁴⁰
 But Sohrab look'd upon the horse and said,—
 "Is this, then, Ruksh? How often, in past days,
 My mother told me of thee, thou brave steed,
 My terrible father's terrible horse! and said,
 That I should one day find thy lord and thee ⁷⁴⁵
 Come, let me lay my hand upon thy mane!
 O Ruksh, thou art more fortunate than I,
 For thou hast gone where I shall never go,
 And snuff'd the breezes of my father's home
 And thou hast trod the sands of Seistan, ⁷⁵⁰
 And seen the River of Helmund, and the Lake
 Of Zirrah, and the aged Zal himself
 Has often stroked thy neck, and given thee food,
 Corn in a golden platter soak'd with wine,
 And said, *O Ruksh! bear Rustum well!*—
 but I ⁷⁵⁵
 Have never known my grandsire's furrow'd face,
 Nor seen his lofty house in Seistan,
 Nor slaked my thirst at the clear Helmund stream;
 But lodged among my father's foes, and seen
 Afrasiab's cities only, Samarcand, ⁷⁶⁰
 Bokhara, and lone Khiva in the waste,
 And the black Toorkmun tents, and only drunk
 The desert rivers, Moorghab and Tejend,

Kohik, and where the Kalmuks feed their
sheep,
The northern Sir, and this great Oxus
stream, 765

The yellow Oxus, by whose brink I die "

Then, with a heavy groan, Rustum be-
wail'd —

"Oh, that its waves were flowing over me!
Oh, that I saw its grains of yellow silt
Roll tumbling in the current o'er my head!" 770

But, with a grave mild voice, Sohrab re-
plied —

"Desire not that, my father! thou must live
For some are born to do great deeds, and live,
As some are born to be obscured, and die
Do thou the deeds I die too young to do, 775
And reap a second glory in thine age,
Thou art my father, and thy gain is mine
But come! thou seest this great host of men
Which follow me, I pray thee, slay not these!
Let me entreat for them, what have they
done? 780

They follow'd me, my hope, my fame, my star
Let them all cross the Oxus back in peace
But me thou must bear hence, not send with
them,

But carry me with thee to Seistan,
And place me on a bed, and mourn for me, 785
Thou, and the snow-hair'd Zal, and all thy
friends

And thou must lay me in that lovely earth,
And heap a stately mound above my bones,
And plant a far-seen pillar over all
That so the passing horseman on the waste 790
May see my tomb a great way off, and cry—
*Sohrab, the mighty Rustum's son, lies there,
Whom his great father did in ignorance kill!*
And I be not forgotten in my grave "

And, with a mournful voice, Rustum re-
plied — 795

"Fear not! as thou hast said, Sohrab, my son,
So shall it be; for I will burn my tents,
And quit the host, and bear thee hence with
me,

And carry thee away to Seistan,
And place thee on a bed, and mourn for
thee, 800

With the snow-headed Zal, and all my friends
And I will lay thee in that lovely earth,
And heap a stately mound above thy bones,
And plant a far-seen pillar over all,
And men shall not forget thee in thy grave 805
And I will spare thy host, yea, let them go!
Let them all cross the Oxus back in peace!
What should I do with slaying any more?

For would that all that I have ever slain
Might be once more alive, my bitterest
foes, 810

And they who were call'd champions in their
time,
And through whose death I won that fame I
have—

And I were nothing but a common man,
A poor, mean soldier, and without renown,
So thou mightest live too, my son, my
son! 815

Or rather would that I, even I myself,
Might now be lying on this bloody sand,
Near death, and by an ignorant stroke of
thine,

Not thou of mine! and I might die, not thou,
And I, not thou, be borne to Seistan, 820
And Zal might weep above my grave, not
thine,

And say *O son, I weep thee not too sore,
For willingly, I know, thou met'st thine end!*
But now in blood and battles was my youth,
And full of blood and battles is my age, 825
And I shall never end this life of blood "

Then, at the point of death, Sohrab re-
plied —

"A life of blood indeed, thou dreadful man!
But thou shalt yet have peace, only not now,
Not yet! but thou shalt have it on that day, 830
When thou shalt sail in a high-masted ship,
Thou and the other peers of Kai Khosroo,
Returning home over the salt blue sea,
From laying thy dear master in his grave "
Aud Rustum gazed in Sohrab's face, and
said — 835

"Soon be that day, my son, and deep that sea!
Till then, if fate so wills, let me endure "

He spoke, and Sohrab smiled on him, and
took

The spear, and drew it from his side, and
eased 840

His wound's imperious anguish, but the blood
Came welling from the open gash, and life
Flow'd with the stream,—all down his cold
white side

The crimson torrent ran, dim now and soil'd,
Like the soil'd tissue of white violets
Left, freshly gather'd, on their native bank, 845
By children whom their nurses call with haste
Indoors from the sun's eye, his head droop'd
low,

His limbs grew slack, motionless, white, he
lay—

White, with eyes closed; only when heavy
gasps,

Deep heavy gasps quivering through all his
frame, 850
Convulsed him back to life, he open'd them,
And fix'd them feebly on his father's face,
Till now all strength was ebb'd, and from his
limbs
Unwillingly the spirit fled away,
Regretting the warm mansion which it left, 855
And youth, and bloom, and this delightful
world
So, on the bloody sand, Sohrab lay dead,
And the great Rustum drew his horseman's
cloak
Down o'er his face, and sate by his dead son
As those black granite pillars, once high-
rear'd 860
By Jemshid in Persepolis, to bear
His house, now 'mid their broken flights of
steps
Lie prone, enormous, down the mountain
side—
So in the sand lay Rustum by his son
And night came down over the solemn
waste, 865
And the two gazing hosts, and that sole pair,
And darken'd all, and a cold fog, with night,
Crept from the Oxus Soon a hum arose,
As of a great assembly loosed, and fires
Began to twinkle through the fog, for now 870
Both armies moved to camp, and took their
meal,
The Persians took it on the open sands
Southward, the Tartars by the river marge,
And Rustum and his son were left alone
But the majestic river floated on, 875
Out of the mist and hum of that low land,
Into the frosty starlight, and there moved,
Rejoicing, through the hush'd Chorasman
waste,
Under the solitary moon,—he flow'd
Right for the polar star, past Orgunjè, 880
Brimming, and bright, and large; then sands
begin
To hem his watery march, and dam his
streams,
And split his currents, that for many a league
The shorn and parcell'd Oxus strains along
Through beds of sand and matted rushy
isles— 885
Oxus, forgetting the bright speed he had
In his high mountain-cradle in Pamere,
A foul'd circuitous wanderer—till at last
The long'd-for dash of waves is heard, and
wide
His luminous home of waters opens, bright 890

And tranquil, from whose floor the new-bathed
stars
Emerge, and shine upon the Aral Sea

THE SCHOLAR-GIPSY

Go, for they call you, shepherd, from the hill,
Go, shepherd, and untie the wattled cotes!
No longer leave thy wistful flock unfed,
Nor let thy bawling fellows rack their
throats,
Nor the cropp'd herbage shoot another
head 5
But when the fields are still,
And the tired men and dogs all gone to rest,
And only the white sheep are sometimes
seen
' Cross and recross the strips of moon-
blanch'd green,
Come, shepherd, and again begin the
quest! 10

Here, where the reaper was at work of late—
In this high field's dark corner, where he
leaves
His coat, his basket, and his earthen
cruse,
And in the sun all morning binds the
sheaves,
Then here, at noon, comes back his stores
to use— 15
Here will I sit and wait,
While to my ear from uplands far away
The bleating of the folded flocks is borne,
With distant cries of reapers in the corn—
All the live murmur of a summer's day 20

Screen'd is this nook o'er the high, half-reap'd
field,
And here till sun-down, shepherd! will I be
Through the thick corn the scarlet poppies
peep,
And round green roots and yellowing stalks
I see
Pale pink convolvulus in tendrils creep, 25
And air-swept lindens yield
Their scent, and rustle down their perfumed
showers
Of bloom on the bent grass where I am
laid,
And bower me from the August sun with
shade;
And the eye travels down to Oxford's
towers. 30

And near me on the grass lies Glanvil's book—
 Come, let me read the oft-read tale again!
 The story of the Oxford scholar poor,
 Of pregnant parts and quick inventive brain,
 Who, tired of knocking at preferment's
 door, 35
 One summer-morn forsook
 His friends, and went to learn the gipsy-
 lore,
 And roam'd the world with that wild
 brotherhood,
 And came, as most men deem'd, to little
 good,
 But came to Oxford and his friends no
 more 40

But once, years after, in the country-lanes,
 Two scholars, whom at college erst he knew,
 Met him, and of his way of life en-
 quired,
 Whereat he answer'd, that the gipsy-crew,
 His mates, had arts to rule as they de-
 sired 45
 The workings of men's brains,
 And they can bind them to what thoughts
 they will
 "And I," he said, "the secret of their art,
 When fully learn'd, will to the world im-
 part;
 But it needs heaven-sent moments for this
 skill " 50

This said, he left them, and return'd no
 more —
 But rumours hung about the country-side,
 That the lost Scholar long was seen to
 stray,
 Seen by rare glimpses, pensive and tongue-
 tied,
 In hat of antique shape, and cloak of
 grey, 55
 The same the gipsies wore
 Shepherds had met him on the Hurst in
 spring,
 At some lone alehouse in the Berkshire
 moors,
 On the warm ingle-bench, the smock-
 frock'd boors
 Had found him seated at their entering, 60

But, 'mid their drink and clatter, he would fly.
 And I myself seem half to know thy looks,
 And put the shepherds, wanderer! on thy
 trace;
 And boys who in lone wheatfields scare the
 rooks

I ask if thou hast pass'd their quiet
 place, 65
 Or in my boat I lie
 Moor'd to the cool bank in the summer-
 heats,
 'Mid wide grass meadows which the sun-
 shine fills,
 And watch the warm, green-muffled Cum-
 ner hills,
 And wonder if thou haunt'st their shy re-
 treats 70

For most, I know, thou lov'st retired ground!
 Thee at the ferry Oxford riders blithe,
 Returning home on summer-nights, have
 met
 Crossing the stripling Thames at Bab-lock-
 hithe,
 Trailing in the cool stream thy fingers
 wet, 75
 As the punt's rope chops round,
 And leaning backward in a pensive dream,
 And fostering in thy lap a heap of flow-
 ers
 Pluck'd in shy fields and distant Wych-
 wood bowers,
 And thine eyes resting on the moonlit
 stream 80

And then they land, and thou art seen no
 more!—
 Maidens, who from the distant hamlets
 come
 To dance around the Fyfield elm in May,
 Oft through the darkening fields have seen
 thee roam,
 Or cross a stile into the public way 85
 Oft thou hast given them store
 Of flowers—the frail-leaf'd, white anemony,
 Dark bluebells drench'd with dews of
 summer eves,
 And purple orchises with spotted leaves—
 But none hath words she can report of
 thee 90

And, above Godstow Bridge, when hay-time's
 here
 In June, and many a scythe in sunshine
 flames,
 Men who through those wide fields of
 breezy grass
 Where black-wing'd swallows haunt the
 glittering Thames,
 To bathe in the abandon'd lasher pass, 95
 Have often pass'd thee near
 Sitting upon the river bank o'ergrown;

Mark'd thine outlandish garb, thy figure
spare,
Thy dark vague eyes, and soft abstracted
air—

But, when they came from bathing, thou
wast gone! 100

At some lone homestead in the Cumner hills,
Where at her open door the housewife darns,
Thou hast been seen, or hanging on a
gate

To watch the threshers in the mossy barns
Children, who early range these slopes
and late 105

For cresses from the rills,
Have known thee eyeing, all an April-day,
The springing pastures and the feeding
kine,

And mark'd thee, when the stars come out
and shine,

Through the long dewy grass move slow
away 110

In autumn, on the skirts of Bagley Wood—
Where most the gipsies by the turf-edged
way

Pitch their smoked tents, and every bush
you see

With scarlet patches tagg'd and shreds of
grey,

Above the forest-ground called Thes-
saly— 115

The blackbird, picking food,
Sees thee, nor stops his meal, nor fears at
all,

So often has he known thee past him
stray,

Rapt, twirling in thy hand a wither'd
spray,

And waiting for the spark from heaven to
fall 120

And once, in winter, on the causeway chill
Where home through flooded fields foot-
travellers go,

Have I not pass'd thee on the wooden
bridge,

Wrapt in thy cloak and battling with the
snow,

Thy face tow'rd Hunksey and its wintry
ridge? 125

And thou hast climb'd the hill,
And gain'd the white brow of the Cumner
range,

Turn'd once to watch, while thick the
snowflakes fall,

The line of festal light in Christ-Church
hall—

Then sought thy straw in some sequester'd
grange 130

But what—I dream! Two hundred years are
flown

Since first thy story ran through Oxford
halls,

And the grave Glanvil did the tale in-
scribe

That thou wert wander'd from the studious
walls

To learn strange arts, and join a gipsy-
tribe, 135

And thou from earth art gone
Long since, and in some quiet churchyard
laid—

Some country-nook, where o'er thy un-
known grave

Tall grasses and white flowering nettles
wave,

Under a dark, red-fruted yew-tree's
shade 140

—No, no, thou hast not felt the lapse of
hours!

For what wears out the life of mortal men?

'Tis that from change to change their be-
ing rolls,

'Tis that repeated shocks, again, again,
Exhaust the energy of strongest souls 145

And numb the elastic powers
Till having used our nerves with bliss and
teen,

And tired upon a thousand schemes our
wit,

To the just-pausing Genius we remit
Our worn-out life, and are—what we have
been 150

Thou hast not lived, why should'st thou perish,
so?

Thou hadst *one* aim, *one* business, *one* de-
sire,

Else wert thou long since number'd with
the dead!

Else hadst thou spent, like other men, thy
fire!

The generations of thy peers are fled, 155
And we ourselves shall go;

But thou possessest an immortal lot,

And we imagine thee exempt from age

And living as thou liv'st on Glanvil's page,
Because thou hadst—what we, alas! have
not 160

For early didst thou leave the world, with
 powers
 Fresh, undiverted to the world without,
 Firm to their mark, not spent on other
 things,
 Free from the sick fatigue, the languid
 doubt,
 Which much to have tried, in much been
 baffled, brings 165
 O life unlike to ours!
 Who fluctuate idly without term or scope,
 Of whom each strives, nor knows for what
 he strives,
 And each half lives a hundred different
 lives,
 Who wait like thee, but not, like thee, in
 hope 170
 Thou waitest for the spark from heaven! and
 we,
 Light half-believers of our casual creeds,
 Who never deeply felt, nor clearly will'd,
 Whose insight never has borne fruit in
 deeds,
 Whose vague resolves never have been
 fulfill'd, 175
 For whom each year we see
 Breeds new beginnings, disappointments
 new,
 Who hesitate and falter life away,
 And lose to-morrow the ground won to-
 day—
 Ah! do not we, wanderer! await it too? 180
 Yes, we await it!—but it still delays,
 And then we suffer! and amongst us one,
 Who most has suffer'd, takes dejectedly
 His seat upon the intellectual throne,
 And all his store of sad experience he 185
 Lays bare of wretched days,
 Tells us his misery's birth and growth and
 signs,
 And how the dying spark of hope was
 fed,
 And how the breast was soothed, and how
 the head,
 And all his hourly varied anodynes 190
 This for our wisest! and we others pine,
 And wish the long unhappy dream would
 end,
 And waive all claim to bliss, and try to
 bear;
 With close-lipp'd patience for our only
 friend,

Sad patience, too near neighbour to de-
 spair— 195
 But none has hope like thine!
 Thou through the fields and through the
 woods dost stray,
 Roaming the country-side, a truant boy,
 Nursing thy project in unclouded joy,
 And every doubt long blown by time
 away 200
 O born in days when wits were fresh and
 clear,
 And life ran gaily as the sparkling Thames,
 Before this strange disease of modern
 life,
 With its sick hurry, its divided aims,
 Its heads o'ertax'd, its palsied hearts, was
 rife— 205
 Fly hence, our contact fear!
 Still fly, plunge deeper in the bowering
 wood!
 Averse, as Dido did with gesture stern
 From her false friend's approach in Hades
 turn,
 Wave us away, and keep thy solitude! 210
 Still nursing the unconquerable hope,
 Still clutching the inviolable shade,
 With a free, onward impulse brushing
 through,
 By night, the silver'd branches of the
 glade—
 Far on the forest-skirts, where none pur-
 sue, 215
 On some mild pastoral slope
 Emerge, and resting on the moonlit pales
 Freshen thy flowers as in former years
 With dew, or listen with enchanted ears,
 From the dark dingles, to the nightin-
 gales! 220
 But fly our paths, our feverish contact fly!
 For strong the infection of our mental
 strife,
 Which, though it gives no bliss, yet spoils
 for rest,
 And we should win thee from thy own fair
 life,
 Like us distracted, and like us unblest 225
 Soon, soon thy cheer would die,
 Thy hopes grow tumorous, and unfix'd thy
 powers,
 And thy clear aims be cross and shifting
 made;

And then thy glad perennial youth would
fade,
Fade, and grow old at last, and die like
ours 230

Then fly our greetings, fly our speech and
smiles!

—As some grave Tyrian trader, from the
sea,

Descried at sunrise an emerging prow
Lifting the cool-hair'd creepers stealthily,
The fringes of a southward-facing
brow 235

Among the Ægæan isles,
And saw the merry Grecian coaster come,
Freighted with amber grapes, and Chian
wine,

Green, bursting figs, tunnies steep'd in
brine—

And knew the intruders on his ancient
home, 240

The young light-hearted masters of the
waves—

And snatch'd his rudder, and shook out
more sail,

And day and night held on indignantly
O'er the blue Midland waters with the gale,
Betwixt the Syrtes and soft Sicily, 245

To where the Atlantic raves

Outside the western straits, and unbent
sails

There, where down cloudy cliffs, through
sheets of foam,

Shy traffickers, the dark Iberians come,
And on the beach undid his corded bales 250

DOVER BEACH

The sea is calm to-night

The tide is full, the moon lies fair

Upon the straits,—on the French coast the
light

Gleams and is gone; the cliffs of England
stand,

Glimmering and vast, out in the tranquil bay 5

Come to the window, sweet is the night-air!

Only, from the long line of spray

Where the sea meets the moon-blanch'd land,

Listen! you hear the grating roar

Of pebbles which the waves draw back, and
fling, 10

At their return, up the high strand,
Begin, and cease, and then again begin,
With tremulous cadence slow, and bring
The eternal note of sadness in

Sophocles long ago 15

Heard it on the Ægæan, and it brought
Into his mind the turbid ebb and flow
Of human misery, we

Find also in the sound a thought,
Hearing it by this distant northern sea 20

The Sea of Faith

Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's
shore

Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furl'd

But now I only hear

Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar, 25

Retreating, to the breath

Of the night-wind, down the vast edges drear

And naked shingles of the world

Ah, love, let us be true

To one another! for the world, which seems 30

To lie before us like a land of dreams,

So various, so beautiful, so new,

Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,

Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain,

And we are here as on a darkling plain 35

Swept with confused alarms of struggle and
flight,

Where ignorant armies clash by night

SHAKESPEARE

Others abide our question Thou art free

We ask and ask— Thou smilest and art still,

Out-topping knowledge For the loftiest hill,

Who to the stars uncrowns his majesty,

Planting his steadfast footsteps in the sea, 5

Making the heaven of heavens his dwelling-
place,

Spares but the cloudy border of his base

To the foil'd searching of mortality,

And thou, who didst the stars and sunbeams
know,

Self-school'd, self-scann'd, self-honour'd, self-
secure, 10

Didst tread on earth unguess'd at—Better so!

All pains the immortal spirit must endure,

All weakness which impairs, all griefs which
bow,

Find their sole speech in that victorious brow

THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY

(1825-1895)

When Darwin's the *Origin of Species* aroused an indignant protest against the evolutionary theory, a biologist with a remarkable ability to argue logically and clearly came forward as a defender of science. This champion was Huxley. He had studied medicine at Charing Cross Hospital and had served as surgeon on the Rattlesnake during a biological expedition lasting four years. This trip had determined the interest to which he devoted the rest of his life. Hence he welcomed in 1859 the publication of Darwin's work most ardently and fought untiringly for freedom of thought in scientific matters. Naturally he antagonized the orthodox churchmen even though he granted that the Bible has been an unsurpassed guide for social ethics. On occasion he even quoted from it to prove his arguments, pointing out the misinterpretations of the clerical guardians of religious truth. English scientists showed their appreciation of his work by electing him secretary and later president of the Royal Society.

Since a large part of Huxley's writing was controversial, it has lost its original value. The ideas for which he contended have been generally accepted or have been superseded by more advanced scientific theories. His *Autobiography* and *Lay Sermons* will, however, retain a permanent place in English literature.

Huxley believed that a scientific education would most satisfactorily prepare a man to take his part in the complex world of modern life. If he is to play the game of life successfully, he must know its rules. These rules according to Huxley are the laws of nature, which are learned through a study of science. Discussing Matthew Arnold's views on a cultural education he stated that culture gives a knowledge of words, whereas science gives a knowledge of things. Therefore, he endorsed the education offered by the newly

established colleges for working men, such as the South London Working Men's College and Sir Josiah Mason's Science College at Birmingham.

Huxley expressed frankly his belief that the established order had become antiquated and should be changed. Education from the primary schools through the universities had failed because the students were taught so little useful knowledge. It did not even furnish them with the ethical standards which Huxley considered so essential. But the advocates of a classical education were not the only enemies of a more modernized training. Business men considered the new ideas too radical, for they feared that such teachings would make the laborers dissatisfied. With all the acumen derived from his scientific training Huxley investigated social conditions. He told his readers that education would make the workers more efficient instead of less manageable.

In preparing his lectures and essays Huxley kept in mind the fact that his audience had practically no previous knowledge of his subject. Hence he strove to attain clearness by constant revision. He avoided technical language wherever possible, he chose appropriate illustrations, and he used effective figures of speech. Furthermore, he enlivened his style with harmonious phrases and humorous touches.

A passage from the *Autobiography* explains his purpose: "I have subordinated any reasonable, or unreasonable, ambition for scientific fame which I may have permitted myself to entertain to other ends: to the popularization of science to the development of scientific education to the endless series of battles over evolution and to untiring opposition to that ecclesiastical spirit, that clericalism which in England, as everywhere else, and to whatever denomination it may belong, is the deadly enemy of science."

A LIBERAL EDUCATION, AND WHERE TO FIND IT

The business which the South London Working Men's College has undertaken is a great work; indeed, I might say, that Education, with which that college proposes to grapple, is the greatest work of all those which lie ready to a man's hand just at present.

And, at length, this fact is becoming generally recognised. You cannot go anywhere

without hearing a buzz of more or less confused and contradictory talk on this subject—nor can you fail to notice that, in one point at any rate, there is a very decided advance upon like discussions in former days. Nobody outside the agricultural interest now dares to say that education is a bad thing. If any representative of the once large and powerful party, which, in former days, proclaimed this opinion, still exists in the semi-fossil state, he keeps his thoughts to himself. In fact, there is a chorus of voices, almost

distressing in their harmony, raised in favour of the doctrine that education is the great panacea for human troubles, and that, if the country is not shortly to go to the dogs, everybody must be educated

The politicians tell us, "You must educate the masses because they are going to be masters" The clergy join in the cry for education, for they affirm that the people are drifting away from church and chapel into the broadest infidelity The manufacturers and the capitalists swell the chorus lustily They declare that ignorance makes bad workmen, that England will soon be unable to turn out cotton goods, or steam engines, cheaper than other people, and then, Ichabod! Ichabod! the glory will be departed from us And a few voices are lifted up in favour of the doctrine that the masses should be educated because they are men and women with unlimited capacities of being, doing, and suffering, and that it is as true now, as it ever was, that the people perish for lack of knowledge

These members of the minority, with whom I confess I have a good deal of sympathy, are doubtful whether any of the other reasons urged in favour of the education of the people are of much value—whether, indeed, some of them are based upon either wise or noble grounds of action They question if it be wise to tell people that you will do for them, out of fear of their power, what you have left undone, so long as your only motive was compassion for their weakness and their sorrows And, if ignorance of everything which is needful a ruler should know is likely to do so much harm in the governing classes of the future, why is it, they ask reasonably enough, that such ignorance in the governing classes of the past has not been viewed with equal horror?

Compare the average artisan and the average country squire, and it may be doubted if you will find a pin to choose between the two in point of ignorance, class feeling, or prejudice It is true that the ignorance is of a different sort—that the class feeling is in favour of a different class—and that the prejudice has a distinct savour of wrong-headedness in each case—but it is questionable if the one is either a bit better, or a bit worse, than the other The old protectionist theory is the doctrine of trades unions as applied by the squires, and the modern trades unionism

is the doctrine of the squires applied by the artisans Why should we be worse off under one *régime* than under the other?

Again, this sceptical minority asks the clergy to think whether it is really want of education which keeps the masses away from their ministrations—whether the most completely educated men are not as open to reproach on this score as the workmen, and whether, perchance, this may not indicate that it is not education which lies at the bottom of the matter?

Once more, these people, whom there is no pleasing, venture to doubt whether the glory which rests upon being able to undersell all the rest of the world, is a very safe kind of glory—whether we may not purchase it too dear, especially if we allow education, which ought to be directed to the making of men, to be diverted into a process of manufacturing human tools, wonderfully adroit in the exercise of some technical industry, but good for nothing else

And, finally, these people inquire whether it is the masses alone who need a reformed and improved education They ask whether the richest of our public schools might not well be made to supply knowledge, as well as gentlemanly habits, a strong class feeling, and eminent proficiency in cricket They seem to think that the noble foundations of our old universities are hardly fulfilling their functions in their present posture of half-clerical seminaries, half racecourses, where men are trained to win a senior wranglership, or a double-first, as horses are trained to win a cup, with as little reference to the needs of after-life in the case of a man as in that of the racer And, while as zealous for education as the rest, they affirm that, if the education of the richer classes were such as to fit them to be the leaders and the governors of the poorer, and, if the education of the poorer classes were such as to enable them to appreciate really wise guidance and good governance, the politicians need not fear mob-law, nor the clergy lament their want of flocks, nor the capitalists prognosticate the annihilation of the prosperity of the country Such is the diversity of opinion upon the why and the wherefore of education And my hearers will be prepared to expect that the practical recommendations which are put forward are not less discordant There is a loud cry for compulsory education We English,

in spite of constant experience to the contrary, preserve a touching faith in the efficacy of acts of Parliament, and I believe we should have compulsory education in the course of next session, if there were the least probability that half a dozen leading statesmen of different parties would agree what that education should be

Some hold that education without theology is worse than none Others maintain, quite as strongly, that education with theology is in the same predicament But this is certain, that those who hold the first opinion can by no means agree what theology should be taught, and that those who maintain the second are in a small minority

At any rate "make people learn to read, write, and cipher," say a great many, and the advice is undoubtedly sensible as far as it goes But, as has happened to me in former days, those who, in despair of getting anything better, advocate this measure, are met with the objection that it is very like making a child practise the use of a knife, fork, and spoon, without giving it a particle of meat I really don't know what reply is to be made to such an objection

But it would be unprofitable to spend more time in disentangling, or rather in showing up the knots in, the ravelled skeins of our neighbours Much more to the purpose is it to ask if we possess any clue of our own which may guide us among these entanglements And by way of a beginning, let us ask ourselves—What is education? Above all things, what is our ideal of a thoroughly liberal education?—of that education which, if we could begin life again, we would give ourselves—of that education which, if we could mould the fates to our own will, we would give our children? Well, I know not what may be your conceptions upon this matter, but I will tell you mine, and I hope I shall find that our views are not very discrepant.

Suppose it were perfectly certain that the life and fortune of every one of us would, one day or other, depend upon his winning or losing a game of chess Don't you think that we should all consider it to be a primary duty to learn at least the names and the moves of the pieces; to have a notion of a gambit, and a keen eye for all the means of giving and getting out of check? Do you not

think that we should look with a disapprobation amounting to scorn, upon the father who allowed his son, or the state which allowed its members, to grow up without knowing a pawn from a knight?

Yet it is a very plain and elementary truth, that the life, the fortune, and the happiness of every one of us, and, more or less, of those who are connected with us, do depend upon our knowing something of the rules of a game infinitely more difficult and complicated than chess It is a game which has been played for untold ages, every man and woman of us being one of the two players in a game of his or her own The chessboard is the world, the pieces are the phenomena of the universe, the rules of the game are what we call the laws of Nature. The player on the other side is hidden from us We know that his play is always fair, just, and patient But also we know, to our cost, that he never overlooks a mistake, or makes the smallest allowance for ignorance To the man who plays well, the highest stakes are paid, with that sort of overflowing generosity with which the strong shows delight in strength And one who plays ill is checkmated—without haste, but without remorse

My metaphor will remind some of you of the famous picture in which Retzsch has depicted Satan playing at chess with man for his soul Substitute for the mocking fiend in that picture a calm, strong angel who is playing for love, as we say, and would rather lose than win—and I should accept it as an image of human life

Well, what I mean by Education is learning the rules of this mighty game In other words, education is the instruction of the intellect in the laws of Nature, under which name I include not merely things and their forces, but men and their ways; and the fashioning of the affections and of the will into an earnest and loving desire to move in harmony with those laws For me, education means neither more nor less than this Anything which professes to call itself education must be tried by this standard, and if it fails to stand the test, I will not call it education, whatever may be the force of authority, or of numbers, upon the other side

It is important to remember that, in strictness, there is no such thing as an uneducated man Take an extreme case Suppose that an adult man, in the full vigour of his facul-

ties, could be suddenly placed in the world, as Adam is said to have been, and then left to do as he best might. How long would he be left uneducated? Not five minutes. Nature would begin to teach him, through the eye, the ear, the touch, the properties of objects. Pain and pleasure would be at his elbow telling him to do this and avoid that, and by slow degrees the man would receive an education which, if narrow, would be thorough, real, and adequate to his circumstances, though there would be no extras and very few accomplishments.

And if to this solitary man entered a second Adam or, better still, an Eve, a new and greater world, that of social and moral phenomena, would be revealed. Joys and woes, compared with which all others might seem but faint shadows, would spring from the new relations. Happiness and sorrow would take the place of the coarser monitors, pleasure and pain, but conduct would still be shaped by the observation of the natural consequences of actions, or, in other words, by the laws of the nature of man.

To every one of us the world was once as fresh and new as to Adam. And then, long before we were susceptible of any other modes of instruction, Nature took us in hand, and every minute of waking life brought its educational influence, shaping our actions into rough accordance with Nature's laws, so that we might not be ended untimely by too gross disobedience. Nor should I speak of this process of education as past for any one, be he as old as he may. For every man the world is as fresh as it was at the first day, and as full of untold novelties for him who has the eyes to see them. And Nature is still continuing her patient education of us in that great university, the universe, of which we are all members—Nature having no Test-Acts.

Those who take honours in Nature's university, who learn the laws which govern men and things and obey them, are the really great and successful men in this world. The great mass of mankind are the "Poll," who pick up just enough to get through without much discredit. Those who won't learn at all are plucked, and then you can't come up again. Nature's pluck means extermination.

Thus the question of compulsory education is settled so far as Nature is concerned. Her bill on that question was framed and passed

long ago. But, like all compulsory legislation, that of Nature is harsh and wasteful in its operation. Ignorance is visited as sharply as wilful disobedience—incapacity meets with the same punishment as crime. Nature's discipline is not even a word and a blow, and the blow first, but the blow without the word. It is left to you to find out why your ears are boxed.

The object of what we commonly call education—that education in which man intervenes and which I shall distinguish as artificial education—is to make good these defects in Nature's methods, to prepare the child to receive Nature's education, neither incapably nor ignorantly, nor with wilful disobedience, and to understand the preliminary symptoms of her pleasure, without waiting for the box on the ear. In short, all artificial education ought to be an anticipation of natural education. And a liberal education is an artificial education which has not only prepared a man to escape the great evils of disobedience to natural laws, but has trained him to appreciate and to seize upon the rewards, which Nature scatters with as free a hand as her penalties.

That man, I think, has had a liberal education who has been so trained in youth that his body is the ready servant of his will, and does with ease and pleasure all the work that, as a mechanism, it is capable of, whose intellect is a clear, cold, logic engine, with all its parts of equal strength, and in smooth working order, ready, like a steam engine, to be turned to any kind of work, and spin the gossamers as well as forge the anchors of the mind, whose mind is stored with a knowledge of the great and fundamental truths of Nature and of the laws of her operations, one who, no stunted ascetic, is full of life and fire, but whose passions are trained to come to heel by a vigorous will, the servant of a tender conscience, who has learned to love all beauty, whether of Nature or of art, to hate all vileness, and to respect others as himself.

Such an one and no other, I conceive, has had a liberal education, for he is, as completely as a man can be, in harmony with Nature. He will make the best of her, and she of him. They will get on together rarely, she as his ever beneficent mother, he as her mouthpiece, her conscious self, her minister and interpreter.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI (1828-1882)

More Latin by temperament than English, Rossetti was never at home in London although he had been born and brought up in that city. He longed for the atmosphere of Italy but was too lazy to make the necessary exertion demanded for a change of residence. His father had come to London as a political refugee and had obtained the position of Professor of Italian in King's College. The history and literature of Italy were, therefore, part of his children's natural heritage. Later these children, Dante, William, and Christina, interpreted through their poetry and criticism the spirit of early Italian literature to English readers.

During his lifetime Rossetti's pictures were considered more important than his poetry because he was the leader of a new school. With six other young painters, among whom were Hunt and Millais, he formed the Pre-Raphaelite brotherhood. This group, inspired by Ruskin's enthusiasm for medieval art, determined to take as their masters the Italian painters before the time of Raphael. They sought the simplicity and reverent devotion which characterized this early art. They were fond of contrasting colors and unusual effects. As they painted each detail with meticulous care, their pictures sometimes lacked a unity of impression. They sacrificed proportion in order to convey a symbolical meaning through a particular and frequently peculiar representation. Furthermore, a spiritual mysticism gave to their work an unearthly quality.

Rossetti's poetry has these same characteristics. He was attracted by the mystery of life, the strangeness of the supernatural, and the power of love. Poems like *The Blessed Damozel*, which first appeared in *The Germ*, a magazine published by the Pre-Raphaelites to explain their ideas, served to interpret his pictures. Even in his treatment of passion Rossetti never lost sight of the spiritual significance. Love to him was the greatest of mysteries. As might be expected, the pictorial element in his poetry is very pronounced. His gift for melody and his feeling for color give to his lines a sensuous appeal. For this quality he was censured sometimes unfairly because his

critics quoted isolated phrases to prove their contention.

The Pre-Raphaelites also admired the simplicity and directness of the old ballads. Rossetti was most fortunate in his imitations of this form, for he was able to enter into their spirit. In *Sister Helen* the forsaken girl, dominated by overwhelming emotions, seeks vengeance by means of a magic spell. Her comments as she listens to her little brother and the pathetic refrain reveal the agony of her suffering. Rossetti's other ballads are similarly successful in portraying the conflict of strong passions.

Another form in which Rossetti wrote some of his finest poetry was the sonnet *The House of Life*, a sonnet sequence, expresses his love for the beautiful Elizabeth Siddal and his remorse because of his neglect of her. He had become engaged to this frail milliner about 1851, but he did not marry her until 1860 because of his unwillingness to assume the responsibilities of matrimony. When she died two years later from an excessive dose of laudanum, Rossetti, overcome by his remorse, placed the manuscripts of his unpublished poems, including *The House of Life*, in her coffin. After seven years these manuscripts were exhumed and published. The central theme of the sonnets is "Not I myself know all my love for thee." His brooding over his attitude tends to give a rather morbid tone to the sequence.

This mood grew upon Rossetti until he became the victim of delusions concerning the attitude of his friends toward him. Afflicted with insomnia, he tried to induce sleep by use of drugs. At one time he was so plunged into despair that he thought of committing suicide. This sensitive brooding accentuated Rossetti's dissatisfaction with modern life. His painting and poetry offered him a means of escape to a mysterious and colorful world. To the critics it was a world dominated too much by the senses. They were wont to refer to the Pre-Raphaelite school as "The Fleshly School of Poetry." They failed to perceive the underlying spiritual idea which inspired Rossetti.

THE BLESSED DAMOZEL

The blessed damozel leaned out
From the gold bar of Heaven,
Her eyes were deeper than the depth
Of waters stilled at even,
She had three lilies in her hand,
And the stars in her hair were seven

Her robe, ungirt from clasp to hem,
No wrought flowers did adorn,
But a white rose of Mary's gift,
For service meetly worn,
Her hair that lay along her back
Was yellow like ripe corn

Herseemed she scarce had been a day
One of God's choristers,
The wonder was not yet quite gone

From that still look of hers,
Albert, to them she left, her day
Had counted as ten years

(To one, it is ten years of years
Yet now, and in this place,
Surely she leaned o'er me—her hair
Fell all about my face
Nothing the autumn fall of leaves
The whole year sets apace)

It was the rampart of God's house
That she was standing on,
By God built over the sheer depth
The which is Space begun,
So high, that looking downward thence
She scarce could see the sun

It lies in Heaven, across the flood
Of ether, as a bridge
Beneath, the tides of day and night
With flame and darkness ridge
The void, as low as where this earth
Spins like a fretful midge

Around her, lovers, newly met
'Mid deathless love's acclams,
Spoke evermore among themselves
Their heart-remembered names,
And the souls mounting up to God
Went by her like thin flames

And still she bowed herself and stooped
Out of the circling charm,
Until her bosom must have made
The bar she leaned on warm,
And the lilies lay as if asleep
Along her bended arm

From the fixed place of Heaven she saw
Time like a pulse shake fierce
Through all the worlds Her gaze still strove
Within the gulf to pierce
Its path, and now she spoke as when
The stars sang in their spheres

The sun was gone now; the curled moon
Was like a little feather
Fluttering far down the gulf, and now
She spoke through the still weather
Her voice was like the voice the stars
Had when they sang together

(Ah sweet! Even now, in that bird's song,
Strove not her accents there,

Fain to be harkened? When those bells
Possessed the mid-day air,
Strove not her steps to reach my side
Down all the echoing stair?)

20 "I wish that he were come to me,
For he will come," she said
"Have I not prayed in Heaven?—on earth,
Lord, Lord, has he not prayed?
Are not two prayers a perfect strength?
And shall I feel afraid?"

25 "When round his head, the aureole clings,
And he is clothed in white,
I'll take his hand and go with him
To the deep wells of light,
As unto a stream we will step down,
And bathe there in God's sight

30 "We two will stand beside that shrine,
Occult, withheld, untrod,
Whose lamps are stirred continually
With prayer sent up to God,
And see our old prayers, granted, melt
Each like a little cloud

35 "We two will lie 'neath the shadow of
That living mystic tree
Within whose secret growth the Dove
Is sometimes felt to be,
While every leaf that His plumes touch
Saith His Name audibly

40 "And I myself will teach to him,
I myself, lying so,
The songs I sing here, which his voice
Shall pause in, hushed and slow
And find some knowledge at each pause,
Or some new thing to know"

(Alas! We two, we two, thou say'st!
Yea, one wast thou with me
That once of old But shall God lift
To endless unity
The soul whose likeness with thy soul
Was but its love for thee?)

"We two," she said, "will seek the groves
Where the lady Mary is,
With her five handmaidens, whose names
Are five sweet symphonies,
Cecily, Gertrude, Magdalen,
Margaret and Rosalys

"Circlewise sit they, with bound locks
And foreheads garlanded,

Into the fine cloth white like flame
Weaving the golden thread,
To fashion the birth-robes for them
Who are just born, being dead

"He shall fear, haply, and be dumb 115
Then will I lay my cheek
To his, and tell about our love,
Not once abashed or weak
And the dear Mother will approve
My pride, and let me speak 120

"Herself shall bring us, hand in hand,
To Him round whom all souls
Kneel, the clear-ranged unnumbered heads
Bowed with their aureoles
And angels meeting us shall sing 125
To their citherns and citoles

"There will I ask of Christ the Lord
Thus much for him and me —
Only to live as once on earth
With Love,—only to be, 130
As then awhile, for ever now
Together, I and he "

She gazed and listened and then said,
Less sad of speech than mild —
"All this is when he comes " She ceased 135
The light thrilled towards her, filled
With angels in strong level flight
Her eyes prayed, and she smiled

(I saw her smile) But soon their path
Was vague in distant spheres 140
And then she cast her arms along
The golden barriers,
And laid her face between her hands,
And wept (I heard her tears)

SISTER HELEN

"Why did you melt your waxen man,
Sister Helen?
To-day is the third since you began "
"The time was long, yet the time ran
Little brother " 5
(O Mother, Mary Mother,
Three days to-day, between Hell and Heaven!)

"But if you have done your work aright,
Sister Helen,
You'll let me play, for you said I might " 10
"Be very still in your play to-night,
Little brother."

(O Mother, Mary Mother,
Thrd night, to-night, between Hell and
Heaven!)

"You said it must melt ere vesper-bell, 15
Sister Helen,
If now it be molten, all is well "
"Even so,—nay, peace! you cannot tell,
Little brother "
(O Mother, Mary Mother, 20
O what is this, between Hell and Heaven?)

"Oh the waxen knave was plump to-day,
Sister Helen,
How like dead folk he has dropped away! "
"Nay now, of the dead what can you say, 25
Little brother? "
(O Mother, Mary Mother,
What of the dead, between Hell and Heaven?)

"See, see, the sunken pile of wood,
Sister Helen, 30
Shines through the thinned wax red as blood! "
"Nay now, when looked you yet on blood,
Little brother? "
(O Mother, Mary Mother,
How pale she is, between Hell and
Heaven!)

"Now close your eyes, for they're sick and
sore,
Sister Helen,
And I'll play without the gallery door "
"Aye, let me rest,—I'll lie on the floor,
Little brother " 40
(O Mother, Mary Mother,
What rest to-night, between Hell and
Heaven?)

"Here high up in the balcony,
Sister Helen,
The moon flies face to face with me " 45
"Ave, look and say whatever you see,
Little brother "
(O Mother, Mary Mother,
What sight to-night, between Hell and
Heaven?)

"Outside it's merry in the wind's wake, 50
Sister Helen,
In the shaken trees the chill stars shake "
"Hush, heard you a horse-tread as you spake,
Little brother? "
(O Mother, Mary Mother, 55
What sound to-night, between Hell and
Heaven?)

"I hear a horse-tread, and I see,
Sister Helen,
Three horsemen that ride terribly"
"Little brother, whence come the three, 60
Little brother?"
(O Mother, Mary Mother,
*Whence should they come, between Hell and
Heaven?*)

"They come by the hill-verge from Boyne Bar,
 Sister Helen, ⁶⁵
 And one draws nigh, but two are afar"
 "Look, look, do you know them who they are,
 Little brother?"
 (O Mother, Mary Mother,
 Who should they be, between Hell and
 Heaven?) ⁷⁰

"Oh, it's Keith of Eastholm rides so fast,
Sister Helen,
For I know the white mane on the blast"
"The hour has come, has come at last,
Little brother!" 75
(O Mother, Mary Mother,
Her hour at last, between Hell and Heaven!)

"He has made a sign and called Halloo!
Sister Helen,
And he says that he would speak with you " So
"Oh tell him I fear the frozen dew,
Little brother!"
(O Mother, Mary Mother,
*Why laughs she thus, between Hell and
Heaven!*)

"The wind is loud, but I hear him cry, 85
 Sister Helen,
 That Keith of Ewern's like to die "
 "And he and thou, and thou and I,
 Little brother "
 (*O Mother, Mary Mother, 90*
And they and we, between Hell and Heaven!)

"Three days ago, on his marriage-morn,
Sister Helen,
He sickened, and lies since then forlorn"
"For bridegroom's side is the bride a thorn, yes
Little brother?"
(O Mother, Mary Mother,
Cold bridal cheer, between Hell and Heaven!)

"Three days and nights he has lain abed,
Sister Helen, 100
And he prays in torment to be dead"
"The thing may chance, if he have prayed,
Little brother!"

(O Mother, Mary Mother,
If he have prayed, between Hell and
Heaven!)

"But he has not ceased to cry to-day,
Sister Helen,
That you should take your curse away"
"My prayer was heard,—he need but pray,
Little brother!" 110
(O Mother, Mary Mother,
*Shall God not hear, between Hell and
Heaven?*)

"But he says, till you take back your ban,
Sister Helen,
His soul would pass, yet never can"
"Nay then, shall I slay a living man,
Little brother?"
(O Mother, Mary Mother,
A living soul, between Hell and Heaven!)

"But he calls for ever on your name,
Sister Helen,
And says that he melts before a flame "
"My heart for his pleasure fared the same,
Little brother "
(O Mother, Mary Mother, 125
Fire at the heart, between Hell and Heaven')

"Here's Keith of Westholm riding fast,
 Sister Helen,
 For I know the white plume on the blast"
 "The hour, the sweet hour I forecast,
 Little brother!"
 (O Mother, Mary Mother,
 Is the hour sweet, between Hell and Heaven?)

"He stops to speak, and he stills his horse,
Sister Helen, ¹³⁵
But his words are drowned in the wind's
course"
"Nay hear, nay hear, you must hear perforce,
Little brother!"
(O Mother, Mary Mother,
What word now heard, between Hell and
Heaven?) ¹⁴⁰

"Oh he says that Keith of Ewern's cry,
Sister Helen,
Is ever to see you ere he die"
"In all that his soul sees, there am I,
Little brother!" 145
(O Mother, Mary Mother,
*The soul's one sight, between Hell and
Heaven!*)

(O Mother, Mary Mother,
Her woe's dumb cry, between Hell and
Heaven!)

"They've caught her to Westholm's saddle-
bow,

Sister Helen, 240
And her moonlit hair gleams white in its flow "
"Let it turn whiter than winter snow,
Little brother!"
(O Mother, Mary Mother,
Woe-withered gold, between Hell and
Heaven!) 245

"O Sister Helen, you heard the bell,
Sister Helen!
More loud than the vesper-chime it fell "
"No vesper-chime, but a dying knell,
Little brother!" 250
(O Mother, Mary Mother,
His dying knell, between Hell and Heaven!)

"Alas! but I fear the heavy sound,
Sister Helen,
Is it in the sky or in the ground?" 255
"Say, have they turned their horses round,
Little brother?"
(O Mother, Mary Mother,
What would she more, between Hell and
Heaven?)

"They have raised the old man from his
knee, 260
Sister Helen,
And they ride in silence hastily "
"More fast the naked soul doth flee,
Little brother!"
(O Mother, Mary Mother, 265
The naked soul, between Hell and Heaven!)

"Flank to flank are the three steeds gone,
Sister Helen,
But the lady's dark steed goes alone "
"And lonely her bridegroom's soul hath
flown, 270
Little brother "
(O Mother, Mary Mother,
The lonely ghost, between Hell and Heaven!)

"Oh the wind is sad in the iron chill,
Sister Helen, 275
And weary sad they look by the hill "
"But he and I are sadder still,
Little brother!"

(O Mother, Mary Mother,
Most sad of all, between Hell and
Heaven!) 280

"See, see, the wax has dropped from its place,
Sister Helen,
And the flames are winning up apace!"
"Yet here they burn but for a space,
Little brother!" 285
(O Mother, Mary Mother,
Here for a space, between Hell and Heaven!)

"Ah! what white thing at the door has cross'd,
Sister Helen?
Ah! what is this that sighs in the frost?" 290
"A soul that's lost as mine is lost,
Little brother!"
(O Mother, Mary Mother,
Lost, lost, all lost, between Hell and Heaven!)

THE HOUSE OF LIFE

XI LOVE-LETTER

WARMED by her hand and shadowed by her
hair
As close she leaned and poured her heart
through thee,
Whereof the articulate throbs accompany
The smooth black stream that makes thy
whiteness fair,—
Sweet fluttering sheet, even of her breath
aware,— 5
Oh let thy silent song disclose to me
That soul wherewith her lips and eyes agree
Like married music in Love's answering air
Fain had I watched her when, at some fond
thought,
Her bosom to the writing closer press'd, 10
And her breast's secrets peered into her
breast;
When, through eyes raised an instant, her soul
sought
My soul, and from the sudden confluence
caught
The words that made her love the loveliest

XIV YOUTH'S SPRING-TRIBUTE

ON this sweet bank your head thrice sweet and
dear
I lay, and spread your hair on either side,
And see the newborn woodflowers bashful-
eyed
Look through the golden tresses here and
there.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE (1837-1909)

Although Swinburne was closely associated with the Pre-Raphaelite poets, he did not share completely their enthusiasms. Like them he wished to free artistic expression from the Victorian conventions so that the poet might serve unhindered his ideals of beauty. But Swinburne was no mystic finding in medieval legend the inspiration for his muse. When he chose a medieval subject, as in *Tristram of Lyonesse*, he was not even able to sustain the narrative. The poem contains fine lyrical passages of description but does not suggest the profounder ideas of the Middle Ages. The early Greek lyric poets, the Athenian dramatists, the Elizabethans, and the modern poets of revolt, such as Shelley and Victor Hugo, possessed a greater charm for Swinburne because of their breadth and force. He was always susceptible to overpowering passion and magnificent imagery.

Outdoor life also had a special attraction for Swinburne. He had spent his boyhood near the sea and on his grandfather's country estate. Probably he inherited his understanding of the moods of the sea from his father, who was an admiral in the British Navy. He loved swimming and riding, for these sports appealed to his impulsive and nervous temperament. References to the sea and the rougher features of nature recur throughout his poetry.

In Swinburne's own nature there was much of the restlessness of the sea. Because he neglected his prescribed studies to read the Elizabethan dramatists or the French poets and because his conduct was so disgraceful, the faculty requested him to leave Eton. Later Professor Jowett insisted that he discontinue his course at Oxford for similar reasons as his radical views had become still more pronounced. The principal result of his three and a half years at Oxford was an extensive acquaintance with Greek literature. Furthermore, he met Walter Pater, who with a group of friends was evolving from his classical and Renaissance studies a hedonistic philosophy. The pagan ideals of this philosophy were adopted by Swinburne and were reflected in "the overpassionate sensuousness" of his verse. His early critics continually dwelt upon the immorality of his poetry.

For several years after Swinburne came to London he was practically unknown except to the Pre-Raphaelite school of painters and poets. In 1865, however, appeared *Atalanta in Calydon* with its marvelous choruses, and soon afterward *Poems and Ballads* was published. These volumes

brought him both exaggerated praise and severe condemnation. His mastery of various verse forms and the music of his lines proved him to be a great lyric poet, but his pagan point of view offended readers who had been brought up in accordance with the dictates of Victorian conventionality. Moreover, Swinburne was said to lead an unconventional life. He apparently enjoyed the disturbance he had caused among the critics, for he continued to disregard public opinion. He also answered them with essays in the *Fortnightly*. His prose is often marred by this controversial spirit.

In *Songs before Sunrise* (1871) and *Songs of Two Nations* (1875) the erotic note of the early volumes was replaced by political theorizing. After Swinburne had met Mazzini, at that time an exile in England from his native country, he became an ardent supporter of Italian liberty. He upbraided Napoleon III for the French treatment of Italy. He conceived an ideal republic based upon love and equality. He hailed Walt Whitman as a leader of democracy. In *Hertha* he summoned man to attain freedom of soul. But Swinburne failed to give any very practical ideas concerning the accomplishment of this new era.

At the age of forty Swinburne had worn himself out by his strenuous life and literary quarrels. From 1879 until his death he was under the care of Theodore Watts, who so directed his affairs that he was guarded from too exciting experiences. He still wrote a great deal, but only a few of these later poems are equal to his earlier work. Although he retained the ease of expression, the energy and fire were gone.

Swinburne was so greatly concerned with form that he often sacrificed substance to effect. His fondness for alliteration, repetition, and elaborate figures becomes monotonous. He constructed his poems as though he were a musician composing a symphony. Hence, the ideas are likely to be vague or entirely lost in a diffusion of brilliant phrases. The recurring theme of many poems is that since life is continually changing, we should enjoy the passing moment as fully as possible. *The Garden of Proserpine* expresses most clearly the feeling of melancholy regret which haunts so much of Swinburne's lyrical verse. His mastery of various meters new to English poetry and his original use of the older verse forms showed unsuspected resources for the English poet. After the denunciation of his themes died down, Swinburne was given due credit for his accomplishment.

FROM ATALANTA IN CALYDON

CHORUS,

WHEN the hounds of spring are on winter's
traces,

The mother of months in meadow or plain
Fills the shadows and windy places

With hush of leaves and ripple of rain,
And the brown bright nightingale amorous 5
Is half assuaged for Itylus,
For the Thracian ships and the foreign faces,
The tongueless vigil, and all the pain

Come with bows bent and with emptying of
quivers,

Maiden most perfect, lady of light, 10
With a noise of winds and many rivers,

With a clamour of waters, and with might,
Bind on thy sandals, O thou most fleet,
Over the splendour and speed of thy feet,
For the faint east quickens, the wan west
shivers, 15

Round the feet of the day and the feet of
the night

Where shall we find her, how shall we sing
to her,

Fold our hands round her knees, and
cling?

Oh that man's heart were as fire and could
spring to her,

Fire, or the strength of the streams that
spring! 20

For the stars and the winds are unto her
As raiment, as songs of the harp-player,

For the risen stars and the fallen cling to her,
And the southwest-wind and the west-wind
sing

For winter's rains and ruins are over, 25
And all the season of snows and sins;

The days dividing lover and lover,

The light that loses, the night that wins,
And time remembered is grief forgotten,

And frosts are slain and flowers begotten, 30
And in green underwood and cover

Blossom by blossom the spring begins

The full streams feed on flower of rushes,

Ripe grasses trammel a travelling foot,

The faint fresh flame of the young year
flushes 35

From leaf to flower and flower to fruit,
And fruit and leaf are as gold and fire,

And the oat is heard above the lyre,
And the hoofed heel of a satyr crushes
The chestnut-husk at the chestnut-root 40

And Pan by noon and Bacchus by night,
Fleeter of foot than the fleet-foot kid,
Follows with dancing and fills with delight

The Mænad and the Bassarid,
And soft as lips that laugh and hide, 45
The laughing leaves of the trees divide,
And screen from seeing and leave in sight
The god pursuing, the maiden hid

The ivy falls with the Bacchanal's hair
Over her eyebrows, hiding her eyes, 50
The wild vine slipping down leaves bare
Her bright breast shortening into sighs,
The wild vine slips with the weight of its
leaves,

But the berried ivy catches and cleaves
To the limbs that glitter, the feet that
scare 55

The wolf that follows, the fawn that flies

CHORUS

BEFORE the beginning of years,
There came to the making of man

Time, with a gift of tears,
Grief, with a glass that ran, 5

Pleasure, with pain for leaven,
Summer, with flowers that fell,

Remembrance fallen from heaven,
And madness risen from hell,

Strength without hands to smite,
Love that endures for a breath, 10

Night, the shadow of light,
And life, the shadow of death

And the high gods took in hand

Fire, and the falling of tears,
And a measure of sliding sand 15

From under the feet of the years;
And froth and drift of the sea,

And dust of the labouring earth,
And bodies of things to be

In the houses of death and of birth 20
And wrought with weeping and laughter,

And fashioned with loathing and love,
With life before and after,

And death beneath and above,—
For a day and a night and a morrow, 25

That his strength might endure for a span
With travail and heavy sorrow,—
The holy spirit of man.

From the winds of the north and the south	Where no leaf blooms or blushes	30
They gathered as unto strife	Save this whereout she crushes	
They breathed upon his mouth,	For dead men deadly wine	
They filled his body with life,		
Eyesight and speech they wrought	Pale, without name or number,	
For the veils of the soul therein,	In fruitless fields of corn,	
A time for labour and thought,	They bow themselves and slumber	35
A time to serve and to sin,	All night till light is born,	
They gave him light in his ways,	And like a soul belated,	
And love, and a space for delight,	In hell and heaven unmated,	
And beauty and length of days,	By cloud and mist abated	
And night, and sleep in the night	Comes out of darkness morn	40
His speech is a burning fire,	Though one were strong as seven,	
With his lips he travaileth,	He too with death shall dwell,	
In his heart is a blind desire,	Nor wake with wings in heaven,	
In his eyes foreknowledge of death	Nor weep for pains in hell,	
He weaves, and is clothed with derision,	Though one were fair as roses,	45
Sows, and he shall not reap,	His beauty clouds and closes,	
His life is a watch or a vision	And well though love reposes,	
Between a sleep and a sleep	In the end it is not well	

THE GARDEN OF PROSERPINE

HERE, where the world is quiet,	Pale, beyond porch and portal,	
Here, where all trouble seems	Crowned with calm leaves, she stands	50
Dead winds' and spent waves' riot	Who gathers all things mortal	
In doubtful dreams of dreams,	With cold immortal hands,	
I watch the green field growing	Her languid lips are sweeter	
For reaping folk and sowing,	Than love's who fears to greet her	
For harvest time and mowing,	To men that mix and meet her	55
A sleepy world of streams	From many times and lands	
	She waits for each and other,	
I am tired of tears and laughter,	She waits for all men born,	
And men that laugh and weep,	Forgets the earth her mother,	
Of what may come hereafter	The life of fruits and corn,	60
For men that sow to reap	And spring and seed and swallow	
I am weary of days and hours,	Take wing for her and follow	
Blown buds of barren flowers,	Where summer songs ring hollow	
Desires and dreams and powers	And flowers are put to scorn.	
And everything but sleep		
	There go the loves that wither,	65
Here life has death for neighbour,	The old loves with wearier wings,	
And far from eye or ear	And all dead years draw thither,	
Wan waves and wet winds labour,	And all disastrous things;	
Weak ships and spirits steer,	Dead dreams of days forsaken,	
They drive adrift, and whither	Blind buds that snows have shaken,	70
They wot not who make thither,	Wild leaves that winds have taken,	
But no such winds blow hither,	Red strays of ruined springs	
And no such things grow here		
	We are not sure of sorrow,	
No growth of moor or coppice,	And joy was never sure,	
No heather-flower or vine,	To-day will die to-morrow;	75
But bloomless buds of poppies,	Time stoops to no man's lure,	
Green grapes of Proserpine,	And love, grown faint and fretful,	
Pale beds of blowing rushes,	With lips but half regretful	
	Sighs, and with eyes forgetful	
	Weeps that no loves endure	80

From too much love of living,
 From hope and fear set free,
 We thank with brief thanksgiving
 Whatever gods may be
 That no life lives for ever,
 That dead men rise up never,
 That even the weariest river
 Winds somewhere safe to sea

Then star nor sun shall waken,
 Nor any change of light
 Nor sound of waters shaken,
 Nor any sound or sight
 Nor wintry leaves nor vernal,
 Nor days nor things diurnal,
 Only the sleep eternal
 In an eternal night

HERTHA

I AM that which began,
 Out of me the years roll,
 Out of me God and man,
 I am equal and Whole,
 God changes, and man, and the form of them
 bodily, I am the soul 5

Before ever land was,
 Before ever the sea,
 Or soft hair of the grass,
 Or fair limbs of the tree,
 Or the flesh-colour'd fruit of my branches, I
 was, and thy soul was in me 10

First life on my sources
 First drifted and swam,
 Out of me are the forces
 That save it or damn,
 Out of me man and woman, and wild-beast
 and bird, before God was, I am 15

Beside or above me
 Nought is there to go;
 Love or unlove me,
 Unknow me or know,
 I am that which unloves me and loves, I am
 stricken, and I am the blow 20

I the mark that is miss'd
 And the arrows that miss,
 I the mouth that is kiss'd
 And the breath in the kiss,
 The search, and the sought, and the seeker,
 the soul and the body that is 25

I am that thing which blesses
 My spirit elate,
 That which caresses
 With hands uncreate
 85 My limbs unbegotten that measure the length
 of the measure of fate 30

But what thing dost thou now,
 Looking Godward, to cry,
 "I am I, thou art thou,
 I am low, thou art high?"
 90 I am thou, whom thou seekest to find him,
 find thou but thyself, thou art I 35

I the grain and the furrow,
 The plough-cloven clod
 And the ploughshare drawn thorough,
 The germ and the sod,
 The deed and the doer, the seed and the
 sower, the dust which is God 40

Hast thou known how I fashion'd
 thee,
 Child, underground?
 Fire that impassion'd thee,
 Iron that bound,
 Dim changes of water, what thing of all these
 hast thou known of or found? 45

Canst thou say in thine heart
 Thou has seen with thine eyes
 With what cunning of art
 Thou wast wrought in what wise,
 By what force of what stuff thou wast shapen,
 and shown on my breast to the
 skies? 50

Who hath given, who hath sold it
 thee,
 Knowledge of me?
 Hath the wilderness told it thee?
 Hast thou learnt of the sea?
 Hast thou communed in spirit with night?
 have the winds taken counsel with
 thee? 55

Have I set such a star
 To show light on thy brow
 That thou sawest from afar
 What I show to thee now?
 Have ye spoken as brethren together, the sun
 and the mountains and thou? 60

What is here, dost thou know it?
 What was, hast thou known?
 Prophet nor poet
 Nor tripod nor throne
 Nor spirit nor flesh can make answer, but only
 thy mother alone 65

Mother, not maker,
 Born, and not made,
 Though her children forsake her,
 Allured or afraid,
 Praying prayers to the God of their fashion,
 she stirs not for all that have
 pray'd 70

A creed is a rod,
 And a crown is of night,
 But this thing is God,
 To be man with thy might,
 To grow straight in the strength of thy spirit,
 and live out thy life as the light 75

I am in thee to save thee,
 As my soul in thee saith,
 Give thou as I gave thee,
 Thy life-blood and breath,
 Green leaves of thy labour, white flowers of
 thy thought, and red fruit of thy
 death 80

Be the ways of thy giving
 As mine were to thee,
 The free life of thy living,
 Be the gift of it free;
 Not as servant to lord, nor as master to slave,
 shalt thou give thee to me 85

O children of banishment,
 Souls overcast,
 Were the lights ye see vanish meant
 Always to last,
 Ye would know not the sun overshadowing the
 shadows and stars overpast 90

I that saw where ye trod
 The dim paths of the night
 Set the shadow call'd God
 In your skies to give light,
 But the morning of manhood is risen, and the
 shadowless soul is in sight 95

The tree many-rooted
 That swells to the sky
 With frondage red-fruited,
 The life-tree am I;

In the buds of your lives is the sap of my
 leaves ye shall live and not die 100

But the Gods of your fashion
 That take and that give,
 In their pity and passion
 That scourge and forgive,
 They are worms that are bred in the bark
 that falls off they shall die and not
 live 105

My own blood is what stanches
 The wounds in my bark
 Stars caught in my branches
 Make day of the dark,
 And are worshipp'd as suns till the sunrise
 shall tread out their fires as a
 spark 110

Where dead ages hide under
 The live roots of the tree,
 In my darkness the thunder
 Makes utterance of me,
 In the clash of my boughs with each other ye
 hear the waves sound of the sea 115

That noise is of Time,
 As his feathers are spread
 And his feet set to climb
 Through the boughs overhead,
 And my foliage rings round him and rustles,
 and branches are bent with his
 tread 120

The storm-winds of ages
 Blow through me and cease,
 The war-wind that rages,
 The spring-wind of peace,
 Ere the breath of them roughen my tresses,
 ere one of my blossoms increase 125

All sounds of all changes,
 All shadows and lights
 On the world's mountain-ranges
 And stream-riven heights,
 Whose tongue is the wind's tongue and lan-
 guage of storm-clouds on earth-
 shaking nights; 130

All forms of all faces,
 All works of all hands
 In unsearchable places
 Of time-stricken lands,
 All death and all life, and all reigns and all
 runs, drop through me as sands 135

Though sore be my burden
 And more than ye know,
 And my growth have no guerdon
 But only to grow,
 Yet I fail not of growing for lightnings above
 me or deathworms below 140

These too have their part in me,
 As I too in these,
 Such fire is at heart in me,
 Such sap is this tree's,
 Which hath in it all sounds and all secrets of
 infinite lands and of seas 145

In the spring-colour'd hours
 When my mind was as May's,
 There brake forth of me flowers
 By centuries of days,
 Strong blossoms with perfume of manhood,
 shot out from my spirit as rays 150

And the sound of them springing
 And smell of their shoots
 Were as warmth and sweet singing
 And strength to my roots,
 And the lives of my children made perfect
 with freedom of soul were my
 fruits 155

I bid you but be,
 I have need not of prayer;
 I have need of you free
 As your mouths of mine air,
 That my heart may be greater within me, be-
 holding the fruits of me fair 160

More fair than strange fruit is
 Of farths ye espouse,
 In me only the root is
 That blooms in your boughs,
 Behold now your God that ye made you, to
 feed him with faith of your vows 165

In the darkening and whitening
 Abysses adored,

With dayspring and lightning
 For lamp and for sword,
 God thunders in heaven, and his angels are
 red with the wrath of the Lord 170

O my sons, O too dutiful
 Toward Gods not of me,
 Was not I enough beautiful?
 Was it hard to be free?
 For behold, I am with you, am in you and of
 you, look forth now and see 175

Lo, wing'd with world's wonders,
 With miracles shod,
 With the fires of his thunders
 For rament and rod,
 God trembles in heaven, and his angels are
 white with the terror of God 180

For his twilight is come on him,
 His anguish is here,
 And his spirits gaze dumb on him,
 Grown gray from his fear,
 And his hour taketh hold on him stricken, the
 last of his infinite year 185

Thought made him and breaks him,
 Truth slays and forgives,
 But to you, as time takes him,
 This new thing it gives,
 Even love, the beloved Republic, that feeds
 upon freedom and lives 190

For truth only is living,
 Truth only is whole,
 And the love of his giving
 Man's polestar and pole,
 Man, pulse of my centre, and fruit of my
 body, and seed of my soul 195

One birth of my bosom,
 One beam of mine eye;
 One topmost blossom
 That scales the sky,
 Man, equal and one with me, man that is
 made of me, man that is I 200

THOMAS HARDY

(1840-1928)

When Hardy died at the age of eighty-seven, the articles outlining his career invariably spoke of him as "the last of the great Victorian novelists." Although he wrote during the last thirty years of his life chiefly poetry and had considered this work more truly indicative of his talent than his novels, it has been as a writer of fiction that he has been generally known. His poetry, however, reveals more directly his views of life. The prevailing tone is one of sadness and irony. Humanity is engaged in a useless struggle watched by an indifferent God. Blind chance and unkind fate cause suffering which results from no fault of the individual. Perplexed as to the meaning of his existence, man must endure what the gods have meted out to him. Unfortunately modern science has deprived many of the consolation offered by religion because faith in traditional Christianity has been weakened. The philosophical tendency and the intellectuality of this poetry as well as its pessimism have limited its appeal. Furthermore, some lines are exceedingly harsh so that the verse appears to have been forced into an unnatural form to state the idea. Passages of great poetic power are thus mingled with irritating lapses into awkward expression.

To this last period of Hardy's work also belongs *The Dynasts*, an epic drama of nineteen acts and one hundred and thirty scenes in prose and verse. The events take place in Europe during the period of the Napoleonic wars, and the central theme is the struggle against the Immanent Will of the Universe working unconsciously. The dwellers in the Overworld watch the action upon the earth and comment upon it in a manner similar to that of the choruses in Greek tragedy. Among these spectators are the Shade of Earth, the Spirit of the Years, the Chorus of Pities, the Chorus of Ironies, the Sinister Spirit, and the Ironic Spirit. As the panorama of *The Dynasts* unfolds, the littleness of man in the scope of the Universe becomes more and more evident. He is a creature in the clutch of forces over which he has no control and of which he understands but the mere superficialities.

The philosophy expounded in this drama and the poems lies behind the themes of the novels. Hardy definitely stated that the novels were based not upon philosophy but upon impressions, yet he derived from his observation of life the ideas which he later formulated into a philosophy of determinism. In the novels he has presented the experiences and emotions of the peasant class because he believed that these people showed their feelings in their actions more naturally than the members of higher social groups. Since he had dwelt among the rural population of his native Dorsetshire for the greater part of his

life, he understood thoroughly their faults and virtues. He saw that they accepted their trials with fatalistic resignation, for they believed that life must be endured no matter what fortune may bring. He sympathized with them in their disappointments and rejoiced with them in their good fortune. He loved their simplicity but hated the cruelty of man and nature, which so often brought tragedy to these hard working folk.

In such an atmosphere Hardy grew up. He attended the local schools until he was seventeen when he obtained employment with an architect. Later he continued his studies in London and won several prizes for work in his chosen field. At the same time he studied languages and theology. As an architect he restored Gothic churches and historical buildings which were falling into ruin in the counties of southwestern England. Also he wrote a number of articles on subjects connected with architecture. For thirteen years he practised his profession but inclined more and more to desert it for literature. Finally upon the persuasion of his wife he took the long-debated step.

Hardy's first novel, *Desperate Remedies*, was published in 1871. It attracted little attention but his second, *Under the Greenwood Tree*, gained him the notice of the editor of *The Cornhill*, who commissioned him to write a novel for serial publication in that magazine. As this novel, *Far from the Madding Crowd*, appeared anonymously, there was much speculation as to the author. It was generally attributed to George Eliot because in theme and treatment it resembled somewhat her work. During the next twenty-three years Hardy wrote about fifteen volumes of novels and short stories. The most important are *Far from the Madding Crowd*, *The Return of the Native*, *The Mayor of Casterbridge*, *The Woodlanders*, *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, and *Jude the Obscure*. After the publication of *Jude the Obscure* in 1895, Hardy turned to poetry except for one very inferior book. This action was partly due to the hostile criticism accorded *Tess* and *Jude*. Reviewers directed their attacks at a few passages of sordid detail and failed to appreciate the main themes of the novels. A bishop had *Jude* burned as an immoral book, and many ridiculous motives were attributed to the author. The effect of all this uproar was according to Hardy only "on myself—the experience completely curing me of further interest in novel-writing."

The principal scenes of Hardy's novels are laid in the southwestern counties of England, which formed the ancient Anglo-Saxon kingdom of Wessex. The novels depict the passing of rural life in an agricultural district filled with ruins of

the past from the time of the Roman occupation of Britain. As Hardy believed that a novel should be first of all a good story, he developed the narrative very carefully, often holding the reader in suspense. Undoubtedly his training as an architect aided him in the construction of his stories so that a single impression is produced. His descriptions of nature reflect the moods of his characters and provide a gloomy background for the enactment of his tragedies. In *The Return of the Native*, Egdon Heath plays as prominent a part as any of the persons concerned. It casts its baleful influence over the chief actors and leads them inevitably to the fatal outcome. Environment and heredity are directing forces which determine what course must be pursued. A mere chance meeting often causes most unforeseen results. Because Durbeyfield happens to learn from Parson Tringham that he is the last descendant of the D'Urbervilles, Tess is the victim of crimes of which she is innocent at heart. Hardy's men and women have no freedom of will. No matter how good their intentions they cannot escape the fate prepared for them by ironic circumstances.

The somber tone, however, is relieved by

THE THREE STRANGERS

Among the few features of agricultural England which retain an appearance but little modified by the lapse of centuries, may be reckoned the high, grassy, and furzy downs, coombs, or ewe-leases, as they are indifferently called, that fill a large area of certain counties in the south and south-west. If any mark of human occupation is met with hereon it usually takes the form of the solitary cottage of some shepherd.

Fifty years ago such a lonely cottage stood on such a down, and may possibly be standing there now. In spite of its loneliness, however, the spot, by actual measurement, was not more than five miles from a county-town. Yet that affected it little. Five miles of irregular upland, during the long inimical seasons, with their sleets, snows, rains, and mists, afford withdrawing space enough to isolate a Timon or a Nebuchadnezzar; much less, in fair weather, to please that less repellent tribe, the poets, philosophers, artists, and others who "conceive and meditate of pleasing things."

Some old earthen camp or barrow, some clump of trees, at least some starved fragment of ancient hedge, is usually taken advantage of in the erection of these forlorn dwellings. But, in the present case, such a kind of shelter had been disregarded. Higher Crowstars, as the house was called, stood

sympathetic understanding and appreciative humor. The lingering superstitions, the naive beliefs, the traditional customs, the sincere emotions, and the frank attitude of these inhabitants of rural England enliven an otherwise too dark picture. A natural shrewdness and charm are contrasted with the sophisticated qualities of a more cultured society. In general Hardy's peasants are far more attractive than his more worldly-wise characters even though we do smile at their simplicity.

Hardy also preserved the tales told at the firesides and at the gatherings in the inns of Wessex. These tales reveal directly and by implication the traits so characteristic of a population absorbed in the affairs of their daily life to the exclusion of more than passing thought for the events of the larger world outside. The hospitality of the farmer, the frugality of the farmer's wife, the joviality of the hangman, and the general admiration for the boldness of the escaped thief in *The Three Strangers* are thoroughly genuine reactions to the events of that stormy evening. Hardy's world may be circumscribed to a small district, but its inhabitants are swayed by universal passions and purposes.

quite detached and undefended. The only reason for its precise situation seemed to be the crossing of two foot-paths at right angles hard by, which may have crossed there and thus for a good five hundred years. Hence the house was exposed to the elements on all sides. But, though the wind up here blew unmistakably when it did blow, and the rain hit hard whenever it fell, the various weathers of the winter season were not quite so formidable on the coomb as they were imagined to be by dwellers on low ground. The raw rimes were not so pernicious as in the hollows, and the frosts were scarcely so severe. When the shepherd and his family who tenanted the house were pitted for their sufferings from the exposure, they said that upon the whole they were less inconvenienced by "wuzzes and flames" (hoarses and phlegms) than when they had lived by the stream of a snug neighboring valley.

The night of March 28, 182—, was precisely one of the nights that were wont to call forth these expressions of commiseration. The level rain-storm smote walls, slopes, and hedges like the clothyard shafts of Senlac and Crécy. Such sheep and out-door animals as had no shelter stood with their buttocks to the wind; while the tails of little birds trying to roost on some scraggy thorn were blown inside out like umbrellas. The gable end of the cottage was stained with wet, and the eavesdropping flapped against the wall. Yet

never was commiseration for the shepherd more misplaced, for that cheerful rustic was entertaining a large party in glorification of the christening of his second girl

The guests had arrived before the rain began to fall, and they were all now assembled in the chief, or living, room of the dwelling. A glance into the apartment at eight o'clock on this eventful evening would have resulted in the opinion that it was as cosy and comfortable a nook as could be wished for in boisterous weather. The calling of its inhabitant was proclaimed by a number of highly polished sheep-crooks without stems that were hung ornamentally over the fireplace, the curl of each shining crook varying from the antiquated type engraved in the patriarchal pictures of old family Bibles to the most approved fashion of the last local sheep-fair. The room was lighted by half a dozen candles, having wicks only a trifle smaller than the grease which enveloped them, in candlesticks that were never used but at high-days, holy-days, and family feasts. The lights were scattered about the room, two of them standing on the chimney-piece. This position of candles was in itself significant. Candles on the chimney-piece always meant a party.

On the hearth, in front of a back-brand to give substance, blazed a fire of thorns, that crackled "like the laughter of the fool."

Nineteen persons were gathered here. Of these, five women, wearing gowns of various bright hues, sat in chairs along the wall, girls shy and not shy filled the window-bench, four men, including Charley Jake, the hedge-carpenter, Elijah New, the parish-clerk, and John Pitcher, a neighboring dairy-man, the shepherd's father-in-law, lolled in the settle, a young man and maid, who were blushing over tentative *pourparlers* on a life-companionship, sat beneath the corner cupboard, and an elderly engaged man of fifty or upwards moved restlessly about from spots where his betrothed was not to the spot where she was. Enjoyment was pretty general, and so much the more prevailed in being unhampered by conventional restrictions. Absolute confidence in one another's good opinion begot perfect ease, while the finishing stroke of manner, amounting to a truly princely serenity, was lent to the majority by the absence of any expression or trait denoting that they wished to get on in the world, enlarge their minds, or

do any eclipsing thing whatever—which nowadays so generally nips the bloom and *bonhomie* of all except the two extremes of the social scale.

Shepherd Fennel had married well, his wife being a dairy-man's daughter from the valley below, who brought fifty guineas in her pocket—and kept them there till they should be required for ministering to the needs of a coming family. This frugal woman had been somewhat exercised as to the character that should be given to the gathering. A sit-still party had its advantages, but an undisturbed position of ease in chairs and settles was apt to lead on the men to such an unconscionable deal of toping that they would sometimes fairly drink the house dry. A dancing-party was the alternative, but this, while avoiding the foregoing objection on the score of good drink, had a counter-balancing disadvantage in the matter of good victuals, the ravenous appetites engendered by the exercise causing immense havoc in the buttery. Shepherdess Fennel fell back upon the intermediate plan of mingling short dances with short periods of talk and singing, so as to hinder any ungovernable rage in either. But this scheme was entirely confined to her own gentle mind, the shepherd himself was in the mood to exhibit the most reckless phases of hospitality.

The fiddler was a boy of those parts, about twelve years of age, who had a wonderful dexterity in jigs and reels, though his fingers were so small and short as to necessitate a constant shifting for the high notes, from which he scrambled back to the first position with sounds not of unmixed purity of tone. At seven the shrill tweedle-dee of this youngster had begun, accompanied by a booming ground-bass from Elijah New, the parish-clerk, who had thoughtfully brought with him his favorite musical instrument, the serpent. Dancing was instantaneous, Mrs Fennel privately enjoining the players on no account to let the dance exceed the length of a quarter of an hour.

But Elijah and the boy, in the excitement of their position, quite forgot the injunction. Moreover, Oliver Giles, a man of seventeen, one of the dancers, who was enamoured of his partner, a fair girl of thirty-three rolling years, had recklessly handed a new crown-piece to the musicians, as a bribe to keep going as long as they had muscle and wind. Mrs Fennel, seeing the steam begin to gener-

ate on the countenances of her guests, crossed over and touched the fiddler's elbow and put her hand on the serpent's mouth. But they took no notice, and fearing she might lose her character of genial hostess if she were to interfere too markedly, she retired and sat down helplessly. And so the dance whizzed on with cumulative fury, the performers moving in their planet-like courses, direct and retrograde, from apogee to perigee, till the hands of the well-kicked clock at the bottom of the room had travelled over the circumference of an hour.

While these cheerful events were in course of enactment within Fennel's pastoral dwelling, an incident having considerable bearing on the party had occurred in the gloomy night without. Mrs. Fennel's concern about the growing fierceness of the dance corresponded in point of time with the ascent of a human figure to the solitary hill of Higher Crowstairs from the direction of the distant town. This personage strode on through the rain without a pause, following the little-worn path which, farther on in its course, skirted the shepherd's cottage.

It was nearly the time of full moon, and on this account, though the sky was lined with a uniform sheet of dripping cloud, ordinary objects out-of-doors were readily visible. The sad, wan light revealed the lonely pedestrian to be a man of supple frame, his gait suggested that he had somewhat passed the period of perfect and instinctive agility, though not so far as to be otherwise than rapid of motion when occasion required. In point of fact, he might have been about forty years of age. He appeared tall, but a recruiting sergeant, or other person accustomed to the judging of men's heights by the eye, would have discerned that this was chiefly owing to his gauntness, and that he was not more than five feet eight or nine.

Notwithstanding the regularity of his tread there was caution in it, as in that of one who mentally feels his way; and despite the fact that it was not a black coat nor a dark garment of any sort that he wore, there was something about him which suggested that he naturally belonged to the black-coated tribes of men. His clothes were of fustian, and his boots hobnailed, yet in his progress he showed not the mud-accustomed bearing of hobnailed and fustianed peasantry.

By the time that he had arrived abreast of the shepherd's premises the rain came

down, or rather came along, with yet more determined violence. The outskirts of the little settlement partially broke the force of wind and rain, and this induced him to stand still. The most salient of the shepherd's domestic erections was an empty sty at the forward corner of his hedgeless garden, for in these latitudes the principle of masking the homelier features of your establishment by a conventional frontage was unknown. The traveller's eye was attracted to this small building by the pallid shine of the wet slates that covered it. He turned aside, and, finding it empty, stood under the pent-roof for shelter.

While he stood, the boom of the serpent within the adjacent house, and the lesser strains of the fiddler, reached the spot as an accompaniment to the surging hiss of the flying rain on the sod, its louder beating on the cabbage-leaves of the garden, on the eight or ten beehives just discernible by the path, and its dripping from the eaves into a row of buckets and pans that had been placed under the walls of the cottage. For at Higher Crowstairs, as at all such elevated domiciles, the grand difficulty of house-keeping was an insufficiency of water, and a casual rainfall was utilized by turning out, as catchers, every utensil that the house contained. Some queer stories might be told of the contrivances for economy in suds and dishwaters that are absolutely necessitated in upland habitations during the droughts of summer. But at this season there were no such exigencies, a mere acceptance of what the skies bestowed was sufficient for an abundant store.

At last the notes of the serpent ceased, and the house was silent. This cessation of activity aroused the solitary pedestrian from the reverie into which he had lapsed, and, emerging from the shed, with an apparently new intention, he walked up the path to the house door. Arrived here, his first act was to kneel down on a large stone beside the row of vessels, and to drink a copious draught from one of them. Having quenched his thirst he rose and lifted his hand to knock, but paused with his eye upon the panel. Since the dark surface of the wood revealed absolutely nothing, it was evident that he must be mentally looking through the door, as if he wished to measure thereby all the possibilities that a house of this sort might include, and how they might bear upon the question of his entry.

In his indecision he turned and surveyed the scene around. Not a soul was anywhere visible. The garden path stretched downward from his feet, gleaming like the track of a snail, the roof of the little well (mostly dry), the well-cover, the top rail of the garden gate, were varnished with the same dull liquid glaze, while, far away in the vale, a faint whiteness of more than usual extent showed that the rivers were high in the meads. Beyond all this winked a few bleared lamp-lights through the beating drops, lights that denoted the situation of the county-town from which he had appeared to come. The absence of all notes of life in that direction seemed to clinch his intentions, and he knocked at the door.

Within, a desultory chat had taken the place of movement and musical sound. The hedge-carpenter was suggesting a song to the company, which nobody just then was inclined to undertake, so that the knock afforded a not unwelcome diversion.

"Walk in," said the shepherd, promptly.

The latch clicked upward, and out of the night our pedestrian appeared upon the doormat. The shepherd arose, snuffed two of the nearest candles, and turned to look at him.

Their light disclosed that the stranger was dark in complexion and not unprepossessing as to feature. His hat, which for a moment he did not remove, hung low over his eyes, without concealing that they were large, open, and determined, moving with a flash rather than a glance round the room. He seemed pleased with the survey, and, baring his shaggy head, said, in a rich deep voice, "The rain is so heavy, friends, that I ask leave to come in and rest a while."

"To be sure, stranger," said the shepherd. "And faith, you've been lucky in choosing your time, for we are having a bit of a fling for a glad cause—though, to be sure, a man could hardly wish that glad cause to happen more than once a year."

"Nor less," spoke up a woman. "For 'tis best to get your family over and done with, as soon as you can, so as to be all the earlier out of the fag o't."

"And what may be this glad cause?" asked the stranger.

"A birth and christening," said the shepherd.

The stranger hoped his host might not be made unhappy either by too many or too few

of such episodes, and being invited by a gesture to pull at the mug, he readily acquiesced. His manner, which, before entering, had been so dubious, was now altogether that of a careless and candid man.

"Late to be traipsing athwart this coomb—hey?" said the engaged man of fifty.

"Late it is, master, as you say. I'll take a seat in the chimney-corner, if you have nothing to urge against it, ma'am, for I am a little moist on the side that was next the rain."

Mrs. Shepherd Fennel assented, and made room for the self-invited comer, who having got completely inside the chimney-corner, stretched out his legs and his arms with the expansiveness of a person quite at home.

"Yes, I am rather thin in the vamp," he said, freely, seeing that the eye of the shepherd's wife fell upon his boots, "and I am not well fitted, either. I have had some rough times lately, and have been forced to pick up what I can get in the way of wearing, but I must find a suit better fit for working-days when I reach home."

"One of hereabouts?" she inquired.

"Not quite that—farther up the country."

"I thought so. And so am I, and by your tongue you come from my neighborhood."

"But you would hardly have heard of me," he said quickly. "My time would be long before yours, ma'am, you see."

This testimony of the youthfulness of his hostess had the effect of stopping her cross-examination.

"There is only one thing more wanted to make me happy," continued the newcomer, "and that is a little baccy, which I am sorry to say I am out of."

"I'll fill your pipe," said the shepherd.

"I must ask you to lend me a pipe likewise."

"A smoker, and no pipe about ye?"

"I have dropped it somewhere on the road."

The shepherd filled and handed him a new clay pipe, saying, as he did so, "Hand me your baccy-box—I'll fill that too, now I am about it."

The man went through the movement of searching his pockets.

"Lost that too?" said his entertainer, with some surprise.

"I am afraid so," said the man, with some confusion. "Give it to me in a screw of paper." Lighting his pipe at the candle with

a suction that drew the whole flame into the bowl, he resettled himself in the corner, and bent his looks upon the faint steam from his damp legs, as if he wished to say no more

Meanwhile the general body of guests had been taking little notice of this visitor by reason of an absorbing discussion in which they were engaged with the band about a tune for the next dance. The matter being settled, they were about to stand up, when an interruption came in the shape of another knock at the door

At sound of the same the man in the chimney-corner took up the poker and began stirring the fire as if doing it thoroughly were the one aim of his existence, and a second time the shepherd said "Walk in!" In a moment another man stood upon the straw-woven door-mat. He, too, was a stranger

This individual was one of a type radically different from the first. There was more of the commonplace in his manner, and a certain jovial cosmopolitanism sat upon his features. He was several years older than the first arrival, his hair being slightly frosted, his eyebrows bristly, and his whiskers cut back from his cheeks. His face was rather full and flabby, and yet it was not altogether a face without power. A few grog-blossoms marked the neighborhood of his nose. He flung back his long drab great-coat, revealing that beneath it he wore a suit of cinder-gray shade throughout, large, heavy seals of some metal or other that would take a polish, dangling from his fob, as his only personal ornament. Shaking the water-drops from his low-crowned glazed hat, he said, "I must ask for a few minutes' shelter, comrades, or I shall be wetted to my skin before I get to Casterbridge"

"Make yourself at home, master," said the shepherd, perhaps a trifle less heartily than on the first occasion. Not that Fennel had the least tinge of niggardliness in his composition, but the room was far from large, spare chairs were not numerous, and damp companions were not altogether desirable at close quarters for the women and girls in their bright-colored gowns

However, the second comer, after taking off his great-coat, and hanging his hat on a nail in one of the ceiling-beams as if he had been specially invited to put it there, advanced and sat down at the table. This had been pushed so closely into the chimney-

corner, to give all available room to the dancers, that its inner edge grazed the elbow of the man who had ensconced himself by the fire, and thus the two strangers were brought into close companionship. They nodded to each other by way of breaking the ice of unacquaintance, and the first stranger handed his neighbor the family mug—a huge vessel of brown ware, having its upper edge worn away like a threshold by the rub of whole generations of thirsty lips that had gone the way of all flesh, and bearing the following inscription burned upon its rotund side in yellow letters

THERE IS NO FUN
UNTIL I CUM

The other man, nothing loath, raised the mug to his lips, and drank on, and on, and on—till a curious blueness overspread the countenance of the shepherd's wife, who had regarded with no little surprise the first stranger's free offer to the second of what did not belong to him to dispense

"I knew it!" said the toper to the shepherd, with much satisfaction. "When I walked up your garden before coming in, and saw the hives all of a row, I said to myself, 'Where there's bees there's honey, and where there's honey there's mead.' But mead of such a truly comfortable sort as this I really didn't expect to meet in my older days." He took yet another pull at the mug, till it assumed an ominous elevation

"Glad you enjoy it!" said the shepherd, warmly

"It is goodish mead," assented Mrs. Fennel, with an absence of enthusiasm which seemed to say that it was possible to buy praise for one's cellar at too heavy a price. "It is trouble enough to make, and really I hardly think we shall make any more. For honey sells well, and we ourselves can make shift with a drop o' small mead and metheglin for common use from the comb-washings"

"Oh, but you'll never have the heart!" reproachfully cried the stranger in cinder-gray, after taking up the mug a third time and setting it down empty

"I love mead when 'tis old like this, as I love to go to church o' Sundays, or to relieve the needy any day of the week"

"Ha, ha, ha!" said the man in the chimney-corner, who, in spite of the taciturnity induced

by the pipe of tobacco, could not or would not refrain from this slight testimony to his comrade's humor

Now, the old mead of those days, brewed of the purest first-year or maiden honey—four pounds to the gallon, with its due complement of white of eggs, cinnamon, ginger, cloves, mace, rosemary, yeast, and processes of working, bottling, and cellaring—tasted remarkably strong, but it did not taste so strong as it actually was. Hence, presently the stranger in cinder-gray at the table, moved by its creeping influence, unbuttoned his waistcoat, threw himself back in his chair, spread his legs, and made his presence felt in various ways

"Well, well, as I say," he resumed, "I am going to Casterbridge, and to Casterbridge I must go. I should have been almost there by this time, but the rain drove me into your dwelling, and I'm not sorry for it"

"You don't live in Casterbridge?" said the shepherd

"Not as yet, though I shortly mean to move there"

"Going to set up in trade, perhaps?"

"No, no," said the shepherd's wife. "It is easy to see that the gentleman is rich, and don't want to work at anything"

The cinder-gray stranger paused, as if to consider whether he would accept that definition of himself. He presently rejected it by answering, "Rich is not quite the word for me, dame. I do work, and I must work. And even if I only get to Casterbridge by midnight I must begin work there at eight to-morrow morning. Yes, het or wet, blow or snow, famine or sword, my day's work to-morrow must be done"

"Poor man! Then in spite o' seeming, you be worse off than we," replied the shepherd's wife

"'Tis the nature of my trade, men and maidens. 'Tis the nature of my trade more than my poverty. But really and truly I must be up and off, or I shan't get a lodging in the town." However, the speaker did not move, and directly added, "There's time for one more draught of friendship before I go, and I'd perform it at once if the mug were not dry"

"Here's a mug o' small," said Mrs. Fennel. "Small, we call it, though to be sure 'tis only the first wash o' the combs"

"No," said the stranger disdainfully. "I

won't spoil your first kindness by partaking o' your second"

"Certainly not," broke in Fennel. "We don't increase and multiply every day, and I'll fill the mug again." He went away to the dark place under the stairs where the barrel stood. The shepherdess followed him

"Why should you do this?" she said reproachfully, as soon as they were alone. "He's emptied it once, though it held enough for ten people, and now he's not contented wi' the small, but must needs call for more o' the strong! And a stranger unbeknown to any of us. For my part, I don't like the look o' the man at all"

"But he's in the house, my honey, and 'tis a wet night, and a christening. Daze it, what's a cup of mead or less? there'll be plenty more next bee-burning"

"Very well—this time, then," she answered, looking wistfully at the barrel. "But what is the man's calling, and where is he one of, that he should come in and join us like this?"

"I don't know. I'll ask him again"

The catastrophe of having the mug drained dry at one pull by the stranger in cinder-gray was effectually guarded against this time by Mrs. Fennel. She poured out his allowance in a small cup, keeping the large one at a discreet distance from him. When he had tossed off his portion the shepherd renewed his inquiry about the stranger's occupation

The latter did not immediately reply, and the man in the chimney-corner, with sudden demonstrativeness, said, "Anybody may know my trade—I'm a wheel-wright"

"A very good trade for these parts," said the shepherd

"And anybody may know mine—if they've the sense to find it out," said the stranger in cinder-gray

"You may generally tell what a man is by his claws," observed the hedge-carpenter, looking at his own hands. "My fingers be as full of thorns as an old pincushion is of pins"

The hands of the man in the chimney-corner instinctively sought the shade, and he gazed into the fire as he resumed his pipe. The man at the table took up the hedge-carpenter's remark, and added, smartly, "True; but the oddity of my trade is that, instead of setting a mark upon me it sets a mark upon my customers"

No observation being offered by anybody

in elucidation of this enigma, the shepherd's

wife once more called for a song. The same obstacles presented themselves as at the former time—one had no voice, another had forgotten the first verse. The stranger at the table, whose soul had now risen to a good working temperature, relieved the difficulty by exclaiming that, to start the company, he would sing himself. Thrusting one thumb into the arm-hole of his waist-coat, he waved the other hand in the air, and, with an extemporizing gaze at the shining sheep-crooks above the mantle-piece, began

"Oh, my trade it is the rarest one,
Simple shepherds all—
My trade is a sight to see,
For my customers I tie, and take them up on
high,
And waft 'em to a far countree!"

The room was silent when he had finished the verse—with one exception, that of the man in the chimney-corner, who, at the singer's word, "Chorus!" joined him in a deep bass voice of musical relish—

"And waft 'em to a far countree!"

Oliver Giles, John Pitcher the dairy-man, the parish-clerk, the engaged man of fifty, the row of young women against the wall, seemed lost in thought not of the gayest kind. The shepherd looked meditatively on the ground, the shepherdess gazed keenly at the singer, and with some suspicion, she was doubting whether this stranger was merely singing an old song from recollection, or was composing one there and then for the occasion. All were as perplexed at the obscure revelation as the guests at Belshazzar's Feast, except the man in the chimney-corner, who quietly said, "Second verse, stranger," and smoked on.

The singer thoroughly moistened himself from his lips inward, and went on with the next stanza as requested.

"My tools are but common ones,
Simple shepherds all—
My tools are no sight to see,
A little hempen string, and a post whereon to
swing,
Are implements enough for me!"

Shepherd Fennel glanced around. There was no longer any doubt that the stranger was answering his question rhythmically. The guests one and all started back with suppressed

exclamations. The young woman engaged to the man of fifty fainted half-way, and would have proceeded, but finding him wanting in alacrity for catching her, she sat down trembling.

"Oh, he's the ——!" whispered the people in the background, mentioning the name of an ominous officer. "He's come to do it 'Tis to be at Casterbridge jail to-morrow—the man for sheep-stealing—the poor clock-maker we heard of, who used to live away at Shottsford and had no work to do—Timothy Sommers, whose family were a-starving, and so he went out of Shottsford by the high-road, and took a sheep in open daylight, defying the farmer and the farmer's wife and the farmer's lad, and every man jack among 'em. He" (and they nodded towards the stranger of the deadly trade) "is come from up the country to do it because there's not enough to do in his own county-town, and he's got the place here now our own county-man's dead, he's going to live in the same cottage under the prison wall."

The stranger in cinder-gray took no notice of this whispered string of observations, but again wetted his lips. Seeing that his friend in the chimney-corner was the only one who reciprocated his joviality in any way, he held out his cup towards that appreciative comrade, who also held out his own. They clinked together, the eyes of the rest of the room hanging upon the singer's actions. He parted his lips for the third verse, but at that moment another knock was audible upon the door. This time the knock was faint and hesitating.

The company seemed scared, the shepherd looked with consternation towards the entrance, and it was with some effort that he resisted his alarmed wife's deprecatory glance and uttered for the third time the welcoming words, "Walk in!"

The door was gently opened, and another man stood upon the mat. He, like those who had preceded him, was a stranger. This time it was a short, small personage, of fair complexion, and dressed in a decent suit of dark clothes.

"Can you tell me the way to—?" he began, when, gazing round the room to observe the nature of the company among whom he had fallen, his eyes lighted on the stranger in cinder-gray. It was just at the instant when the latter, who had thrown his mind into his song with such a will that he scarcely heeded

the interruption, silenced all whispers and inquiries by bursting into his third verse

"To-morrow is my working day,
Simple shepherds all—
To-morrow is a working day for me
For the farmer's sheep is slain, and the lad who
did it ta'en,
And on his soul may God ha' merc-y!"

The stranger in the chimney-corner, waving
cups with the singer so heartily that his mead
splashed over on the hearth, repeated in his
bass voice as before

"And on his soul may God ha' merc-y!"

All this time the third stranger had been
standing in the door-way Finding now that
he did not come forward or go on speaking,
the guests particularly regarded him They
noticed, to their surprise, that he stood before
them the picture of abject terror—his knees
trembling, his hand shaking so violently that
the door-latch by which he supported himself
rattled audibly, his white lips were parted, and
his eyes fixed on the merry officer of justice in
the middle of the room A moment more and
he had turned, closed the door, and fled

"What a man can it be?" said the shepherd

The rest, between the awfulness of their
late discovery and the odd conduct of this
third visitor, looked as if they knew not what
to think, and said nothing Instinctively they
withdrew farther and farther from the grim
gentleman in their midst, whom some of them
seemed to take for the Prince of Darkness
himself, till they formed a remote circle, an
empty space of floor being left between them
and him—

"circulus, cujus centrum diabolus"

The room was so silent—though there were
more than twenty people in it—that nothing
could be heard but the patter of the rain
against the window-shutters, accompanied by
the occasional hiss of a straw drop that fell
down the chimney into the fire, and the steady
puffing of the man in the corner, who had now
resumed his pipe of long clay

The stillness was unexpectedly broken The
distant sound of a gun reverberated through
the air—apparently from the direction of the
county-town

"Be jiggered!" cried the stranger who had
sung the song, jumping up

"What does that mean?" asked several

"A prisoner escaped from the jail—that's
what it means"

All listened The sound was repeated, and
none of them spoke but the man in the chim-
ney-corner, who said, quietly, "I've often
been told that in this county they fire a gun
at such times, but I never heard it till now"

"I wonder if it is my man?" murmured the
personage in cinder-gray

"Surely it is!" said the shepherd, involun-
tarily "And surely we've seen him! That
little man who looked in at the door by now,
and quivered like a leaf when he seed ye and
heard your song"

"His teeth chattered, and the breath went
out of his body," said the dairy-man

"And his heart seemed to sink within him
like a stone," said Oliver Giles

"And he bolted as if he'd been shot at,"
said the hedge-carpenter

"True—his teeth chattered, and his heart
seemed to sink, and he bolted as if he'd been
shot at," slowly summed up the man in the
chimney-corner

"I didn't notice it," remarked the hang-
man

"We were all a-wondering what made him
run off in such a fright," faltered one of the
women against the wall, "and now 'tis ex-
plained"

The firing of the alarm-gun went on at
intervals, low and sullenly, and their suspicions
became a certainty The sinister gentleman in
cinder-gray roused himself "Is there a con-
stable here?" he asked, in thick tones "If
so let him step forward"

The engaged man of fifty stepped quavering
out of the corner, his betrothed beginning to
sob on the back of the chair

"You are a sworn constable?"

"I be, sir"

"Then pursue the criminal at once, with
assistance, and bring him back here He can't
have gone far"

"I will, sir, I will—when I've got my staff
I'll go home and get it, and come sharp here,
and start in a body"

"Staff!—never mind your staff, the man'll
be gone!"

"But I can't do nothing without my staff
—can I, Wilham, and John, and Charles Jake?
No, for there's the King's royal crown
a-painted on en in yaller and gold, and the
lion and the unicorn, so as when I raise en
up and hit my prisoner, 'tis made a lawful

blow thereby I wouldn't tempt to take a man without my staff—no, not I. If I hadn't the law to gie me courage, why, instead o' my taking up him he might take up me!"

"Now, I'm a King's man myself, and can give you authority enough for this," said the formidable officer in gray. "Now then, all of ye, be ready. Have ye any lanterns?"

"Yes—have ye any lanterns?—I demand it!" said the constable

"And the rest of you able-bodied—" 10

"Able-bodied men—yes—the rest of ye!" said the constable

"Have you some good stout staves and pitchforks—"

"Staves and pitchforks—in the name o' the law! And take 'em in yer hands and go in quest, and do as we in authority tell ye!"

Thus aroused, the men prepared to give chase. The evidence was, indeed, though 20 circumstantial, so convincing, that but little argument was needed to show the shepherd's guests that after what they had seen it would look very much like connivance if they did not instantly pursue the unhappy third stranger, who could not as yet have gone more than a few hundred yards over such uneven country

A shepherd is always well provided with lanterns, and, lighting these hastily, and with 30 hurdle staves in their hands, they poured out of the door, taking a direction along the crest of the hill, away from the town, the rain having fortunately a little abated.

Disturbed by the noise, or possibly by unpleasant dreams of her baptism, the child who had been christened began to cry heart-brokenly in the room overhead. These notes of grief came down through the chinks of the floor to the ears of the women below, who 40 jumped up one by one, and seemed glad of the excuse to ascend and comfort the baby, for the incidents of the last half-hour greatly oppressed them. Thus in the space of two or three minutes the room on the ground-floor 45 was deserted quite.

But it was not for long. Hardly had the sound of footsteps died away when a man returned round the corner of the house from the direction the pursuers had taken. Peeping 50 in at the door, and seeing nobody there, he entered leisurely. It was the stranger of the chumney-corner, who had gone out with the rest. The motive of his return was shown by his helping himself to a cut piece of skimmer-cake that lay on a ledge beside where he had

sat, and which he had apparently forgotten to take with him. He also poured out half a cup more mead from the quantity that remained, ravenously eating and drinking these as he stood. He had not finished when another figure came in just as quietly—his friend in cinder-gray.

"Oh—you here?" said the latter, smiling. "I thought you had gone to help in the capture." And this speaker also revealed the object of his return by looking solicitously round for the fascinating mug of old mead.

"And I thought you had gone," said the other, continuing his skimmer-cake with some effort.

"Well, on second thoughts, I felt there were enough without me," said the first, confidentially, "and such a night as it is, too. Besides, 'tis the business o' the Government to take 20 care of its criminals—not mine."

"True, so it is. And I felt as you did, that there were enough without me."

"I don't want to break my limbs running over the humps and hollows of this wild 25 country."

"Nor I neither, between you and me."

"These shepherd people are used to it—simple-minded souls, you know, stirred up to anything in a moment. They'll have him 30 ready for me before the morning, and no trouble to me at all."

"They'll have him, and we shall have saved ourselves all labor in the matter."

"True, true. Well, my way is to Caster-bridge, and 'tis as much as my legs will do to take me that far. Going the same way?"

"No, I am sorry to say! I have to get home over there" (he nodded indefinitely to the right) "and I feel as you do, that it is 40 quite enough for my legs to do before bed-time."

The other had by this time finished the mead in the mug, after which, shaking hands heartily at the door, and wishing each other 45 well, they went their several ways.

In the meantime the company of pursuers had reached the end of the hog's-back elevation which dominated this part of the coomb. They had decided on no particular plan of action, and, finding that the man of the baleful trade was no longer in their company, they seemed quite unable to form any such plan now. They descended in all directions from the hill, and straightway several of the party fell 55 into the snare set by Nature for all misguided midnight ramblers over this part of

the cretaceous formation The "lynches," or flint slopes, which belted the escarpment at intervals of a dozen yards, took the less cautious ones unawares, and losing their footing on the rubbly steep, they slid sharply downward, the lanterns rolling from their hands to the bottom, and there lying on their sides till the horn was scorched through

When they had again gathered themselves together, the shepherd, as the man who knew the country best, took the lead, and guided them round these treacherous inclines The lanterns, which seemed rather to dazzle their eyes and warn the fugitive, than to assist them in the explorations, were extinguished, due silence was observed, and in this more rational order they plunged into the vale It was a grassy, briery, moist defile, affording some shelter to any person who had sought it, but the party perambulated it in vain, and ascended on the other side. Here they wandered apart, and after an interval closed together again to report progress At the second time of closing in they found themselves near a lonely ash, the single tree on this part of the upland, probably sown there by a passing bird some fifty years before And here, standing a little to one side of the trunk as motionless as the trunk itself, appeared the man they were in quest of, his outline being well defined against the sky beyond The band noiselessly drew up and faced him

"Your money or your life!" said the constable, sternly to the still figure

"No, no," whispered John Pitcher "Tisn't our side ought to say that That's the doctrine of vaga-bonds like him, and we be on the side of the law"

"Well, well," replied the constable impatiently, "I must say something, mustn't I? and if you had all the weight o' this undertaking upon your mind, perhaps you'd say the wrong thing too! Prisoner at the bar, surrender, in the name of the Father—the Crown, I mane!"

The man under the tree seemed now to notice them for the first time, and giving them no opportunity whatever for exhibiting their courage, he strolled slowly towards them He was, indeed, the little man, the third stranger, but his trepidation had in a great measure gone

"Well, travellers," he said; "did I hear ye speak to me?"

"You did, you've got to come and be our

prisoner at once," said the constable "We arrest ye on the charge of not biding in Casterbridge jail in a decent proper manner to be hung to-morrow morning Neighbors, do your duty, and seize the culprit!"

On hearing the charge, the man seemed enlightened, and, saying not another word, resigned himself with preternatural civility to the search party, who, with their staves in their hands, surrounded him on all sides, and marched him back towards the shepherd's cottage

It was eleven o'clock by the time they arrived The light shining from the open door, a sound of men's voices within, proclaimed to them as they approached the house that some new events had arisen in their absence On entering they discovered the shepherd's living-room to be invaded by two officers from Casterbridge jail, and a well-known magistrate who lived at the nearest county-seat, intelligence of the escape having become generally circulated

"Gentleman," said the constable, "I have brought back your man—not without risk and danger, but every one must do his duty! He is inside this circle of able-bodied persons, who have lent me useful aid, considering their ignorance of Crown work Men, bring forward your prisoner!" And the third stranger was led to the light

"Who is this?" said one of the officials

"The man," said the constable

"Certainly not," said the turnkey, and the first corroborated his statement

"But how can it be otherwise?" asked the constable "Or why was he so terrified at sight o' the singing instrument of the law who sat there?" Here he related the strange behavior of the third stranger on entering the house during the hangman's song

"Can't understand it," said the officer, coolly "All I know is that it is not the condemned man He's quite a different character from this one; a gauntish fellow, with dark hair and eyes, rather good-looking, and with a musical bass voice that if you had heard it once you'd never mistake as long as you lived."

"Why souls—'twas the man in the chimney-corner!"

"Hey—what?" said the magistrate, coming forward after inquiring particulars from the shepherd in the background "Haven't you got the man after all?"

"Well, sir," said the constable, "he's the

man we were in search of, that's true, and yet he's not the man we were in search of. For the man we were in search of was not the man we wanted, sir, if you understand my everyday way, for 'twas the man in the chimney-corner!"

"A pretty kettle of fish altogether," said the magistrate "You had better start for the other man at once"

The prisoner now spoke for the first time. The mention of the man in the chimney-corner seemed to have moved him as nothing else could do. "Sir," he said, stepping forward to the magistrate, "take no more trouble about me. The time is come when I may as well speak. I have done nothing, my crime is that the condemned man is my brother. Early this afternoon I left home at Shottsford to tramp it all the way to Casterbridge jail to bid him farewell. I was benighted, and called here to rest and ask the way. When I opened the door, I saw before me the very man, my brother, that I thought to see in the condemned cell at Casterbridge. He was in this chimney-corner, and jammed close to him, so that he could not have got out if he had tried, was the executioner who'd come to take his life, singing a song about it, and not knowing that it was his victim who was close by, joining in to save appearances. My brother looked a glance of agony at me, and I knew he meant, 'Don't reveal what you see, my life depends on it.' I was so terror-struck that I could hardly stand, and, not knowing what I did, I turned and hurried away."

The narrator's manner and tone had the stamp of truth, and his story made a great impression on all around. "And do you know where your brother is at the present time?" asked the magistrate.

"I do not. I have never seen him since I closed this door."

"I can testify to that, for we've been between ye ever since," said the constable.

"Where does he think to fly to?—what is his occupation?"

"He's a watch and clock maker, sir."

"A said a was a wheelwright—a wicked rogue," said the constable.

"The wheels of clocks and watches he meant, no doubt," said Shepherd Fennel. "I thought his hands was palish for 's trade."

"Well, it appears to me that nothing can be gained by retaining this poor man in custody,"

said the magistrate "Your business lies with the other, unquestionably."

And so the little man was released off-hand, but he looked nothing the less sad on that account, it being beyond the power of magistrate or constable to raze out the written troubles in his brain, for they concerned another whom he regarded with more solicitude than himself. When this was done, and the man had gone his way, the night was found to be so far advanced that it was deemed useless to renew the search before the next morning.

Next day, accordingly, the quest for the clever sheep-stealer became general and keen, to all appearance at least. But the intended punishment was cruelly disproportioned to the transgression, and the sympathy of a great many country folk in that district was strongly on the side of the fugitive. Moreover, his marvellous coolness and daring in hob-and-nobbing with the hangman under the unprecedented circumstances of the shepherd's party, won their admiration. So that it may be questioned if all those who ostensibly made themselves so busy in exploring woods and fields and lanes were quite so thorough when it came to the private examination of their own lofts and out-houses. Stories were afloat of a mysterious figure being occasionally seen in some old overgrown track-way or other, remote from turnpike-roads, but when a search was instituted in any of these suspected quarters nobody was found. Thus the days and weeks passed without tidings.

In brief, the bass-voiced man of the chimney-corner was never recaptured. Some said that he went across the sea, others that he did not, but buried himself in the depths of a populous city. At any rate, the gentleman in cinder-gray never did his morning's work at Casterbridge, nor met anywhere at all, for business purposes, the genial comrade with whom he had passed an hour of relaxation in the lonely house on the coomb.

The grass has long been green on the graves of Shepherd Fennel and his frugal wife; the guests who made up the christening-party have mainly followed their entertainers to the tomb; the baby in whose honor they all had met is a matron in the sear and yellow leaf. But the arrival of the three strangers at the shepherd's that night, and the details connected therewith, is a story as well known as ever in the country about Higher Crowstairs.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON (1850-1894)

Belonging to a family of engineers, who for two generations had been connected with the lighthouse service along the Scotch coast, Stevenson naturally went to Edinburgh University to study civil engineering. Because of illness he had frequently been forced to interrupt his preparatory schooling, but he had read a great deal and had travelled more extensively than the average school-boy. These experiences, together with the stories told him in his younger days by his nurse, occupied his mind far more than his profession. He wanted to write. Long before he had definitely given up engineering, he toiled at night upon verses and fiction. With proverbial Scotch canny-ness his father objected to literature as the sole means of support for his son and insisted that Robert study law. Although he was admitted to the bar in 1875, he never had any real interest in this profession.

On account of his persistent ill health, Stevenson spent a large part of the year in a climate more favorable than that of Edinburgh. His inherent restlessness also led him to visit new scenes. One winter he sought health on the French Riviera, then he resided for a time with a colony of artists at Fontainebleau, and he periodically visited London and Paris. His favorite jaunts, however, were those trips he has recorded in *An Inland Voyage* and *Travels with a Donkey*. With a companion or alone he loved to explore the rural districts of Belgium and France. Having no definite plan for these journeys, he could wander wherever nature beckoned. Hence he enjoyed some delightful moments and talked with some amusing inhabitants.

In 1876 Stevenson met Mrs. Fanny Osbourne, a Californian with two children, who was studying painting at Gretz. He wanted to marry her as soon as she had obtained a divorce from her husband, but he unfortunately did not earn enough money from his writings. Also his father looked unfavorably upon such an alliance. Therefore, in 1879 Stevenson sailed for America among the emigrants to visit Mrs. Osbourne, who had returned to California. The hardships and trials of an emigrant he described in *The Amateur Emigrant* and *Across the Plains*. Finally worn out with fatigue and illness, he reached the Pacific coast. He would have died in the mountains near Monterey if it had not been for the care given him by two ranchmen. Shortly afterward he obtained work as a reporter on the *Monterey Californian* but earned hardly enough to keep himself alive. At last his father gave him an allowance of £250 a year, and in 1880 Stevenson married Mrs. Osbourne. *The Silverado Squatters* tells how they passed their honeymoon in a deserted California mining camp.

The Stevensons returned to England in the following summer. For the next seven years Stevenson struggled against recurring illness, spending the winters in Switzerland, the south of France, and Southern England. In spite of his condition, which forced him to write most of his works while he was in bed, he published during these years *Treasure Island*, *The Child's Garden of Verses*, *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, *Kidnapped*, and several other volumes. These books established his reputation as one of the foremost romantic authors in English literature. They bore out the promise of his stories, *A Lodging for the Night* and *The Sire de Maltrot's Door* written nearly ten years previously.

In 1887 Stevenson left England for America never to return. His second arrival at New York was far different from his first. Publishers vied with one another to obtain contracts from him, and prominent persons desired to meet him. After a winter at Saranac Lake in the Adirondacks the family went on to California. By means of a contract with *McClure's Magazine*, Stevenson was now able to realize a long cherished desire. For three years he cruised about the Pacific on the *Yacht Casco*. Like his earlier trips, this voyage also furnished him with material for a book, *In the South Seas*. Another result of this cruise was the purchase of four hundred acres at Apia in the Samoan Islands.

This estate, upon which he built a large house, he named Vailima, "five waters," and lived there during the remaining four years of his life. To the natives he was a friend to be consulted in their difficulties. He settled quarrels between chieftains, he advised officials, he assisted the poor, he visited them when they were ill, and he listened patiently to all their troubles. They expressed their gratitude by bringing him many gifts and by building the "Road of the Loving Heart" to Vailima. In the Tomb of Tusitala, the natives' name for their adviser, lies at peace this restless spirit above the home so dear to him.

The personality which won him the devotion of his Samoan neighbors gained Stevenson friends wherever he went. It has also brought him many readers, for regardless of subject he wrote with enthusiasm and understanding. He has made persons oppressed by the dullness of existence see ordinary life through his observing eyes and wonder how they happened to miss the romance all around them. He has taken them to distant places and unfrequented scenes. By lucid descriptions he has re-created his experiences for his readers so that they seem to be accompanying him on his travels. Even when he preaches as in *Virginibus Puersque*, he moderates his admonitions with amusing pleasantness.

Although Stevenson enjoyed writing, especially in the romantic strain, he never considered his craft lightly. Great satisfaction came from the realization that he had labored conscientiously to produce a desired effect. Again and again throughout his essays he referred to his art. He explained how he learned to write by playing "the sedulous ape to Hazlitt, to Lamb, to Wordsworth, to Sir Thomas Browne, to Defoe, to Hawthorne, to Montaigne, to Baudelaire and to Obermann." He declared that "the artist must preserve from day to day his constancy to the ideal." But above all he emphasized the importance of writing well

By a love of words and a nice discrimination in the choice of words the writer attains the highest rank in his profession, for "style is the invariable mark of any master."

Stevenson followed his own teachings and sought diligently for the exact word to express his idea or feeling. At times this attention to technique made his style somewhat artificial and detracted from the substance. Usually, however, his manner is so perfectly adapted to his matter that a profound impression is produced. This impression accounts for the high esteem with which his generation regarded him.

LEAVES FROM THE NOTEBOOK OF AN EMIGRANT BETWEEN NEW YORK AND SAN FRANCISCO

Monday—It was, if I remember rightly, 5 five o'clock when we were all signalled to be present at the Ferry Depot of the railroad. An emigrant ship had arrived at New York on the Saturday night, another on the Sunday morning, our own on Sunday afternoon, a 10 fourth early on Monday, and as there is no emigrant train on Sunday, a great part of the passengers from these four ships was concentrated on the train by which I was to travel. There was a babel of bewildered men, 15 women, and children. The wretched little booking-office, and the baggage-room, which was not much larger, were crowded thick with emigrants, and were heavy and rank with the atmosphere of dripping clothes. Open carts 20 full of bedding stood by the half-hour in the rain. The officials loaded each other with recriminations. A bearded, muldewed little man, whom I take to have been an emigrant agent, was all over the place, his mouth full 25 of brimstone, blustering and interfering. It was plain that the whole system, if system there was, had utterly broken down under the strain of so many passengers.

My own ticket was given me at once, and 30 an oldish man, who preserved his head in the midst of this turmoil, got my baggage registered, and counselled me to stay quietly where I was till he should give me the word to move. I had taken along with me a small 35 valise, a knapsack, which I carried on my shoulders, and in the bag of my railway rug the whole of *Bancroft's History of the United States*, in six fat volumes. It was as much as I could carry with convenience even for short 40 distances, but it insured me plenty of clothing, and the valise was at that moment, and often after, useful for a stool. I am sure I

sat for an hour in the baggage-room, and wretched enough it was, yet, when at last the word was passed to me and I picked up my bundles and got under way, it was only to exchange discomfort for downright misery and danger.

I followed the porters into a long shed reaching down-hill from West Street to the river. It was dark, the wind blew clean through it from end to end, and here I found a great block of passengers and baggage, hundreds of one and tons of the other. I feel I shall have a difficulty to make myself be- 5 lieved, and certainly the scene must have been exceptional, for it was too dangerous for daily repetition. It was a tight jam, there was no fair way through the mingled mass of brute and living obstruction. Into the upper skirts 10 of the crowd porters, infuriated by hurry and overwork, clove their way with shouts. I may say that we stood like sheep, and that the porters charged among us like so many mad- 15 dened sheep-dogs, and I believe these men were no longer answerable for their acts. It mattered not what they were carrying, they drove straight into the press, and when they could get no farther, blindly discharged their barrowful. With my own hand, for instance, 20 I saved the life of a child as it sat upon its mother's knee, she sitting on a box, and since I heard of no accident, I must suppose that there were many similar interpositions in the course of the evening. It will give some idea 25 of the state of mind to which we were reduced if I tell you that neither the porter nor the mother of the child paid the least attention to my act. It was not till some time after that I understood what I had done myself, for to ward off heavy boxes seemed at the moment 30 a natural incident of human life. Cold, wet, clamour, dead opposition to progress, such as one encounters in an evil dream, had utterly daunted the spirits. We had accepted this

purgatory as a child accepts the conditions of the world. For my part, I shivered a little, and my back ached wearily, but I believe I had neither a hope nor a fear, and all the activities of my nature had become tributary to one massive sensation of discomfort.

At length, and after how long an interval I hesitate to guess, the crowd began to move, heavily straining through itself. About the same time some lamps were lighted, and threw a sudden flare over the shed. We were being filtered out into the river boat for Jersey City. You may imagine how slowly this filtering proceeded, through the dense, choking crush, every one overladen with packages or children, and yet under the necessity of fishing out his ticket by the way, but it ended at length for me, and I found myself on deck under a flimsy awning and with a trifle of elbow-room to stretch and breathe in. This was on the starboard, for the bulk of the emigrants stuck hopelessly on the port side, by which we had entered. In vain the seamen shouted to them to move on, and threatened them with shipwreck. These poor people were under a spell of stupor, and did not stir a foot. It rained as heavily as ever, but the wind now came in sudden claps and capfuls, not without danger to a boat so badly ballasted as ours, and we crept over the river in the darkness, trailing one paddle in the water like a wounded duck, and passed ever and again by huge, illuminated steamers running many knots, and heralding their approach by strains of music. The contrast between these pleasure embarkations and our own grim vessel, with her list to port and her freight of wet and silent emigrants, was of that glaring description which we count too obvious for the purposes of art.

The landing at Jersey City was done in a stampede. I had a fixed sense of calamity, and to judge by conduct, the same persuasion was common to us all. A panic selfishness, like that produced by fear, presided over the disorder of our landing. People pushed, and elbowed, and ran, the families following how they could. Children fell, and were picked up to be rewarded by a blow. One child, who had lost her parents, screamed steadily and with increasing shrillness, as though verging towards a fit, an official kept her by him, but no one else seemed so much as to remark her distress, and I am ashamed to say that I ran among the rest. I was so weary that I had

twice to make a halt and set down my bundles in the hundred yards or so between the pier and the railway station, so that I was quite wet by the time that I got under cover. There was no waiting-room, no refreshment room, the cars were locked, and for at least another hour, or so it seemed, we had to camp upon the draughty, gaslit platform. I sat on my valise, too crushed to observe my neighbours, but as they were all cold, and wet, and weary, and driven stupidly crazy by the mismanagement to which we had been subjected, I believe they can have been no happier than myself. I bought half-a-dozen oranges from a boy, for oranges and nuts were the only refectation to be had. As only two of them had even a pretence of juice, I threw the other four under the cars, and beheld, as in a dream, grown people and children groping on the track after my leavings.

At last we were admitted into the cars, utterly dejected, and far from dry. For my own part, I got out a clothes-brush, and brushed my trousers as hard as I could till I had dried them and warmed my blood into the bargain, but no one else, except my next neighbour to whom I lent the brush, appeared to take the least precaution. As they were, they composed themselves to sleep. I had seen the lights of Philadelphia, and been twice ordered to change carriages and twice countermanded, before I allowed myself to follow their example.

Tuesday—When I awoke, it was already day, the train was standing idle, I was in the last carriage, and, seeing some others strolling to and fro about the lines, I opened the door and stepped forth, as from a caravan by the wayside. We were near no station, nor even, as far as I could see, within reach of any signal. A green, open, undulating country stretched away upon all sides. Locust trees and a single field of Indian corn gave it a foreign grace and interest, but the contours of the land were soft and English. It was not quite England, neither was it quite France; yet like enough either to seem natural in my eyes. And it was in the sky, and not upon the earth, that I was surprised to find a change. Explain it how you may, and for my part I cannot explain it at all, the sun rises with a different splendour in America and Europe. There is more clear gold and scarlet in our old country mornings, more purple, brown, and smoky orange in those of the new

It may be from habit, but to me the coming of day is less fresh and inspiring in the latter, it has a duskier glory, and more nearly resembles sunset, it seems to fit some sub-sequential, evening epoch of the world, as though America were in fact, and not merely in fancy, farther from the orient of Aurora and the springs of day I thought so then, by the railroad side in Pennsylvania, and I have thought so a dozen times since in far distant parts of the continent If it be an illusion it is one very deeply rooted, and in which my eyesight is accomplice

Soon after a train whisked by, announcing and accompanying its passage by the swift beating of a sort of chapel bell upon the engine, and as it was for this we had been waiting, we were summoned by the cry of "All aboard!" and went on again upon our way The whole line, it appeared, was topsy-turvy, an accident at midnight having thrown all the traffic hours into arrear We paid for this in the flesh, for we had no meals all that day. Fruit we could buy upon the cars, and now and then we had a few minutes at some station with a meagre show of rolls and sandwiches for sale, but we were so many and so ravenous that, though I tried at every opportunity, the coffee was always exhausted before I could elbow my way to the counter

Our American sunrise had ushered in a noble summer's day There was not a cloud, the sunshine was baking, yet in the woody river valleys among which we wound our way, the atmosphere preserved a sparkling freshness till late in the afternoon It had an inland sweetness and variety to one newly from the sea, it smelt of woods, rivers, and the delved earth These, though in so far a country, were aurs from home I stood on the platform by the hour, and as I saw, one after another, pleasant villages, carts upon the highway and fishers by the stream, and heard cockcrows and cheery voices in the distance, and beheld the sun, no longer shining blankly on the plains of ocean, but striking among shapely hills and his light dispersed and coloured by a thousand accidents of form and surface, I began to exult with myself upon this rise in life like a man who had come into a rich estate And when I had asked the name of a river from the brakeman, and heard that it was called the Susquehanna, the beauty of the name seemed to be part and parcel of the beauty of the land As when

Adam with divine fitness named the creatures, so this word Susquehanna was at once accepted by the fancy That was the name, as no other could be, for that shining river and desirable valley

None can care for literature in itself who do not take a special pleasure in the sound of names, and there is no part of the world where nomenclature is so rich, poetical, humorous, and picturesque as the United States of America All times, races, and languages have brought their contribution Pekin is in the same State with Euclid, with Bellefontaine, and with Sandusky Chelsea, with its London associations of red brick, Sloane Square, and the King's Road, is own suburb to stately and primeval Memphis, there they have their seat, translated names of cities, where the Mississippi runs by Tennessee and Arkansas, and both, while I was crossing the continent, lay, watched by armed men, in the horror and isolation of a plague Old, red Manhattan lies, like an Indian arrow-head under a steam factory, below anghified New York The names of the States and Territories themselves form a chorus of sweet and most romantic vocables Delaware, Ohio, Indiana, Florida, Dakota, Iowa, Wyoming, Minnesota, and the Carolinas, there are few poems with a nobler music for the ear a songful, tuneful land, and if the new Homer shall arise from the Western continent, his verse will be enriched, his pages sing spontaneously, with the names of States and cities that would strike the fancy in a business circular

Late in the evening we were landed in a waiting-room at Pittsburgh I had now under my charge a young and sprightly Dutch widow with her children, these I was to watch over providentially for a certain distance farther on the way, but as I found she was furnished with a basket of eatables, I left her in the waiting-room to seek a dinner for myself

I mention this meal, not only because it was the first of which I had partaken for about thirty hours, but because it was the means of my first introduction to a coloured gentleman He did me the honour to wait upon me after a fashion, while I was eating, and with every word, look, and gesture marched me farther into the country of surprise He was indeed strikingly unlike the negroes of Mrs Beecher Stowe, or the Christy Minstrels of my youth Imagine a gentleman, certainly

somewhat dark, but of a pleasant warm hue, speaking English with a slight and rather odd foreign accent, every inch a man of the world, and armed with manners so patronisingly superior that I am at a loss to name their parallel in England. A butler perhaps rides as high over the unbutlered, but then he sets you right with a reserve and a sort of sighing patience which one is often moved to admire. And again, the abstract butler never stoops to familiarity. But the coloured gentleman will pass you a wink at a time, he is familiar like an upper form boy to a fag, he unbends to you like Prince Hal with Poins and Falstaff. He makes himself at home and welcome. Indeed, I may say, this waiter behaved himself to me throughout that supper much as, with us, a young, free, and not very self-respecting master might behave to a good-looking chambermaid. I had come prepared to pity the poor negro, to put him at his ease, to move in a thousand condescensions that I was no sharer in the prejudice of race, but I assure you I put my patronage away for another occasion, and had the grace to be pleased with that result.

Seeing he was a very honest fellow, I consulted him upon a point of etiquette: if one should offer to tip the American waiter? Certainly not, he told me. Never. It would not do. They considered themselves too highly to accept. They would even resent the offer. As for him and me, we had enjoyed a very pleasant conversation, he, in particular, had found much pleasure in my society, I was a stranger, this was exactly one of those rare conjunctures. Without being very clear-seeing, I can still perceive the sun at noonday, and the coloured gentleman deftly pocketed a quarter.

Wednesday—A little after midnight I conveyed my widow and orphans on board the train, and morning found us far into Ohio. This had early been a favourite home of my imagination, I have played at being in Ohio by the week, and enjoyed some capital sport there with a dummy gun, my person being still unbreeched. My preference was founded on a work which appeared in *Cassell's Family Paper*, and was read aloud to me by my nurse. It narrated the doings of one Custaloga, an Indian brave, who, in the last chapter, very obligingly washed the paint off his face and became Sir Reginald Somebody-or-other, a trick I never forgave him. The idea of a man

being an Indian brave, and then giving that up to be a baronet, was one which my mind rejected. It offended verisimilitude, like the pretended anxiety of Robinson Crusoe and others to escape from uninhabited islands.

But Ohio was not at all as I had pictured it. We were now on those great plains which stretch unbroken to the Rocky Mountains. The country was flat like Holland, but far from being dull. All through Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Iowa, or for as much as I saw of them from the train and in my waking moments, it was rich and various, and breathed an elegance peculiar to itself. The tall corn pleased the eye, the trees were graceful in themselves, and framed the plain into long, aerial vistas, and the clean, bright, gardened townships spoke of country fare and pleasant summer evenings on the stoop. It was a sort of flat paradise, but, I am afraid, not unfrequented by the devil. That morning dawned with such a freezing chill as I have rarely felt, a chill that was not perhaps so measurable by instrument, as it struck home upon the heart and seemed to travel with the blood. Day came in with a shudder. White mists lay thinly over the surface of the plain, as we see them more often on a lake, and though the sun had soon dispersed and drunk them up, leaving an atmosphere of fever heat and crystal pureness from horizon to horizon, the mists had still been there, and we knew that this paradise was haunted by killing damps and foul malaria. The fences along the line bore but two descriptions of advertisement, one to recommend tobaccos, and the other to vaunt remedies against the ague. At the point of day, and while we were all in the grasp of that first chill, a native of the State, who had got in at some way station, pronounced it, with a doctoral air, "a fever and ague morning."

The Dutch widow was a person of some character. She had conceived at first sight a great aversion for the present writer, which she was at no pains to conceal. But being a woman of a practical spirit, she made no difficulty about accepting my attentions, and encouraged me to buy her children fruits and candies, to carry all her parcels, and even to sleep upon the floor that she might profit by my empty seat. Nay, she was such a rattle by nature and so powerfully moved to autobiographical talk, that she was forced, for want of a better, to take me into confidence.

and tell me the story of her life I heard about her late husband, who seemed to have made his chief impression by taking her out pleasuring on Sundays I could tell you her prospects, her hopes, the amount of her fortune, the cost of her housekeeping by the week, and a variety of particular matters that are not usually disclosed except to friends At one station, she shook up her children to look at a man on the platform and say if he were not like Mr Z, while to me she explained how she had been keeping company with this Mr Z, how far matters had proceeded, and how it was because of his desistance that she was now travelling to the west Then, when I was thus put in possession of the facts, she asked my judgment on that type of manly beauty I admired it to her heart's content She was not, I think, remarkably veracious in talk, but brodered as fancy prompted, and built castles in the air out of her past, yet she had that sort of candour, to keep me, in spite of all these confidences, steadily aware of her aversion Her parting words were ingeniously honest "I am sure," said she, "we all *ought* to be very much obliged to you" I cannot pretend that she put me at my ease, but I had a certain respect for such a genuine dislike A poor nature would have slipped, in the course of these familiarities, into a sort of worthless toleration for me

We reached Chicago in the evening I was turned out of the cars, bundled into an omnibus, and driven off through the streets to the station of a different railroad Chicago seemed a great and gloomy city I remember having subscribed, let us say sixpence, towards its restoration at the period of the fire, and now when I beheld street after street of ponderous houses and crowds of comfortable burghers, I thought it would be a graceful act for the corporation to refund that sixpence, or, at the least, to entertain me to a cheerful dinner But there was no word of restitution I was that city's benefactor, yet I was received in a third-class waiting-room, and the best dinner I could get was a dish of ham and eggs at my own expense.

I can safely say, I have never been so dog-tired as that night in Chicago When it was time to start, I descended the platform like a man in a dream It was a long train, lighted from end to end, and car after car, as I came up with it, was not only filled but overflowing My valise, my knapsack, my rug,

with those six ponderous tomes of Bancroft, weighed me double, I was hot, feverish, painfully athirst, and there was a great darkness over me, an internal darkness, not to be dispelled by gas When at last I found an empty bench, I sank into it like a bundle of rags, the world seemed to swim away into the distance, and my consciousness dwindled within me to a mere pin's head, like a taper on a foggy night

When I came a little more to myself, I found that there had sat down beside me a very cheerful, rosy little German gentleman, somewhat gone in drink, who was talking away to me, nineteen to the dozen, as they say I did my best to keep up the conversation, for it seemed to me dimly as if something depended upon that I heard him relate, among many other things, that there were pickpockets on the train, who had already robbed a man of forty dollars and a return ticket, but though I caught the words, I do not think I properly understood the sense until next morning, and I believe I replied at the time that I was very glad to hear it What else he talked about I have no guess, I remember a gabbling sound of words, his profuse gesticulation, and his smile, which was highly explanatory; but no more And I suppose I must have shown my confusion very plainly, for, first, I saw him knit his brows at me like one who has conceived a doubt, next, he tried me in German, supposing perhaps that I was unfamiliar with the English tongue; and finally, in despair, he rose and left me I felt chagrined, but my fatigue was too crushing for delay, and, stretching myself as far as that was possible upon the bench, I was received at once into a dreamless stupor

The little German gentleman was only going a little way into the suburbs after a *dinner fin*, and was bent on entertainment while the journey lasted Having failed with me, he pitched next upon another emigrant, who had come through from Canada, and was not one jot less weary than myself Nay, even in a natural state, as I found next morning when we scraped acquaintance, he was a heavy, uncommunicative man After trying him on different topics, it appears that the little German gentleman flounced into a temper, swore an oath or two, and departed from that car in quest of livelier society Poor little gentleman! I suppose he thought an emigrant should be a rollicking, free-hearted blade, with a flask

of foreign brandy and a long, comical story to beguile the moments of digestion

Thursday—I suppose there must be a cycle in the fatigue of travelling, for when I awoke next morning, I was entirely renewed in spirits and ate a hearty breakfast of porridge, with sweet milk, and coffee and hot cakes, at Burlington upon the Mississippi. Another long day's ride followed, with but one feature worthy of remark. At a place called Creston, a drunken man got in. He was aggressively friendly, but, according to English notions, not at all unrepresentable upon a train. For one stage he eluded the notice of the officials, but just as we were beginning to move out of the next station, Cromwell by name, by came the conductor. There was a word or two of talk, and then the official had the man by the shoulders, twitched him from his seat, marched him through the car, and sent him flying on to the track. It was done in three motions, as exact as a piece of drill. The train was still moving slowly, although beginning to mend her pace, and the drunkard got his feet without a fall. He carried a red bundle, though not so red as his cheeks, and he shook this menacingly in the air with one hand, while the other stole behind him to the region of the kidneys. It was the first indication that I had come among revolvers, and I observed it with some emotion. The conductor stood on the steps with one hand on his hip, looking back at him, and perhaps this attitude imposed upon the creature, for he turned without further ado, and went off staggering along the track towards Cromwell, followed by a peal of laughter from the cars. They were speaking English all about me, but I knew I was in a foreign land.

Twenty minutes before nine that night, we were deposited at the Pacific Transfer Station near Council Bluffs, on the eastern bank of the Missouri River. Here we were to stay the night at a kind of caravanserai, set apart for emigrants. But I gave way to a thirst for luxury, separated myself from my companions, and marched, with my effects into the Union Pacific Hotel. A white clerk and a coloured gentleman whom, in my plain European way, I should call the boots, were installed behind a counter like bank tellers. They took my name, assigned me a number, and proceeded to deal with my packages. And here came the tug of war. I wished to give

up my packages into safe keeping, but I did not wish to go to bed. And thus, it appeared, was impossible in an American hotel.

It was, of course, some inane misunderstanding, and sprang from my unfamiliarity with the language. For although two nations use the same words and read the same books, intercourse is not conducted by the dictionary. The business of life is not carried on by words, but in set phrases, each with a special and almost a slang signification. Some international obscurity prevailed between me and the coloured gentleman at Council Bluffs, so that what I was asking, which seemed very natural to me, appeared to him a monstrous exigency. He refused, and that with the plainness of the West. This American manner of conducting matters of business is, at first, highly unpalatable to the European. When we approach a man in the way of his calling, and for those services by which he earns his bread, we consider him for the time being our hired servant. But in the American opinion, two gentlemen meet and have a friendly talk with a view to exchanging favours if they shall agree to please. I know not which is the more convenient, nor even which is the more truly courteous. The English stiffness unfortunately tends to be continued after the particular transaction is at an end, and thus favours class separations. But on the other hand, these equalitarian plainnesses leave an open field for the insolence of Jack-in-office.

I was nettled by the coloured gentleman's refusal, and unbuttoned my wrath under the similitude of ironical submission. I knew nothing, I said, of the ways of American hotels, but I had no desire to give trouble. If there was nothing for it but to get to bed immediately, let him say the word, and though it was not my habit, I should cheerfully obey.

He burst into a shout of laughter. "Ah!" said he, "you do not know about America. They are fine people in America. Oh! you will like them very well. But you mustn't get mad. I know what you want. You come along with me."

And issuing from behind the counter, and taking me by the arm like an old acquaintance, he led me to the bar of the hotel.

"There," said he, pushing me from him by the shoulder, "go and have a drink!"

From Across the Plains

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN (1706-1790)

Without the discerning advice and loyal services of Franklin the American colonies would have faced a very much more difficult task in their endeavor to win independence and to establish a republic. Whenever critical situations arose, Franklin came forward with some plan or offered some valuable suggestions. Both at home and abroad he attained a reputation for rare wisdom. In France his abilities and social talents were more thoroughly appreciated than in his own country. His name was linked with Voltaire's in the minds of the French when they thought of the most representative philosophers of the eighteenth century. In spite of his democratic views and plainness of manner he was welcomed by the aristocracy and received at the European courts with high regard.

The story of Franklin's rise to this position is a record of industry and determination. He was the fifteenth child of a candle-maker, who had come to New England in 1682. His father wished this youngest son to enter the ministry but was unable to give him the necessary education. At the age of ten, therefore, Franklin left school after a little more than a year's attendance and assisted his father in candle making. As this occupation did not appeal to him, he became an apprentice to his brother James, who had just started a printing business in Boston. During his apprenticeship Franklin read all the books he could obtain and tried his hand at writing essays in the manner of the *Spectator*. Fearing that his brother would not accept these for the *New England Courant*, he submitted them under the pseudonym of Silence Dogood. Fourteen essays thus signed were published in the paper. Soon his relations with his brother became so unsatisfactory that he ran away to New York.

Unable to find employment there this lad of seventeen went on to Philadelphia, where he understood printers were wanted. While he was working in the printing shop of Keimer, he attracted the attention of Governor Keith. Upon the governor's encouragement and promise of aid Franklin went to London to purchase a press and other supplies to establish a business of his own. He discovered before long that Keith's promises were unreliable and was forced to spend eighteen months at his trade in London before he had the opportunity to return to Philadelphia. After a brief employment with a merchant Franklin again turned to printing and started upon a profitable business career. By 1743 he had made so much money that he decided to retire and devote himself to his philosophical studies.

In twenty-five years he had risen from a homeless boy to the chief citizen of Philadelphia. His services to the city included the editorship of the

Pennsylvania Gazette, the founding of the Philosophical Society of Philadelphia, the starting of the first subscription library, the organization of a fire department, the movement to obtain better police protection and better lighting and paving of the streets, the establishment of the University of Pennsylvania, and the assistance rendered to Dr. Bond in building a public hospital. Every movement for civic progress had Franklin's financial and moral support. He was also interested in helping young men to self-improvement. The Junto Club was organized for this purpose, for the members debated upon political or philosophical problems and prepared papers upon current topics. Many schemes for advancement developed from these discussions. Since Franklin had been a great reader from his childhood days, he encouraged others to pursue this means of self-education even to the study of modern languages, a knowledge of which he had acquired by systematic application.

Instead of providing the much desired leisure Franklin's retirement from business released his energies for demands made upon him by his country. He had already served as clerk of the Assembly and now was elected a member of the body. For the remainder of his life he was constantly employed upon important affairs of state. He formulated the Albany Plan of Union, held the office of Postmaster General of the Colonies, supported the people in their dispute with the Proprietors, acted as agent in London for four of the colonies when the acts leading to the Revolution were before Parliament, and obtained sorely needed help from France during the Revolution. Altogether Franklin spent twenty-five years in London and Paris on missions which required not only earnest effort but also tactful diplomacy. Often he was placed in trying situations because of lack of co-operation from his associates or misrepresentation by his enemies. Yet he persevered until he accomplished his purpose.

After his return to Philadelphia in 1785 he was elected President of the State of Pennsylvania for three years. The greatest achievement of his declining years was, however, his work in the Constitutional Convention. By advocating the plan of equal representation in the Senate and proportional representation in the House of Representatives, he brought about a compromise which insured the Union. In other matters his advice and friendly humor prevented serious differences among the delegates. When he signed the final draft at the conclusion of the convention, he gained the distinction of being the only person to sign the four most important documents in early American history. The Declaration of In-

dependence, the treaty of alliance with France, the treaty of peace with England, and the Constitution of the United States

His numerous duties prevented Franklin from giving as much time as he desired to his scientific experiments. Yet he made several notable contributions to the views concerning the nature of electricity. His famous kite test has perhaps overshadowed his less dramatic experiments. For his work in this field Franklin received honorary degrees from Harvard, Yale, and Oxford and membership in the Royal Society of London. He often turned his scientific knowledge to practical purpose by inventing useful products. The most popular of these inventions was the Franklin stove, for which he refused to accept a patent, saying, "That, as we enjoy great advantages from the inventions of others, we should be glad of an opportunity to serve others by any inventions of ours, and thus we should do freely and generously."

Franklin's success was due to his innate Yankee shrewdness and common sense. He was the philosopher of the practical. He expressed his philosophy in his *Autobiography* and in *Poor Richard's Almanac*, started in 1732. From his experiences, as he reviewed them when an old man, he drew useful lessons. He recommended economy, perseverance, good will, and loyalty as basic qualities for success and planned a scheme for acquiring thirteen desirable virtues. These were temperance, silence, order, resolution, frugality, industry, sincerity, justice, moderation, cleanliness, tranquillity, chastity, and humility. In the

Almanac he published from year to year a series of proverbs by which his readers might direct their business dealings. In the preface to the *Almanac* for 1758 he gathered the most valuable of these. This preface has since been published separately as *The Way to Wealth*, a book which has influenced many persons to become thrifty and practical in their dealings.

Franklin began the *Autobiography* in 1771 while he was enjoying a week's uninterrupted leisure at the country estate of the Bishop of St Asaph's at Twyford, England. His purpose was to provide his posterity with a guide to the means for attaining a satisfactory position in the world. The first part ending with his marriage in 1730 he sent to his son, who was Governor of New Jersey. Some years later this manuscript came into the possession of Abel James, who sent the author a copy and urged him to continue the narrative. Other friends seconded this request so heartily that in 1784 Franklin wrote another short section at Passy, a suburb of Paris. Again he was forced to lay aside the work and did not find time to continue it until August, 1788. Before his death twenty months later he had carried the account down to his visit to London in 1757. Thus the *Autobiography* unfortunately does not give us the story of Franklin's great services to his country, but it does indicate his preparation for this service and his attitude towards life. Furthermore, it shows the trend of his mind and acquaints us with the characteristics which made him the first representative American.

EARLY EXPERIENCES IN PHILADELPHIA

I have been the more particular in this description of my journey, and shall be so of my first entry into that city, that you may in your mind compare such unlikely beginnings with the figure I have since made there. I was in my working dress, my best clothes being to come round by sea. I was dirty from my journey, my pockets were stuff'd out with shirts and stockings, and I knew no soul nor where to look for lodging. I was fatigued with travelling, rowing, and want of rest, I was very hungry, and my whole stock of cash consisted of a Dutch dollar, and about a shilling in copper. The latter I gave the people of the boat for my passage, who at first refus'd it, on account of my rowing, but I insisted on their taking it. A man being sometimes more generous when he has but a little money than when he has plenty, perhaps thro' fear of being thought to have but little.

Then I walked up the street, gazing about till near the market-house I met a boy with bread. I had made many a meal on bread,

and, inquiring where he got it, I went immediately to the baker's he directed me to, in Second-street, and ask'd for bisket, intending such as we had in Boston, but they, it seems, were not made in Philadelphia. Then I asked for a three-penny loaf, and was told they had none such. So not considering or knowing the difference of money, and the greater cheapness nor the names of his bread, I bad him give me three-penny worth of any sort. He gave me, accordingly, three great puffy rolls. I was surpriz'd at the quantity, but took it, and, having no room in my pockets, walk'd off with a roll under each arm, and eating the other. Thus I went up Market-street as far as Fourth-street, passing by the door of Mr Read, my future wife's father; when she, standing at the door, saw me, and thought I made, as I certainly did, a most awkward, ridiculous appearance. Then I turned and went down Chestnut-street and part of Walnut-street, eating my roll all the way, and, coming round, found myself again at Market-street wharf, near the boat I came in, to which I went for a draught of the river water; and, being filled with one of my rolls,

gave the other two to a woman and her child that came down the river in the boat with us, and were waiting to go farther

Thus refreshed, I walked again up the street, which by this time had many clean-dressed people in it, who were all walking the same way I joined them, and thereby was led into the great meeting-house of the Quakers near the market I sat down among them, and, after looking round awhile and hearing nothing said, being very drowsy thro' labor and want of rest the preceding night, I fell fast asleep, and continued so till the meeting broke up, when one was kind enough to rouse me This was, therefore, the first house I was in, or slept in, in Philadelphia

Walking down again toward the river, and, looking in the faces of people, I met a young Quaker man, whose countenance I lik'd, and, accosting him, requested he would tell me where a stranger could get lodging We were then near the sign of the Three Mariners "Here," says he, "is one place that entertains strangers, but it is not a reputable house, if thee wilt walk with me, I'll show thee a better" He brought me to the Crooked Billet in Water-street Here I got a dinner, and, while I was eating it, several sly questions were asked me, as it seemed to be suspected from my youth and appearance, that I might be some runaway

After dinner, my sleepiness return'd, and being shown to a bed, I lay down without undressing, and slept till six in the evening, was call'd to supper, went to bed again very early, and slept soundly till next morning Then I made myself as tidy as I could, and went to Andrew Bradford the printer's I found in the shop the old man his father, whom I had seen at New York, and who, travelling on horseback, had got to Philadelphia before me He introduc'd me to his son, who receiv'd me civilly, gave me a breakfast, but told me he did not at present want a hand, being lately suppli'd with one, but there was another printer in town, lately set up, one Keimer, who, perhaps, might employ me, if not, I should be welcome to lodge at his house, and he would give me a little work to do now and then till fuller business should offer

The old gentleman said he would go with me to the new printer; and when we found him, "Neighbor," says Bradford, "I have brought to see you a young man of your

business, perhaps you may want such a one" He ask'd me a few questions, put a composing stick in my hand to see how I work'd, and then said he would employ me soon, though he had just then nothing for me to do, and, taking old Bradford, whom he had never seen before, to be one of the town's people that had a good will for him, enter'd into a conversation on his present undertaking and prospects, while Bradford, not discovering that he was the other printer's father, on Keimer's saying he expected soon to get the greatest part of the business into his own hands, drew him on by artful questions, and starting little doubts, to explain all his views, what interest he reli'd on, and in what manner he intended to proceed I, who stood by and heard all, saw immediately that one of them was a crafty old sophister, and the other a mere novice Bradford left me with Keimer, who was greatly surpris'd when I told him who the old man was

Keimer's printing-house, I found, consisted of an old shatter'd press, and one small, worn-out font of English, which he was then using himself, composing an Elegy on Aquila Rose, before mentioned, an ingenious young man, of excellent character, much respected in the town, clerk of the Assembly, and a pretty poet Keimer made verses too, but very indifferently He could not be said to write them, for his manner was to compose them in the types directly out of his head So there being no copy, but one pair of cases, and the Elegy likely to require all the letter, no one could help him I endeavor'd to put his press (which he had not yet us'd, and of which he understood nothing) into order fit to be work'd with, and, promising to come and print off his Elegy as soon as he should have got it ready, I return'd to Bradford's, who gave me a little job to do for the present, and there I lodged and dieted A few days after, Keimer sent for me to print off the Elegy And now he had got another pair of cases, and a pamphlet to reprint, on which he set me to work

These two printers I found poorly qualified for their business Bradford had not been bred to it, and was very illiterate; and Keimer, tho' something of a scholar, was a mere compositor, knowing nothing of presswork He had been one of the French prophets, and could act their enthusiastic agitations At this time he did not profess any particular

religion, but something of all on occasion, was very ignorant of the world, and had, as I afterward found, a good deal of the knave in his composition. He did not like my lodging at Bradford's while I work'd with him. He had a house, indeed, but without furniture, so he could not lodge me, but he got me a lodging at Mr Read's, before mentioned, who was the owner of his house, and, my chest and clothes being come by this time, I made rather a more respectable appearance in the eyes of Miss Read than I had done when she first happen'd to see me eating my roll in the street.

I began now to have some acquaintance among the young people of the town, that were lovers of reading, with whom I spent my evenings very pleasantly, and gaining money by my industry and frugality, I lived very agreeably, forgetting Boston as much as I could, and not desiring that any there should know where I resided, except my friend Collins, who was in my secret, and kept it when I wrote to him. At length, an incident happened that sent me back again much sooner than I had intended. I had a brother-in-law, Robert Holmes, master of a sloop that traded between Boston and Delaware. He being at Newcastle, forty miles below Philadelphia, heard there of me, and wrote me a letter mentioning the concern of my friends in Boston at my abrupt departure, assuring me of their good will to me, and that every thing would be accommodated to my mind if I would return, to which he exhorted me very earnestly. I wrote an answer to his letter, thank'd him for his advice, but stated my reasons for quitting Boston fully and in such a light as to convince him I was not so wrong as he had apprehended.

Sir William Keith, governor of the province, was then at Newcastle, and Captain Holmes, happening to be in company with him when my letter came to hand, spoke to him of me, and show'd him the letter. The governor read it, and seem'd surpris'd when he was told of my age. He said I appear'd a young man of promising parts, and therefore should be encouraged, the printers at Philadelphia were wretched ones, and, if I would set up there, he made no doubt I should succeed, for his part, he would procure me the public business, and do me every other service in his power. This my brother-in-law afterwards told me in Boston, but I knew as yet nothing of it, when, one day, Keimer and I being at work together near the window, we saw the governor and another gentleman (which proved to be Colonel French, of Newcastle), finely dress'd, come directly across the street to our house, and heard them at the door.

Keimer ran down immediately, thinking it a visit to him, but the governor inquir'd for me, came up, and with a condescension and politeness I had been quite unus'd to, made me many compliments, desired to be acquainted with me, blam'd me kindly for not having made myself known to him when I first came to the place, and would have me away with him to the tavern, where he was going with Colonel French to taste, as he said, some excellent Madeira. I was not a little surprised, and Keimer star'd like a pig poison'd. I went, however, with the governor and Colonel French to a tavern, at the corner of Third-street, and over the Madeira he propos'd my setting up my business, laid before me the probabilities of success, and both he and Colonel French assur'd me I should have their interest and influence in procuring the public business of both governments. On my doubting whether my father would assist me in it, Sir William said he would give me a letter to him, in which he would state the advantages, and he did not doubt of prevailing with him. So it was concluded I should return to Boston in the first vessel, with the governor's letter recommending me to my father. In the mean time the intention was to be kept a secret, and I went on working with Keimer as usual, the governor sending for me now and then to dine with him, a very great honor, I thought it, and conversing with me in the most affable, familiar, and friendly manner imaginable.

About the end of April, 1724, a little vessel offer'd for Boston. I took leave of Keimer as going to see my friends. The governor gave me an ample letter, saying many flattering things of me to my father, and strongly recommending the project of my setting up at Philadelphia as a thing that must make my fortune. We struck on a shoal in going down the bay, and sprung a leak, we had a blustering time at sea, and were oblig'd to pump almost continually, at which I took my turn. We arriv'd safe, however, at Boston in about a fortnight. I had been absent seven months, and my friends had heard nothing of me; for my br Holmes was not

yet return'd, and had not written about me. My unexpected appearance surpriz'd the family, all were, however, very glad to see me, and made me welcome, except my brother. I went to see him at his printing-house. I was better dress'd than ever while in his service, having a genteel new suit from head to foot, a watch, and my pockets lin'd with near five pounds sterling in silver. He receiv'd me not very frankly, look'd me all over, and turn'd to his work again.

The journeymen were inquisitive where I had been, what sort of a country it was, and how I lik'd it. I prais'd it much, and the happy life I led in it, expressing strongly my intention of returning to it, and, one of them asking what kind of money we had there, I produc'd a handful of silver, and spread it before them, which was a kind of raree-show they had not been us'd to, paper being the money of Boston. Then I took an opportunity of letting them see my watch, and, lastly (my brother still grum and sullen), I gave them a piece of eight to drink, and took my leave. This visit of mine offended him extremely, for, when my mother some time after spoke to him of a reconciliation, and of her wishes to see us on good terms together, and that we might live for the future as brothers, he said I had insulted him in such a manner before his people that he could never forget or forgive it. In this, however, he was mistaken.

My father received the governor's letter with some apparent surprise, but said little of it to me for some days, when Capt. Holmes returning he showed it to him, ask'd him if he knew Keith, and what kind of man he was; adding his opinion that he must be of small discretion to think of setting a boy up in business who wanted yet three years of being at man's estate. Holmes said what he could, in favor of the project, but my father was clear in the impropriety of it, and at last gave a flat denial to it. Then he wrote a civil letter to Sir William, thanking him for the patronage he had so kindly offered me, but declining to assist me as yet in setting up, I being, in his opinion, too young to be trusted with the management of a business so important, and for which the preparation must be so expensive.

My friend and companion Collins, who was a clerk in the post-office, pleas'd with the account I gave him of my new country, deter-

mined to go thither also, and, while I waited for my father's determination, he set out before me by land to Rhode Island, leaving his books, which were a pretty collection of mathematics and natural philosophy, to come with mine and me to New York, where he propos'd to wait for me.

My father, tho' he did not approve Sir William's proposition, was yet pleas'd that I had been able to obtain so advantageous a character from a person of such note where I had resided, and that I had been so industrious and careful as to equip myself so handsomely in so short a time, therefore, seeing no prospect of an accommodation between my brother and me, he gave his consent to my returning again to Philadelphia, advis'd me to behave respectfully to the people there, endeavor to obtain the general esteem, and avoid lampooning and libeling, to which he thought I had too much inclination; telling me, that by steady industry and a prudent parsimony I might save enough by the time I was one-and-twenty to set me up, and that, if I came near the matter, he would help me out with the rest. This was all I could obtain, except some small gifts as tokens of his and my mother's love, when I embark'd again for New York, now with their approbation and their blessing.

The sloop putting in at Newport, Rhode Island, I visited my brother John, who had been married and settled there some years. He received me very affectionately, for he always lov'd me. A friend of his, one Vernon, having some money due to him in Pensilvania, about thirty-five pounds currency, desired I would receive it for him, and keep it till I had his directions what to remit it in. Accordingly, he gave me an order. This afterwards occasion'd me a good deal of uneasiness.

At Newport we took in a number of passengers for New York, among which were two young women, companions, and a grave, sensible, matron-like Quaker woman, with her attendants. I had shown an obliging readiness to do her some little services, which impress'd her, I suppose, with a degree of good will toward me, therefore, when she saw a daily growing familiarity between me and the two young women, which they appear'd to encourage, she took me aside, and said, "Young man, I am concern'd for thee, as thou has no friend with thee, and seems not

to know much of the world, or of the snares youth is expos'd to, depend upon it, those are very bad women, I can see it in all their actions, and if thee art not upon thy guard, they will draw thee into some danger, they are strangers to thee, and I advise thee, in a friendly concern for thy welfare, to have no acquaintance with them." As I seem'd at first not to think so ill of them as she did, she mentioned some things she had observ'd and heard that had escap'd my notice, but now convinc'd me she was right. I thank'd her for her kind advice, and promis'd to follow it. When we arriv'd at New York, they told me where they liv'd, and invited me to come and see them, but I avoided it, and it was well I did, for the next day the captain miss'd a silver spoon and some other things, that had been taken out of his cabin, and, knowing that these were a couple of strumpets, he got a warrant to search their lodgings, found the stolen goods, and had the thieves punish'd. So, tho' we had escap'd a sunken rock, which we scrap'd upon in the passage, I thought this escape of rather more importance to me.

At New York I found my friend Collins, who had arriv'd there some time before me. We had been intimate from children, and had read the same books together, but he had the advantage of more time for reading and studying, and a wonderful genius for mathematical learning, in which he far outstript me. While I liv'd in Boston, most of my hours of leisure for conversation were spent with him, and he continu'd a sober as well as an industrious lad, was much respected for his learning by several of the clergy and other gentlemen, and seemed to promise making a good figure in life. But, during my absence, he had acquir'd a habit of sotting with brandy, and I found by his own account, and what I heard from others, that he had been drunk every day since his arrival at New York, and behav'd very oddly. He had gam'd, too, and lost his money, so that I was oblig'd to discharge his lodgings, and defray his expenses to and at Philadelphia, which prov'd extremely inconvenient to me.

The then governor of New York, Burnet (son of Bishop Burnet), hearing from the captain that a young man, one of his passengers, had a great many books, desir'd he would bring me to see him. I waited upon

him accordingly, and should have taken Collins with me but that he was not sober. The gov'r treated me with great civility, show'd me his library, which was a very large one, and we had a good deal of conversation about books and authors. This was the second governor who had done me the honor to take notice of me, which, to a poor boy like me, was very pleasing.

We proceeded to Philadelphia. I received on the way Vernon's money, without which we could hardly have finish'd our journey. Collins wished to be employ'd in some counting-house, but, whether they discover'd his dramming by his breath, or by his behavior, tho' he had some recommendations, he met with no success in any application, and continu'd lodging and boarding at the same house with me, and at my expense. Knowing I had that money of Vernon's, he was continually borrowing of me, still promising repayment as soon as he should be in business. At length he had got so much of it that I was distress'd to think what I should do in case of being call'd on to remit it.

His drinking continu'd, about which we sometimes quarrel'd, for, when a little intoxicated, he was very fractious. Once, in a boat on the Delaware with some other young men, he refused to row in his turn. "I will be row'd home," says he. "We will not row you," says I. "You must, or stay all night on the water," says he, "just as you please." The others said, "Let us row, what signifies it?" But, my mind being soured with his other conduct, I continu'd to refuse. So he swore he would make me row, or throw me overboard, and coming along, stepping on the thwarts, toward me, when he came up and struck at me, I clapped my hand under his crutch, and, rising, pitched him head-foremost into the river. I knew he was a good swimmer, and so was under little concern about him, but before he could get round to lay hold of the boat, we had with a few strokes pull'd her out of his reach, and ever when he drew near the boat, we ask'd if he would row, striking a few strokes to slide her away from him. He was ready to die with vexation, and so obstinately would not promise to row. However, seeing him at last beginning to tire, we lifted him in and brought him home dripping wet in the evening. We hardly exchange'd a civil word afterwards, and a West India captain, who had a commission to procure a tutor

for the sons of a gentleman at Barbadoes, happening to meet with him, agreed to carry him thither. He left me then, promising to remit me the first money he should receive in order to discharge the debt, but I never heard of him after.

The breaking into this money of Vernon's was one of the first great errata of my life, and this affair show'd that my father was not much out in his judgment when he suppos'd me too young to manage business of importance. But Sir William, on reading his letter, said he was too prudent. There was great difference in persons, and discretion did not always accompany years, nor was youth always without it. "And since he will not set you up," says he, "I will do it myself. Give me an inventory of the things necessary to be had from England, and I will send for them. You shall repay me when you are able, I am resolv'd to have a good printer here, and I am sure you must succeed." This was spoken with such an appearance of cordiality, that I had not the least doubt of his meaning what he said. I had hitherto kept the proposition of my setting up, a secret in Philadelphia, and I still kept it. Had it been known that I depended on the governor, probably some friend, that knew him better, would have advs'd me not to rely on him, as I afterwards heard it as his known character to be liberal of promises which he never meant to keep. Yet, unsolicited as he was by me, how could I think his generous offers insincere? I believ'd him one of the best men in the world.

I presented him an inventory of a little print'g-house, amounting by my computation to about one hundred pounds sterling. He lik'd it, but ask'd me if my being on the spot in England to chuse the types, and see that every thing was good of the kind, might not be of some advantage. "Then," says he, "when there, you may make acquaintances, and establish correspondences in the bookselling and stationery way." I agreed that this might be advantageous. "Then," says he, "get yourself ready to go with Annis," which was the annual ship, and the only one at that time usually passing between London and Philadelphia. But it would be some months before Annis sail'd, so I continu'd working with Kemmer, fretting about the money. Collins had got from me, and in daily apprehensions of being call'd upon by Vernon,

which, however, did not happen for some years after.

I believe I have omitted mentioning that, in my first voyage from Boston, being becalm'd off Block Island, our people set about catching cod, and hauled up a great many. Hitherto I had stuck to my resolution of not eating animal food, and on this occasion I consider'd, with my master Tryon, the taking every fish as a kind of unprovoked murder, since none of them had, or ever could do us any injury that might justify the slaughter. All this seem'd very reasonable. But I had formerly been a great lover of fish, and, when this came hot out of the frying-pan, it smelt admirably well. I balanc'd some time between principle and inclination, till I recollected that, when the fish were opened, I saw smaller fish taken out of their stomachs, then thought I, "If you eat one another, I don't see why we mayn't eat you." So I din'd upon cod very heartily, and continued to eat with other people, returning only now and then occasionally to a vegetable diet. So convenient a thing is it to be a *reasonable creature*, since it enables one to find or make a reason for every thing one has a mind to do.

Kemmer and I liv'd on a pretty good familiar footing, and agreed tolerably well, for he suspected nothing of my setting up. He retain'd a great deal of his old enthusiasms and lov'd argumentation. We therefore had many disputations. I used to work him so with my Socratic method, and had trepann'd him so often by questions apparently so distant from any point we had in hand, and yet by degrees led to the point, and brought him into difficulties and contradictions, that at last he grew ridiculously cautious, and would hardly answer me the most common question, without asking first, "*What do you intend to infer from that?*" However, it gave him so high an opinion of my abilities in the confuting way, that he seriously proposed my being his colleague in a project he had of setting up a new sect. He was to preach the doctrines, and I was to confound all opponents. When he came to explain with me upon the doctrines, I found several conundrums which I objected to, unless I might have my way a little, too, and introduce some of mine.

Kemmer wore his beard at full length, because somewhere in the Mosac law it is said, "*Thou shalt not mar the corners of thy beard*." He likewise kept the Seventh day,

Sabbath, and these two points were essentials with him I disliked both, but agreed to admit them upon condition of his adopting the doctrine of using no animal food "I doubt," said he, "my constitution will not bear that" I assured him it would, and that he would be the better for it He was usually a great glutton, and I promised myself some diversion in half starving him He agreed to try the practice, if I would keep him company I did so, and we held it for three months We had our victuals dress'd, and brought to us regularly by a woman in the neighborhood, who had from me a list of forty dishes, to be prepar'd for us at different times, in all which there was neither fish, flesh, nor fowl, and the whim suited me the better at this time from the cheapness of it, not costing us above eighteenpence sterling each per week I have since kept several Lents most strictly, leaving the common diet for that, and that for the common, abruptly, without the least inconvenience, so that I think there is little in the advice of making those changes by easy

gradations I went on pleasantly, but poor Kemmer suffered grievously, tired of the project, long'd for the flesh-pots of Egypt, and order'd a roast pig He invited me and two women friends to dine with him; but, it being brought too soon upon table, he could not resist the temptation, and ate the whole before we came

I had made some courtship during this time to Miss Read I had a great respect and affection for her, and had some reason to believe she had the same for me, but, as I was about to take a long voyage, and we were both very young, only a little above eighteen, it was thought most prudent by her mother to prevent our going too far at present, as a marriage, if it was to take place, would be more convenient after my return, when I should be, as I expected, set up in my business Perhaps, too, she thought my expectations not so well founded as I imagined them to be

From Autobiography

WASHINGTON IRVING (1783-1859)

From reading books of travel and adventure and from rambling along the banks of the Hudson and in the Catskills during his youthful days when he was supposed to be studying law, Irving stored his mind with the legends concerning the early settlers of his native city. In his opinion the Dutch burghers had inhabited a far more romantic city than the New York where he received his brief schooling and where his father and brothers conducted their hardware business. The needs of the present, however, forced him to continue his studies in Judge Hoffman's law office until he should be admitted to the bar. While he was thus engaged, he wrote a few papers for the *Morning Chronicle* in the style of the *Spectator* papers. These contributions, signed Jonathan Oldstyle, contained some humorous remarks about contemporary absurdities.

A European tour for his health furthered his interest in literature and acquainted him with the cultural centers of the Old World. For nearly two years he enjoyed the associations which these places offered. Shortly after his return to New York, Irving started with his brother, William, and James Paulding the *Salmagundi*, a semi-monthly periodical modeled after the famous English periodicals of the early eighteenth century. The twenty numbers included articles "to instruct the young, reform the old, correct the town, and castigate the age."

Speculation as to the nature of Irving's next book was fostered by four notices in the *Evening Post*, announcing the disappearance of Diedrich Knickerbocker and the publication of the manuscript found in his room to discharge his debts. This book proved to be an entertaining *History of New York*, describing the discovery, settlement, and rule of the city by the Dutch. Irving romanced about these old days and by the liberal use of exaggeration presented a delightfully humorous picture of the crafty but stolid inhabitants. Yet he faithfully reproduced the spirit of the period. Besides Father Knickerbocker, who soon became a symbolical figure, Wouter Van Twiller and Peter Stuyvesant are the most striking characters. Irving had become so thoroughly absorbed in the affairs of the early colonial days that he could make these Dutch citizens live again. He succeeded eminently in his aim "to embody the traditions of our city in an amusing form" and to surround it "with those imaginative and whimsical associations so seldom met with in our country, but which live like charms and spells about the cities of the Old World."

While Irving was writing this book, his fiancée, Matilda Hoffman, died. She was never replaced in his affections although he liked the society of ladies and was much admired by them. In spite

of the success of the *Knickerbocker History of New York* he could not make up his mind definitely to take up a literary career. As he did not care for law, he joined his brothers in the hardware business. In 1815 he went to Europe for a summer's vacation but remained for seventeen years. Until the hardware firm failed three years later, he occupied himself with the English business. Some of his observations upon English life he described in *The Sketch Book* and *Bracebridge Hall*. These volumes made American readers familiar with English customs and proved to the English that an American author could write most appreciatively personal essays about his experiences in their country.

Another country whose history provided Irving with material for several books was Spain. As attaché to the American Legation in Madrid he had access to the records of Spanish history. The result of his researches was *The Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus* and *The Alhambra*, which included some excellent descriptions of that palace in Granada and selections from the Moorish tales. He left Madrid to become secretary to the Legation in London but returned in 1842 to serve as minister to Spain for four years. He investigated further the conflict between the Moors and the Spaniards and wrote later *Mahomet and His Successors* and *The Conquest of Granada*. With these studies he informed his fellow countrymen about the background of the events which led to the discovery of America. This delving into the past both of England and Spain impressed upon the Americans a sense of their relationship to the Old World.

After Irving returned to New York in 1832, he acquired an estate, Sunnyside, near Tarrytown in the Westchester hills and close to his beloved Sleepy Hollow. Here he spent the rest of his life except for the few years when he was Minister to Spain. His genial personality caused him to be loved by his neighbors and to be visited by his numerous nephews and nieces. The principal literary work of this period was the *Life of George Washington* in eight volumes. Irving gave not only a sympathetic portrait of Washington but also a detailed account of the Revolutionary War. The work has been criticized by historians, but its literary charm has never been denied. Irving was able like Scott to recreate the atmosphere of an historical period even though he erred in the interpretation of events.

The general criticism of Irving's work has been that his ideas are too conventional, his manner is too leisurely, his tendency to repetition is too irritating, and his style is too mechanical. He wrote after the fashion of Addison and Goldsmith rather than in an original mode. Yet the antique

flavor and humor of his tales outweigh the faults of style. No stories in American literature have been more truly a part of our national tradition than *Rip Van Winkle* and *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow*, for Rip, Ichabod Crane, and Katrina Van Tassel have amused generations of school children. Furthermore, Joseph Jefferson embodied on the stage Rip Van Winkle for admiring audiences throughout the length and breadth of the land.

Irving also pointed out to his readers that money was to be accumulated not for itself but for the leisure which it afforded. Only by taking advantage of this leisure could an American cul-

ture be developed. He satirized the devotion to material advancement and urged the appreciation of the less tangible assets. He wished "to penetrate the gathering film of misanthropy, prompt a benevolent view of human nature, and make my reader more in good-humor with his fellow-beings and himself." This laudable desire he accomplished for all those who came into personal contact with him from titled courtiers of Europe to his humble servants at Sunnyside. For later generations the personality of this genial cultured gentleman has been revealed in his delightful essays.

LEGEND OF THE MOOR'S LEGACY

Just within the fortress of the Alhambra, in front of the royal palace, is a broad open esplanade, called the place or square of the cisterns (la plaza de los aljibes), so called from being undermined by reservoirs of water hidden from sight, and which have existed from the time of the Moors. At one corner of this esplanade is a Moonsh well, cut through the living rock to a great depth, the water of which is cold as ice and clear as crystal. The wells made by the Moors are always in repute, for it is well known what pains they took to penetrate to the purest and sweetest springs and fountains. The one we are speaking of is famous throughout Granada, inasmuch that the water-carriers, some bearing great water-jars on their shoulders, others driving asses before them, laden with earthen vessels, are ascending and descending the steep woody avenues of the Alhambra from early dawn until a late hour of the night.

Fountains and wells, ever since the scriptural days, have been noted gossiping places in hot climates, and at the well in question there is a kind of perpetual club kept up during the livelong day, by the invalids, old women, and other curious, do-nothing folk of the fortress, who sit here on the stone benches under an awning spread over the well to shelter the toll-gatherer from the sun, and dawdle over the gossip of the fortress, and question any water-carrier that arrives about the news of the city, and make long comments on everything they hear and see. Not an hour of the day but loitering housewives and idle maid-servants may be seen lingering with pitcher on head or in hand, to hear the last of the endless tattle of these worthies.

Among the water-carriers who once resorted to this well there was a sturdy, strong-backed,

bandy-legged little fellow, named Pedro Gil, but called Peregil for shortness. Being a water-carrier, he was a Gallego, or native of Galicia, of course. Nature seems to have formed races of men as she has of animals for different kinds of drudgery. In France the shoeblacks are all Savoyards, the porters of hotels all Swiss, and in the days of hoops and hair powder in England, no man could give the regular swing to a sedan chair but a bog-trotting Irishman. So in Spain the carriers of water and bearers of burdens are all sturdy little natives of Galicia. No man says, "get me a porter," but, "call a Gallego."

To return from this digression, Peregil the Gallego had begun business with merely a great earthen jar, which he carried upon his shoulder, by degrees he rose in the world and was enabled to purchase an assistant of a correspondent class of animals, being a stout shaggy-haired donkey. On each side of this his long-eared aid-de-camp, in a kind of pannier, were slung his water-jars covered with fig leaves to protect them from the sun. There was not a more industrious water-carrier in all Granada, nor one more merry withal. The streets rang with his cheerful voice as he trudged after his donkey, singing forth the usual summer note that resounds through the Spanish towns, "*quen quere agua in agua mas fria que la neve*. Who wants water—water colder than snow—who wants water from the well of the Alhambra—cold as ice and clear as crystal?" When he served a customer with a sparkling glass, it was always with a pleasant word that caused a smile, and if, perchance, it was a comely dame or dimpling damsel, it was always with a sly leer and a compliment to her beauty that was irresistible. Thus Peregil the Gallego was noted throughout all Granada for being one of the civillest, pleasantest, and happiest of mortals. Yet it is not

he who sings loudest and jokes most that has the lightest heart Under all this air of merriment, honest Peregil had his cares and troubles He had a large family of ragged children to support, who were hungry and clamorous as a nest of young swallows, and beset him with their outcries for food whenever he came home of an evening He had a helpmate too who was anything but a help to him She had been a village beauty before marriage, noted for her skill in dancing the bolero and rattling the castanets, and she still retained her early propensities, spending the hard earnings of honest Peregil in frippery, and laying the very donkey under requisition for junketing parties into the country on Sundays and saints' days, and those innumerable holidays which are rather more numerous in Spain than the days of the week With all this she was a little of a slattern, something more of a lie-a-bed, and, above all, a gossip of the first water, neglecting house, household and everything else, to loiter slipshod in the houses of her gossip neighbors

He, however, who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, accommodates the yoke of matrimony to the submissive neck Peregil bore all the heavy dispensations of wife and children with as meek a spirit as his donkey bore the water-jars, and however he might shake his ears in private, never ventured to question the household virtues of his slattern spouse

He loved his children, too, even as an owl loves its owlets, seeing in them his own image multiplied and perpetuated, for they were a sturdy, long-backed, bandy-legged little brood The great pleasure of honest Peregil was, whenever he could afford himself a scanty holiday and had a handful of maravedies to spare, to take the whole litter forth with him, some in his arms, some tugging at his skirts, and some trudging at his heels, and to treat them to a gambol among the orchards of the Vega, while his wife was dancing with her holiday friends in the Angosturas of the Darro

It was a late hour one summer night, and most of the water-carriers had desisted from their toils The day had been uncommonly sultry, the night was one of those delicious moonlights, which tempt the inhabitants of those southern climes to indemnify themselves for the heat and inaction of the day, by lingering in the open air and enjoying its tempered sweetness until after midnight Customers for water were therefore still

abroad Peregil, like a considerate, painstaking little father, thought of his hungry children "One more journey to the well," said he to himself, "to earn a good Sunday's puchero for the little ones" So saying, he trudged rapidly up the steep avenue of the Alhambra, singing as he went, and now and then bestowing a hearty thwack with a cudgel on the flanks of his donkey, either by way of cadence to the song or refreshment to the animal, for dry blows serve in lieu for provender in Spain, for all beasts of burden

When arrived at the well he found it deserted by every one except a solitary stranger in Moorish garb, seated on the stone bench in the moonlight Peregil paused at first and regarded him with surprise, not unmixed with awe, but the Moor feebly beckoned him to approach

"I am faint and ill," said he, "aid me to return to the city, and I will pay thee double what thou couldst gain by thy jars of water"

The honest heart of the little water-carrier was touched with compassion at the appeal of the stranger "God forbid," said he, "that I should ask fee or reward for doing a common act of humanity"

He accordingly helped the Moor on his donkey, and set off slowly for Granada, the poor Moslem being so weak that it was necessary to hold him on the animal to keep him from falling to the earth.

When they entered the city the water-carrier demanded whither he should conduct him "Alas!" said the Moor faintly, "I have neither home nor habitation I am a stranger in the land Suffer me to lay my head this night beneath thy roof, and thou shall be amply repaid"

Honest Peregil thus saw himself unexpectedly saddled with an infidel guest, but he was too humane to refuse a night's shelter to a fellow being in so forlorn a plight, so he conducted the Moor to his dwelling The children, who had sallied forth, open-mouthed as usual, on hearing the tramp of the donkey, ran back with affright when they beheld the turbaned stranger, and hid themselves behind their mother The latter stepped forth intrepidly, like a ruffling hen before her brood, when a vagrant dog approaches

"What infidel companion," cried she, "is this you have brought home at this late hour to draw upon us the eyes of the Inquisition?"

"Be quiet, wife," replied the Gallego, "here is a poor sick stranger, without friend or home, wouldst thou turn him forth to perish in the streets?"

The wife would still have remonstrated, for, though she lived in a hovel, she was a furious stickler for the credit of her house, the little water-carrier, however, for once was stiff-necked, and refused to bend beneath the yoke. He assisted the poor Moslem to alight, and spread a mat and a sheepskin for him, on the ground, in the coolest part of the house, being the only kind of bed that his poverty afforded.

In a little while the Moor was seized with violent convulsions, which defied all the ministering skill of the simple water-carrier. The eye of the poor patient acknowledged his kindness. During an interval of his fits he called him to his side, and addressing him in a low voice "My end," said he, "I fear is at hand. If I die I bequeath you this box as a reward for your charity." So saying, he opened his albornoz, or cloak, and showed a small box of sandalwood, strapped round his body.

"God grant, my friend," replied the worthy little Gallego, "that you may live many years to enjoy your treasure, whatever it may be."

The Moor shook his head, he laid his hand upon the box, and would have said something more concerning it, but his convulsions returned with increased violence, and in a little while he expired.

The water-carrier's wife was now as one distracted. "This comes," said she, "of your foolish good nature, always running into scrapes to oblige others. What will become of us when this corpse is found in our house? We shall be sent to prison as murderers, and if we escape with our lives, shall be ruined by notaries and alguazils."

Poor Peregil was in equal tribulation, and almost repented himself of having done a good deed. At length a thought struck him. "It is not yet day," said he. "I can convey the dead body out of the city and bury it in the sands on the banks of the Xenil. No one saw the Moor enter our dwelling, and no one will know anything of his death." So said, so done. The wife aided him. They rolled the body of the unfortunate Moslem in the mat on which he had expired, laid it across the ass, and Peregil set out with it for the banks of the river.

As ill luck would have it, there lived op-

posite to the water-carrier a barber, named Pedrillo Pedrugo, one of the most prying, tattling, mischief-making of his gossip tribe. He was a weasel-faced, spider-legged varlet, supple and insinuating, the famous Barber of Seville could not surpass him for his universal knowledge of the affairs of others, and he had no more power of retention than a sieve. It was said that he slept with but one eye at a time, and kept one ear uncovered, so that, even in his sleep, he might see and hear all that was going on. Certain it is, he was a sort of scandalous chronicle for the quidnuncs of Granada, and had more customers than all the rest of his fraternity.

This meddlesome barber heard Peregil arrive at an unusual hour of night, and the exclamations of his wife and children. His head was instantly popped out of a little window which served him as a lookout, and he saw his neighbor assist a man in a Moorish garb into his dwelling. This was so strange an occurrence that Pedrillo Pedrugo slept not a wink that night—every five minutes he was at his loophole, watching the lights that gleamed through the chinks of his neighbor's door, and before daylight he beheld Peregil sally forth with his donkey unusually laden.

The inquisitive barber was in a fidget, he slipped on his clothes, and stealing forth silently, followed the water-carrier at a distance, until he saw him dig a hole in the sandy bank of the Xenil, and bury something that had the appearance of a dead body.

The barber hied him home and fidgeted about his shop, setting everything upside down, until sunrise. He then took a basin under his arm, and sallied forth to the house of his daily customer, the Alcalde.

The Alcalde was just risen. Pedrillo Pedrugo seated him in a chair, threw a napkin round his neck, put a basin of hot water under his chin, and began to mollify his beard with his fingers.

"Strange doings," said Pedrugo, who played barber and newsmonger at the same time. "Strange doings! Robbery, and murder, and burial, all in one night!"

"Hey? how! What is it you say?" cried the Alcalde.

"I say," replied the barber, rubbing a piece of soap over the nose and mouth of the dignitary, for a Spanish barber disdains to employ a brush, "I say that Peregil the Gallego has robbed and murdered a Moorish Mussulman,

and buried him this blessed night—*maldita sea la noche*—accursed be the night for the same!”

“But how do you know all this?” demanded the Alcalde

“Be patient, señor, and you shall hear all about it,” replied Pedrillo, taking him by the nose and sliding a razor over his cheek. He then recounted all that he had seen, going through both operations at the same time, shaving his beard, washing his chin, and wiping him dry with a dirty napkin, while he was robbing, murdering, and burying the Moslem.

Now it so happened that this Alcalde was one of the most overbearing, and at the same time most griping and corrupt, curmudgeons in all Granada. It could not be denied, however, that he set a high value upon justice, for he sold it at its weight in gold. He presumed the case in point to be one of murder and robbery, doubtless there must be rich spoil, how was it to be secured into the legitimate hands of the law? for as to merely entrapping the delinquent—that would be feeding the gallows, but entrapping the booty—that would be enriching the judge, and such, according to his creed, was the great end of justice. So thinking, he summoned to his presence his trustiest alguazil—a gaunt, hungry-looking varlet, clad, according to the custom of his order, in the ancient Spanish garb—a broad black beaver, turned up at the sides, a quant ruff, a small black cloak dangling from his shoulders, rusty black underclothes that set off his spare wiry form, while in his hand he bore a slender white wand, the dreaded insignia of his office. Such was the legal bloodhound of the ancient Spanish breed, that he put upon the traces of the unlucky water-carrier, and such was his speed and certainty that he was upon the haunches of poor Peregril before he had returned to his dwelling, and brought both him and his donkey before the dispenser of justice.

The Alcalde bent upon him one of his most terrific frowns. “Hark ye, culprit,” roared he in a voice that made the knees of the little Gallego smite together—“Hark ye, culprit! there is no need of denying thy guilt, everything is known to me. A gallows is the proper reward for the crime thou hast committed, but I am merciful, and readily listen to reason. The man that has been murdered in thy house was a Moor, an infidel, the enemy of our faith. It was doubtless in a fit

of religious zeal that thou hast slain him. I will be indulgent, therefore, render up the property of which thou hast robbed him, and we will hush the matter up.”

The poor water-carrier called upon all the saints to witness his innocence, alas! not one of them appeared, and if there had, the Alcalde would have disbelieved the whole calendar. The water-carrier related the whole story of the dying Moor with the straightforward simplicity of truth, but it was all in vain. “Wilt thou persist in saying,” demanded the judge, “that this Moslem had neither gold nor jewels, which were the object of thy cupidity?”

“As I hope to be saved, your worship,” replied the water-carrier, “he had nothing but a small box of sandalwood, which he bequeathed to me in reward of my services.”

“A box of sandalwood! a box of sandalwood!” exclaimed the Alcalde, his eyes sparkling at the idea of precious jewels, “and where is this box? where have you concealed it?”

“An’ it please your grace,” replied the water-carrier, “it is in one of the panniers of my mule, and heartily at the service of your worship.”

He had hardly spoken the words when the keen alguazil darted off and reappeared in an instant with the mysterious box of sandalwood. The Alcalde opened it with an eager and trembling hand, all pressed forward to gaze upon the treasures it was expected to contain, when, to their disappointment, nothing appeared within but a parchment scroll, covered with Arabic characters, and an end of a waxen taper!

When there is nothing to be gained by the conviction of a prisoner, justice, even in Spain, is apt to be impartial. The Alcalde, having recovered from his disappointment and found there was really no booty in the case, now listened dispassionately to the explanation of the water-carrier, which was corroborated by the testimony of his wife. Being convinced, therefore, of his innocence, he discharged him from arrest, nay, more, he permitted him to carry off the Moor’s legacy, the box of sandalwood and its contents, as the well-merited reward of his humanity, but he retained his donkey in payment of cost and charges.

Behold the unfortunate little Gallego reduced once more to the necessity of being his

own water-carrier, and trudging up to the well of the Alhambra with a great earthen jar upon his shoulder. As he toiled up the hill in the heat of a summer noon his usual good-humor forsook him. "Dog of an Alcalde!" would he cry, "to rob a poor man of the means of his subsistence—of the best friend he had in the world!" And then, at the remembrance of the beloved companion of his labors, all the kindness of his nature would break forth. "Ah, donkey of my heart!" would he exclaim, resting his burden on a stone, and wiping the sweat from his brow, "Ah, donkey of my heart! I warrant me thou thinkest of thy old master! I warrant me thou missest the water jars—poor beast!"

To add to his afflictions his wife received him, on his return home, with whimperings and repinings, she had clearly the vantage-ground of him, having warned him not to commit the egregious act of hospitality that had brought on him all these misfortunes, and like a knowing woman, she took every occasion to throw her superior sagacity in his teeth. If ever her children lacked food or needed a new garment, she would answer with a sneer, "Go to your father, he's heir to King Chico of the Alhambra. Ask him to help you out of the Moor's strong box."

Was ever poor mortal more soundly punished for having done a good action! The unlucky Peregil was grieved in flesh and spirit, but still he bore meekly with the railings of his spouse. At length one evening, when, after a hot day's toil, she taunted him in the usual manner, he lost all patience. He did not venture to retort upon her, but his eye rested upon the box of sandalwood, which lay on a shelf with lid half open, as if laughing in mockery of his vexation. Seizing it up he dashed it with indignation on the floor. "Unlucky was the day that I ever set eyes on thee," he cried, "or sheltered thy master beneath my roof."

As the box struck the floor the lid flew wide open, and the parchment scroll rolled forth. Peregil sat regarding the scroll for some time in moody silence. At length rallying his ideas, "Who knows," thought he, "but this writing may be of some importance, as the Moor seems to have guarded it with such care?" Picking it up, therefore, he put it in his bosom, and the next morning, as he was crying water through the streets, he stopped at the shop of a Moor, a native of Tangiers,

who sold trinkets and perfumery in the Zaccatin, and asked him to explain the contents.

The Moor read the scroll attentively, then stroked his beard and smiled. "This manuscript," said he, "is a form of incantation for the recovery of hidden treasure, that is under the power of enchantment. It is said to have such virtue that the strongest bolts and bars, nay, the adamant rock itself, will yield before it."

"Bah!" cried the little Gallego, "what is all that to me? I am no enchanter, and know nothing of buried treasure." So saying he shouldered his water-jar, left the scroll in the hands of the Moor, and trudged forward on his daily rounds.

That evening, however, as he rested himself about twilight at the well of the Alhambra, he found a number of gossips assembled at the place, and their conversation, as is not unusual at that shadowy hour, turned upon old tales and traditions of a supernatural nature. Being all poor as rats, they dwelt with peculiar fondness upon the popular theme of enchanted riches left by the Moors in various parts of the Alhambra. Above all they concurred in the belief that there were great treasures buried deep in the earth under the tower of the Seven Floors.

These stories made an unusual impression on the mind of the honest Peregil, and they sank deeper and deeper into his thoughts as he returned alone down the darkening avenues. "If, after all, there should be treasure hid beneath that tower—and if the scroll I left with the Moor should enable me to get at it!" In the sudden ecstasy of the thought he had well nigh let fall his water-jar.

That night he tumbled and tossed, and could scarcely get a wink of sleep for the thoughts that were bewildering his brain. In the morning, bright and early, he repaired to the shop of the Moor, and told him all that was passing in his mind. "You can read Arabic," said he, "suppose we go together to the tower and try the effect of the charm, if it fails we are no worse off than before, but if it succeeds we will share equally all the treasure we may discover."

"Hold," replied the Moslem, "this writing is not sufficient of itself, it must be read at midnight, by the light of a taper singularly compounded and prepared, the ingredients of which are not within my reach. Without such taper the scroll is of no avail."

"Say no more!" cried the little Gallego "I have such a taper at hand and will bring it here in a moment" So saying he hastened home, and soon returned with the end of a yellow wax taper that he had found in the box of sandalwood

The Moor felt it, and smelt of it "Here are rare and costly perfumes," said he, "combined with this yellow wax This is the kind of taper specified in the scroll While this burns, the strongest walls and most secret caverns will remain open, woe to him, however, who lingers within until it be extinguished He will remain enchanted with the treasure"

It was now agreed between them to try the charm that very night At a late hour, therefore, when nothing was stirring but bats and owls, they ascended the woody hill of the Alhambra, and approached that awful tower, shrouded by trees and rendered formidable by so many traditionary tales

By the light of a lantern they groped their way through bushes and over fallen stones, to the door of a vault beneath the tower With fear and trembling they descended a flight of steps cut into the rock It led to an empty chamber, damp and drear, from which another flight of steps led to a deeper vault In this way they descended four several flights, leading into as many vaults, one below the other, but the floor of the fourth was solid, and though, according to tradition, there remained three vaults still below, it was said to be impossible to penetrate further, the residue being shut up by strong enchantment The air of this vault was damp and chilly, and had an earthy smell, and the light scarce cast forth any rays They paused here for a time in breathless suspense, until they faintly heard the clock of the watch-tower strike midnight, upon this they lit the waxen taper, which diffused an odor of myrrh, and frankincense, and storax

The Moor began to read in a hurried voice He had scarce finished, when there was a noise as of subterraneous thunder The earth shook, and the floor yawning open disclosed a flight of steps Trembling with awe they descended, and by the light of the lantern found themselves in another vault covered with Arabic inscriptions In the center stood a great chest, secured with seven bands of steel, at each end of which sat an enchanted Moor in armor, but motionless as a statue, be-

ing controlled by the power of the incantation Before the chest were several jars filled with gold and silver and precious stones In the largest of these they thrust their arms up to the elbow, and at every dip hauled forth handfuls of broad yellow pieces of Moorish gold, or bracelets and ornaments of the same precious metal, while occasionally a necklace of Oriental pearl would stick to their fingers Still they trembled and breathed short while cramming their pockets with the spoils, and cast many a fearful glance at the two enchanted Moors who sat grim and motionless, glaring upon them with unwinking eyes At length, struck with a sudden panic at some fancied noise, they both rushed up the staircase, tumbled over one another into the upper apartment, overturned and extinguished the waxen taper, and the pavement again closed with a thundering sound

Filled with dismay they did not pause until they had groped their way out of the tower, and beheld the stars shining through the trees Then seating themselves upon the grass, they divided the spoil, determining to content themselves for the present with this mere skimming of the jars, but to return on some future night and drain them to the bottom To make sure of each other's good faith, also, they divided the talismans between them, one retaining the scroll and the other the taper, this done, they set off with light hearts and well-lined pockets for Granada

As they wended their way down the hill the shrewd Moor whispered a word of counsel in the ear of the simple little water-carrier "Friend Peregil," said he, "all this affair must be kept a profound secret until we have secured the treasure and conveyed it out of harm's way If a whisper of it gets to the ear of the Alcalde we are undone!"

"Certainly!" replied the Gallego, "nothing can be more true"

"Friend Peregil," said the Moor, "you are a discreet man, and I make no doubt can keep a secret, but—you have a wife——"

"She shall not know a word of it!" replied the little water-carrier sturdily

"Enough," said the Moor, "I depend upon thy discretion and thy promise"

Never was promise more positive and sincere, but alas! what man can keep a secret from his wife? Certainly not such a one as Peregil the water-carrier, who was one of the most loving and tractable of husbands On his

return home he found his wife moping in a corner

"Mighty well!" cried she, as he entered, "you've come at last, after rambling about until this hour of the night I wonder you have not brought home another Moor as a housemate" Then bursting into tears she began to wring her hands and smite her breast "Unhappy woman that I am!" exclaimed she, "what will become of me! My house stripped and plundered by lawyers and alguazils, my husband a do-no-good that no longer brings home bread for his family, but goes rambling about, day and night, with infidel Moors Oh, my children! my children! what will become of us, we shall all have to beg in the streets!"

Honest Peregril was so moved by the distress of his spouse that he could not help whimpering also His heart was as full as his pocket, and not to be restrained Thrusting his hand into the latter he hauled forth three or four broad gold pieces and slipped them into her bosom The poor woman stared with astonishment, and could not understand the meaning of this golden shower Before she could recover her surprise the little Gallego drew forth a chain of gold and dangled it before her, capering with exultation, his mouth distended from ear to ear

"Holy Virgin protect us!" exclaimed the wife "What hast thou been doing, Peregril? Surely thou has not been committing murder and robbery!"

The idea scarce entered the brain of the poor woman than it became a certainty with her She saw a prison and a gallows in the distance, and a little bandy-legged Gallego dangling pendant from it, and overcome by the horrors conjured up by her imagination, fell into violent hysterics

What could the poor man do? He had no other means of pacifying his wife and dispelling the phantoms of her fancy than by relating the whole story of his good fortune This, however, he did not do until he had exacted from her the most solemn promise to keep it a profound secret from every living being

To describe her joy would be impossible. She flung her arms round the neck of her husband, and almost strangled him with her caresses "Now, wife!" exclaimed the little man with honest exultation, "what say you now to the Moor's legacy? Henceforth never

abuse me for helping a fellow creature in distress"

The honest Gallego retired to his sheep skin mat, and slept as soundly as if on a bed of down Not so his wife She emptied the whole contents of his pockets upon the mat and sat all night counting gold pieces of Arabic coin, trying on necklaces and earrings, and fancying the figure she should one day make when permitted to enjoy her riches

On the following morning the honest Gallego took a broad golden coin, and repaired with it to a jeweler's shop in the Zacatin to offer it for sale, pretending to have found it among the ruins of the Alhambra The jeweler saw that it had an Arabic inscription and was of the purest gold, he offered, however, but a third of its value, with which the water-carrier was perfectly content Peregril now bought new clothes for his little flock, and all kinds of toys, together with ample provisions for a hearty meal, and returning to his dwelling set all his children dancing around him, while he capered in the midst, the happiest of fathers

The wife of the water-carrier kept her promise of secrecy with surprising strictness For a whole day and a half she went about with a look of mystery and a heart swelling almost to bursting, yet she held her peace, though surrounded by her gossips It is true she could not help giving herself a few airs, apologized for her ragged dress, and talked of ordering a new basquina all trimmed with gold lace and bugles, and a new lace mantilla She threw out hints of her husband's intention of leaving off his trade of water-carrying, as it did not altogether agree with his health In fact she thought they should all retire to the country for the summer, that the children might have the benefit of the mountain air, for there was no living in the city in this sultry season

The neighbors stared at each other, and thought the poor woman had lost her wits, and her airs and graces and elegant pretensions were the theme of universal scoffing and merriment among her friends, the moment her back was turned.

If she restrained herself abroad, however, she indemnified herself at home, and putting a string of rich Oriental pearls round her neck, Moorish bracelets on her arms, an aigrette of diamonds on her head, sailed backward and forward in her slattern rags

about the room, now and then stopping to admire herself in a piece of broken mirror. Nay, in the impulse of her simple vanity, she could not resist on one occasion showing herself at the window, to enjoy the effect of her finery on the passers-by.

As the fates would have it, Pedrillo Pedrugo, the meddlesome barber, was at this moment sitting idly in his shop on the opposite side of the street, when his ever watchful eye caught the sparkle of a diamond. In an instant he was at his loophole reconnoitering the slattern spouse of the water-carrier, decorated with the splendor of an Eastern bride. No sooner had he taken an accurate inventory of her ornaments that he posted off with all speed to the Alcalde. In a little while the hungry alguazil was again on the scent, and before the day was over the unfortunate Peregil was again dragged into the presence of the judge.

"How is this, villain!" cried the Alcalde in a furious voice. "You told me that the infidel who died in your house left nothing behind but an empty coffer, and now I hear of your wife flaunting in her rags decked out with pearls and diamonds. Wretch that thou art! prepare to render up the spoils of thy miserable victim, and to swing on the gallows that is already tired of waiting for thee."

The terrified water-carrier fell on his knees, and made a full relation of the marvelous manner in which he had gained his wealth. The Alcalde, the alguazil, and the inquisitive barber listened with greedy ears to this Arabian tale of enchanted treasure. The alguazil was dispatched to bring the Moor who had assisted in the incantation. The Moslem entered half-frightened out of his wits at finding himself in the hands of the harpies of the law. When he beheld the water-carrier standing with sheepish look and downcast countenance, he comprehended the whole matter. "Miserable animal," said he as he passed near him, "did I not warn thee against babbling to thy wife?"

The story of the Moor coincided exactly with that of his colleague; but the Alcalde affected to be slow of belief, and threw out menaces of imprisonment and rigorous investigation.

"Softly, good Señor Alcalde," said the Mussulman, who by this time had recovered his usual shrewdness and self-possession. "Let

us not mar fortune's favors in the scramble for them. Nobody knows anything of this matter but ourselves, let us keep the secret. There is wealth enough in the cave to enrich us all. Promise a fair division, and all shall be produced, refuse, and the cave shall remain forever closed."

The Alcalde consulted apart with the alguazil. The latter was an old fox in his profession. "Promise anything," said he, "until you get possession of the treasure. You may then seize upon the whole, and if he and his accomplice dare to murmur, threaten them with the fagot and the stake as infidels and scorcerers."

The Alcalde relished the advice. Smoothing his brow and turning to the Moor—"This is a strange story," said he, "and may be true, but I must have ocular proof of it. This very night you must repeat the incantation in my presence. If there be really such treasure, we will share it amicably between us, and say nothing further of the matter, if you have deceived me, expect no mercy at my hands. In the meantime you must remain in custody."

The Moor and the water-carrier cheerfully agreed to these conditions, satisfied that the event would prove the truth of their words.

Toward midnight the Alcalde sallied forth secretly, attended by the alguazil and the meddlesome barber, all strongly armed. They conducted the Moor and the water-carrier as prisoners, and were provided with the stout donkey of the latter, to bear off the expected treasure. They arrived at the tower without being observed, and tying the donkey to a fig-tree, descended into the fourth vault of the tower.

The scroll was produced, the yellow waxen taper lighted, and the Moor read the form of incantation. The earth trembled as before, and the pavement opened with a thundering sound, disclosing the narrow flight of steps. The Alcalde, the alguazil, and the barber were struck aghast, and could not summon courage to descend. The Moor and the water-carrier entered the lower vault and found the two Moors seated as before, silent and motionless. They removed two of the great jars filled with golden coin and precious stones. The water-carrier bore them up one by one upon his shoulders, but though a strong-backed little man, and accustomed to carry burdens, he staggered beneath their weight, and found,

when slung on each side of his donkey, they were as much as the animal could bear

"Let us be content for the present," said the Moor, "here is as much treasure as we can carry off without being perceived, and enough to make us all wealthy to our heart's desire"

"Is there more treasure remaining behind?" demanded the Alcalde

"The greatest prize of all," said the Moor, "a huge coffer, bound with bands of steel, and filled with pearls and precious stones"

"Let us have up the coffer by all means," cried the grasping Alcalde

"I will descend for no more," said the Moor doggedly "Enough is enough for a reasonable man, more is superfluous"

"And I," said the water-carrier, "will bring up no further burden to break the back of my poor donkey"

Finding commands, threats, and entreaties equally vain, the Alcalde turned to his two adherents "Aid me," said he, "to bring up the coffer, and its contents shall be divided between us" So saying he descended the steps, followed, with trembling reluctance, by the alguazil and the barber

No sooner did the Moor behold them fairly earthed than he extinguished the yellow taper the pavement closed with its usual crash, and the three worthies remained burned in its womb

He then hastened up the different flights of steps, nor stopped until in the open air The little water-carrier followed him as fast as his short legs would permit

"What hast thou done?" cried Peregil, as soon as he could recover breath "The Alcalde and the other two are shut up in the vault!"

"It is the will of Allah!" said the Moor devoutly

"And will you not release them?" demanded the Gallego

"Allah forbid!" replied the Moor, smoothing his beard "It is written in the book of fate that they shall remain enchanted until some future adventurer shall come to break the charm The will of God be done!" So saying he hurled the end of the waxen taper far among the gloomy thickets of the glen

There was now no remedy, so the Moor and the water-carrier proceeded with the richly laden donkey toward the city, nor could honest Peregil refrain from hugging and kissing his long-eared fellow-laborer, thus restored to him from the clutches of the law, and, in fact, it is doubtful which gave the simple-hearted little man most joy at the moment, the gaining of the treasure or the recovery of the donkey

The two partners in good luck divided their spoil amicably and fairly, excepting that the Moor, who had a little taste for trinketry, made out to get into his heap the most of the pearls and precious stones, and other baubles, but then he always gave the water-carrier in lieu magnificent jewels of massy gold four times the size, with which the latter was heartily content They took care not to linger within reach of accidents, but made off to enjoy their wealth undisturbed in other countries The Moor returned into Africa, to his native city of Tetuan, and the Gallego, with his wife, his children and his donkey, made the best of his way to Portugal Here, under the admonition and tuition of his wife, he became a personage of some consequence, for she made the little man array his long body and short legs in doublet and hose, with a feather in his hat and a sword by his side, and, laying aside the familiar appellation of Peregil, assume the more sonorous title of Don Pedro Gil His progeny grew up a thriving and merry-hearted, though short and bandy-legged generation, while the Señora Gil, be-fringed, be-laced, and be-tassled from her head to her heels, with glittering rings on every finger, became a model of slattern fashion and finery

As to the Alcalde and his adjuncts, they remained shut up under the great tower of the Seven Floors, and there they remain spell-bound at the present day Whenever there shall be a lack in Spain of pimping barbers, sharking alguazils, and corrupt Alcaldes, they may be sought after, but if they have to wait until such time for their deliverance, there is danger of their enchantment enduring until doomsday

From *The Alhambra*

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT
(1794-1878)

The wooded hills of Western Massachusetts, where Bryant was born, awakened a deep love for nature in the boy who prayed that he might become a poet. As he wandered through the woods, the flowers and trees around him and the birds flying over his head seemed responsive to his various moods. They suggested to him ideas later to be incorporated in his poems and offered themes for meditation. Whenever problems faced him, he communed with nature, thereby finding restful companionship. From the cares of his busy life he frequently retired to his farm to seek the solitude of his boyhood days.

His determination to be a poet was approved by his father, who criticized constructively his early efforts. One of these was a paraphrase of part of the book of Job, for as Bryant came from Puritan ancestry, the Bible held a prominent place in his reading. His first poem to be published, *The Embargo*, written when he was thirteen, satirized the policy of Jefferson's administration. Dr. Bryant wished to give this talented son a college education but did not have the necessary money. Therefore, after seven months at Williams, Bryant abandoned his intention to transfer to Yale and began the study of law.

Before Bryant settled at Great Barrington in 1816 to practice law, he had taken leave of poetry with the lyric *To a Waterfowl*. He had seen the bird against the evening sky on the way to Plainfield, where a few months previously he had started his professional career. Not even a request from the editor of the recently established *North American Review* brought any response from the young lawyer. It seemed that Bryant had firmly turned his back on literature. His father, however, submitted to the magazine two poems, *Thanatopsis* and *Inscription for the Entrance to a Wood*, which he had found in a desk at the homestead. The editors could not believe that *Thanatopsis* had been written by an American, even though the first version lacked the impressive introduction and conclusion. Still more remarkable, the poem had been composed six years earlier by a youth of seventeen. Its deep thought, excellent diction, and fine blank verse indicated a poet of exceptional sincerity.

The *Review* sought further contributions and received besides poetry an essay on *American Poetry*. In 1821 Harvard invited Bryant to deliver the Phi Beta Kappa poem. He responded with *The Ages*, tracing the advancement of mankind from the servitude of early times to the acceptance of democratic ideals in the United States. Shortly after this visit to Boston the poet published his first small volume *The United*

States Literary Gazette then offered him \$200 a year for contributions, and many of his poems appeared in its pages during the next three years.

This success and the advice of his friends persuaded Bryant to give up the law for literary work. He went to New York, and after two years as editor of *The New York Review and Athenæum* he joined the staff of the *Evening Post*. For a half century he directed the policies of that paper. To his unfailing judgment the *Post* owed its reputation and influence in national affairs. The editor supported moral issues regardless of party. His duties, however, did not permit him to give much time to poetic compositions. Therefore, in number and quality the poetry of these later years is less important than the verse of the first volumes. A journey to Illinois did inspire a distinguished descriptive poem, *The Prairies*. As Bryant was fond of travel, he often spent his vacations in Europe. To the *Post* he forwarded accounts of his observations, later published as *Letters of a Traveller* and *Letters from the East*.

Bryant's last work was a translation of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* begun when he was seventy-three. It is a good literal translation into blank verse but lacks the freedom of the original. Bryant was too severe to reproduce Homer's more radiant passages.

Restraint and austerity are the qualities most apparent in Bryant's poetry. It is significant that his early masterpiece, *Thanatopsis*, dealt with death and stressed communion with nature. As with Wordsworth the various aspects of nature caused the American poet to reflect upon the attitude of man. His thoughts were generally conventional, indicating unmistakably his New England background. Although Bryant lived in New York for years and devoted his talent as a public speaker to the service of the city, he never became entirely reconciled to the restlessness of urban life. He loved peace and solitude and pointed out their value in the descriptive passages of his poems. The yellow violet, the fringed gentian, the river, the forest, the waterfowl were more desirable companions than his fellow men because they responded to his feelings more directly. He endeavored to repeat their messages to him as simply as he had received them.

To Bryant poetry was no "pastime of a drowsy summer day." The poet must feel deeply but not be carried away by passion. Only for a brief time can he sustain that exaltation producing the peculiar charm of poetry. Consequently, his own poems were usually short and carefully composed for their effect. In accordance with this

theory Bryant wrote with a classical severity, which has somewhat limited the appeal of his work. Little color and no humor relieved the somber tone. Yet of this first important American

poet, Emerson wrote, "a true painter of the face of this country, and of the sentiment of his own people."

THANATOPSIS

To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language, for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides 5
Into his darker musings, with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When
thoughts

Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images 10
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at
heart,—

Go forth, under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all
around— 15

Earth and her waters, and the depths of air,—
Comes a still voice—Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course, nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many
tears, 20

Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall
claim

Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again,
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go 25
To mix for ever with the elements,
To be a brother to the insensible rock,
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The
oak

Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy
mould— 30

Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with
kings,

The powerful of the earth—the wise, the
good, 35

Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun, the vales

Stretching in pensive quietness between,
The venerable woods—rivers that move 40
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green, and, poured
round all,

Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste,—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun, 45
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom.—Take the wings 50
Of morning, pierce the Barcan wilderness,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound,
Save his own dashings—yet the dead are there
And millions in those solitudes, since first 55
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone
So shalt thou rest, and what if thou withdraw
In silence from the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that
breathe 60

Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one as before will chase
His favourite phantom, yet all these shall
leave

Their mirth and their employments, and shall
come 65

And make their bed with thee. As the long
train

Of ages glide away, the sons of men,
The youth in life's green spring, and he who
goes

In the full strength of years, matron, and
maid,

The speechless babe, and the gray-headed
man,— 70

Shall one by one be gathered to thy side
By those, who in their turn shall follow them

So live, that when thy summons comes to
join

The innumerable caravan which moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall
take 75

His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,

Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and
soothed

By an unflinching trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his
couch 80
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams

TO A WATERFOWL

WHITHER, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of
day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou per-
sue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye 5
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee
wrong,
As, darkly seen against the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide, 10
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean-side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast—
The desert and illimitable air— 15
Lone wandering, but not lost

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near 20

And soon that toil shall end,
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows, reeds shall
bend,
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven 25
Hath swallowed up thy form, yet, on my
heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart

He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain
flight, 30
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright

MONUMENT MOUNTAIN

THOU who wouldst see the lovely and the
wild

Mingled in harmony on Nature's face,
Ascend our rocky mountains Let thy foot
Fail not with weariness, for on their tops
The beauty and the majesty of earth, 5
Spread wide beneath, shall make thee to for-
get

The steep and toilsome way There, as thou
stand'st,

The haunts of men below thee, and around
The mountain summits, thy expanding heart
Shall feel a kindred with that loftier world 10
To which thou art translated, and partake
The enlargement of thy vision Thou shalt
look

Upon the green and rolling forest tops,
And down into the secrets of the glens,
And streams, that with their bordering thickets
strive 15

To hide their windings Thou shalt gaze, at
once,

Here on white villages, and tilth, and herds,
And swarming roads, and there on solitudes
That only hear the torrent, and the wind,
And eagle's shriek There is a precipice 20
That seems a fragment of some mighty wall,
Built by the hand that fashioned the old
world,

To separate its nations, and thrown down
When the flood drowned them To the north,
a path

Conducts you up the narrow battlement 25
Steep is the western side, shaggy and wild
With mossy trees, and pinnacles of flint,
And many a hanging crag But, to the east,
Sheer to the vale go down the bare old cliffs,—
Huge pillars, that in middle heaven upbear 30
Their weather-beaten capitals, here dark
With moss, the growth of centuries, and there
Of chalky whiteness where the thunderbolt
Has splintered them It is a fearful thing
To stand upon the beetling verge, and see 35
Where storm and lightning, from that huge
gray wall,

Have tumbled down vast blocks, and at the
base

Dashed them in fragments, and to lay thine ear
Over the dizzy depth, and hear the sound
Of winds, that struggle with the woods be-
low, 40

Come up like ocean murmurs But the scene
Is lovely round, a beautiful river there

Wanders amid the fresh and fertile meads,
 The paradise he made unto himself,
 Mining the soil for ages On each side 45
 The fields swell upward to the hills, beyond,
 Above the hills, in the blue distance, rise
 The mountain columns with which earth
 props heaven

There is a tale about these reverend rocks,
 A sad tradition of unhappy love, 50
 And sorrows borne and ended, long ago,
 When over these fair vales the savage sought
 His game in the thick woods There was a
 maid,

The fairest of the Indian maids, bright-eyed,
 With wealth of raven tresses, a light form, 55
 And a gay heart About her cabin-door
 The wide old woods resounded with her song
 And fairy laughter all the summer day
 She loved her cousin, such a love was deemed,
 By the morality of those stern tribes, 60
 Incestuous, and she struggled hard and long
 Against her love, and reasoned with her heart,
 As simple Indian maiden might In vain
 Then her eye lost its lustre, and her step
 Its lightness, and the gray-haired men that
 passed 65

Her dwelling wondered that they heard no
 more

The accustomed song and laugh of her, whose
 looks

Were like the cheerful smile of Spring, they
 said,

Upon the Winter of their age She went
 To weep where no eye saw, and was not
 found 70

When all the merry girls were met to dance,
 And all the hunters of the tribe were out,
 Nor when they gathered from the rustling husk
 The shimmering ear, nor when, by the river's side,
 They pulled the grape and startled the wild
 shades 75

With sounds of mirth The keen-eyed Indian
 dames

Would whisper to each other, as they saw
 Her wasting form, and say, *the girl will die*

One day into the bosom of a friend,
 A playmate of her young and innocent
 years, 80

She poured her griefs "Thou know'st, and
 thou alone,"

She said, "for I have told thee all my love,
 And guilt, and sorrow I am sick of life
 All night I weep in darkness, and the morn

Glares on me, as upon a thing accursed, 85
 That has no business on the earth I hate
 The pastimes and the pleasant toils that once
 I loved, the cheerful voices of my friends
 Sound in my ear like mockings, and, at night,
 In dreams, my mother, from the land of
 souls, 90

Calls me and chides me All that look on me
 Do seem to know my shame, I cannot bear
 Their eyes, I cannot from my heart root out
 The love that wrings it so, and I must die "

It was a summer morning, and they went 95
 To this old precipice About the cliffs
 Lay garlands, ears of maize, and shaggy skins
 Of wolf and bear, the offerings of the tribe
 Here made to the Great Spirit, for they
 deemed,

Like worshippers of the elder time, that
 God 100

Doth walk on the high places and affect
 The earth-o'erlooking mountains She had on
 The ornaments with which her father loved
 To deck the beauty of his bright-eyed girl,
 And bade her wear when stranger warriors
 came 105

To be his guests Here the friends sat them
 down,

And sang, all day, old songs of love and death,
 And decked the poor wan victim's hair with
 flowers,

And prayed that safe and swift might be her
 way

To the calm world of sunshine, where no
 grief 110

Makes the heart heavy and the eyelids red
 Beautiful lay the region of her tribe
 Below her—waters resting in the embrace
 Of the wide forest, and maize-planted glades
 Opening amid the leafy wilderness 115

She gazed upon it long, and at the sight
 Of her own village peeping through the trees,
 And her own dwelling, and the cabin roof
 Of hum she loved with an unlawful love,
 And came to die for, a warm gush of tears 120
 Ran from her eyes But when the sun grew
 low

And the hill shadows long, she threw herself
 From the steep rock and perished There was
 scooped,

Upon the mountain's southern slope, a
 grave,

And there they laid her, in the very garb 125
 With which the maiden decked herself for
 death,

With the same withering wild flowers in her
 hair,
 And o'er the mould that covered her, the
 tribe
 Built up a simple monument, a cone
 Of small loose stones Thenceforward all who
 passed, ¹³⁰
 Hunter, and dame, and virgin, laid a stone
 In silence on the pile It stands there yet,
 And Indians from the distant West, who
 come
 To visit where their fathers' bones are laid,
 Yet tell the sorrowful tale, and to this day ¹³⁵
 The mountain where 'the hapless maiden died
 Is called the Mountain of the Monument

THE EVENING WIND

SPIRIT that breathest through my lattice, thou
 That cool'st the twilight of the sultry day,
 Gratefully flows thy freshness round my brow
 Thou hast been out upon the deep at play,
 Riding all day the wild blue waves till now, ⁵
 Roughening their crests, and scattering high
 their spray
 And swelling the white sail I welcome thee
 To the scorched land, thou wanderer of the
 sea!

Nor I alone—a thousand bosoms round
 Inhale thee in the fulness of delight, ¹⁰
 And languid forms rise up, and pulses bound
 Livelier, at coming of the wind of night,
 And, languishing to hear thy grateful sound,
 Lies the vast inland stretched beyond the
 sight.
 Go forth into the gathering shade, go forth, ¹⁵

God's blessing breathed upon the fainting
 earth!

Go, rock the little wood-bird in his nest,
 Curl the still waters, bright with stars, and
 rouse
 The wide old wood from his majestic rest,
 Summoning from the innumerable boughs ²⁰
 The strange, deep harmonies that haunt his
 breast
 Pleasant shall be thy way where meekly
 bows
 The shutting flower, and darkling waters pass,
 And where the o'ershadowing branches sweep
 the grass

The faint old man shall lean his silver head ²⁵
 To feel thee, thou shalt kiss the child asleep,
 And dry the moistened curls that overspread
 His temples, while his breathing grows more
 deep;
 And they who stand about the sick man's bed,
 Shall joy to listen to thy distant sweep, ³⁰
 And softly part his curtains to allow
 Thy visit, grateful to his burning brow.

Go—but the circle of eternal change,
 Which is the life of nature, shall restore,
 With sounds and scents from all thy mighty
 range, ³⁵
 Thee to thy birthplace of the deep once
 more,
 Sweet odors in the sea-air, sweet and strange,
 Shall tell the home-sick mariner of the
 shore,
 And, listening to thy murmur, he shall deem
 He hears the rustling leaf and running
 stream. ⁴⁰

RALPH WALDO EMERSON (1803-1882)

Until the publication of the essay on *Nature* in 1836 and the Phi Beta Kappa Oration on *The American Scholar* in the following year, Emerson gave no indication of any exceptional ability. His brother Edward had been looked upon as the most brilliant member of the family, who felt an irreparable loss at his early death. Little did Emerson's friends think that the quiet Unitarian clergyman was destined to revolutionize American thinking. Emerson had been a reserved youth, attracting little attention either by his scholarship or personality in school and college. He had worked as messenger and waiter to defray part of the expenses of his course at Harvard because his widowed mother was eager to educate her sons in conformity with the family tradition. For generations Emerson's ancestors had occupied various pulpits in Massachusetts, and his father had associated with the intellectual leaders of Boston. Therefore, after graduation Emerson studied at the Divinity School at Cambridge while he taught in private schools in nearby towns. His quiet manner impressed his pupils but hardly inspired them.

As assistant to the pastor of the Hanover Street Church in Boston, Emerson began in 1829 his brief career in a regular appointment after three years of preaching in various pulpits. Although he succeeded to the pastorate later, he soon found his views concerning the significance of the Lord's Supper to be at variance with those of his congregation. Even the freedom of Unitarianism placed too many restrictions upon this liberal thinker. Consequently in 1832 he resigned. During the next ten years he preached occasionally but never again tied himself down to pastoral work, for which he was so little adapted.

Deeply affected by the death of his young wife and by his disagreement with his parishioners, Emerson sailed for southern Europe. After touring Italy and France he went to England, where he met several literary men. It was, however, at Craigenputtock that he formed the most momentous friendship of his life. For two days he talked with Carlyle and listened to the doctrines derived from German philosophical writers. This visit resulted in a correspondence which lasted forty years. Emerson introduced Carlyle's teaching to American readers, supervised the publication of his books in Boston, and reacted to his stern pessimism. Their letters show how well the two thinkers appreciated each other's positions even though they often held opposite opinions. Carlyle's writings were a stimulus to Emerson rather than a source of ideas.

Shortly after his return from Europe Emerson married again and settled at Concord. Gradually he became the acknowledged leader of the group

of New England thinkers known as the transcendentalists. In his lectures, his published essays, and his poems he proclaimed their beliefs. They objected to the current ideas in theology and philosophy and discussed the abstract ideas which transcend the realm of actual experience. They issued during four years *The Dial* under the editorship of Margaret Fuller and later of Emerson to provide a medium for untrammelled expression. They sought the truth concerning man's relationship to the Universe and to the world about him. Transcendentalism combined Platonic idealism and Oriental wisdom. Its textbooks were the works of the neoplatonists and the sacred epics of Persia and India. The main item in its creed stated that "There is one mind common to all men." This Mind or World Soul permeates all life and has an eternal existence. Man enters the world with a knowledge of good and evil and should conduct himself according to the dictates of the god within him. The external world of nature is for him a symbol teaching the great lesson that truth, beauty, and virtue are one and leading to an understanding of God. When man dies, he loses his individuality in a reunion with the all pervading spirit. Transcendentalism thus gave a prominent place to intuition and mysticism.

This philosophy Emerson outlined in *Nature* and elaborated in later lectures, essays, and poems. Whether his subject was scientific, biographical, or abstract, he enforced ethical precepts. He urged in *The American Scholar* his young hearers to assert their independence of the past. He preached a gospel of individualism upon the text, "Insist on yourself, never imitate." He held out the hope of great accomplishments with the advice, "Hitch your wagon to a star." Thirty years after his first Phi Beta Kappa address he delivered another on the *Progress of Culture*.

From the lives of Plato, Swedenborg, Montaigne, Shakespeare, Napoleon, and Goethe, whom he chose for his lectures on *Representative Men*, delivered before Mechanics Institutes in Manchester and Liverpool in 1847, he drew illustrations to prove that the most valuable service rendered by a great man is the presentation of moral principles. He gathered into essays on *Friendship*, *Compensation*, *Self-Reliance*, *Prudence*, *The Over-Soul*, *Experience*, *Character*, *Wealth*, and numerous similar themes his observations concerning the conduct of life. He enforced his points by quotations and references from over eight hundred individuals of all nationalities. Commenting upon the influence of Emerson's optimistic teaching, Stedman said,

"He has taught his countrymen the worth of virtue, wisdom, courage—above all to fashion life upon a self-reliant pattern, obeying the dictates of their own souls."

Emerson's poetry is somewhat more subjective than his essays, but it also deals in generalities. Such nature poems as *Woodnotes*, *Each and All*, *The Humble Bee*, *The Rhodora*, and such philosophical poems as *The Problem*, *The Sphinx*, *Brahma* restate in various forms the theory of the interdependence of all things. Often Emerson sacrificed smoothness of verse to ethical content. His limitations as a poet he recognized, for he wrote to Carlyle, "I do not belong to the poets, but only to a low department of literature, the reporters, suburban men." Yet he had in large measure the poetic insight as numerous passages in the essays evince.

Whenever a valuable thought occurred to Em-

erson, he at once put it into his literary journal. From these notes he compiled his essays, which consequently became a series of epigrammatic sentences slightly strung together. The sentence was the unit of composition in his work rather than the paragraph. Emerson never gave much heed to the logical development of his theme but made memorable remarks on a phase especially interesting to him. He concluded his lectures promptly at the end of an hour regardless of whether he had covered the subject, since that period seemed long enough to meet the requirements of the audience. Of his style he said, "I write with very little system, and, as far as regards composition, with most fragmentary result—paragraphs incomprehensible, each sentence an infinitely repellent particle." His essays have a unity of tone rather than a unity of structure.

COMPENSATION

EVER since I was a boy, I have wished to write a discourse on Compensation for it seemed to me when very young, that, on this subject, Life was ahead of theology, and the people knew more than the preachers taught. The documents, too, from which the doctrine is to be drawn, charmed my fancy by their endless variety, and lay always before me, even in sleep, for they are the tools in our hands, the bread in our basket, the transactions of the street, the farm, and the dwelling-house, the greetings, the relations, the debts and credits, the influence of character, the nature and endowment of all men. It seemed to me also that in it might be shewn men a ray of divinity, the present action of the Soul of this world, clean from all vestige of tradition, and so the heart of man might be bathed by an inundation of eternal love, conversing with that which he knows was always and always must be, because it really is now. It appeared, moreover, that if this doctrine could be stated in terms with any resemblance to those bright intuitions in which this truth is sometimes revealed to us, it would be a star in many dark hours and crooked passages in our journey, that would not suffer us to lose our way.

I was lately confirmed in these desires by hearing a sermon at church. The preacher, a man esteemed for his orthodoxy, unfolded in the ordinary manner the doctrine of the Last Judgment. He assumed that judgment is not executed in this world, that the wicked are successful, that the good are miserable, and then urged from reason and from Scripture a

compensation to be made to both parties in the next life. No offence appeared to be taken by the congregation at this doctrine. As far as I could observe, when the meeting broke up, they separated without remark on the sermon.

Yet what was the import of this teaching? What did the preacher mean by saying that the good are miserable in the present life? Was it that houses and lands, offices, wine, horses, dress, luxury, are had by unprincipled men, whilst the saints are poor and despised, and that a compensation is to be made to these last hereafter, by giving them the like gratifications another day,—bank-stock and doubloons, venison and champagne? This must be the compensation intended, for what else? Is it that they are to have leave to pray and praise? to love and serve men? Why, that they can do now. The legitimate inference the disciple would draw, was "We are to have *such* a good time as the sinners have now",—or, to push it to its extreme import "You sin now, we shall sin by and by we would sin now, if we could, not being successful, we expect our revenge to-morrow."

The fallacy lay in the immense concession that the bad are successful, that justice is not done now. The blindness of the preacher consisted in deferring to the base estimate of the market of what constitutes a manly success, instead of confronting and convicting the world from the truth, announcing the Presence of the Soul, the omnipotence of the Will, and so establishing the standard of good and ill, of success and falsehood, and summoning the dead to its present tribunal.

I find a similar base tone in the popular

religious works of the day, and the same doctrines assumed by the literary men when occasionally they treat the related topics I think that our popular theology has gained in decorum, and not in principle, over the superstitions it has displaced. But men are better than this theology. Their daily life gives it the lie. Every ingenuous and aspiring soul leaves the doctrine behind him in his own experience, and all men feel sometimes the falsehood which they cannot demonstrate. For men are wiser than they know. That which they hear in schools and pulpits without afterthought, if said in conversation, would probably be questioned in silence. If a man dogmatise in a mixed company on Providence and the divine laws, he is answered by a silence which conveys well enough to an observer the dissatisfaction of the hearer, but his incapacity to make his own statement.

I shall attempt in this and the following chapter to record some facts that indicate the path of the law of Compensation, happy beyond my expectation, if I shall truly draw the smallest arc of this circle.

POLARITY, or action and reaction, we meet in every part of nature, in darkness and light, in heat and cold, in the ebb and flow of waters, in male and female, in the inspiration and expiration of plants and animals, in the systole and diastole of the heart, in the undulations of fluids and of sound, in the centrifugal and centripetal gravity, in electricity, galvanism, and chemical affinity. Superinduce magnetism at one end of a needle, the opposite magnetism takes place at the other end. If the south attracts, the north repels. To empty here, you must condense there. An inevitable dualism bisects nature, so that each thing is a half, and suggests another thing to make it whole, as spirit, matter, man, woman, odd, even, subjective, objective, in, out, upper, under, motion, rest, yea, nay.

Whilst the world is thus dual, so is every one of its parts. The entire system of things gets represented in every particle. There is somewhat that resembles the ebb and flow of the sea, day and night, man and woman, in a single needle of the pine, in a kernel of corn, in each individual of every animal tribe. The reaction so grand in the elements is repeated within these small boundaries. For example, in the animal kingdom, the physiologist has observed that no creatures are fa-

vourites, but a certain compensation balances every gift and every defect. A surplusage given to one part is paid out of a reduction from another part of the same creature. If the head and neck are enlarged, the trunk and extremities are cut short.

The theory of the mechanic forces is another example. What we gain in power is lost in time, and the converse. The periodic or compensating errors of the planets is another instance. The influences of climate and soil in political history are another. The cold climate invigorates, the barren soil does not breed fevers, crocodiles, tigers, or scorpions.

The same dualism underlies the nature and condition of man. Every excess causes a defect, every defect an excess. Every sweet hath its sour, every evil its good. Every faculty which is a receiver of pleasure, has an equal penalty put on its abuse. It is to answer for its moderation with its life. For every grain of wit there is a grain of folly. For every thing you have missed, you have gained something else, and for every thing you gain, you lose something. If riches increase, they are increased that use them. If the gatherer gathers too much, nature takes out of the man what she puts into his chest; swells the estate, but kills the owner. Nature hates monopolies and exceptions. The waves of the sea do not more speedily seek a level from their loftiest tossing, than the varieties of condition tend to equalise themselves. There is always some levelling circumstance, that puts down the overbearing, the strong, the rich, the fortunate, substantially on the same ground with all others. Is a man too strong and fierce for society, and by temper and position a bad citizen,—a morose ruffian with a dash of the pirate in him,—nature sends him a troop of pretty sons and daughters, who are getting along in the dame's classes at the village-school, and love and fear for them smooths his grim scowl to courtesy. Thus she contrives to intenerate the granite and felspar, takes the boar out, and puts the lamb in, and keeps her balance true.

The farmer imagines power and place are fine things. But the President has paid dear for his White House. It has commonly cost him all his peace and the best of his manly attributes. To preserve for a short time so conspicuous an appearance before the world, he is content to eat dust before the real masters, who stand erect behind the throne. Or,

do men desire the more substantial and permanent grandeur of genius? Neither has this an immunity. He who by force of will or of thought is great, and overlooks thousands, has the responsibility of overlooking. With every influx of light comes new danger. Has he light? he must bear witness to the light, and always outrun that sympathy which gives him such keen satisfaction, by his fidelity to new revelations of the incessant soul. He must hate father and mother, wife and child. Has he all that the world loves and admires and covets? he must cast behind him their admiration, and afflict them by faithfulness to his truth, and become a by-word and a hissing.

This Law writes the laws of cities and nations. It will not be balked of its end in the smallest iota. It is in vain to build or plot or combine against it. Things refuse to be mismanaged long. *Res nolunt diu male administrari*. Though no checks to a new evil appear, the checks exist, and will appear. If the government is cruel, the governor's life is not safe. If you tax too high, the revenue will yield nothing. If you make the criminal code sanguinary, juries will not convict. Nothing arbitrary, nothing artificial can endure. The true life and satisfactions of man seem to elude the utmost rigours or felicities of condition, and to establish themselves with great indifference under all varieties of circumstance. Under all governments the influence of character remains the same,—in Turkey and in New England about alike. Under the primeval despots of Egypt, history honestly confesses that man must have been as free as culture could make him.

These appearances indicate the fact that the universe is represented in every one of its particles. Every thing in nature contains all the powers of nature. Every thing is made of one hidden stuff, as the naturalist sees one type under every metamorphosis, and regards a horse as a running man, a fish as a swimming man, a bird as a flying man, a tree as a rooted man. Each new form repeats not only the main character of the type, but part for part all the details, all the aims, furtherances, hinderances, energies, and whole system of every other. Every occupation, trade, art, transaction, is a compend of the world, and a correlative of every other. Each one is an entire emblem of human life; of its good and ill, its trials, its enemies, its course, and its end. And each one must somehow accommo-

date the whole man, and recite all his destiny.

The world globes itself in a drop of dew. The microscope cannot find the animalcule which is less perfect for being little. Eyes, ears, taste, smell, motion, resistance, appetite, and organs of reproduction that take hold on eternity,—all find room to consist in the small creature. So do we put our life into every act. The true doctrine of omnipresence is, that God reappears with all his parts in every moss and cobweb. The value of the universe contrives to throw itself into every point. If the good is there, so is the evil, if the affinity, so the repulsion, if the force, so the limitation.

Thus is the universe alive. All things are moral. That soul, which within us is a sentiment, outside of us is a law. We feel its inspiration, out there in history we can see its fatal strength. It is almighty. All nature feels its grasp. "It is in the world, and the world was made by it." It is eternal, but it enacts itself in time and space. Justice is not postponed. A perfect equity adjusts its balance in all parts of life. *Οἱ κύβοι Διὸς ἀεὶ εὐπίπτουσιν*. The dice of God are always loaded. The world looks like a multiplication-table or a mathematical equation, which, turn it how you will, balances itself. Take what figure you will, its exact value, nor more nor less, still returns to you. Every secret is told, every crime is punished, every virtue rewarded, every wrong redressed, in silence and certainty. What we call retribution, is the universal necessity by which the whole appears wherever a part appears. If you see smoke, there must be a fire. If you see a hand or a limb, you know that the trunk to which it belongs is there behind.

Every act rewards itself, or, in other words, integrates itself, in a twofold manner, first, in the thing, or in real nature, and secondly, in the circumstance, or in apparent nature. Men call the circumstance the retribution. The causal retribution is in the thing, and is seen by the soul. The retribution in the circumstance is seen by the understanding; it is inseparable from the thing, but is often spread over a long time, and so does not become distinct until after many years. The specific stripes may follow late after the offence, but they follow because they accompany it. Crime and punishment grow out of one stem. Punishment is a fruit that unsuspected ripens

within the flower of the pleasure which concealed it Cause and effect, means and ends, seed and fruit, cannot be severed, for the effect already blooms in the cause, the end pre-exists in the means, the fruit in the seed

Whilst thus the world will be whole, and refuses to be disparted, we seek to act partially, to sunder, to appropriate, for example, —to gratify the senses, we sever the pleasure of the senses from the needs of the character. The ingenuity of man has been dedicated always to the solution of one problem,—how to detach the sensual sweet, the sensual strong, the sensual bright, &c, from the moral sweet, the moral deep, the moral fair, that is, again, to contrive to cut clean off this upper surface so thin as to leave it bottomless, to get a *one end*, without an *other end*. The soul says, Eat, the body would feast. The soul says, 20 The man and woman shall be one flesh and one soul, the body would join the flesh only. The soul says, Have dominion over all things to the ends of virtue, the body would have the power over things to its own ends 25

The soul strives amain to live and work through all things. It would be the only fact. All things shall be added unto it,—power, pleasure, knowledge, beauty. The particular man aims to be somebody, to set up for himself, to truck and huggle for a private good, and, in particulars, to ride, that he may ride, to dress, that he may be dressed, to eat, that he may eat; and to govern, that he may be seen. Men seek to be great, they would have 35 offices, wealth, power, and fame. They think that to be great is to get only one side of nature—the sweet, without the other side—the bitter.

Steadily is this dividing and detaching counteracted. Up to this day, it must be owned, no projector has had the smallest success. The parted water reunites behind our hand. Pleasure is taken out of pleasant things, profit out of profitable things, power out of strong 45 things, the moment we seek to separate them from the whole. We can no more halve things, and get the sensual good by itself, than we can get an inside that shall have no outside, or a light without a shadow. "Drive 50 out nature with a fork, she comes running back."

Life invests itself with inevitable conditions, which the unwise seek to dodge, which one and another brags that he does not 55

know, brags that they do not touch him,—but the brag is on his lips, the conditions are in his soul. If he escapes them in one part, they attack him in another more vital part. If he has escaped them in form and in the appearance, it is that he has resisted his life and fled from himself, and the retribution is so much death. So signal is the failure of all attempts to make this separation of the good from the bad, that the experiment would not be tried,—since to try it is to be mad,—but for the circumstance, that when the disease begins in the will, of rebellion and separation, the intellect is at once infected, so that the man ceases to see God whole in each object, but is able to see the sensual allurements of an object, and not see the sensual hurt, he sees the mermaid's head, but not the dragon's tail, and thinks he can cut off that which he would have, from that which he would not have. "How secret art thou who dwellest in the highest heavens in silence, O thou only great God, sprinkling with an unwearied Providence certain penal blindnesses upon such as have 25 unbridled desires!"

The human soul is true to these facts in the painting of fable, of history, of law, of proverbs, of conversation. It finds a tongue in literature unawares. Thus the Greeks called Jupiter, Supreme Mind, but having traditionally ascribed to him many base actions, they involuntarily made amends to Reason, by tying up the hands of so bad a god. He is made as helpless as a king of England. Prometheus knows one secret, which Jove must bargain for, Minerva, another. He cannot get his own thunders, Minerva keeps the key of them.

"Of all the gods I only know the keys
That ope the solid doors within whose vaults
His thunders sleep."

A plain confession of the in-working of the All, and of its moral aim. The Indian mythology ends in the same ethics, and indeed it would seem impossible for any fable to be invented and get any currency which was not moral. Aurora forgot to ask youth for her lover, and so though Tithonus is immortal, he is old. Achilles is not quite invulnerable; for Thetis held him by the heel when she dipped him in the Styx, and the sacred waters did not wash that part. Siegfried, in the Nibelungen, is not quite immortal, for a leaf fell on his back whilst he was bathing in the

Dragon's blood, and that spot which it covered is mortal And so it always is There is a crack in every thing God has made Always, it would seem, there is this vindictive circumstance, stealing in at unawares, even into the wild poesy in which the human fancy attempted to make bold holyday, and to shake itself free of the old laws,—this backstroke, this kick of the gun, certifying that the law is fatal, that in Nature nothing can be given, all things are sold

This is that ancient doctrine of Nemesis, who keeps watch in the Universe, and lets no offence go unchastised The Furies, they said, are attendants on Justice, and if the sun in heaven should transgress his path, they would punish him The poets related that stone walls, and iron swords, and leathern thongs had an occult sympathy with the wrongs of their owners, that the belt which Ajax gave Hector dragged the Trojan hero over the field at the wheels of the car of Achilles, and the sword which Hector gave Ajax was that on whose point Ajax fell They recorded, that when the Thasians erected a statue to Theagenes, a victor in the games, one of his rivals went to it by night, and endeavoured to throw it down by repeated blows, until at last he moved it from its pedestal, and was crushed to death beneath its fall

This voice of fable has in it somewhat divine It came from the thought above the will of the writer That is the best part of each writer which has nothing private in it That is the best part of each which he does not know, that which flowed out of his constitution, and not from his too active invention, that which in the study of a single artist you might not easily find, but in the study of many you would abstract as the spirit of them all Phidias it is not, but the work of man in that early Hellenic world, that I would know The name and circumstance of Phidias, however convenient for history, embarrass when we come to the highest criticism We are to see that which man was tending to do in a given period, and was hindered, or, if you will, modified in doing, by the interfering volitions of Phidias, of Dante, of Shakespeare, the organ whereby man at the moment wrought.

Still more striking is the expression of this fact in the proverbs of all nations, which are always the literature of Reason, or the statements of an absolute truth without qualifica-

tion Proverbs, like the sacred books of each nation, are the sanctuary of the Intuitions That which the droming world, chained to appearances, will not allow the realist to say in his own words, it will suffer him to say in proverbs without contradiction And this law of laws, which the pulpit, the senate, and the college deny, is hourly preached in all markets and all languages by flights of proverbs, whose teaching is as true and as omnipresent as that of birds and flies

All things are double, one against another—Tit for tat, an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, blood for blood, measure for measure, love for love—Give, and it shall be given you—He that watereth shall be watered himself—What will you have? quoth God, pay for it, and take it—Nothing venture, nothing have—Thou shalt be paid exactly for what thou hast done, no more, no less—Who doth not work shall not eat—Harm watch, harm catch—Curses always recoil on the head of him who imprecates them—If you put a chain around the neck of a slave, the other end fastens itself around your own—Bad counsel confounds the adviser—The devil is an ass

It is thus written, because it is thus in life Our action is overmastered and characterised above our will by the law of nature We aim at a petty end, quite aside from the public good, but our act arranges itself by irresistible magnetism in a line with the poles of the world

A man cannot speak but he judges himself With his will, or against his will, he draws his portrait to the eye of his companions by every word Every opinion reacts on him who utters it It is a threadball thrown at a mark, but the other end remains in the thrower's bag Or rather, it is a harpoon thrown at the whale, unwinding, as it flies, a coil of cord in the boat, and if the harpoon is not good, or not well thrown, it will go nigh to cut the steersman in twain, or to sink the boat

You cannot do wrong without suffering wrong "No man had ever a point of pride that was not injurious to him," said Burke The exclusive in fashionable life does not see that he excludes himself from enjoyment, in the attempt to appropriate it. The exclusionist in religion does not see that he shuts the door of heaven on himself, in striving to shut out others Treat men as pawns and ninepins, and you shall suffer as well as they If you

leave out their heart, you shall lose your own. The senses would make things of all persons, of women, of children, of the poor. The vulgar proverb, "I will get it from his purse or get it from his skin," is sound philosophy.

All infractions of love and equity in our social relations are speedily punished. They are punished by Fear. Whilst I stand in simple relations to my fellow-man, I have no dis-¹⁰ pleasure in meeting him. We meet as water meets water, or a current of air meets another, with perfect diffusion and interpenetration of nature. But as soon as there is any departure from simplicity and attempt at half-¹⁵ ness, or good for me that is not good for him, my neighbour feels the wrong, he shrinks from me as far as I have shrunk from him, his eyes no longer seek mine, there is war between us, there is hate in him, and fear in me.

All the old abuses in society, the great and universal, and the petty and particular, all unjust accumulations of property and power, are avenged in the same manner. Fear is an instructor of great sagacity, and the herald of²⁵ all revolutions. One thing he always teaches, that there is rottenness where he appears. He is a carrion crow, and though you see not well what he hovers for, there is death somewhere. Our property is timid, our laws are timid, our³⁰ cultivated classes are timid. Fear for ages has boded and mowed and gibbered over government and property. That obscene bird is not there for nothing. He indicates great wrongs, which must be revised.

Of the like nature is that expectation of change which instantly follows the suspension of our voluntary activity. The terror of cloudless moon, the emerald of Polycrates, the awe of prosperity, the instinct which leads every⁴⁰ generous soul to impose on itself tasks of a noble asceticism and vicarious virtue, are the tremblings of the balance of justice through the heart and mind of man.

Experienced men of the world know very⁴⁵ well that it is always best to pay scot and lot as they go along, and that a man often pays dear for a small frugality. The borrower runs in his own debt. Has a man gained any thing who has received a hundred favours and⁵⁰ rendered none? Has he gained by borrowing, through indolence or cunning, his neighbour's wares, or horses, or money? There arises on the deed the instant acknowledgment of benefit on the one part, and of debt on the other;

that is, of superiority and inferiority. The transaction remains in the memory of himself and his neighbour, and every new transaction alters, according to its nature, their relation to each other. He may soon come to see that he had better have broken his own bones than to have ridden in his neighbour's coach, and that "the highest price he can pay for a thing is to ask for it."

A wise man will extend this lesson to all parts of life, and know that it is always the part of prudence to face every claimant, and pay every just demand on your time, your talents, or your heart. Always pay, for, first or last, you must pay your entire debt. Persons and events may stand for a time between you and justice, but it is only a postponement. You must pay at last your own debt. If you are wise, you will dread a prosperity which²⁰ only loads you with more. Benefit is the end of nature. But for every benefit which you receive, a tax is levied. He is great who confers the most benefits. He is base,—and that is the one base thing in the universe,—to receive favours, and render none. In the order of nature we cannot render benefits to those from whom we receive them, or only seldom. But the benefit we receive must be rendered again, line for line, deed for deed, cent for³⁰ cent, to somebody. Beware of too much good staying in your hand. It will fast corrupt and worm worms. Pay it away quickly in some sort.

Labour is watched over by the same pitiless³⁵ laws. Cheapest, say the prudent, is the dearest labour. What we buy in a broom, a mat, a wagon, a knife, is some application of good sense to a common want. It is best to pay in your land a skilful gardener, or to buy good sense applied to gardening, in your sailor, good sense applied to navigation; in the house, good sense applied to cooking, sewing, serving, in your agent, good sense applied to accounts and affairs. So do you multiply your⁴⁵ presence, or spread yourself throughout your estate. But because of the dual constitution of all things, in labour as in life, there can be no cheating. The thief steals from himself. The swindler swindles himself. For the real price of labour is knowledge and virtue, whereof wealth and credit are signs. These signs, like paper-money, may be counterfeited or stolen, but that which they represent, namely, knowledge and virtue, cannot be⁵⁰ counterfeited or stolen. These ends of labour

cannot be answered but by real exertions of the mind, and in obedience to pure motives. The cheat, the defaulter, the gambler, cannot extort the benefit, cannot extort the knowledge of material and moral nature, which his honest care and pains yield to the operative. The law of nature is, Do the thing, and you shall have the power; but they who do not the thing have not the power.

Human labour, through all its forms, from the sharpening of a stake to the construction of a city or an epic, is one immense illustration of the perfect compensation of the universe. Every where and always this law is sublime. The absolute balance of Give and Take, the doctrine that every thing has its price, and if that price is not paid, not that thing, but something else, is obtained, and that it is impossible to get any thing without its price,—this doctrine is not less sublime in the columns of a ledger than in the budgets of states, in the laws of light and darkness, in all the action and reaction of nature. I cannot doubt that the high laws which each man sees ever implicated in those processes with which he is conversant, the stern ethics which sparkle on his chisel-edge, which are measured out by his plumb and foot-rule, which stand as manifest in the footing of the shop-bill as in the history of a state,—do recommend to him his trade, and, though seldom named, exalt his business to his imagination.

The league between virtue and nature engages all things to assume a hostile front to vice. The beautiful laws and substances of the world persecute and whip the traitor. He finds that things are arranged for truth and benefit, but there is no den in the wide world to hide a rogue. There is no such thing as concealment. Commit a crime, and the earth is made of glass. Commit a crime, and it seems as if a coat of snow fell on the ground, such as reveals in the woods the track of every partridge and fox and squirrel and mole. You cannot recall the spoken word, you cannot wipe out the foot-track, you cannot draw up the ladder, so as to leave no inlet or clew. Always some damning circumstance transpires. The laws and substances of nature, water, snow, wind, gravitation, become penalties to the thief.

On the other hand, the law holds with equal sureness for all right action. Love, and you shall be loved. All love is mathematically just, as much as the two sides of an algebraic

equation. The good man has absolute good, which like fire turns every thing to its own nature, so that you cannot do him any harm, but as the royal armies sent against Napoleon, when he approached, cast down their colours, and from enemies became friends, so do disasters of all kinds, as sickness, offence, poverty, prove benefactors.

"Winds blow and waters roll
Strength to the brave, and power and deity,
Yet in themselves are nothing."

The good are befriended even by weakness and defect. As no man had ever a point of pride that was not injurious to him, so no man had ever a defect that was not somewhere made useful to him. The stag in the fable admired his horns and blamed his feet, but when the hunter came, his feet saved him, and afterwards, caught in the thicket, his horns destroyed him. Every man in his lifetime needs to thank his faults. As no man thoroughly understands a truth until first he has contended against it, so no man has a thorough acquaintance with the hinderances or talents of men, until he has suffered from the one, and seen the triumph of the other over his own want of the same. Has he a defect of temper that unfits him to live in society? Thereby he is driven to entertain himself alone, and acquire habits of self-help, and thus, like the wounded oyster, he mends his shell with pearl.

Our strength grows out of our weakness. Not until we are pricked and stung and sorely shot at, awakens the indignation which arms itself with secret forces. A great man is always willing to be little. Whilst he sits on the cushion of advantages, he goes to sleep. When he is pushed, tormented, defeated, he has a chance to learn something, he has been put on his wits, on his manhood, he has gained facts, learns his ignorance, is cured of the insanity of conceit, has got moderation and real skill. The wise man always throws himself on the side of his assailants. It is more his interest than it is theirs to find his weak point. The wound cicatrises and falls off from him, like a dead skin, and when they would triumph, lo! he has passed on invulnerable. Blame is safer than praise. I hate to be defended in a newspaper. As long as all that is said, is said against me, I feel a certain assurance of success. But as soon as honied words of praise are spoken for me, I feel as

one that lies unprotected before his enemies. In general, every evil to which we do not succumb is a benefactor. As the Sandwich Islander believes that the strength and valour of the enemy he kills passes into himself, so we gain the strength of the temptation we resist.

The same guards which protect us from disaster, defect, and enmity, defend us, if we will, from selfishness and fraud. Bolts and bars are not the best of our institutions, nor is shrewdness in trade a mark of wisdom. Men suffer all their life long under the foolish superstition that they can be cheated. But it is as impossible for a man to be cheated by any one but himself, as for a thing to be and not to be at the same time. There is a third silent party to all our bargains. The nature and soul of things takes on itself the guaranty of the fulfilment of every contract, so that honest service cannot come to loss. If you serve an ungrateful master, serve him the more. Put God in your debt. Every stroke shall be repaid. The longer the payment is withheld, the better for you, for compound interest on compound interest is the rate and usage of this exchequer.

The history of persecution is a history of endeavours to cheat nature, to make water run up hill, to twist a rope of sand. It makes no difference whether the actors be many or one, a tyrant or a mob. A mob is a society of bodies voluntarily bereaving themselves of reason and traversing its work. The mob is man voluntarily descending to the nature of the beast. Its fit hour of activity is night. Its actions are insane, like its whole constitution. It persecutes a principle, it would whip a right, it would tar-and-feather justice, by inflicting fire and outrage upon the houses and persons of those who have these. It resembles the prank of boys who run with fire-engines to put out the ruddy aurora streaming to the stars. The inviolate spirit turns their spite against the wrong-doers. The martyr cannot be dishonoured. Every lash inflicted is a tongue of fame, every prison a more illustrious abode; every burned book or house enlightens the world, every suppressed or expunged word reverberates through the earth from side to side. The minds of men are at last aroused, reason looks out and justifies her own, and malice finds all her work vain. It is the whipper who is whipped, and the tyrant who is undone.

Thus do all things preach the indifference of circumstances. The man is all. Every thing has two sides, a good and an evil. Every advantage has its tax. I learn to be content. But the doctrine of compensation is not the doctrine of indifference. The thoughtless say, on hearing these representations. What boots it to do well? there is one event to good and evil. If I gain any good, I must pay for it; if I lose any good, I gain some other, all actions are indifferent.

There is a deeper fact in the soul than compensation, to wit, its own nature. The soul is not a compensation, but a life. The soul is. Under all this running sea of circumstance, whose waters ebb and flow with perfect balance, lies the aboriginal abyss of real Being. Existence, or God, is not a relation, or a part, but the whole. Being is the vast affirmative, excluding negation, self-balanced, and swallowing up all relations, parts, and times, within itself. Nature, truth, virtue, are the influx from thence. Vice is the absence or departure of the same. Nothing, Falsehood, may indeed stand as the great Night or shade, on which, as a background, the living universe paints itself forth, but no fact is begotten by it; it cannot work; for it is not. It cannot work any good, it cannot work any harm. It is harm, inasmuch as it is worse not to be than to be.

We feel defrauded of the retribution due to evil acts, because the criminal adheres to his vice and contumacy, and does not come to a crisis or judgment anywhere in visible nature. There is no stunning confutation of his nonsense before men and angels. Has he therefore outwitted the law? Inasmuch as he carries the malignity and the lie with him, he so far deceases from nature. In some manner there will be a demonstration of the wrong to the understanding also, but should we not see it, this deadly deduction makes square the eternal account.

Neither can it be said, on the other hand, that the gain of rectitude must be bought by any loss. There is no penalty to virtue, no penalty to wisdom, they are proper additions of being. In a virtuous action, I properly *am*; in a virtuous act, I add to the world; I plant into deserts conquered from Chaos and Nothing, and see the darkness receding on the limits of the horizon. There can be no excess to love, none to knowledge, none to beauty, when these attributes are considered in the

purest sense The soul refuses all limits It affirms in man always an Optimism, never a Pessimism

His life is a progress, and not a station His instinct is trust Our instinct uses "more" and "less" in application to man, always of the *presence of the soul*, and not of its absence the brave man is greater than the coward, the true, the benevolent, the wise, is more a man, and not less, than the fool and knave There is, therefore, no tax on the good of virtue, for that is the incoming of God himself, or absolute existence, without any comparative All external good has its tax, and if it came without desert or sweat, has no root in me, and the next wind will blow it away But all the good of nature is the soul's, and may be had, if paid for in nature's lawful coin, that is, by labour, which the heart and the head allow I no longer wish to meet a good I do not earn—for example, to find a pot of buried gold—knowing that it brings with it new responsibility I do not wish more external goods,—neither possessions, nor honours, nor powers, nor persons The gain is apparent, the tax is certain But there is no tax on the knowledge that the compensation exists, and that it is not desirable to dig up treasure Herein I rejoice with a serene eternal peace I contract the boundaries of possible mischief I learn the wisdom of St Bernard "Nothing can work me damage except myself, the harm that I sustain, I carry about with me, and never am a real sufferer but by my own fault "

In the nature of the soul is the compensation for the inequalities of condition The radical tragedy of nature seems to be the distinction of More and Less How can Less not feel the pain, how not feel indignation or malevolence towards More? Look at those who have less faculty, and one feels sad, and knows not well what to make of it Almost he shuns their eye; almost he fears they will upbraid God What should they do? It seems a great injustice But face the facts, and see them nearly, and these mountainous inequalities vanish Love reduces them all, as the sun melts the iceberg in the sea The heart and soul of all men being one, this bitterness of *His* and *Mine* ceases. His is mine I am my brother, and my brother is me If I feel overshadowed and outdone by great neighbours, I can yet love, I can still receive, and he that loveth maketh his own the grandeur he loves Thereby I make the discovery that my brother

is my guardian, acting for me with the friendliest designs, and the estate I so admired and envied is my own It is the eternal nature of the soul to appropriate and make all things its own Jesus and Shakespeare are fragments of the soul, and by love I conquer and incorporate them in my own conscious domain His virtue,—is not that mine? His wit,—if it cannot be made mine, it is not wit

Such, also, is the natural history of calamity The changes which break up at short intervals the prosperity of men are advertisements of a nature whose law is growth Evermore it is the order of nature to grow, and every soul is by this intrinsic necessity quitting its whole system of things, its friends, and home, and laws, and faith, as the shell-fish crawls out of its beautiful but stony case, because it no longer admits of its growth, and slowly forms a new house In proportion to the vigour of the individual, these revolutions are frequent, until in some happier mind they are incessant, and all worldly relations hang very loosely about him, becoming, as it were, a transparent fluid membrane through which the form is always seen, and not, as in most men, an indurated heterogeneous fabric of many dates, and of no settled character, in which the man is imprisoned Then there can be enlargement, and the man of to-day scarcely recognises the man of yesterday And such should be the outward biography of man in time,—a putting off of dead circumstances day by day, as he renews his raiment day by day. But to us, in our lapsed estate, resting not advancing, resisting not co-operating with the divine expansion, this growth comes by shocks

We cannot part with our friends We cannot let our angels go We do not see that they only go out that archangels may come in We are idolaters of the Old We do not believe in the riches of the soul, in its proper eternity and omnipresence We do not believe there is any force in to-day to rival or re-create that beautiful yesterday We linger in the ruins of the old tent, where once we had bread and shelter and organs, nor believe that the spirit can feed, cover, and nerve us again We cannot again find aught so dear, so sweet, so graceful But we sit and weep in vain The voice of the Almighty saith, "Up and onward for evermore!" We cannot stay amid the ruins Neither will we rely on the New and so we walk ever with reverted eyes, like those monsters who look backwards

And yet the compensations of calamity are made apparent to the understanding also, after long intervals of time. A fever, a mutilation, a cruel disappointment, a loss of wealth, a loss of friends, seems at the moment unpaid loss, and unpayable. But the sure years reveal the deep remedial force that underlies all facts. The death of a dear friend, wife, brother, lover, which seemed nothing but privation, somewhat later assumes the aspect of a guide or genius, for it commonly operates revolutions in our way of life, terminates an epoch of infancy or of youth which was waiting to be closed, breaks up a wonted occupation, or a household, or style of living, and allows the formation of new ones more friendly to the growth of character. It permits or constrains the formation of new acquaintances, and the reception of new influences, that prove of the first importance to the next years, and the man or woman who would have remained a sunny garden-flower, with no room for its roots, and too much sunshine for its head, by the falling of the walls and the neglect of the gardener, is made the banian of the forest, yielding shade and fruit to wide neighbourhoods of men.

GIFTS

Gifts of one who loved me,—
'Twas high time they came
When he ceased to love me,
Time they stopped for shame

It is said that the world is in a state of bankruptcy, that the world owes the world more than the world can pay, and ought to go into chancery, and be sold. I do not think this general insolvency, which involves in some sort all the population, to be the reason of the difficulty experienced at Christmas and New Year, and other times, in bestowing gifts, since it is always so pleasant to be generous, though very vexatious to pay debts. But the impediment lies in the choosing. If, at any time, it comes into my head, that a present is due from me to somebody, I am puzzled what to give, until the opportunity is gone. Flowers and fruits are always fit presents, flowers, because they are a proud assertion that a ray of beauty outvalues all the utilities of the world. These gay natures contrast with the somewhat stern countenance of ordinary nature: they are like music heard out of a workhouse. Nature does not cocker us: we are children, not pets. she is not fond every-

thing is dealt to us without fear or favor, after severe universal laws. Yet these delicate flowers look like the frolic and interference of love and beauty. Men use to tell us that we love flattery, even though we are not deceived by it, because it shows that we are of importance enough to be courted. Something like that pleasure, the flowers give us: what am I to whom these sweet hints are addressed? Fruits are acceptable gifts, because they are the flower of commodities, and admit of fantastic values being attached to them. If a man should send to me to come a hundred miles to visit him, and should set before me a basket of fine summer-fruit, I should think there was some proportion between the labor and the reward.

For common gifts, necessity makes pertinences and beauty every day, and one is glad when an imperative leaves him no option, since if the man at the door have no shoes, you have not to consider whether you could procure him a paint-box. And as it is always pleasing to see a man eat bread, or drink water, in the house or out of doors, so it is always a great satisfaction to supply these first wants. Necessity does everything well. In our condition of universal dependence, it seems heroic to let the petitioner be the judge of his necessity, and to give all that is asked, though at great inconvenience. If it be a fantastic desire, it is better to leave to others the office of punishing him. I can think of many parts I should prefer playing to that of the Furies. Next to things of necessity, the rule for a gift, which one of my friends prescribed, is that we might convey to some person that which properly belonged to his character, and was easily associated with him in thought. But our tokens of compliment and love are for the most part barbarous. Rings and other jewels are not gifts, but apologies for gifts. The only gift is a portion of thyself. Thou must bleed for me. Therefore the poet brings his poem, the shepherd, his lamb, the farmer, corn, the miner, a gem, the sailor, coral and shells, the painter, his picture, the girl, a handkerchief of her own sewing. This is right and pleasing, for it restores society in so far to its primary basis, when a man's biography is conveyed in his gift, and every man's wealth is an index of his merit. But it is a cold, lifeless business when you go to the shops to buy me something, which does not represent your life and

talent, but a goldsmith's This is fit for kings, and rich men who represent kings and a false state of property, to make presents of gold and silver stuffs, as a kind of symbolical sin-offering, or payment of blackmail

The law of benefits is a difficult channel, which requires careful sailing, or rude boats It is not the office of a man to receive gifts How dare you give them? We wish to be self-sustained We do not quite forgive a giver The hand that feeds us is in some danger of being bitten We can receive anything from love, for that is a way of receiving it from ourselves, but not from anyone who assumes to bestow We sometimes hate the meat which we eat, because there seems something of degrading dependence in living by it

"Brother, if Jove to thee a present make,
Take heed that from his hands thou nothing
take"

We ask the whole Nothing less will content us We arraign society, if it do not give us besides earth, and fire, and water, opportunity, love, reverence, and objects of veneration

He is a good man, who can receive a gift well We are either glad or sorry at a gift, and both emotions are unbecoming Some violence, I think, is done, some degradation borne, when I rejoice or grieve at a gift I am sorry when my independence is invaded, or when a gift comes from such as do not know my spirit, and so the act is not supported, and if the gift pleases me overmuch, then I should be ashamed that the donor should read my heart, and see that I love his commodity and not him The gift, to be true, must be the flowing of the giver unto me, correspondent to my flowing unto him When the waters are at level, then my goods pass to him, and his to me All his are mine, all mine his. I say to him, How can you give me this pot of oil, or this flagon of wine, when all your oil and wine is mine, which belief of mine this gift seems to deny? Hence the fitness of beautiful, not useful things for gifts This giving is flat usurpation, and therefore when the beneficiary is ungrateful, as all beneficiaries hate all Timons, not at all considering the value of the gift, but looking back to the greater store it was taken from, I rather sympathize with the beneficiary, than with the anger of my lord Timon For, the expectation of gratitude is mean, and is continually pun-

ished by the total insensibility of the obliged person It is a great happiness to get off without injury and heart-burning, from one who has had the ill luck to be served by you It is a very onerous business, this of being served, and the debtor naturally wishes to give you a slap A golden text for these gentlemen is that which I so admire in the Buddhist, who never thanks, and who says, "Do not flatter your benefactors"

The reason of these discords I conceive to be, that there is no commensurability between a man and any gift You cannot give anything to a magnanimous person After you have served him, he at once puts you in debt by his magnanimity The service a man renders his friend is trivial and selfish, compared with the service he knows his friend stood in readiness to yield him, alike before he had begun to serve his friend, and now also Compared with that good-will I bear my friend, the benefit it is in my power to render him seems small Besides, our action on each other, good as well as evil, is so incidental and at random, that we can seldom hear the acknowledgments of any person who would thank us for a benefit without some shame and humiliation We can rarely strike a direct stroke, but must be content with an oblique one, we seldom have the satisfaction of yielding a direct benefit, which is directly received But rectitude scatters favors on every side without knowing it, and receives with wonder the thanks of all people

I fear to breathe any treason against the majesty of love, which is the genius and god of gifts, and to whom we must not affect to prescribe Let him give kingdoms or flower-leaves indifferently There are persons from whom we always expect fairy tokens, let us not cease to expect them This is prerogative, and not to be limited by our municipal rules For the rest, I like to see that we cannot be bought and sold The best of hospitality and of generosity is also not in the will but in fate I find that I am not much to you you do not need me, you do not feel me, then am I thrust out of doors, though you proffer me house and lands No services are of any value, but only likeness When I have attempted to join myself to others by services, it proved an intellectual trick,—no more They eat your service like apples, and leave you out But love them, and they feel you, and delight in you all the time.

HYMN

SUNG AT THE COMPLETION OF THE CONCORD
MONUMENT, APRIL 19, 1836

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world

The foe long since in silence slept, 5
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps,
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps

On this green bank, by this soft stream, 10
We set to-day a votive stone,
That memory may their deed redeem,
When, like our sires, our sons are gone

Spirit, that made those heroes dare
To die, and leave their children free,
Bid Time and Nature gently spare 15
The shaft we raise to them and thee

THE HUMBLE-BEE

BURLY, dozing humble-bee,
Where thou art is clime for me.
Let them sail for Porto Rique,
Far-off heats through seas to seek,
I will follow thee alone, 5
Thou animated torrid-zone!
Zigzag steerer, desert cheerer,
Let me chase thy waving lues,
Keep me nearer, me thy hearer,
Singing over shrubs and vines 10

Insect lover of the sun,
Joy of thy dominion!
Sailor of the atmosphere,
Swimmer through the waves of air,
Voyager of light and noon; 15
Epicurean of June,
Wait, I prithee, till I come
Within earshot of thy hum,—
All without is martyrdom

When the south wind, in May days, 20
With a net of shining haze
Silvers the horizon wall,
And with softness touching all,
Tints the human countenance
With a color of romance,
And infusing subtle heats,

Turns the sod to violets,
Thou, in sunny solitudes,
Rover of the underwoods,
The green silence dost displace 30
With thy mellow, breezy bass

Hot midsummer's petted crone,
Sweet to me thy drowsy tone
Tells of countless sunny hours,
Long days, and solid banks of flowers, 35
Of gulfs of sweetness without bound
In Indian wildernesses found,
Of Syrian peace, immortal leisure,
Firmest cheer, and bird-like pleasure

Aught unsavory or unclean 40
Hath my insect never seen,
But violets and bilberry bells,
Maple-sap and daffodels,
Grass with green flag half-mast high,
Succory to match the sky, 45
Columbine with horn of honey,
Scented fern, and agrimony,
Clover, catchfly, adder's-tongue,
And brier-roses, dwelt among,
All beside was unknown waste, 50
All was picture as he passed

Wiser far than human seer,
Yellow-breeched philosopher!
Seeing only what is fair, 55
Sipping only what is sweet,
Thou dost mock at fate and care,
Leave the chaff, and take the wheat
When the fierce northwestern blast
Cools sea and land so far and fast, 60
Thou already slumberest deep,
Woe and want thou canst outsleep,
Want and woe, which torture us,
Thy sleep makes ridiculous

THE RHODORA

LINES ON BEING ASKED, WHENCE IS THE
FLOWER?

IN May, when sea-winds pierced our solitudes,
I found the fresh Rhodora in the woods,
Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook,
To please the desert and the sluggish brook,
The purple petals, fallen in the pool, 5
Made the black water with their beauty
gay,
25 Here might the red-bird come his plumes to
cool,

And court the flower that cheapens his array
 Rhodora! if the sages ask thee why
 This charm is wasted on the marsh and
 sky, 10
 Tell them, dear, that if eyes were made for
 seeing,
 Then Beauty is its own excuse for being
 Why thou were there, O rival of the rose!
 I never thought to ask, I never knew,
 But in my simple ignorance suppose 15
 The selfsame Power that brought me there
 brought you

EACH AND ALL

LITTLE thinks, in the field, yon red-cloaked
 clown,
 Of thee from the hill-top looking down,
 The heifer that lows in the upland farm,
 Far-heard, lows not thine ear to charm,
 The sexton, tolling his bell at noon, 5
 Deems not that great Napoleon
 Stops his horse, and lists with delight,
 Whilst his files sweep round yon Alpine height,
 Nor knowest thou what argument
 Thy life to thy neighbor's creed has lent 10
 All are needed by each one,
 Nothing is fair or good alone
 I thought the sparrow's note from heaven,
 Singing at dawn on the alder bough,
 I brought him home, in his nest, at even, 15
 He sings the song, but it pleases not now,
 For I did not bring home the river and sky,—
 He sang to my ear,—they sang to my eye
 The delicate shells lay on the shore,
 The bubbles of the latest wave 20
 Fresh pearls to their enamel gave,
 And the bellowing of the savage sea
 Greeted their safe escape to me
 I wiped away the weeds and foam,
 I fetched my sea-born treasures home, 25
 But the poor, unsightly, noisome things
 Had left their beauty on the shore,
 With the sun and the sand and the wild uproar
 The lover watched his graceful maid,
 As 'mid the virgin train she strayed, 30
 Nor knew her beauty's best attire
 Was woven still by the snow-white choir
 At last she came to his hermitage,
 Like the bird from the woodlands to the
 cage,—
 The gay enchantment was undone, 35
 A gentle wife, but fairy none
 Then I said, "I covet truth,
 Beauty is unripe childhood's cheat,

I leave it behind with the games of youth"—
 As I spoke, beneath my feet 40
 The ground-pine curled its pretty wreath,
 Running over the club-moss burrs,
 I inhaled the violet's breath,
 Around me stood the oaks and firs,
 Pine-cones and acorns lay on the ground, 45
 Over me soared the eternal sky,
 Full of light and of deity,
 Again I saw, again I heard,
 The rolling river, the morning bird,—
 Beauty through my senses stole, 50
 I yielded myself to the perfect whole

THE SPHINX

THE Sphinx is drowsy,
 Her wings are furled,
 Her ear is heavy,
 She broods on the world
 "Who'll tell me my secret, 5
 The ages have kept?—
 I awaited the seer,
 While they slumbered and slept,—
 "The fate of the man-child,
 The meaning of man, 10
 Known fruit of the unknown,
 Daedalian plan,
 Out of sleeping a waking,
 Out of waking a sleep,
 Life death overtaking, 15
 Deep underneath deep?
 "Erect as a sunbeam,
 Upspringeth the palm,
 The elephant browses,
 Undaunted and calm, 20
 In beautiful motion
 The thrush plies his wings
 Kind leaves of his covert,
 Your silence he sings
 "The waves, unashamed, 25
 In difference sweet,
 Play glad with the breezes,
 Old playfellows meet,
 The journeying atoms,
 Primordial wholes, 30
 Firmly draw, firmly drive,
 By their animate poles
 "Sea, earth, air, sound, silence,
 Plant, quadruped, bird,
 By one music enchanted, 35

One deity stirred,—
Each the other adorning,
Accompany still,
Night veileth the morning,
The vapour the hill

40

"The babe by its mother
Lies bathed in joy,
Glide its hours uncounted,—
The sun is its toy,
Shines the peace of all being,
Without cloud, in its eyes,
And the sum of the world
In soft miniature lies

But man crouches and blushes,
Absconds and conceals,
He creepeth and peepeth,
He palter and steals,
Infirm, melancholy,
Jealous glancing around,
An oaf, an accomplice,
He poisons the ground

"Out spoke the great mother,
Beholding his fear,—
At the sound of her accents
Cold shuddered the sphere —
'Who has drugged my boy's cup?
Who has mixed my boy's bread?
Who, with sadness and madness,
Has turned the man-child's head?'"

I heard a poet answer,
Aloud and cheerfully,
"Say on, sweet Sphinx! thy dirges
Are pleasant songs to me,
Deep love lieth under
These pictures of time,
They fade in the light of
Their meaning sublime

"The fiend that man harries
Is love of the Best,
Yawns the pit of the Dragon,
Lit by rays from the Blest
The Lethe of nature
Can't trance him again,
Whose soul sees the perfect,
Which his eyes seek in vain.

"Profounder, profounder,
Man's spirit must dive,
To his aye-rolling orbit
No goal will arrive;

The heavens that now draw him
With sweetness untold,
Once found,—for new heavens
He spurneth the old

85

"Pride ruined the angels,
Their shame them restores,
And the joy that is sweetest
Lurks in stings of remorse
Have I a lover
Who is noble and free?—
I would he were nobler
Than to love me

90

95

"Eterne alternation
Now follows, now flies,
And under pain, pleasure,—
Under pleasure, pain lies
Love works at the centre,
Heart-heaving away,
Forth speed the strong pulses
To the borders of day

100

"Dull Sphinx, Jove keep thy five wits
Thy sight is growing blear,
Rue, myrrh, and cummin for the Sphinx—
Her muddy eyes to clear!"—
The old Sphinx bit her thick lip,—
Said, "Who taught thee me to name?
I am thy spirit, yoke-fellow,
Of thine eye I am eyebeam

105

110

"Thou art the unanswered question,
Couldst see thy proper eye,
Alway it asketh, asketh,
And each answer is a lie
So take thy quest through nature,
It through thousand natures ply,
Ask on, thou clothed eternity,
Time is the false reply"

115

120

Uprose the merry Sphinx,
And crouched no more in stone,
She melted into purple cloud,
She silvered in the moon,
She spired into a yellow flame,
She flowered in blossoms red,
She flowed into a foaming wave;
She stood Monadnoc's head

75

125

80

Through a thousand voices
Spoke the universal dame
"Who telleth one of my meanings,
Is master of all I am"

130

BRAHMA

If the red slayer think he slays,
Or if the slain think he is slain,
They know not well the subtle ways
I keep, and pass, and turn again
Far or forgot to me is near,
Shadow and sunlight are the same,
The vanished gods to me appear,
And one to me are shame and fame

They reckon ill who leave me out,
When me they fly, I am the wings, 10
I am the doubter and the doubt,
And I the hymn the Brahmin sings

The strong gods pine for my abode,
And pine in vain the sacred Seven,
5 But thou, meek lover of the good! 15
Find me, and turn thy back on heaven

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE
(1804-1864)

Twelve years after his graduation from Bowdoin, Hawthorne spoke of himself as "the obscurest man of letters in America." He had lived, except for the four years at college, almost completely isolated in probably the most eccentric household in Salem, Massachusetts. Since the death of his father in 1808 his mother had seldom left her room. His sisters sought little society, maintaining a dignified reserve even at home. For hours the young Hawthorne wrote in the seclusion of his room. Sometimes he took lonely walks and pondered upon the Puritan heritage, which had so indelibly marked the New England town. His own family was supposed to be under a curse directed at an ancestor who had condemned witches to be hanged. No wonder Hawthorne, depressed and discouraged at the failure of his literary endeavor, contemplated suicide. Occasionally one of his stories was accepted by a magazine, but many were burnt.

He emerged from this solitude finally when he met Sophia Peabody. He loved her devotedly and poured out to her in letters all the sensitive emotions so long restrained. She was a cultured woman with some talent for painting and also possessed remarkable practical sense. Therefore, she refused to marry until Hawthorne liberated himself from his retirement. She urged him to persevere in his literary ambitions. He received further encouragement from the reception of the first series of *Twice-Told Tales* published at this time through the intercession of his college friend, Horatio Bridge. Before his marriage, however, he was to have two widely different experiences.

For a short time he was employed by the Boston custom-house as a weigher. Here he came into contact with business men and learned something of practical affairs. He saved a thousand dollars before a change in politics deprived him of his position. This money he put into Brook Farm at West Roxbury, a community of writers and transcendental philosophers, who hoped to earn a simple living from working the farm together and to use their leisure for intellectual discussions and literary pursuits. Hawthorne soon found that physical labor all day on a farm was not conducive to mental exertion in the evening. Furthermore, he heartily disliked Margaret Fuller, the high priestess of the transcendentalists. His short stay at Brook Farm provided him with the background for the *Blithedale Romance*.

At last Miss Peabody consented to marry, and the Hawthornes went to live in the Old Manse at Concord. The second series of *Twice-Told Tales* and *Mosses from an Old Manse* brought a small but hardly sufficient income. In spite of financial difficulties Hawthorne thoroughly enjoyed these first four years of married life

in this house. With the friends of the Concord circle he became somewhat more sociable, but he never assumed a leading part in their interests. He always remained aloof from all public questions such as abolition.

The appointment as surveyor of customs at Salem took Hawthorne again to his native town. In the preface to *The Scarlet Letter* he has described the quaint atmosphere of this repository of ancient records. When a new administration at Washington terminated his employment, he was encouraged by his wife to write the book he had in mind. This book, *The Scarlet Letter*, earned him the recognition he had so long desired. It traced the consequences of sin in the lives of three persons and showed the conflict of spiritual forces in their hearts. Not even by devoting herself to deeds of charity could Hester Prynne escape the consciousness of her error, for the presence of her daughter was a continual reminder. Misery for herself and others followed relentlessly the transgression of the moral law. Another Puritan doctrine directed the course of events in *The House of the Seven Gables*. The innocent descendants of Judge Pyncheon suffered because a curse had been uttered against him. While he was working on these stern romances, Hawthorne wrote *A Wonder Book* and *Tanglewood Tales*, in which he retold the classic myths for American children.

In 1853 President Pierce appointed Hawthorne consul at Liverpool, where the novelist remained four years. The duties of this position and the tours through Europe during the next few years allowed little time for writing. In his notebooks Hawthorne recorded his impressions of the different places he visited and his observations concerning friends and acquaintances. His remarks about pictures frequently betrayed a rather uncritical taste. He used Rome as the setting for his last completed romance, *The Marble Faun*, but the story concerned the effect of a great sin upon four very diverse characters. In 1860 the Hawthornes came back to their home in Concord. Ill health, however, hindered Hawthorne from doing any extensive writing.

Whether Hawthorne's stories dealt with the past history of New England, some supernatural occurrence, or the exposition of a mental condition, they had a definite aim. Many were easily interpreted allegories pointing out the danger of submitting to universal impulses. Others were symbolical, indicating the spiritual struggles in the human heart. He liked to portray the individual whose soul has been affected for good or evil by his own acts, for he thought that man saves or condemns himself through his mental and spiritual attitude. Although Hawthorne

sought escape from the severity of Puritanism in his imaginative stories, he could never entirely loosen its hold upon him. He appreciated, nevertheless, the lighter elements in the New England character and upon occasion relieved his somber tone with mildly humorous incidents. *Mr Higginbotham's Catastrophe* proves how ade-

quately he knew this character. The inquisitive pedlar, the penurious merchant, and the charming schoolmistress, whose fates are so closely interwoven, are as truly representative New Englanders as the persons in the more analytical stories.

MR HIGGINBOTHAM'S CATASTROPHE

A young fellow, a tobacco pedlar by trade, was on his way from Morristown, where he had dealt largely with the Deacon of the Shaker settlement, to the village of Parker's Falls, on Salmon River. He had a neat little cart, painted green, with a box of cigars depicted on each side panel, and an Indian chief, holding a pipe and a golden tobacco stalk, on the rear. The pedlar drove a smart little mare, and was a young man of excellent character, keen at a bargain, but none the worse liked by the Yankees, who, as I have heard them say, would rather be shaved with a sharp razor than a dull one. Especially was he beloved by the pretty girls along the Connecticut, whose favor he used to court by presents of the best smoking tobacco in his stock, knowing well that the country lasses of New England are generally great performers on pipes. Moreover, as will be seen in the course of my story, the pedlar was inquisitive, and something of a tattler, always itching to hear the news and anxious to tell it again.

After an early breakfast at Morristown, the tobacco pedlar, whose name was Dominicus Pike, had travelled seven miles through a solitary piece of woods, without speaking a word to anybody but himself and his little gray mare. It being nearly seven o'clock, he was as eager to hold a morning gossip as a city shopkeeper to read the morning paper. An opportunity seemed at hand when, after lighting a cigar with a sun-glass, he looked up, and perceived a man coming over the brow of the hill, at the foot of which the pedlar had stopped his green cart. Dominicus watched him as he descended, and noticed that he carried a bundle over his shoulder on the end of a stick, and travelled with a weary, yet determined pace. He did not look as if he had started in the freshness of the morning, but had footed it all night, and meant to do the same all day.

"Good morning, muster," said Dominicus, when within speaking distance. "You go a

pretty good jog. What's the latest news at Parker's Falls?"

The man pulled the broad brim of a gray hat over his eyes, and answered, rather sullenly, that he did not come from Parker's Falls, which, as being the limit of his own day's journey, the pedlar had naturally mentioned in his inquiry.

"Well then," rejoined Dominicus Pike, "let's have the latest news where you did come from. I'm not particular about Parker's Falls. Any place will answer."

Being thus importuned, the traveller—who was as ill looking a fellow as one would desire to meet in a solitary piece of woods—appeared to hesitate a little, as if he were either searching his memory for news, or weighing the expediency of telling it. At last, mounting on the step of the cart, he whispered in the ear of Dominicus, though he might have shouted aloud and no other mortal would have heard him:

"I do remember one little trifle of news," said he. "Old Mr Higginbotham, of Kimballton, was murdered in his orchard, at eight o'clock last night, by an Irishman and a nigger. They strung him up to the branch of a St. Michael's pear-tree, where nobody would find him till the morning."

As soon as this horrible intelligence was communicated, the stranger betook himself to his journey again, with more speed than ever, and not even turning his head when Dominicus invited him to smoke a Spanish cigar and relate all the particulars. The pedlar whistled to his mare and went up the hill, pondering on the doleful fate of Mr. Higginbotham, whom he had known in the way of trade, having sold him many a bunch of long nines, and a great deal of pigtail, lady's twist, and fig tobacco. He was rather astonished at the rapidity with which the news had spread. Kimballton was nearly sixty miles distant in a straight line, the murder had been perpetrated only at eight o'clock the preceding night, yet Dominicus had heard of it at seven in the morning, when, in all probability, poor Mr Higginbotham's own

family had but just discovered his corpse, hanging on the St Michael's pear-tree. The stranger on foot must have worn seven-league boots to travel at such a rate.

"Ill news flies fast, they say," thought Dominicus Pike, "but this beats railroads. The fellow ought to be hired to go express with the President's Message."

The difficulty was solved by supposing that the narrator had made a mistake of one day in the date of the occurrence, so that our friend did not hesitate to introduce the story at every tavern and country store along the road, expending a whole bunch of Spanish wrappers among at least twenty horrified audiences. He found himself invariably the first bearer of the intelligence, and was so pestered with questions that he could not avoid filling up the outline, till it became quite a respectable narrative. He met with one piece of corroborative evidence. Mr Higginbotham was a trader, and a former clerk of his, to whom Dominicus related the facts, testified that the old gentleman was accustomed to return home through the orchard about nightfall, with the money and valuable papers of the store in his pocket. The clerk manifested but little grief at Mr Higginbotham's catastrophe, hinting, what the pedlar had discovered in his own dealings with him, that he was a crusty old fellow, as close as a vice. His property would descend to a pretty niece who was now keeping school in Kimballton.

What with telling the news for the public good, and driving bargains for his own, Dominicus was so much delayed on the road that he chose to put up at a tavern, about five miles short of Parker's Falls. After supper, lighting one of his prime cigars, he seated himself in the bar-room, and went through the story of the murder, which had grown so fast that it took him half an hour to tell. There were as many as twenty people in the room, nineteen of whom received it all for gospel. But the twentieth was an elderly farmer, who had arrived on horse-back a short time before, and was now seated in a corner smoking his pipe. When the story was concluded, he rose up very deliberately, brought his chair right in front of Dominicus, and stared him full in the face, puffing out the vilest tobacco smoke the pedlar had ever smelt.

"Will you make an affidavit," demanded he,

in the tone of a country justice taking an examination, "that old Squire Higginbotham of Kimballton was murdered in his orchard the night before last, and found hanging on his great pear-tree yesterday morning?"

"I tell the story as I heard it, mister," answered Dominicus, dropping his half-burnt cigar, "I don't say that I saw the thing done. So I can't take my oath that he was murdered exactly in that way."

"But I can't take mine," said the farmer, "that if Squire Higginbotham was murdered night before last, I drank a glass of bitters with his ghost this morning. Being a neighbor of mine, he called me into his store, as I was riding by, and treated me, and then asked me to do a little business for him on the road. He didn't seem to know any more about his own murder than I did."

"Why, then, it can't be a fact!" exclaimed Dominicus Pike.

"I guess he'd have mentioned it, if it was," said the old farmer, and he removed his chair back to the corner, leaving Dominicus quite down in the mouth.

Here was a sad resurrection of old Mr 'Higginbotham'. The pedlar had no heart to mingle in the conversation any more, but comforted himself with a glass of gin and water, and went to bed where, all night long, he dreamed of hanging on the St Michael's pear-tree. To avoid the old farmer (whom he so detested that his suspension would have pleased him better than Mr Higginbotham's), Dominicus rose in the gray of the morning, put the little mare into the green cart, and trotted swiftly away towards Parker's Falls. The fresh breeze, the dewy road, and the pleasant summer dawn revived his spirits, and might have encouraged him to repeat the old story had there been anybody awake to hear it. But he met neither ox team, light wagon, chase, horseman, nor foot traveller, till, just as he crossed Salmon River, a man came trudging down to the bridge with a bundle over his shoulder, on the end of a stick.

"Good morning, mister," said the pedlar, reining in his mare. "If you come from Kimballton or that neighborhood, maybe you can tell me the real fact about this affair of old Mr Higginbotham. Was the old fellow actually murdered, two or three nights ago, by an Irishman and a nigger?"

Dominicus had spoken in too great a hurry

to observe, at first, that the stranger himself had a deep tinge of negro blood. On hearing this sudden question, the Ethiopian appeared to change his skin, its yellow hue becoming a ghastly white, while, shaking and stammering, he thus replied —

"No! No! There was no colored man! It was an Irishman that hanged him last night, at eight o'clock. I came away at seven! His folks can't have looked for him in the orchard yet."

Scarcely had the yellow man spoken, when he interrupted himself, and though he seemed weary enough before, continued his journey at a pace which would have kept the pedlar's mare on a smart trot. Dominicus stared after him in great perplexity. If the murder had not been committed till Tuesday night, who was the prophet that had foretold it, in all its circumstances, on Tuesday morning? If Mr Higginbotham's corpse were not yet discovered by his own family, how came the mulatto, at above thirty miles' distance, to know that he was hanging in the orchard, especially as he had left Kimballton before the unfortunate man was hanged at all? These ambiguous circumstances, with the stranger's surprise and terror, made Dominicus think of raising a hue and cry after him, as an accomplice in the murder; since a murder, it seemed, had really been perpetrated.

"But let the poor devil go," thought the pedlar. "I don't want his black blood on my head, and hanging the nigger wouldn't unhang Mr Higginbotham. Unhang the old gentleman! It's a sin, I know, but I should hate to have him come to life a second time, and give me the lie!"

With these meditations, Dominicus Pike drove into the street of Parker's Falls, which, as everybody knows, is as thriving a village as three cotton factories and a slitting mill can make it. The machinery was not in motion, and but a few of the shop doors unbarred, when he alighted in the stable yard of the tavern, and made it his first business to order the mare four quarts of oats. His second duty, of course, was to impart Mr Higginbotham's catastrophe to the hostler. He deemed it advisable, however, not to be too positive as to the date of the dreadful fact, and also to be uncertain whether it were perpetrated by an Irishman and a mulatto, or by the son of Erin alone. Neither did he pro-

cess to relate it on his own authority, or that of any one person, but mentioned it as a report generally diffused.

The story ran through the town like fire among girdled trees, and became so much the universal talk that nobody could tell whence it had originated. Mr Higginbotham was as well known at Parker's Falls as any citizen of the place, being part owner of the slitting mill, and a considerable stockholder in the cotton factories. The inhabitants felt their own prosperity interested in his fate. Such was the excitement, that the Parker's Falls Gazette anticipated its regular day of publication, and came out with half a form of blank paper and a column of double pica emphasized with capitals, and headed HORRID MURDER OF MR HIGGINBOTHAM! Among other dreadful details, the printed account described the mark of the cord round the dead man's neck, and stated the number of thousand dollars of which he had been robbed, there was much pathos also about the affliction of his niece, who had gone from one fainting fit to another, ever since her uncle was found hanging on the St Michael's pear-tree with his pockets inside out. The village poet likewise commemorated the young lady's grief in seventeen stanzas of a ballad. The selectmen held a meeting, and, in consideration of Mr Higginbotham's claims on the town, determined to issue handbills, offering a reward of five hundred dollars for the apprehension of his murderers, and the recovery of the stolen property.

Meanwhile the whole population of Parker's Falls, consisting of shopkeepers, mistresses of boarding-houses, factory girls, millmen, and school-boys, rushed into the street and kept up such a terrible loquacity as more than compensated for the silence of the cotton machines, which refrained from their usual din out of respect to the deceased. Had Mr Higginbotham cared about posthumous renown, his untimely ghost would have exulted in this tumult. Our friend Dominicus, in his vanity of heart, forgot his intended precautions, and mounting on the town pump, announced himself as the bearer of the authentic intelligence which had caused so wonderful a sensation. He immediately became the great man of the moment, and had just begun a new edition of the narrative, with a voice like a field preacher, when the mail stage drove into the village street. It had travelled

all night, and must have shifted horses at Kimballton, at three in the morning

"Now we shall hear all the particulars," shouted the crowd

The coach rumbled up to the piazza of the tavern, followed by a thousand people, for if any man had been minding his own business till then, he now left it at sixes and sevens, to hear the news. The pedlar, foremost in the race, discovered two passengers, both of whom had been startled from a comfortable nap to find themselves in the centre of a mob. Every man assailing them with separate questions, all propounded at once, the couple were struck speechless, though one was a lawyer and the other a young lady

"Mr Higginbotham! Mr Higginbotham! Tell us the particulars about old Mr Higginbotham!" bawled the mob. "What is the coroner's verdict? Are the murderers apprehended? Is Mr Higginbotham's niece come out of her fainting fits? Mr Higginbotham! Mr Higginbotham!"

The coachman said not a word, except to swear awfully at the hostler for not bringing him a fresh team of horses. The lawyer inside had generally his wits about him even when asleep, the first thing he did, after learning the cause of the excitement, was to produce a large, red pocket-book. Meantime, Dominicus Pike, being an extremely polite young man, and also suspecting that a female tongue would tell the story as glibly as a lawyer's, had handed the lady out of the coach. She was a fine, smart girl, now wide awake and bright as a button, and had such a sweet pretty mouth, that Dominicus would almost as lief have heard a love tale from it as a tale of murder

"Gentlemen and ladies," said the lawyer to the shopkeepers, the millmen, and the factory girls, "I can assure you that some unaccountable mistake, or, more probably, a wilful falsehood, maliciously contrived to injure Mr Higginbotham's credit, has excited this singular uproar. We passed through Kimballton at three o'clock this morning, and most certainly should have been informed of the murder had any been perpetrated. But I have proof nearly as strong as Mr Higginbotham's own oral testimony, in the negative. Here is a note relating to a suit of his in the Connecticut courts, which was delivered me from that gentleman himself. I find it dated at ten o'clock last evening."

So saying, the lawyer exhibited the date and signature of the note, which irrefragably proved, either that this perverse Mr Higginbotham was alive when he wrote it, or—as some deemed the more probable case, of two doubtful ones—that he was so absorbed in worldly business as to continue to transact it even after his death. But unexpected evidence was forthcoming. The young lady, after listening to the pedlar's explanation, merely seized a moment to smooth her gown and put her curls in order, and then appeared at the tavern door, making a modest signal to be heard

"Good people," said she, "I am Mr Higginbotham's niece"

A wondering murmur passed through the crowd on beholding her so rosy and bright, that same unhappy niece, whom they had supposed, on the authority of the Parker's Falls Gazette, to be lying at death's door in a fainting fit. But some shrewd fellows had doubted, all along, whether a young lady would be quite so desperate at the hanging of a rich old uncle

"You see," continued Miss Higginbotham, with a smile, "that this strange story is quite unfounded as to myself, and I believe I may affirm it to be equally so in regard to my dear uncle Higginbotham. He has the kindness to give me a home in his house, though I contribute to my own support by teaching a school. I left Kimballton this morning to spend the vacation of commencement week with a friend, about five miles from Parker's Falls. My generous uncle, when he heard me on the stairs, called me to his bedside, and gave me two dollars and fifty cents to pay my stage fare and another dollar for my extra expenses. He then laid his pocket-book under his pillow, shook hands with me, and advised me to take some biscuit in my bag, instead of breakfasting on the road. I feel confident, therefore, that I left my beloved relative alive, and trust that I shall find him so on my return"

The young lady courtesied at the close of her speech, which was so sensible and well worded, and delivered with such grace and propriety, that everybody thought her fit to be preceptress of the best academy in the State. But a stranger would have supposed that Mr Higginbotham was an object of abhorrence at Parker's Falls, and that a thanksgiving had been proclaimed for his

murder, so excessive was the wrath of the inhabitants on learning their mistake. The millmen resolved to bestow public honors on Dominicus Pike, only hesitating whether to tar and feather him, ride him on a rail, or refresh him with an ablution at the town pump, on the top of which he had declared himself the bearer of the news. The selectmen, by advice of the lawyer, spoke of prosecuting him for a misdemeanor, in circulating unfounded reports, to the great disturbance of the peace of the Commonwealth. Nothing saved Dominicus, either from mob law or a court of justice, but an eloquent appeal made by the young lady in his behalf. Addressing a few words of heartfelt gratitude to his benefactress, he mounted the green cart and rode out of town, under a discharge of artillery from the school-boys, who found plenty of ammunition in the neighboring clay-pits and mud-holes. As he turned his head to exchange a farewell glance with Mr Higginbotham's niece, a ball, of the consistence of hasty pudding, hit him slap in the mouth, giving him a most grim aspect. His whole person was so bespattered with the like filthy missiles, that he had almost a mind to ride back, and supplicate for the threatened ablution at the town pump, for, though not meant in kindness, it would now have been a deed of charity.

However, the sun shone bright on poor Dominicus, and the mud, an emblem of all stains of undeserved opprobrium, was easily brushed off when dry. Being a funfy rogue, his heart soon cheered up, nor could he refrain from a hearty laugh at the uproar which his story had excited. The handbills of the selectmen would cause the commitment of all the vagabonds in the State, the paragraph in the Parker's Falls Gazette would be reprinted from Maine to Florida, and perhaps form an item in the London newspapers, and many a miser would tremble for his money bags and life, on learning the catastrophe of Mr Higginbotham. The pedlar meditated with much fervor on the charms of the young schoolmistress, and swore that Daniel Webster never spoke nor looked so like an angel as Miss Higginbotham, while defending him from the wrathful populace at Parker's Falls.

Dominicus was now on the Kimballton turnpike, having all along determined to visit that place, though business had drawn him out of the most direct road from Morris-town. As he approached the scene of the

supposed murder, he continued to devolve the circumstances in his mind, and was astonished at the aspect which the whole case assumed. Had nothing occurred to corroborate the story of the first traveller, it might now have been considered as a hoax, but the yellow man was evidently acquainted either with the report or the fact, and there was a mystery in his dismayed and guilty look on being abruptly questioned. When, to this singular combination of incidents, it was added that the rumor tallied exactly with Mr Higginbotham's character and habits of life, and that he had an orchard, and a St Michael's pear-tree, near which he always passed at nightfall, the circumstantial evidence appeared so strong that Dominicus doubted whether the autograph produced by the lawyer, or even the niece's direct testimony, ought to be equivalent. Making cautious inquiries along the road, the pedlar further learned that Mr Higginbotham had in his service an Irishman of doubtful character, whom he had hired without a recommendation, on the score of economy.

"May I be hanged myself," exclaimed Dominicus Pike aloud, on reaching the top of a lonely hill, "if I'll believe old Higginbotham is unchanged till I see him with my own eyes, and hear it from his own mouth! And as he's a real shaver, I'll have the minister or some other responsible man for an indorser."

It was growing dusk when he reached the toll-house on Kimballton turnpike, about a quarter of a mile from the village of this name. His little mare was fast bringing him up with a man on horseback, who trotted through the gate a few rods in advance of him, nodded to the toll-gatherer, and kept on towards the village. Dominicus was acquainted with the tollman, and, while making change, the usual remarks on the weather passed between them.

"I suppose," said the pedlar, throwing back his whiplash, to bring it down like a feather on the mare's flank, "you have not seen anything of old Mr Higginbotham within a day or two?"

"Yes," answered the toll-gatherer. "He passed the gate just before you drove up, and yonder he rides now, if you can see him through the dusk. He's been to Woodfield this afternoon, attending a sheriff's sale there. The old man generally shakes hands and

has a little chat with me, but to-night, he nodded,—as if to say, 'Charge my toll,'—and jogged on, for wherever he goes, he must always be at home by eight o'clock "

"So they tell me," said Dominicus

"I never saw a man look so yellow and thin as the squire does," continued the toll-gatherer "Says I to myself, to-night, he's more like a ghost or an old mummy than good flesh and blood "

The pedlar strained his eyes through the twilight, and could just discern the horse-man now far ahead on the village road He seemed to recognize the rear of Mr Higginbotham, but through the evening shadows, and amid the dust from the horse's feet, the figure appeared dim and unsubstantial, as if the shape of the mysterious old man were faintly moulded of darkness and gray light Dominicus shivered

"Mr Higginbotham has come back from the other world, by way of the Kimballton turnpike," thought he

He shook the reins and rode forward, keeping about the same distance in the rear of the gray old shadow, till the latter was concealed by a bend of the road On reaching this point, the pedlar no longer saw the man on horseback, but found himself at the head of the village street, not far from a number of stores and two taverns, clustered round the meeting-house steeple On his left were a stone wall and a gate, the boundary of a wood-lot, beyond which lay an orchard, farther still, a mowing field, and last of all, a house These were the premises of Mr Higginbotham, whose dwelling stood beside the old highway, but had been left in the background by the Kimballton turnpike Dominicus knew the place, and the little mare stopped short by instinct, for he was not conscious of tightening the reins

"For the soul of me, I cannot get by this gate!" said he, trembling "I never shall be my own man again, till I see whether Mr Higginbotham is hanging on the St Michael's pear-tree!"

He leaped from the cart, gave the rein a turn round the gate post, and ran along the

green path of the wood-lot as if Old Nick were chasing behind Just then the village clock tolled eight, and as each deep stroke fell, Dominicus gave a fresh bound and flew faster than before, till, dim in the solitary centre of the orchard, he saw the fated pear-tree One great branch stretched from the old contorted trunk across the path, and threw the darkest shadow on that one spot. But something seemed to struggle beneath the branch'

The pedlar had never pretended to more courage than befits a man of peaceable occupation, nor could he account for his valor on this awful emergency Certain it is, however, that he rushed forward, prostrated a sturdy Irishman with the butt end of his whip, and found—not indeed hanging on the St Michael's pear-tree, but trembling beneath it, with a halter round his neck—the old, identical Mr Higginbotham'

"Mr Higginbotham," said Dominicus tremulously, "you're an honest man, and I'll take your word for it Have you been hanged or not?"

If the riddle be not already guessed, a few words will explain the simple machinery by which this "coming event" was made to "cast its shadow before" Three men had plotted the robbery and murder of Mr Higginbotham, two of them, successively, lost courage and fled, each delaying the crime one night by their disappearance, the third was in the act of perpetration, when a champion, blindly obeying the call of fate, like the heroes of old romance, appeared in the person of Dominicus Pike

It only remains to say, that Mr Higginbotham took the pedlar into high favor, sanctioned his addresses to the pretty school-mistress, and settled his whole property on their children, allowing themselves the interest In due time, the old gentleman capped the climax of his favors, by dying a Christian death, in bed, since which melancholy event Dominicus Pike has removed from Kimballton, and established a large tobacco manufactory in my native village

From *Twice-Told Tales*

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW (1807-1882)

No American writer of the nineteenth century was more popular both in the United States and in Europe than Longfellow, for he understood most sympathetically the emotions and ideals which controlled the vast majority of his fellow men. His poems, translated into eighteen languages, gave comfort and hope to persons widely separated in position as well as nationality. Furthermore, his life, except for the sad death of his first wife and the tragic accident causing the death of his second wife from burns when her dress caught fire, had been a happy, respectable, and prosperous one, such as his readers would have desired for themselves. To them Longfellow represented the kindly, affable friend who could appreciate their joys and sorrows. He was the poet of the fireside, where the heart has its deepest and noblest feelings.

His father's home in Portland, Maine, preserved the best New England culture since both parents were descended from the early settlers. Longfellow was a studious youth and entered the sophomore class at Bowdoin at fourteen. While at college he began to write poetry, some of which appeared in the *United States Literary Gazette*. More and more he inclined toward a literary career and finally wrote to his father, "I most eagerly aspire after future eminence in literature, my whole soul burns ardently for it, and every earthly thought centres in it." The reply to this letter suggested that literature would not prove a profitable vocation. So Longfellow consented to study law. He was, however, saved from this profession by the offer of a professorship of modern languages at his alma mater. Before assuming the duties of this position, he studied for three years in Europe.

Outre-Mer: A Pilgrimage Beyond the Sea is composed of sketches giving the impressions gained during this period. Like Irving's *Sketch Book* it presented to American readers the customs of the Old World. But Longfellow performed a greater service for his countrymen by introducing them to the romantic literature of the European nations. For the *North American Review* he wrote papers on French, Italian, and Spanish literary movements. He also translated poems from these literatures and prepared texts for his classes. His translations conveyed the spirit of the original with praiseworthy fidelity.

In 1834 Longfellow became Smith Professor of French and Spanish Languages and Literatures of Belles Lettres at Harvard. To prepare himself further for this appointment he went again to Europe especially to increase his knowledge of German and Scandinavian literatures. Influenced by German romanticism he wrote the prose romance, *Hyperion*, which reflects his

opinions concerning Germany and Switzerland as well as his feeling concerning the lady who became his second wife. After his return Longfellow resided at The Craigie House in Cambridge and for the next eighteen years awakened in his students an appreciation of foreign literatures. Only once did he have a leave of absence when he went to Marienberg for his health. Often he was irritated by the routine duties of a professorship because they left him so little time for poetic composition. At last he was financially able to resign and follow the desire of his youth.

With his narrative poems in *Ballads and Other Poems* and *Tales of a Wayside Inn* and with *Evangeline*, *The Song of Hiawatha*, and *The Courtship of Miles Standish* Longfellow aroused a popular interest in the romantic past. Whether the story came from the legends of the European countries or from the more recent history of the North American continent, he told it so simply and yet so effectively that everyone apprehended the import. The poet had an unfailing ability to invoke the universal passions. The patriotic zeal of Paul Revere, the sad fate of *Evangeline*, the childlike sincerity of *Hiawatha*, and the capricious charm of *Priscilla* appealed strongly to those who were developing a new nation. They knew at first hand the mystery of the forest and the hardships of the struggle for existence. Contemporary movements did not often concern Longfellow, although he did write eight poems on slavery, in which he related stories of hopeless misery. The critics pointed out the diffuseness and sentimentality in the narrative poems, but the general reader did not consider these faults objectionable. The poet was serenely undisturbed by any unfavorable remarks, for he was conscious of having been faithful to his purpose.

The work which was for him the culmination of this purpose occupied him for thirty-two years. In 1841 he wrote in his journal, "This evening it has come into my mind to undertake a long and elaborate poem by the holy name of Christ, the theme of which would be the various aspects of Christendom in the Apostolic, Middle, and Modern Ages." The final form of this dramatic poem bore the title *Christus A Mystery* and consisted of *The Divine Tragedy*, *The Golden Legend* and *The New England Tragedies*. The *Christus* is important more for the influences its theme had upon Longfellow's spiritual development than for its poetic value. To this source can be traced the moral precepts of the shorter poems.

These poems were optimistic, encouraging the unfortunate to bear their lot with patience and

the discouraged to strive continually for nobler lives *The Psalm of Life, The Ladder of St Augustine, The Rainy Day, Resignation, Loss and Gain*, and many others expressed thoughts familiar to the average person. Lines from them have been so frequently quoted that they have become trite. Longfellow may have derived his ideas largely from books, but he stated them with unforgettable clarity and imagery. Artistically the finest of his short poems are the sonnets, especially those prefacing his translation of Dante's *Divine Comedy*. The concentration

demanding by this form held him closer to his theme.

Regardless of Longfellow's very obvious shortcomings and the patronizing attitude of his critics, we must concede that he accomplished much for his generation. He made it cognizant of the romantic aspects of the early days. He taught New Englanders that beauty and goodness were not incompatible. He brought about an appreciation of foreign literatures by his translations and essays. But above all he won the admiration of everyone through his lovable personality.

THE SKELETON IN ARMOR

[The following Ballad was suggested to me while riding on the seashore at Newport. A year or two previous a skeleton had been dug up at Fall River, clad in broken and corroded armor, and the idea occurred to me of connecting it with the Round Tower at Newport, generally known hitherto as the Old Wind-Mill, though now claimed by the Danes as a work of their early ancestors. Professor Rafn, in the *Mémoires de la Société Royale des Antiquaires du Nord* for 1838-1839, says —

"There is no mistaking in this instance the style in which the more ancient stone edifices of the North were constructed, the style which belongs to the Roman or Ante-Gothic architecture, and which, especially after the time of Charlemagne, diffused itself from Italy over the whole of the West and North of Europe, where it continued to predominate until the close of the twelfth century, that style, which some authors have, from one of its most striking characteristics, called the round arch style, the same which in England is denominated Saxon and sometimes Norman architecture.

"On the ancient structure in Newport there are no ornaments remaining which might possibly have served to guide us in assigning the probable date of its erection. That no vestige whatever is found of the pointed arch, nor any approximation to it, is indicative of an earlier rather than of a later period. From such characteristics as remain, however, we can scarcely form any other inference than one, in which I am persuaded that all who are familiar with Old-Northern architecture will concur, THAT THIS BUILDING WAS ERECTED AT A PERIOD DECIDEDLY NOT LATER THAN THE TWELFTH CENTURY. This remark applies, of course, to the original building only, and not to the alterations that it subsequently re-

ceived, for there are several such alterations in the upper part of the building which cannot be mistaken, and which were most likely occasioned by its being adapted in modern times to various uses, for example, as the substructure of a wind-mill, and latterly as a hay magazine. To the same times may be referred the windows, the fireplace, and the apertures made above the columns. That this building could not have been erected for a wind-mill is what an architect will easily discern"]

"SPEAK! speak! thou fearful guest!

Who, with thy hollow breast

Still in rude armor drest,

Comest to daunt me!

Wrapt not in Eastern balms,

But with thy fleshless palms

Stretched, as if asking alms,

Why dost thou haunt me?"

Then, from those cavernous eyes

Pale flashes seemed to rise,

As when the Northern skies

Gleam in December,

And, like the water's flow

Under December's snow,

Came a dull voice of woe

From the heart's chamber

"I was a Viking old!

My deeds, though manifold,

No Skald in song has told,

No Saga taught thee!

Take heed, that in thy verse

Thou dost the tale rehearse,

Else dread a dead man's curse,

For this I sought thee

"Far in the Northern Land,

By the wild Baltic's strand,

I, with my childish hand,

Tamed the gervalcon;

And, with my skates fast-bound,
Skimmed the half-frozen Sound,
That the poor whimpering hound
Trembled to walk on

"Oft to his frozen lair
Tracked I the grisly bear,
While from my path the hare
Fled like a shadow,
Oft through the forest dark
Followed the were-wolf's bark,
Until the soaring lark
Sang from the meadow

"But when I older grew,
Joining a corsair's crew,
O'er the dark sea I flew
With the marauders
Wild was the life we led,
Many the souls that sped,
Many the hearts that bled,
By our stern orders

"Many a wassail-bout
Wore the long Winter out,
Often our midnight shout
Set the cocks crowing,
As we the Berserk's tale
Measured in cups of ale,
Draining the oaken pail,
Filled to o'erflowing

"Once as I told in glee
Tales of the stormy sea,
Soft eyes did gaze on me,
Burning yet tender,
And as the white stars shine
On the dark Norway pine,
On that dark heart of mine
Fell their soft splendor

"I wooed the blue-eyed maid,
Yielding, yet half afraid,
And in the forest's shade
Our vows were plighted
Under its loosened vest
Fluttered her little breast,
Like birds within their nest
By the hawk frightened

"Bright in her father's hall
Shields gleamed upon the wall,
Loud sang the minstrels all,
Chanting his glory,
When of old Hildebrand

I asked his daughter's hand,
Mute did the minstrels stand
To hear my story

84

"While the brown ale he quaffed,
Loud then the champion laughed
And as the wind-gusts waft
The sea-foam brightly,
So the loud laugh of scorn,
Out of those lips unshorn,
From the deep drinking-horn
Blew the foam lightly

85

"She was a Prince's child,
I but a Viking wild,
And though she blushed and smiled,
I was discarded!
Should not the dove so white
Follow the sea-mew's flight,
Why did they leave that night
Her nest unguarded?

90

95

"Scarce had I put to sea,
Bearing the maid with me,
Fairest of all was she
Among the Norsemen!
When on the white sea-strand,
Waving his armed hand,
Saw we old Hildebrand,
With twenty horsemen

100

"Then launched they to the blast,
Bent like a reed each mast,
Yet we were gaming fast,
When the wind failed us,
And with a sudden flaw
Came round the gusty Skaw,
So that our foe we saw
Laugh as he hailed us

105

110

"And as to catch the gale
Round veered the flapping sail,
'Death!' was the helmsman's hail,
'Death without quarter!'
Mid-ships with iron keel
Struck we her ribs of steel,
Down her black hulk did reel
Through the black water!

115

120

"As with his wings aslant,
Sails the fierce cormorant,
Seeking some rocky haunt,
With his prey laden,
So toward the open main,
Beating to sea again,

125

Through the wild hurricane
Bore I the maiden

My lady sleeps!
Sleeps!

"Three weeks we westward bore,
And when the storm was o'er,
Cloud-like we saw the shore
Stretching to leeward,
There for my lady's bower
BUILT I the lofty tower,
Which, to this very hour,
Stands looking seaward

Wind of the summer night!
130 Where yonder woodbine creeps,
Fold, fold thy pinions light!
She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
Sleeps!

"There lived we many years,
Time dried the maiden's tears,
She had forgot her fears,
She was a mother,
Death clothed her mild blue eyes,
Under that tower she lies,
Ne'er shall the sun arise
On such another!

Dreams of the summer night!
Tell her, her lover keeps
20 Watch! while in slumbers light
She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
140 Sleeps!

THE BRIDGE

"Still grew my bosom then,
Still as a stagnant fen!
Hateful to me were men,
The sunlight hateful!
In the vast forest here,
Clad in my warlike gear,
Fell I upon my spear,
O, death was grateful!

I stood on the bridge at midnight,
145 As the clocks were striking the hour,
And the moon rose o'er the city,
Behind the dark church-tower

"Thus, seamed with many scars
Bursting these prison bars,
Up to its native stars
My soul ascended!
There from the flowing bowl
Deep drinks the warrior's soul,
Skool! to the Northland! *skool!*"
Thus the tale ended

I saw her bright reflection
5 In the waters under me,
Like a golden goblet falling
And sinking into the sea

And far in the hazy distance
Of that lovely night in June,
155 The blaze of the flaming furnace
Gleamed redder than the moon

Among the long, black rafters
The wavering shadows lay,
160 And the current that came from the ocean
Seemed to lift and bear them away, 15

SERENADE

From "THE SPANISH STUDENT"

Stars of the summer night!
Far in yon azure deeps,
Hide, hide your golden light!
She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
Sleeps!

As, sweeping and eddyng through them,
Rose the belated tide,
And, streaming into the moonlight,
The seaweed floated wide 20

Moon of the summer night!
Far down yon western steeps,
Sink, sink in silver light!
She sleeps!

And like those waters rushing
Among the wooden piers,
5 A flood of thoughts came o'er me
That filled my eyes with tears

How often, oh, how often,
25 In the days that had gone by,
I had stood on that bridge at midnight,
10 And gazed on that wave and sky!

How often, oh, how often,
 I had wished that the ebbing tide
 Would bear me away on its bosom
 O'er the ocean wild and wide!

For my heart was hot and restless,
 And my life was full of care,
 And the burden laid upon me
 Seemed greater than I could bear

But now it has fallen from me,
 It is buried in the sea,
 And only the sorrow of others
 Throws its shadow over me

Yet whenever I cross the river
 On its bridge with wooden piers,
 Like the odor of brine from the ocean
 Comes the thought of other years

And I think how many thousands
 Of care-encumbered men,
 Each bearing his burden of sorrow,
 Have crossed the bridge since then

I see the long procession
 Still passing to and fro,
 The young heart hot and restless,
 And the old subdued and slow!

And forever and forever,
 As long as the river flows,
 As long as the heart has passions,
 As long as life has woes,

The moon and its broken reflection
 And its shadows shall appear,
 As the symbol of love in heaven,
 And its wavering image here

The low desire, the base design,
 That makes another's virtues less,
 The revel of the ruddy wine,
 And all occasions of excess!

The longing for ignoble things,
 The strife for triumph more than truth,
 The hardening of the heart, that brings
 Irreverence for the dreams of youth,

All thoughts of ill, all evil deeds,
 That have their root in thoughts of ill,
 Whatever hinders or impedes
 The action of the nobler will,—

All these must first be trampled down
 Beneath our feet, if we would gain
 In the bright fields of fair renown
 The right of eminent domain

We have not wings, we cannot soar,
 But we have feet to scale and climb
 By slow degrees, by more and more,
 The cloudy summits of our time

The mighty pyramids of stone
 That wedge-like cleave the desert airs,
 When nearer seen, and better known,
 Are but gigantic flights of stairs

The distant mountains, that uprear
 Their frowning foreheads to the skies,
 Are crossed by pathways, that appear
 As we to higher levels rise

The heights by great men reached and kept
 Were not attained by sudden flight,
 But they, while their companions slept,
 Were toiling upward in the night

Standing on what too long we bore
 With shoulders bent and downcast eyes,
 We may discern—unseen before—
 A path to higher destinies,

Nor deem the irrevocable Past
 As wholly wasted, wholly vain,
 If, rising on its wrecks, at last
 To something nobler we attain

THE LADDER OF ST AUGUSTINE

SAINT AUGUSTINE! well hast thou said
 That of our vices we can frame
 A ladder, if we will but tread
 Beneath our feet each deed of shame!

All common things, each day's events,
 That with the hour begin and end,
 Our pleasures and our discontents
 Are rounds by which we may ascend

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE

LISTEN, my children, and you shall hear
 Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
 On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five,

Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year 5

He said to his friend, "If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church tower as a signal light,—
One, if by land, and two, if by sea, 10
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country folk to be up and to arm"

Then he said, "Good-night!" and with muffled
oar 15
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay
The Somerset, British man-of-war,
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar 20
Across the moon like a prison bar,
And a huge black bulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide

Meanwhile, his friend, through alley and
street,
Wanders and watches with eager ears, 25
Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barrack door,
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers,
Marching down to their boats on the shore 30

Then he climbed the tower of the Old North
Church,
By the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
To the belfry-chamber overhead,
And startled the pigeons from their perch
On the sombre rafters, that round him made 35
Masses and moving shapes of shade,—
By the trembling ladder, steep and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,
Where he paused to listen and look down
A moment on the roofs of the town, 40
And the moonlight flowing over all

Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead,
In their night-encampment on the hill,
Wrapped in silence so deep and still
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread, 45
The watchful night-wind, as it went
Creeping along from tent to tent,
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"
A moment only he feels the spell

Of the place and the hour, and the secret
dread 50

Of the lonely belfry and the dead,
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the bay,—
A line of black that bends and floats 55
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere
Now he patted his horse's side, 60
Now gazed at the landscape far and near,
Then, impetuous, stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his saddle-girth,
But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry-tower of the Old North Church, 65
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely and spectral and sombre and still
And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he
turns, 70

But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns!

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing,
a spark 75
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet,
That was all! And yet, through the gloom
and the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night,
And the spark struck out by that steed, in
his flight,
Kindled the land into flame with its heat 80

He has left the village and mounted the steep,
And beneath him, tranquil and broad and deep,
Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides,
And under the alders that skirt its edge,
Now soft on the sand, now loud on the
ledge, 85
Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides

It was twelve by the village clock,
When he crossed the bridge into Medford
town
He heard the crowing of the cock,
And the barking of the farmer's dog, 90
And felt the damp of the river fog,
That rises after the sun goes down

It was one by the village clock,
 When he galloped into Lexington
 He saw the gilded weathercock 95
 Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
 And the meeting-house windows, blank and
 bare,
 Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
 As if they already stood aghast
 At the bloody work they would look upon 100

It was two by the village clock,
 When he came to the bridge in Concord town
 He heard the bleating of the flock,
 And the twitter of birds among the trees,
 And felt the breath of the morning breeze 105
 Blowing over the meadows brown
 And one was safe and asleep in his bed
 Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
 Who that day would be lying dead,
 Pierced by a British musket-ball 110

You know the rest In the books you have
 read,
 How the British Regulars fired and fled,—
 How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
 From behind each fence and farm-yard wall,
 Chasing the red-coats down the lane, 115
 Then crossing the fields to emerge again
 Under the trees at the turn of the road,
 And only pausing to fire and load

So through the night rode Paul Revere,
 And so through the night went his cry of
 alarm 120

To every Middlesex village and farm,—
 A cry of defiance and not of fear,
 A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
 And a word that shall echo forevermore!
 For, borne on the night-wind of the Past, 125
 Through all our history, to the last,
 In the hour of darkness and peril and need,
 The people will waken and listen to hear
 The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,
 And the midnight message of Paul Revere 130

DIVINA COMMEDIA

II

How strange the sculptures that adorn these
 towers!
 This crowd of statues, in whose folded sleeves
 Birds build their nests, while canopied with
 leaves
 Parvis and portal bloom like trellised bowers,
 And the vast minster seems a cross of flow-
 ers! 5
 But fiends and dragons on the gargoyled eaves
 Watch the dead Christ between the living
 thieves,
 And, underneath, the traitor Judas lowers!
 Ah! from what agonies of heart and brain,
 What exultations trampling on despair, 10
 What tenderness, what tears, what hate of
 wrong,
 What passionate outcry of a soul in pain,
 Uprose this poem of the earth and air,
 This mediæval miracle of song!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

(1807-1892)

Because Whittier's poetry is more local in tone than that of his contemporaries, it has not been so widely read. He rarely left for any length of time the section of northeastern Massachusetts, where he had been born on a farm in East Haverhill. Like Burns he worked in the fields at an early age and knew from his own toil what problems the laboring man had to face. *The Barefoot Boy*, *Snowbound*, and many other poems are reminiscent of these personal experiences. The farmhouse, the district school, the Quaker meetinghouse, the countryside, the simple folk struggling against poverty but firm in their faith, and the legends of New England gave this youth as edifying training as the university and European travel had given Longfellow and Lowell.

When Whittier was fourteen years old, the district school-teacher read Burns' poems to the family gathered about the fireplace. The thought that the Scotch farmer had been able to produce such poetry fired the New England farmer boy with the desire to write. He, too, would sing about the sorrows and joys of the laborer. One day he was surprised to see a poem of his in the Newburyport *Free Press*, for his sister had sent it to the editor without his knowledge. This editor was so much impressed by the contribution that he came to visit the author. Thus began Whittier's friendship with William Lloyd Garrison, with whom he became later so closely associated in the movement for abolition. Garrison urged Whittier to seek an education to develop his natural talent. Lack of financial resources, however, prevented the boy from obtaining a formal education except for two terms at Haverhill Academy in 1827 and 1828.

Because farming proved to be too hard labor for one of his physical constitution, Whittier chose journalism as an occupation. During the next fifteen years he did editorial work at various times on *The American Manufacturer* in Boston, the *Haverhill Gazette*, the *New England Review* in Hartford, the *Pennsylvania Freeman* in Philadelphia, and the *Middlesex Standard* in Lowell. Then he became a contributing editor of *The National Era*, the paper published weekly in Washington by the American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society. This connection did not necessitate his leaving Amesbury, where he had settled permanently with his mother and sisters after his father's death and the sale of the farm. From this little village came to *The National Era* and later to *The Atlantic Monthly* the poems and essays which made him pre-eminent the voice of New England in regard to abolition and country life.

The duties of his first editorial position led Whittier to take an active interest in politics. He supported the protective tariff and the policies of Henry Clay and opposed Andrew Jackson. His party was considering him for nomination as national congressman when in 1833 he sacrificed his desires to his convictions by a direct attack on slavery in the pamphlet, *Justice and Expediency*. Henceforth he openly allied himself with the abolitionists and in prose and verse aided them. In his denunciation of slavery Whittier was never bitter against his opponents but desired to strike the evil while sparing those in its grasp. He was saddened rather than angered by the attitude of the southerners, for he had no personal animosity against them. What he considered the deflection of Webster did not blind him to the great orator's fine qualities. To these he did justice in *The Lost Occasion*, written thirty years after *Ichabod*, which so severely rebuked that statesman. The anti-slavery poems are often rhetorical since they were written to mold public opinion. Whittier never forgot that in the *Proem* to the first general collection of his poems he had dedicated his gifts to freedom. About his service to the abolition cause he further said, "I set a higher value on my name as appended to the anti-slavery declaration of 1833 than on the title page of any book."

The anti-slavery poems, the songs of labor and reform, the poems of nature, and even the narrative poems, as well as the religious poems, reflect Whittier's sincere religious feeling. The Bible, as interpreted by the doctrines of the Quakers, had been the main book in his early development. He believed in a personal God, whose principal attributes are mercy and justice. Nature continually reminded him of the blessings granted to man. Consequently it was his duty to help his fellows and not try to live for self alone. His conscience should guide him along the path of duty, for according to the Quakers the inward voice conveyed God's message as surely as the Scriptures. This trust in the immanence of the divine spirit largely accounts for the moral element of Whittier's poetry. Sincere in his own convictions, Whittier never doubted that social evils would vanish if all men would heed the prompting of their higher selves. For him there was no mental or spiritual struggle.

Since Whittier usually wrote for a purpose or for some special occasion, he was often very careless about the form of his work. He wanted to deliver directly and frankly his ideas. Sometimes his zeal for reform or enthusiasm for

some opinion dominated him to the exclusion of all consideration for art. He would become rhetorical, diffuse, and extremely dull. His faulty rhymes mar some verses, and harsh, jarring phrases detract from the poetic force of others. Yet, when he retold some legend in ballad form or described a rural scene, Whittier could make his purpose secondary to his art.

The following stanzas from the *Proem* give Whittier's own impartial estimate of his work.

Of mystic beauty, dreamy grace,
No rounded art the lack supplies,
Unskilled the subtle lines to trace,

THE HUSKERS

It was late in mild October, and the long autumnal rain

Had left the summer harvest-fields all green with grass again,

The first sharp frosts had fallen, leaving all the woodlands gay

With the hues of summer's rainbow, or the meadow-flowers of May

Through a thin, dry mist, that morning, the sun rose broad and red, ⁵

At first a rayless disk of fire, he brightened as he sped,

Yet even his noontide glory fell chastened and subdued,

On the cornfields and the orchards and softly pictured wood

And all that quiet afternoon, slow sloping to the night,

He wove with golden shuttle the haze with yellow light, ¹⁰

Slanting through the painted beeches, he glorified the hill,

And, beneath it, pond and meadow lay brighter, greener still

And shouting boys in woodland haunts caught glimpses of that sky,

Flecked by the many-tinted leaves, and laughed, they knew not why,

And school-girls, gay with aster-flowers, beside the meadow brooks, ¹⁵

Mingled the glow of autumn with the sunshine of sweet looks

From spire and barn looked westerly the patient weathercocks;

But even the birches on the hill stood motionless as rocks.

Or softer shades of Nature's face,
I view her common forms with unanointed eyes

Nor mine the seer-like power to show
The secrets of the heart and mind,
To drop the plummet-line below
Our common world of joy and woe,
A more intense despair or brighter hope to find

Yet here at least an earnest sense
Of human right and weal is shown,
A hate of tyranny intense,
And hearty in its vehemence,
As if my brother's pain and sorrow were my own,

No sound was in the woodlands, save the squirrel's dropping shell,
And the yellow leaves among the boughs, low rustling as they fell ²⁰

The summer grains were harvested, the stubble-fields lay dry,
Where June winds rolled, in light and shade, the pale green waves of rye,
But still, on gentle hill-slopes, in valleys fringed with wood,
Ungathered, bleaching in the sun, the heavy corn crop stood

Bent low, by autumn's wind and rain, through husks that, dry and sere, ²⁵
Unfolded from their ripened charge, shone out the yellow ear,
Beneath, the turnip lay concealed, in many a verdant fold,
And glistened in the slanting light the pumpkin's sphere of gold

There wrought the busy harvesters, and many a creaking wain
Bore slowly to the long barn-floor its load of husk and grain, ³⁰
Till broad and red, as when he rose, the sun sank down, at last,
And like a merry guest's farewell, the day in brightness passed.

And lo! as through the western pines, on meadow, stream, and pond,
Flamed the red radiance of a sky, set all afire beyond,
Slowly o'er the eastern sea-bluffs a milder glory shone, ³⁵
And the sunset and the moonrise were mingled into one!

As thus into the quiet night the twilight lapsed away,

And deeper in the brightening moon the tran-
 quill shadows lay,
 From many a brown old farm-house, and ham-
 let without name,
 Their milking and their home-tasks done, the
 merry huskers came 40

Swung o'er the heaped-up harvest, from pitch-
 forks in the mow,
 Shone dimly down the lanterns on the pleasant
 scene below,
 The growing pile of husks behind, the golden
 ears before,
 And laughing eyes and busy hands and brown
 cheeks glimmering o'er

Half hidden, in a quiet nook, serene of look
 and heart, 45
 Talking their old times over, the old men sat
 apart,
 While up and down the unhusked pile, or
 nestling in its shade,
 At hide-and-seek, with laugh and shout, the
 happy children played

Urged by the good host's daughter, a maiden
 young and fair,
 Lifting to light her sweet blue eyes and pride
 of soft brown hair, 50
 The master of the village school, sleek of hair
 and smooth of tongue,
 To the quaint tune of some old psalm, a husk-
 ing-ballad sung

THE CORN-SONG

Heap high the farmer's wintry hoard!
 Heap high the golden corn!
 No richer gift has Autumn poured 55
 From out her lavish horn!

Let other lands, exulting, glean
 The apple from the pine,
 The orange from its glossy green,
 The cluster from the vine, 60

We better love the hardy gift
 Our rugged vales bestow,
 To cheer us when the storm shall drift
 Our harvest-fields with snow

Through vales of grass and meads of flow-
 ers 65
 Our ploughs their furrows made,

While on the hills the sun and showers
 Of changeful April played

We dropped the seed o'er hill and plain
 Beneath the sun of May, 70
 And frightened from our sprouting grain
 The robber crows away

All through the long, bright days of June
 Its leaves grew green and fair,
 And waved in hot midsummer's noon 75
 Its soft and yellow hair

And now, with autumn's moonlit eves,
 Its harvest-time has come,
 We pluck away the frosted leaves,
 And bear the treasure home 80

There, when the snows about us drift,
 And winter winds are cold,
 Fair hands the broken grain shall sift,
 And knead its meal of gold

Let vapid idlers loll in silk 85
 Around their costly board,
 Give us the bowl of samp and milk,
 By homespun beauty poured!

Where'er the wide old kitchen hearth
 Sends up its smoky curls, 90
 Who will not thank the kindly earth,
 And bless our farmer girls!

Then shame on all the proud and vain,
 Whose folly laughs to scorn
 The blessing of our hardy grain, 95
 Our wealth of golden corn!

Let earth withhold her goodly root,
 Let mildew blight the rye,
 Give to the worm the orchard's fruit,
 The wheat-field to the fly: 100

But let the good old crop adorn
 The hills our fathers trod;
 Still let us, for His golden corn,
 Send up our thanks to God!

ICHABOD

This poem was the outcome of the surprise and grief
 and forecast of evil consequences which I felt on
 reading the seventh of March speech of Daniel
 Webster in support of the "compromise," and the
 Fugitive Slave Law

So fallen! so lost! the light withdrawn
Which once he wore!
The glory from his grey hairs gone
For evermore!

Reville him not, the Tempter hath
A snare for all,
And pitying tears, not scorn and wrath,
Befit his fall!

Oh, dumb be passion's stormy rage,
When he who might
Have lighted up and led his age,
Falls back in night

Scorn! would the angels laugh, to mark
A bright soul driven,
Fiend-goaded, down the endless dark,
From hope and heaven!

Let not the land once proud of him
Insult him now,
Nor brand with deeper shame his dim,
Dishonoured brow

But let its humbled sons, instead,
From sea to lake,
A long lament, as for the dead,
In sadness make

Of all we loved and honoured, naught
Save power remains,
A fallen angel's pride of thought,
Still strong in chains

All else is gone, from those great eyes
The soul has fled
When faith is lost, when honour dies,
The man is dead!

Then, pay the reverence of old days
To his dead fame,
Walk backward, with averted gaze,
And hide the shame!

MAUD MULLER

MAUD MULLER on a summer's day,
Raked the meadow sweet with hay

Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic health

Singing, she wrought, and her merry glee
The mock-bird echoed from his tree

But when she glanced to the far-off town,
White from its hill-slope looking down,

The sweet song died, and a vague unrest
And a nameless longing filled her breast,— 10

A wish that she hardly dared to own,
For something better than she had known

The Judge rode slowly down the lane,
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane

He drew his bridle in the shade 15
Of the apple-trees, to greet the maid,

And asked a draught from the spring that
flowed
Through the meadow across the road

She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up,
And filled for him her small tin cup, 20

And blushed as she gave it, looking down
On her feet so bare, and her tattered gown

"Thanks!" said the Judge, "a sweeter draught
From a fairer hand was never quaffed"

He spoke of the grass and flowers and trees, 25
Of the singing birds and the humming bees,

Then talked of the haying, and wondered
whether
The cloud in the west would bring foul
weather

And Maud forgot her brier-torn gown,
And her graceful ankles bare and brown, 30

And listened, while a pleased surprise
Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes

At last, like one who for delay
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away 35

Maud Muller looked and sighed "Ah me! 35
That I the Judge's bride might be!

"He would dress me up in silks so fine,
And praise and toast me at his wine

"My father should wear a broadcloth coat,
My brother should sail a painted boat 40

"I'd dress my mother so grand and gay,
And the baby should have a new toy each day.

"And I'd feed the hungry and clothe the poor,
 And all should bless me who left our door "

The Judge looked back as he climbed the
 hill, 45
 And saw Maud Muller standing still

"A form more fair, a face more sweet,
 Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet

"And her modest answer and graceful air
 Show her wise and good as she is fair 50

"Would she were mine, and I to-day,
 Like her, a harvester of hay,

"No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,
 Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues,

"But low of cattle and song of birds, 55
 And health and quiet and loving words "

But he thought of his sisters, proud and cold,
 And his mother, vain of her rank and gold

So, closing his heart, the Judge rode on,
 And Maud was left in the field alone 60

But the lawyer smiled that afternoon,
 When he hummed in court an old love-tune,

And the young girl mused beside the well
 Till the rain on the unraked clover fell

He wedded a wife of richest dower, 65
 Who lived for fashion, as he for power

Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright glow,
 He watched a picture come and go,

And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes
 Looked out in their innocent surprise 70

Oft, when the wine in his glass was red,
 He longed for the wayside well instead,

And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms
 To dream of meadows and clover-blooms

And the proud man sighed, with a secret
 pain, 75
 "Ah, that I were free again !

"Free as when I rode that day,
 Where the barefoot maiden raked her hay "

She wedded a man unlearned and poor,
 And many children played round her door 80

But care and sorrow, and childbirth pain,
 Left their traces on heart and brain

And oft, when the summer sun shone hot
 On the new-mown hay in the meadow lot,

And she heard the little spring brook fall 85
 Over the roadside, through the wall,

In the shade of the apple-tree again
 She saw a rider draw his rein,

And, gazing down with timid grace,
 She felt his pleased eyes read her face 90

Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls
 Stretched away into stately halls,

The weary wheel to a spinnet turned,
 The tallow candle an astral burned,

And for him who sat by the chimney lug, 95
 Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,

A manly form at her side she saw,
 And joy was duty and love was law

Then she took up her burden of life again,
 Saying only, "It might have been " 100

Alas for maiden, alas for Judge,
 For rich repiner and household drudge !

God pity them both ! and pity us all,
 Who vainly the dreams of youth recall

For of all sad words of tongue or pen, 105
 The saddest are these "It might have been ! "

Ah, well ! for us all some sweet hope lies
 Deeply buried from human eyes,

And, in the hereafter, angels may
 Roll the stone from its grave away ! 110

THE TRAILING ARBUTUS

I WANDERED lonely where the pine-trees made
 Against the bitter East their barricade,
 And, guided by its sweet
 Perfume, I found, within a narrow dell,
 The trailing spring flower tinted like a shell 5
 Amid dry leaves and mosses at my feet.

From under dead boughs, for whose loss the
 pines
 Moaned ceaseless overhead, the blossoming
 vines
 Lifted their glad surprise,
 While yet the bluebird smoothed in leafless
 trees 10
 His feathers ruffled by the chill sea-breeze,
 And snow-drifts lingered under April skies

As, pausing, o'er the lonely flower I bent,
 I thought of lives thus lowly, clogged and
 pent,
 Which yet find room, 15
 Through care and cumber, coldness and de-
 cay,
 To lend a sweetness to the ungenial day,
 And make the sad earth happier for their
 bloom

BARBARA FRIETCHIE

Up from the meadows rich with corn,
 Clear in the cool September morn,
 The clustered spires of Frederick stand
 Green-walled by the hills of Maryland
 Round about them orchards sweep, 5
 Apple and peach tree fruited deep,
 Fair as the garden of the Lord
 To the eyes of the famished rebel horde,
 On that pleasant morn of the early fall
 When Lee marched over the mountain-wall, 10
 Over the mountains winding down,
 Horse and foot, into Frederick town
 Forty flags with their silver stars,
 Forty flags with their crimson bars,
 Flapped in the morning wind the sun 15
 Of noon looked down, and saw not one
 Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
 Bowed with her fourscore years and ten,
 Bravest of all in Frederick town,
 She took up the flag the men hauled down; 20
 In her attic window the staff she set,
 To show that one heart was loyal yet

Up the street came the rebel tread,
 Stonewall Jackson riding ahead
 Under his slouched hat left and right 25
 He glanced, the old flag met his sight
 "Halt!"—the dust-brown ranks stood fast
 "Fire!"—out blazed the rifle-blast
 It shivered the window, pane and sash,
 It rent the banner with seam and gash 30
 Quick, as it fell, from the broken staff
 Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf
 She leaned far out on the window-sill,
 And shook it forth with a royal will
 "Shoot, if you must, this old grey head, 35
 But spare your country's flag," she said
 A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
 Over the face of the leader came,
 The nobler nature within him stirred
 To life at that woman's deed and word, 40
 "Who touches a hair of yon grey head
 Dies like a dog! March on!" he said
 All day long through Frederick street
 Sounded the tread of marching feet
 All day long that free flag tost 45
 Over the heads of the rebel host
 Ever its torn folds rose and fell
 On the loyal winds that loved it well,
 And through the hill-gaps sunset light
 Shone over it with a warm good-night 50
 Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,
 And the Rebel rides on his raids no more
 Honour to her! and let a tear
 Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier
 Over Barbara Frietchie's grave, 55
 Flag of Freedom and Union, wave!
 Peace and order and beauty draw
 Round thy symbol of light and law,
 And ever the stars above look down
 On thy stars below in Frederick town! 60

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES
(1809-1894)

Caring little about transcendental philosophy and Puritan theology, Holmes entertained the readers of the *Atlantic Monthly* with discursive essays and light verse. Always a pleasant conversationalist he imparted to his writings a personal tone. He recalled the memories of his boyhood, he cleverly introduced bits of worldly wisdom, he merrily poked fun at human foibles, and he suggested fanciful romances. He was ever ready with a suitable poem for a dinner, a birthday, a class reunion, a patriotic celebration, or any other memorable event. He had an exceptional gift for producing with admirable versatility poetry for every occasion and mood.

These occasions had most often some connection with Boston, whose State House Holmes called the "hub of the solar system." He belonged to one of her principal families and had been born at Cambridge, where his father was pastor of the First Church. All about him were the reminders of Boston's glorious history and intellectual superiority. Even though he was proud of this heritage, he was human enough to smile at its various manifestations. One phase, Calvinism, he detested, for its teachings left so little place to free, rational action by the individual. His scientific training made him a rationalist, whose interest was chiefly in things of this world.

After his graduation from Harvard in 1829, Holmes studied law for a year. At the same time he received what he called "my first attack of author's lead-poisoning," when some Harvard friends persuaded him to write for their periodical. As he knew he could not make a living by writing and as law did not offer sufficient stimulus to his scientific temperament, he decided to become a physician. He attended a private medical school and some lectures at the Harvard Medical School and then went to Paris for two years and a half to finish his course. He received his degree from the Harvard Medical School in 1836. He practiced for a few years in Boston but gladly gave up general practice when he was appointed Parkman Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in the Harvard Medical School. From 1847 to 1882 he taught medical students, enlivening his lectures with stories and friendly advice. He also published papers on the results of his researches. His colleagues and students paid many tributes to his ability as an instructor.

Fortunately his academic duties permitted Dr. Holmes to pursue his avocation. The summers spent at Pittsfield in the Berkshires and later at Beverly Farms on Massachusetts Bay might be devoted to preparing his public lectures on *The English Poets of the Nineteenth Century* or other literary topics, to extensive reading, and to au-

thorship. His sociability gained him an envied position in the Saturday Club, whose members dined and talked together once a month. The many poems addressed to these friends, as well as *At the Saturday Club*, show how truly Holmes valued this association. As a talker he was rivaled only by Lowell.

When Lowell accepted the editorship of the recently founded *Atlantic Monthly*, he stipulated that Holmes be asked to be the first contributor. The familiar essays, which added so much to the reputation of this periodical, reported the conversation at an imaginary breakfast table in a typical Boston boarding house. *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table* states principally the views of its chief character upon a great variety of topics, but the brief utterances by the others and the shrewd comments concerning them portray very well their natures. His fellow boarders elicited from the autocrat many a witty remark or appropriate observation. The slight romance with the schoolmistress and the poems, so naturally included, lend a further charm to these essays. *The Professor at the Breakfast Table*, *The Poet at the Breakfast Table*, and *Over the Teacups* are similar to the *Autocrat* in style, but they do not have the freshness of the earlier book. The professor and the poet are apt to engage in more serious discussions, becoming a trifle pedantic.

Usually Holmes desired merely to entertain, but sometimes he enforced a moral idea as in *The Chambered Nautilus*. His novels, *Elsie Venner*, *The Guardian Angel*, and *The Mortal Antipathy*, contain his views on destiny, the influence of heredity, and individual responsibility. As the characters are treated from the physician's point of view, these books have been called "medicated novels."

The spirit of the eighteenth century had a powerful attraction for Holmes. He recalled the patriotism of the revolutionary leaders and urged their descendants to emulate their courage. By a fervent appeal in *Old Ironsides*, he saved the frigate *Constitution*. *Grandmother's Story of Bunker Hill Battle*, *Umon and Liberty*, and other patriotic poems disclosed his pride in the valiant struggle for freedom from every tyranny. Another evidence of the influence of the preceding century is the classical form of his poetry. He liked the heroic couplet and the polished verse of the Augustan period in English literature. He was a city poet, excelling in light, occasional verse.

Holmes had, however, too kind a heart to employ the caustic satire indulged in by the Augustan group. Tenderness and pathos moderated the sting of his ridicule. He could not help

joking about obvious defects and exaggerating eccentricities, for his sense of humor was very keen, but he was always genial. He laughed at himself as well as at others. *The Height of the Ridiculous* tells how one of his poems sent his servant into an hysterical fit of laughter, which lasted ten days. "And since," he said, "I never

dare to write as funny as I can." Although his humor is intellectual and to a large extent conscious, it is rarely inappropriate. A sympathetic understanding of human nature saved his poetry from the artificiality so marked in conventional light verse.

THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST TABLE

CHAPTER XI

[The company looked a little flustered one morning when I came in, so much so, that I inquired of my neighbor, the divinity-student, what had been going on. It appears that the young fellow whom they call John had taken advantage of my being a little late (I having been rather longer than usual dressing that morning) to circulate several questions involving a quibble or play upon words, in short, containing that indignity to the human understanding, condemned in the passages from the distinguished moralist of the last century and the illustrious historian of the present, which I cited on a former occasion, and known as a *pun*. After breakfast, one of the boarders handed me a small roll of paper containing some of the questions and their answers. I subjoin two or three of them, to show what a tendency there is to frivolity and meaningless talk in young persons of a certain sort, when not restrained by the presence of more reflective natures.—It was asked, "Why tertian and quartan fevers were like certain short-lived insects." Some interesting physiological relation would be naturally suggested. The inquirer blushes to find that the answer is in the paltry equivocation that they skip a day or two—"Why an Englishman must go to the Continent to weaken his grog or punch." The answer proves to have no relation whatever to the temperance movement, as no better reason is given than that island- (or, as it is absurdly written *ile and*) water won't mix.—But when I came to the next question and its answer, I felt that patience ceased to be a virtue. "Why an onion is like a piano" is a query that a person of sensibility would be slow to propose, but that in an educated community an individual could be found to answer it in these words, "Because it smells odious," *quasi*, it's melodious,—is not credible, but too true. I can show you the paper.

Dear reader, I beg your pardon for repeating such things. I know most conversations reported in books are altogether above such trivial details, but folly will come up at every table as surely as purslain and chickweed and sorrel will come up in gardens. This young fellow ought to have talked philosophy, I know perfectly well, but he didn't,—he made jokes.]

I am willing,—I said,—to exercise your ingenuity in a rational and contemplative manner.—No, I do not prescribe certain forms of philosophical speculation which involve an approach to the absurd or the ludicrous, such as you may find, for example, in the folio of the Reverend Father Thomas Sanchez, in his famous tractate, "*De Sancto Matrimonio*." I will therefore turn this levity of yours to profit by reading you a rhymed problem, wrought out by my friend the Professor.

THE DEACON'S MASTERPIECE

OR THE WONDERFUL "ONE-HOSS-SHAY"

A LOGICAL STORY

HAVE you heard of the wonderful one-hoss-shay,

That was built in such a logical way

It ran a hundred years to a day,

And then, of a sudden, it—ah, but stay,

I'll tell you what happened without delay,

Scaring the parson into fits,

Frightening people out of their wits,—

Have you ever heard of that, I say?

Seventeen hundred and fifty-five

Georgius Secundus was then alive,—

Snuffy old drone from the German hive!

That was the year when Lisbon-town

Saw the earth open and gulp her down,

And Braddock's army was done so brown,

Left without a scalp to its crown

It was on the terrible Earthquake-day

That the Deacon finished the one-hoss-shay

Now in building of chaises, I tell you what,
There is always *somewhere* a weakest spot,—

In hub, tire, felloe, in spring or thill, 20
 In panel, or crossbar, or floor, or sill,
 In screw, bolt, thoroughbrace,—lurking still,
 Find it somewhere you must and will,—
 Above or below, or within or without,—
 And that's the reason, beyond a doubt, 25
 A chaise *breaks down*, but doesn't *wear out*

But the Deacon swore (as Deacons do
 With an "I dew vum," or an "I tell *yeou*,")
 He would build one shay to beat the taown
 'N' the keounty 'n' all the kentry raoun', 30
 It should be so built that it *could n'* break
 daown
 —"Fur," said the Deacon, "'t's mighty plain
 Thut the weakes' place mus' stan' the strain,
 'N' the way t' fix it, uz I maintain,
 Is only jest 35
 T' make that place uz strong uz the rest "

So the Deacon inquired of the village folk
 Where he could find the strongest oak,
 That couldn't be split nor bent nor broke,—
 That was for spokes and floor and sills, 40
 He sent for lancewood to make the thills,
 The crossbars were ash, from the straightest
 trees,
 The panels of white-wood, that cuts like
 cheese,
 But lasts like iron for things like these;
 The hubs of logs from the "Settler's ellum," 45
 Last of its timber,—they couldn't sell 'em,—

Never an ax had seen their chips,
 And the wedges flew from between their lips,
 Their blunt ends frizzled like celery-tips,
 Step and prop-iron, bolt and screw, 50
 Spring, tire, axle, and linchpin too,
 Steel of the finest, bright and blue,
 Thoroughbrace bison-skin, thick and wide,
 Boot, top, dasher, from tough old hide
 Found in the pit when the tanner died 55
 That was the way he "put her through"—
 "There!" said the Deacon, "naow she'll dew!"

Do! I tell you, I rather guess
 She was a wonder, and nothing less!
 Colts grew horses, beards turned gray, 60
 Deacon and deaconess dropped away,
 Children and grandchildren—where were they?
 But there stood the stout old one-hoss-shay
 As fresh as on Lisbon earthquake-day!

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED,—it came and found 65
 The Deacon's masterpiece strong and sound.

Eighteen hundred increased by ten,
 "Hahnsum kerridge" they called it then
 Eighteen hundred and twenty came,—
 Running as usual, much the same 70
 Thirty and forty at last arrive,
 And then came fifty, and FIFTY-FIVE

Little of all we value here
 Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year
 Without both feeling and looking queer 75
 In fact, there's nothing that keeps its youth,
 So far as I know, but a tree and truth
 (This is a moral that runs at large,
 Take it —You're welcome—No extra charge)

FIRST OF NOVEMBER—the Earthquake-day,—80
 There are traces of age in the one-hoss-shay,
 A general flavor of mild decay,
 But nothing local, as one may say
 There couldn't be,—for the Deacon's art
 Had made it so like in every part 85
 That there wasn't a chance for one to start
 For the wheels were just as strong as the
 thills,
 And the floor was just as strong as the sills,
 And the panels just as strong as the floor,
 And the whipple-tree neither less nor more, 90
 And the back crossbar as strong as the fpre,
 And spring and axle and hub *encore*
 And yet, *as a whole*, it is past a doubt
 In another hour it will be *worn out*!

First of November, 'Fifty-five! 95
 This morning the parson takes a drive
 Now, small boys, get out of the way!
 Here comes the wonderful one-hoss-shay,
 Drawn by a rat-tailed, ewe-necked bay
 "Huddup!" said the parson—Off went 100
 they

The parson was working his Sunday's text,—
 Had got to *fifthly*, and stopped perplexed
 At what the—Moses—was coming next
 All at once the horse stood still,
 Close by the meet'n'-house on the hill 105
 First a shiver, and then a thrill,
 Then something decidedly like a spill,—
 And the parson was sitting upon a rock,
 At half-past nine by the meet'n'-house
 clock,—

Just the hour of the Earthquake-shock! 110
 —What do you think the parson found,
 When he got up and stared around?
 The poor old chaise in a heap or mound,
 As if it had been to the mill and ground!
 You see, of course, if you're not a dunce, 115

How it went to pieces all at once,—
All at once, and nothing first,—
Just as bubbles do when they burst

End of the wonderful one-hoss-shay
Logic is logic That's all I say 120

—I think there is one habit,—I said to our company a day or two afterwards,—worse than that of punning. It is the gradual substitution of cant or flash terms for words which truly characterize their objects. I have known several very genteel idiots whose whole vocabulary had deliquesced into some half dozen expressions. All things fell into one or two great categories,—*fast* or *slow*. Man's chief end was to be a *brick*. When the great calamities overtook their friends, these last were spoken of as being *a good deal cut up*. Nine-tenths of human existence were summed up in the single word, *bore*. These expressions come to be the algebraic symbols of minds which have grown too weak or indolent to discriminate. They are the blank checks of intellectual bankruptcy,—you may fill them up with what idea you like, it makes no difference, for there are no funds in the treasury upon which they are drawn. Colleges and good-for-nothing smoking-clubs are the places where these conversational fungi spring up most luxuriantly. Don't think I undervalue the proper use and application of a cant word or phrase. It adds piquancy to conversation, as a mushroom does to a sauce. But it is no better than a toadstool, odious to the sense and poisonous to the intellect, when it spawns itself all over the talk of men and youths capable of talking, as it sometimes does. As we hear flash phraseology, it is commonly the dishwater from the washings of English dandyism, school-boy or full-grown, wrung out of three-volume novel which had sopped it up, or decanted from the pictured urn of Mr Verdant Green, and diluted to suit the provincial climate.

—The young fellow called John spoke up sharply and said, it was "rum" to hear me "pitchin' into fellers" for "goin' it in the slang line," when I used all the flash words myself just when I pleased.

—I replied with my usual forbearance. —Certainly, to give up the algebraic symbol, because *a* or *b* is often a cover for ideal nihilism, would be unwise. I have heard a child laboring to express a certain condition, in-

volving a hitherto undescribed sensation (as it supposed,) all of which could have been sufficiently explained by the participle—*bored*. I have seen a country-clergyman, with a one-story intellect and a one-horse vocabulary, who has consumed his valuable time (and mine) freely, in developing an opinion of a brother-minister's discourse which would have been abundantly characterized by a peach-down-lipped sophomore in the one word—*slow*. Let us discriminate, and be shy of absolute proscription. I am omniverbivorous by nature and training. Passing by such words as are poisonous, I can swallow most others, and chew such as I cannot swallow.

Dandies are not good for much, but they are good for something. They invent or keep in circulation those conversational blank checks or counters just spoken of, which intellectual capitalists may sometimes find it worth their while to borrow of them. They are useful, too, in keeping up the standard of dress, which, but for them, would deteriorate, and become what some old fools would have it, a matter of convenience, and not of taste and art. Yes, I like dandies well enough,—on one condition.

—What is that, Sir?—said the divinity-student.

—That they have pluck. I find that lies at the bottom of all true dandyism. A little boy dressed up very fine, who puts his finger in his mouth and takes to crying, if other boys make fun of him, looks very silly. But if he turns red in the face and knotty in the fists, and makes an example of the biggest of his assailants, throwing off his fine Leghorn and his thickly-buttoned jacket, if necessary, to consummate the act of justice, his small toggery takes on the splendors of the crested helmet that frightened Astyanax. You remember that the Duke said his dandy officers were his best officers. The "Sunday blood," the super-superb sartorial equestrian of our annual Fast-day, is not imposing or dangerous. But such fellows as Brummel and D'Orsay and Byron are not to be snubbed quite so easily. Look out for "la main de fer sous le gant de velours" (which I printed in English the other day without quotation-marks, thinking whether any *scarabæus criticus* would add this to his globe and roll in glory with it into the newspapers,—which he didn't do it, in the charming pleonasm of the London language, and therefore I claim the sole merit of exposing

the same) A good many powerful and dangerous people have had a decided dash of dandyism about them There was Alcibiades, the "curled son of Clinias," an accomplished young man, but what would be called a "swell" in these days There was Aristotle, a very distinguished writer, of whom you have heard, —a philosopher, in short, whom it took centuries to learn, centuries to unlearn, and is now going to take a generation or more to learn over again Regular dandy, he was So was Marcus Antonius, and though he lost his game, he played for big stakes, and it wasn't his dandyism that spoiled his chance Petrarca was not to be despised as a scholar or a poet, but he was one of the same sort So was Sir Humphrey Davy, so was Lord Palmerston, formerly, if I am not forgetful Yes, —a dandy is good for something as such, and dandies such as I was just speaking of have rocked this planet like a cradle,—aye, and left it swinging to this day—Still, if I were you, I wouldn't go to the tailor's on the strength of these remarks, and run up a long bill which will render pockets a superfluity in your next suit *Elegans "nascitur, non fit"* A man is born a dandy, as he is born a poet There are heads that can't wear hats, there are necks that can't fit cravats, there are jaws that can't fill out collars—(Willis touched this last point in one of his earlier ambrotypes, if I remember rightly), there are *tourmures* nothing can humanize, and movements nothing can subdue to the gracious suavity or elegant languor or stately serenity which belong to different styles of dandyism

We are forming an aristocracy, as you may observe, in this country,—not a *gratiâ-Dei*, nor a *jure-divino* one,—but a *de-facto* upper stratum of being, which floats over the turbid waves of common life as the iridescent film you may have seen spreading over the water above our wharves,—very splendid, though its origin may have been tar, tallow, train-oil, or other such unctuous commodities I say, then, we are forming an aristocracy, and, transitory as its individual life often is, it maintains itself tolerably, as a whole Of course, money is its corner-stone But now observe this Money kept for two or three generations transforms a race,—I don't mean merely in manners and hereditary culture, but in blood and bone Money buys air and sunshine, in which children grow up more kindly, of course, than in close, back streets, it buys country-places

to give them happy and healthy summers, good nursing, good doctoring, and the best cuts of beef and mutton When the spring-chickens come to market—I beg your pardon,—that is not what I was going to speak of As the young females of each successive season come on, the finest specimens among them, other things being equal, are apt to attract those who can afford the expensive luxury of beauty The physical character of the next generation rises in consequence It is plain that certain families have in this way acquired an elevated type of face and figure, and that in a small circle of city-connections one may sometimes find models of both sexes which one of the rural counties would find it hard to match from all its townships put together Because there is a good deal of running down, of degeneration and the waste of life, among the richer classes, you must not overlook the equally obvious fact I have just spoken of,—which in one or two generations more will be, I think, much more patent than just now

The weak point in our chryso-aristocracy is the same I have alluded to in connection with cheap dandyism Its thorough manhood, its high-caste gallantry, are not so manifest as the plate-glass of its windows and the more or less legitimate heraldry of its coach-panels It is very curious to observe of how small account military folks are held among our Northern people Our young men must gild their spurs, but they need not win them The equal division of property keeps the younger sons of rich people above the necessity of military service Thus the army loses an element of refinement, and the moneyed upper class forgets what it is to count heroism among its virtues Still I don't believe in any aristocracy without pluck as its backbone Ours may show it when the time comes, if it ever does come

—These United States furnish the greatest market for intellectual *green fruit* of all the places in the world I think so, at any rate The demand for intellectual labor is so enormous and the market so far from nice, that young talent is apt to fare like unripe gooseberries,—get plucked to make a fool of Think of a country which buys eighty thousand copies of the "Proverbial Philosophy," while the author's admiring countrymen have been buying twelve thousand! How can one let his fruit hang in the sun until it gets fully

ripe, while there are eighty thousand such hungry mouths ready to swallow it and proclaim its praises? Consequently, there never was such a collection of crude pippins and half-grown windfalls as our native literature displays among its fruits. There are literary green groceries at every corner, which will buy anything, from a button-pear to a pineapple. It takes a long apprenticeship to train a whole people to reading and writing. The temptation of money and fame is too great for young people. Do I not remember that glorious moment when the late Mr——we won't say who,—editor of the——we won't say what, offered me the sum of fifty cents per double-columned quarto page for shaking my young boughs over his foolscap apron? Was it not an intoxicating vision of gold and glory? I should doubtless have reveled in its wealth and splendor but for learning the fact that the *fifty cents* was to be considered a rhetorical embellishment, and by no means a literal expression of past fact or present intention.

——Beware of making your moral staple consist of the negative virtues. It is good to abstain, and teach others to abstain, from all that is sinful or hurtful. But making a business of it leads to emaciation of character, unless one feeds largely also on the more nutritious diet of active sympathetic benevolence.

——I don't believe one word of what you are saying,—spoke up the angular female in the black bombazine.

I am sorry you disbelieve it, Madam,—I said, and added softly to my next neighbor,—but you prove it.

The young fellow sitting near me winked, and the divinity-student said, in an undertone, —*Optime dictum*.

Your talking Latin,—said I,—reminds me of an odd trick of one of my old tutors. He read so much of that language, that his English half turned into it. He got caught in town, one hot summer, in pretty close quarters, and wrote, or began to write, a series of city pastorals. Eclogues he called them, and meant to have published them by subscription. I remember some of his verses, if you want to hear them.—You, Sir, (addressing myself to the divinity-student,) and all such as have been through college, or, what is the same thing, received an honorary degree, will understand them without a dictionary. The

old man had a great deal to say about “æstivation,” as he called it, in opposition, as one might say, to *hibernation*. Intramural æstivation, or town-life in summer, he would say, is a peculiar form of suspended existence or semi-asphyxia. One wakes up from it about the beginning of the last week of September. That is what I remember of his poem—

ÆSTIVATION

AN UNPUBLISHED POEM, BY MY
LATE LATIN TUTOR

IN candent ire the solar splendor flames,
The foles, languescient, pend from arid rames,
His humid front the cive, anhelng, wipes,
And dreams of erring on ventiferous ripes

How dulce to vive occult to mortal eyes,
Dorm on the herb with none to supervise,
Carp the suave berries from the crescent vine,
And bibe the flow from longicaudate kine!

To me, alas! no verdurous visions come,
Save yon exiguous pool's conferva-scum,—
No concave vast repeats the tender hue
That laves my milk-jug with celestial blue

Me wretched! Let me curr to quercine shades!
Effund your albid hausts, lactiferous maids!
Oh, might I vole to some umbrageous
clump,—
Depart,—be off,—excede,—evade,—erump!

——I have lived by the seashore and by the mountains—No, I am not going to say which is the best. The one where your place is is the best for you. But this difference there is: you can domesticate mountains, but the sea is *feræ naturæ*. You may have a hut, or know the owner of one, on the mountain-side, you see a light half-way up its ascent in the evening, and you know there is a home, and you might share it. You have noted certain trees, perhaps, you know the particular zone where the hemlocks look so black in October, when the maples and beeches have faded. All its reliefs and intaglios have electrotyped themselves in the medallions that hang round the walls of your memory's chamber.—The sea remembers nothing. It is feline. It licks your feet,—its huge flanks purr very pleasantly for you, but it will crack your bones and eat you, for all that, and wipe the crimsoned foam

from its jaws as if nothing had happened. The mountains give their lost children berries and water, the sea mocks their thirst and lets them die. The mountains have a grand, stupid, lovable tranquillity, the sea has a fascinating, treacherous intelligence. The mountains lie about like huge ruminants, their broad backs awful to look upon, but safe to handle. The sea smooths its silver scales until you cannot see their joints,—but their shining is that of a snake's belly, after all.—In deeper suggestiveness I find as great a difference. The mountains dwarf mankind and foreshorten the procession of its long generations. The sea drowns out humanity and time, it has no sympathy with either, for it belongs to eternity, and of that it sings its monotonous song forever and ever.

Yet I should love to have a little box by the seashore. I should love to gaze out on the wild feline element from a front window of my own, just as I should love to look on a caged panther, and see it stretch its shining length, and then curl over and lap its smooth sides, and by and by begin to lash itself into rage and show its white teeth and spring at its bars, and howl the cry of its mad, but, to me, harmless fury.—And then,—to look at it with that inward eye,—who does not love to shuffle off time and its concerns, at intervals,—to forget who is President and who is Governor, what race he belongs to, what language he speaks, which golden-headed nail of the firmament his articular planetary system is hung upon, and listen to the great liquid metronome as it beats its solemn measure, steadily swinging when the solo or duet of human life began, and to swing just as steadily after the human chorus has died out and man is a fossil on its shores?

—What should decide one, in choosing a summer residence?—Constitution, first of all. How much snow could you melt in an hour, if you were planted in a hogshead of it? Comfort is essential to enjoyment. All sensitive people should remember that persons in easy circumstances suffer much more from cold in summer—that is, the warm half of the year—than in winter, or the other half. You must cut your climate to your constitution, as much as your clothing to your shape. After this, consult your taste and convenience. But if you would be happy in Berkshire, you must carry mountains in your brain, and if you would enjoy Nahant, you must have an ocean

in your soul. Nature plays at dominoes with you, you must match her piece, or she will never give it up to you.

—The schoolmistress said, in rather a mischievous way, that she was afraid some minds or souls would be a little crowded, if they took in the Rocky Mountains or the Atlantic.

Have you ever read the little book called "The Stars and the Earth?"—said I.—Have you seen the Declaration of Independence photographed in a surface that a fly's foot would cover? The forms or conditions of Time and Space, as Kant will tell you, are nothing in themselves,—only our way of looking at things. You are right, I think, however, in recognizing the category of Space as being quite as applicable to minds as to the outer world. Every man of reflection is vaguely conscious of an imperfectly-defined circle which is drawn about his intellect. He has a perfectly clear sense that the fragments of his intellectual circle include the curves of many other minds of which he is cognizant. He often recognizes these as manifestly concentric with his own, but of less radius. On the other hand, when we find a portion of an arc outside of our own, we say it *intersects* ours, but are very slow to confess or to see that it *circumscribes* it. Every now and then a man's mind is stretched by a new idea or sensation, and never shrinks back to its former dimensions. After looking at the Alps, I felt that my mind had been stretched beyond the limits of its elasticity, and fitted so loosely on my old ideas of space that I had to spread these to fit it.

—If I thought I should ever see the Alps!—said the schoolmistress.

Perhaps you will, some time or other,—I said.

It is not very likely,—she answered.—I have had one or two opportunities, but I had rather be anything than governess in a rich family.

[Proud, too, you little soft-voiced woman! Well, I can't say I like you any the worse for it. How long will school-keeping take to kill you? Is it possible the poor thing works with her needle, too? I don't like those marks on the side of her forefinger.]

Tableau Chamouni. Mont Blanc in full view. Figures in the foreground, two of them standing apart, one of them a gentleman of —oh,—ah,—yes! the other a lady in a white

cashmere, leaning on his shoulder—The ingenious reader will understand that this was an internal, private, personal, subjective diorama, seen for one instant on the background of my own consciousness, and abolished into black non-entity by the first question which recalled me to actual life, as suddenly as if one of those iron shop-blinds (which I always pass at dusk with a shiver, expecting to stumble over some poor but honest shop-boy's head, just taken off by its sudden and unexpected descent, and left outside upon the sidewalk) had come down "by the run"]

—Should you like to hear what moderate wishes life brings one to at last? I used to be very ambitious,—wasteful, extravagant, and luxurious in my fancies Read too much in the "Arabian Nights" Must have the lamp,—couldn't do without the ring Exercise every morning on the brazen horse Plump down into castles as full of little milk-white princesses as a nest is of young sparrows All love me dearly at once—Charming idea of life, but too high-colored for the reality I have outgrown all this, my tastes have become exceedingly primitive,—almost, perhaps, ascetic We carry happiness into our condition, but must not hope to find it there I think you will be willing to hear some lines which embody the subdued and limited desires of my maturity

CONTENTMENT

"Man wants but little here below"

LITTLE I ask, my wants are few,
I only wish a hut of stone,
(A *very plain* brown stone will do,)
That I may call my own,—
And close at hand is such a one,
In yonder street that fronts the sun

Plain food is quite enough for me,
Three courses are as good as ten,—
If Nature can subsist on three,
Thank Heaven for three Amen!
I always thought cold victual nice,—
My *choice* would be vanilla-ice

I care not much for gold or land,—
Give me a mortgage here and there,—
Some good bank-stock,—some note of hand,
Or trifling railroad share,—

I only ask that Fortune send
A *little* more than I shall spend

Honors are silly toys, I know,
And titles are but empty names,—
I would, *perhaps*, be Plenipo,—
But only near St James,—
I'm very sure I should not care
To fill our Gubernator's chair

Jewels are baubles, 'tis a sin
To care for such unfruitful things,—
One good-sized diamond in a pin,—
Some, *not so large*, in rings,—
A ruby, and a pearl, or so,
Will do for me,—I laugh at show

My dame should dress in cheap attire,
(Good, heavy silks are never dear,)—
I own perhaps I *might* desire
Some shawls of true cashmere,—
Some marrowy crapes of China silk,
Like wrinkled skins on scalded milk

I would not have the horse I drive
So fast that folks must stop and stare,
An easy gait—two, forty-five—
Suits me, I do not care,—
Perhaps, for just a *single spurt*,
Some seconds less would do no hurt

Of pictures, I should like to own
Titians and Raphaels three or four,—
I love so much their style and tone,
One Turner, and no more,
(A landscape,—foreground golden dirt,—
The sunshine painted with a squirt)

Of books but few,—some fifty score
For daily use, and bound for wear,
The rest upon an upper floor,—
Some *little* luxury *there*
Of red morocco's gilded gleam,
And vellum rich as country cream

Busts, cameos, gems,—such things as these,
Which others often show for pride,
I value for their power to please,
And selfish churls deride,—
One Stradivarius, I confess,
Two Meerschauts, I would fain possess

Wealth's wasteful tricks I will not learn,
Nor ape the glittering upstart fool;—
Shall not carved tables serve my turn,
But *all* must be of buhl?

Give grasping pomp its double share,— 65
I ask but *one* recumbent chair

Thus humble let me live and die,
Nor long for Midas' golden touch,
If Heaven more generous gifts deny,

I shall not miss them *much*,— 70
Too grateful for the blessing lent
Of simple tastes and mind content!

MY LAST WALK WITH THE SCHOOL- MISTRESS

(A PARENTHESIS)

I can't say how many walks she and I had taken together before this one. I found the effect of going out every morning was decidedly favorable on her health. Two pleasing dimples, the places for which were just 20 marked when she came, played, shadowy, in her freshening cheeks when she smiled and nodded good-morning to me from the school-house-steps.

I am afraid I did the greater part of the talking. At any rate, if I should try to report all that I said during the first half-dozen walks we took together, I fear that I might receive a gentle hint from my friends the publishers, that a separate volume, at my own risk and 30 expense, would be the proper method of bringing them before the public.

—I would have a woman as true as Death. At the first real lie which works from the heart outward, she should be tenderly 35 chloroformed into a better world, where she can have an angel for a governess, and feed on strange fruits which will make her all over again, even to her bones and marrow.—Whether gifted with the accident of beauty or 40 not, she should have been molded in the rose-red clay of Love, before the breath of life made a moving mortal of her. Love-capacity is a congenital endowment, and I think, after a while, one gets to know the warm-hued na- 45 tures it belongs to from the pretty pipe-clay counterfeits of it.—Proud she may be, in the sense of respecting herself, but pride, in the sense of condemning others less gifted than herself, deserves the two lowest circles 50 of a vulgar woman's Inferno, where the punishments are Smallpox and Bankruptcy.—She who nips off the end of a brittle courtesy, as one breaks the tip of an icicle, to bestow upon those whom she ought cordially and kindly

to recognize, proclaims the fact that she comes not merely of low blood, but of bad blood. Consciousness of unquestioned position makes people gracious in proper measure to all, but 5 if a woman puts on airs with her real equals, she has something about herself or her family she is ashamed of, or ought to be. Middle, and more than middle-aged people, who know family histories, generally see through it. An 10 official of standing was rude to me once. Oh, that is the maternal grandfather,—said a wise old friend to me—he was a boor.—Better too few words, from the woman we love, than too many while she is silent, Nature is working 15 for her, while she talks, she is working for herself.—Love is sparingly soluble in the words of men, therefore they speak much of it, but one syllable of woman's speech can dissolve more of it than a man's heart can hold.

—Whether I said any or all of these things to the schoolmistress, or not,—whether I stole them out of Lord Bacon,—whether I cribbed them from Balzac,—whether I dipped them from the ocean of Tupperian wisdom,— 25 or whether I have just found them in my head, laid there by that solemn fowl, Experience (who, according to my observation, cackles oftener than she drops real live eggs,) I cannot say. Wise men have said more foolish things,—and foolish men, I don't doubt, have 30 said as wise things. Anyhow, the schoolmistress and I had pleasant walks and long talks, all of which I do not feel bound to report.

—You are a stranger to me, Ma'am—I don't doubt you would like to know all I said to the schoolmistress—I sha'n't do it,—I had rather get the publishers to return the money you have invested in this.

—My idea was, in the first place, to search out the picturesque spots which the city affords a sight of, to those who have eyes. I know a good many, and it was a pleasure to look at them in company with my young friend. There were the shrubs and flowers in the Franklin-Place front-yards or borders, 45 Commerce is just putting his granite foot upon them. Then there are certain small seraglio-gardens, into which one can get a peep through the crevices of high fences,— 50 one in Myrtle Street, or backing on it,—here and there one at the North and South Ends. Then the great elms in Essex Street. Then the stately horse-chestnuts in that vacant lot in Chambers Street, which hold their out- spread hands over your head, (as I said in my

poem the other day), and look as they were whispering, "May grace, mercy, and peace be with you!"—and the rest of that benediction. Nay, there are certain patches of ground, which, having lain neglected for a time, Nature, who always has her pockets full of seeds, and holes in all her pockets, has covered with hungry plebeian growths, which fight for life with each other, until some of them get broad-leaved and succulent, and you have a coarse vegetable tapestry which Raphael would not have disdained to spread over the foreground of his masterpiece. The Professor pretends that he found such a one in Charles Street, which, in its dare-devil impudence of rough-and-tumble vegetation, beats the pretty-behaved flower-beds of the Public Garden as ignominiously as a group of young tatterdemalions playing pitch-and-toss beats a row of Sunday-school-boys with their teacher at their head.

But then the Professor has one of his burrows in that region, and puts everything in high colors relating to it. That is his way about everything—I hold any man cheap,—he said,—of whom nothing stronger can be uttered than that all his geese are swans—How is that, Professor?—said I,—I should have set you down for one of that sort—Sir,—said he,—I am proud to say, that Nature has so far enriched me, that I cannot own so much as a duck without seeing in it as pretty a swan as ever swam the basin in the garden of Luxembourg. And the Professor showed the whites of his eyes devoutly, like one returning thanks after a dinner.

I don't know anything sweeter than this leaking in of Nature through all the cracks in the walls and floors of cities. You heap up a million tons of hewn rocks on a square mile or two of earth which was green once. The trees look down from the hill-sides and ask each other, as they stand on tiptoe,—“What are these people about?” And the small herbs at their feet look up and whisper back,—“We will go and see.” So the small herbs pack themselves up in the least possible bundles, and wait until the wind steals to them at night and whispers,—“Come with me.” Then they go softly with it into the great city,—one to a cleft in the pavement, one to a spout on the roof, one to a seam in the marbles over a rich gentleman's bones, and one to the grave without a stone where nothing but a man is buried,—and there they grow, looking down

on the generations of men from moldy roofs, looking up from between the less-trodden pavements, looking out through iron cemetery-railings. Listen to them, when there is only a light breath stirring, and you will hear them saying to each other,—“Wait awhile!” The words run along the telegraph of those narrow green lines that border the roads leading from the city, until they reach the slope of the hills, and the trees repeat in low murmurs to each other,—“Wait awhile!” By and by the flow of life in the street ebbs and the old leafy inhabitants—the smaller tribes always in front—saunter in, one by one, very careless seemingly, but very tenacious, until they swarm so that the great stones gape from each other with the crowding of their roots, and the feldspar begins to be picked out of the granite to find them food. At last the trees take up their solemn line of march, and never rest until they have encamped in the market-place. Wait long enough and you will find an old dotting oak hugging a huge worn block in its yellow underground arms, that was the corner-stone of the State-House. Oh, so patient she is, this imperturbable Nature!

—Let us cry!—

But all this has nothing to do with my walks and talks with the schoolmistress. I did not say that I would not tell you something about them. Let me alone, and I shall talk to you more than I ought to, probably. We never tell our secrets to people that pump for them. Books we talked about, and education. It was her duty to know something of these, and of course she did. Perhaps I was somewhat more learned than she, but I found that the difference between her reading and mine was like that of a man's and a woman's dusting a library. The man flaps about with a bunch of feathers, the woman goes to work softly with a cloth. She does not raise half the dust, nor fill her own eyes and mouth with it,—but she goes into all the corners and attends to the leaves as much as the covers.—Books are the *negative* pictures of thought, and the more sensitive the mind that receives their images, the more nicely the finest lines are reproduced. A woman (of the right kind,) reading after a man, follows him as Ruth followed the reapers of Boaz, and her gleanings are often the finest of the wheat.

But it was in talking of life that we came most nearly together. I thought I knew some-

thing about that,—that I could speak or write somewhat to the purpose

To take up this fluid earthly being of ours as a sponge sucks up water,—to be steeped and soaked in its realities as a hide fills its pores lying seven years in a tan-pit,—to have winnowed every wave of it as a mill-wheel works up the stream that runs through the flume upon its floatboards,—to have curled up in the keenest spasms and flattened out in the laxest languors of this breathing-sickness, which keeps certain parcels of matter uneasy for three or four score years,—to have fought all the devils and clasped all the angels of its delirium,—and then, just at the point where the white-hot passions have cooled down to cherry-red, plunge our experience into the ice-cold stream of some human language or other, one might think would end in a rhapsody with something of spring and temper in it All this I thought my power and province

The schoolmistress had tried life, too Once in a while one meets with a single soul greater than all the living pageant that passes before it As the pale astronomer sits in his study with sunken eyes and thin fingers, and weighs Uranus or Neptune as in a balance, so there are meek, slight women who have weighed all that this planetary life can offer, and hold it like a bauble in the palm of their slender hands This was one of them Fortune had left her, sorrow had baptized her, the routine of labor and the loneliness of almost friendless city-life were before her Yet, as I looked upon her tranquil face, gradually regaining a cheerfulness that was often sprightly, as she became interested in the various matters we talked about and places we visited, I saw that eye and lip and every shifting lineament were made for love,—unconscious of their sweet office as yet, and meeting the cold aspect of Duty with the natural graces which were meant for the reward of nothing less than a Great Passion

—I never spoke one word of love to the schoolmistress in the course of these pleasant

walks It seemed to me that we talked of everything but love on that particular morning There was, perhaps, a little more timidity and hesitancy on my part than I have commonly shown among our people at the boarding-house In fact, I considered myself the master at the breakfast-table, but, somehow, I could not command myself just then so well as usual The truth is I had secured a passage to Liverpool in the steamer which was to leave at noon,—with the condition, however, of being released in case circumstances occurred to detain me The schoolmistress knew nothing about all this, of course, as yet

It was on the Common that we were walking The *mall* or boulevard of our Common, you know, has various branches leading from it in different directions One of these runs downward from opposite Joy Street southward across the whole length of the Common to Boylston Street We called it the long path, and were fond of it

I felt very weak indeed (though of a tolerably robust habit) as we came opposite to the head of this path on that morning I think I tried to speak twice without making myself distinctly audible At last I got out the question,—Will you take the long path with me?—Certainly,—said the schoolmistress,—with much pleasure—Think,—I said, before you answer, if you take the long path with me now, I shall interpret it that we are to part no more!—The schoolmistress stepped back with a sudden movement, as if an arrow had struck her

One of the long granite blocks used as seats was hard by,—the one you may still see close by the Ging-ko-tree—Pray, sit down,—I said—No, no,—she answered, softly,—I will walk the *long path* with you!

—The old gentleman who sits opposite met us walking, arm in arm, about the middle of the long path, and said, very charmingly,—“Good-morning, my dears!”

EDGAR ALLAN POE (1809-1849)

When Poe published anonymously his first volume of poems, he called himself a Bostonian because he happened to have been born in Boston during a northern tour by the Virginia Comedians. From his parents, who were members of this travelling theatrical company, he inherited his melodramatic disposition. Left an orphan in 1811, he was adopted by John Allan, a tobacco merchant of Richmond. Poe attended school first at the Manor House School, near London, where Allan conducted a branch of the business for five years. He proved to be a good student, particularly proficient in French and Latin. Therefore, after the family returned to Virginia, he prepared to enter the University of Virginia. At this time Mrs. Jane Standard, for whom he wrote the poem *To Helen* and after her death mourned as Lenore, gave the young poet an affectionate companionship which he never had at home. Since she comprehended his dreams and discovered his genius, her death was a great loss to him.

In 1826 Poe enrolled at the University of Virginia for courses in ancient and modern languages. The small allowance from Mr. Allan hardly sufficed for his necessary expenses and was entirely inadequate to meet his gambling debts. His conduct was probably not much worse than that of his fellow students, but his foster-father refused to pay his debts and put him to work in the counting house of the firm.

Continual altercations with Mr. Allan induced Poe to leave Richmond. He went to Boston, where he published *Tamerlane and Other Poems*, and enlisted in the United States Army as Edgar A. Perry. His superior officers praised his application and recommended him for promotion. A year after receiving an honorable discharge, he entered West Point. His proneness to depression made it increasingly difficult for him to attend to his duties. Within a few months he was expelled owing to numerous infractions of the rigid rules.

Then began the never-ending struggle against poverty and melancholy. His aunt, Mrs. Clemm, whose daughter, Virginia, became later Poe's child-wife, did what she could to aid him. The *MS Found in a Bottle* won a \$100 prize offered by a Baltimore paper and led to a position on *The Southern Literary Messenger*, published in Richmond. As a critic and literary editor he increased the circulation astonishingly, but his increasing practice of drinking too freely caused his dismissal. He was not a habitual drunkard, but a little alcohol unfitted him for his work. On account of this habit, against which he later fought so hard, Poe could not be depended upon to do his work punctually. His poor health and the financial difficulties of the papers de-

prived him of other editorial positions on various periodicals in Philadelphia and New York. Finally in 1845 *The Broadway Journal*, which he conducted, failed. He contributed unceasingly during these years poems, stories, and critical articles to magazines and papers. Yet he seldom had sufficient money for even the necessities of life although he ardently desired to provide every comfort for his wife and her mother. Often ill himself he watched his wife dying from tuberculosis in the small cottage at Fordham without enough bed covering to keep her warm. This tragic sorrow seemed to dull his senses, for during the two years he survived her he resumed his old habits to escape the reality of an uncongenial world and the haunting memories. On an October night in 1849 he was found unconscious in a saloon in Baltimore and taken to the hospital, where he died from brain fever. As he truly said, his life had been "whim, impulse, and passion."

The Poetic Principle and the Philosophy of Composition discuss Poe's ideas about poetry. The poet should aim to produce a novel and vivid effect. He must keep this aim in mind and admit into his poem only those details which will lead to the desired climax. He must limit the length so that singleness of impression may be attained. His subject must arouse an intense and elevating emotion in the reader. The province of poetry is, therefore, beauty, and a tone of sadness is most effective. Poe condemned heartily moral poetry as "the heresy of *The Didactic*." Only poetry giving pleasure through the contemplation of the beautiful reached the level of great art. In determining the value the standard of taste alone should be applied.

Upon these principles Poe wrote his own poetry. His favorite subjects were beauty, love, and death. Lonely and sad he brooded upon lost loveliness as in *The Raven*, *Utaume*, and *Annabel Lee*. Mystery and weirdness accentuate the unearthly atmosphere, in which the shadowy spirits move as though they were persons of a dream. To gain his effect he chose sonorous words, combined in splendid melodious phrases, and resorted to frequent repetition, long lines, and the refrain. Poe is a lyric poet of a somber mood, seeking passionately but hopelessly the symbols of passing beauty.

This same mood determined the subject and style of his short stories. He chose some effect or purpose and made every incident lead to the accomplishment of that end. Expounding the art of the writer of short stories he said "If his very initial sentence tends not to the outbringing of this effect, then he has failed in his first step. In the whole composition there should be no word written, of which the tendency, direct

or indirect, is not to the one preestablished design." *The Cask of Amontillado* is a supreme example of this method. The first sentence suggests the "preestablished design," and every succeeding sentence leads inevitably to the climax. The story is a study of a man resolved to gain revenge with impunity. Cleverly and surely Montresor has selected the time and means to lure Fortunato to death.

The supernatural, the horrible, and the adventurous exerted a great fascination for Poe. He liked to deduce motives for crimes. His detective stories, *The Murders in the Rue Morgue* and *The Mystery of Marie Roget*, have not been surpassed in the unraveling of clues by any specimen of that type of fiction. He analyzed emotional states and the workings of conscience. Fear and terror were favorite themes dominating such stories as *The Black Cat*, *William Wilson*, *The Pit and the Pendulum* and *The Fall of the House of Usher*. The backgrounds for his stories intensify the weird effects, for they are described in vivid detail. Sometimes a contrast of scene sets off more strikingly the theme.

Occasionally Poe attempted a humorous story, but he had no true sense of humor. Melodramatic situations suggested by his fervid im-

agination were the most stimulating material for him. His critics have pointed out that he became too melodramatic at times and that he emphasized physical horror to the neglect of deep emotional or mental suffering. Poe never drew any memorable characters, they are unnatural and usually abnormally swayed by one idea. The development of plot and the regard for form and expression were his contributions to the short story.

The French recognized the genius of Poe before his compatriots because his work resembled their literature in tone. Furthermore, it did not deal with American life or ideas. No problems of conduct or moral lessons detracted from the main issue. The reader needed no special knowledge and experience to understand the stories, which delineated universal passions. The French were not disturbed by Poe's irregularities and unmoral attitude. They admired his devotion to beauty as well as his strange melodies. Recently several impartial studies have elucidated Poe's character, showing how his tortured soul sought relief from misfortunes and misconceptions in an imaginative world of shadowy figures. They will make him more comprehensible to his American readers.

TO HELEN

HELEN, the beauty is to me

Like those Nicean barks of yore,
That gently, o'er a perfumed sea,
The weary, wayworn wanderer bore
To his own native shore

On desperate seas long wont to roam,
Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,
Thy Naiad airs have brought me home
To the glory that was Greece
And the grandeur that was Rome

Lo! in yon brilliant window-niche
How statue-like I see thee stand,
The agate lamp within thy hand!
Ah, Psyche, from the regions which
Are Holy Land!

ISRAFEL

In Heaven a spirit doth dwell
'Whose heart-strings are a lute,'
None sing so wildly well
As the angel Israfil,
And the giddy stars (so legends tell)
Ceasing their hymns, attend the spell
Of his voice, all mute

Tottering above
In her highest noon,
The enamoured moon

Blushes with love,

While, to listen, the red levin
(With the rapid Pleiads, even,
Which were seven,)
Pauses in Heaven

5 And they say (the starry choir
And the other listening things)
That Israfil's fire
Is owing to that lyre
By which he sits and sings—
20 The trembling living wire
10 Of those unusual strings

But the skies that angel trod,
Where deep thoughts are a duty—
Where Love's a grown-up God—
25 Where the Hours glance are
15 Imbued with all the beauty
Which we worship in a star

Therefore thou art not wrong,
Israfil, who despisest
30 An unimpassioned song,
To thee the laurels belong,
Best bard, because the wisest!
5 Merrily live, and long!

The ecstasies above
35 With thy burning measures suit—
Thy grief, thy joy, thy hate, thy love,
With the fervour of thy lute—
10 Well may the stars be mute!

Yes, Heaven is thine, but this
Is a world of sweets and sour,
Our flowers are merely—flowers,
And the shadow of thy perfect bliss
Is the sunshine of ours

If I could dwell
Where Israfil
Hath dwelt, and he where I,
He might not sing so wildly well
A mortal melody,
While a bolder note than this might swell 50
From my lyre within the sky

ULALUME

THE skies they were ashen and sober,
The leaves they were crisped and sere—
The leaves they were withering and sere,
It was night in the lonesome October,
Of my most immemorial year, 5
It was hard by the dim lake of Auber,
In the misty mid region of Weir—
It was down by the dank tarn of Auber,
In the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir

Here once, through an alley Titanic, 10
Of cypress, I roamed with my Soul—
Of cypress, with Psyche, my Soul
These were days when my heart was volcanic
As the scoriac rivers that roll—
As the lavas that restlessly roll 15
Their sulphurous currents down Yaanek
In the ultimate climes of the pole—
That groan as they roll down Mount Yaanek
In the realms of the boreal pole

Our talk had been serious and sober, 20
But our thoughts they were palsied and sere—
Our memories were treacherous and sere—
For we knew not the month was October,
And we marked not the night of the year—
(Ah, night of all nights in the year!) 25
We noted not the dim lake of Auber—
(Though once we had journeyed down here),
Remembered not the dank tarn of Auber,
Nor the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir

And now, as the night was senescent, 30
And star-dials pointed to morn—
As the star-dials hunted of morn—
At the end of our path a liquescent
And nebulous lustre was born,

40 Out of which a miraculous crescent
Arose with a duplicate horn—
Astarte's bediamonded crescent
Distinct with its duplicate horn

And I said—'She is warmer than Dian.
45 She rolls through an ether of sighs—
She revels in a region of sighs
She has seen that the tears are not dry on
These cheeks, where the worm never dies,
And has come past the stars of the Lion,
To point us the path to the skies— 45
To the Lethean peace of the skies—
Come up, in despite of the Lion,
To shine on us with her bright eyes—
Come up through the lair of the Lion,
With love in her luminous eyes' 50

But Psyche, uplifting her finger,
Said—'Sadly this star I mistrust—
Her pallor I strangely mistrust —
Oh, hasten!—oh, let us not linger!
Oh, fly!—let us fly!—for we must' 55
In terror she spoke, letting sink her
Wings until they trailed in the dust—
In agony sobbed, letting sink her
Plumes till they trailed in the dust—
Till they sorrowfully trailed in the dust 60

I replied—'This is nothing but dreaming
Let us on by this tremulous light!
Let us bathe in this crystalline light!
Its Sibyllic splendour is beaming
With Hope and in Beauty to-night — 65
See!—it flickers up the sky through the night!
Ah, we safely may trust to its gleaming,
And be sure it will lead us aright—
We safely may trust to a gleaming
That cannot but guide us aright, 70
Since it flickers up to Heaven through the night.'

Thus I pacified Psyche and kissed her,
And tempted her out of her gloom—
And conquered her scruples and gloom,
And we passed to the end of the vista, 75
But were stopped by the door of a tomb—
By the door of a legended tomb,
And I said—'What is written, sweet sister,
On the door of this legended tomb?'
She replied—'Ulalume—Ulalume— 80
'Tis the vault of thy lost Ulalume!'

Then my heart it grew ashen and sober
As the leaves that were crisped and sere—

As the leaves that were withering and sere,
 And I cried—"It was surely October" 85
 On *this* very night of last year
 That I journeyed—I journeyed down here—
 That I brought a dread burden down here— 5
 On this night of all nights in the year,
 Ah, what demon has tempted me here? 90
 Well I know, now, this dim lake of Auber—
 This misty mid region of Weir—
 Well I know, now, this dank tarn of Auber, 10
 This ghoulish-woodland of Weir'

THE CASK OF AMONTILLADO

THE thousand injuries of Fortunato I had 15
 borne as I best could, but, when he ventured upon insult, I vowed revenge. You, who so well know the nature of my soul, will not suppose, however, that I gave utterance to a threat. *At length* I would be avenged, 20
 this was a point definitely settled—but the very definitiveness with which it was resolved precluded the idea of risk. I must not only punish, but punish with impunity. A wrong is unredressed when retribution overtakes its redresser. It is equally unredressed when the avenger fails to make himself felt as such to him who has done the wrong.

It must be understood, that neither by word nor deed had I given Fortunato cause 30
 to doubt my goodwill. I continued, as was my wont, to smile in his face, and he did not perceive that my smile *now* was at the thought of his immolation.

He had a weak point—this Fortunato—although in other regards he was a man to be respected and even feared. He prided himself on his connoisseurship in wine. Few Italians have the true virtuoso spirit. For the most part their enthusiasm is adapted to suit the time and opportunity—to practice imposture upon the British and Austrian 40
millionaires. In painting and gemmery Fortunato, like his countrymen, was a quack—but in the matter of old wines he was sincere. In 45
 this respect I did not differ from him materially. I was skillful in the Italian vintage myself, and bought largely whenever I could.

It was about dusk, one evening during 50
 the supreme madness of the carnival season, that I encountered my friend. He accosted me with excessive warmth, for he had been drinking much. The man wore motley. He had on a tight-fitting parti-striped dress, 55

and his head was surmounted by the conical cap and bells. I was so pleased to see him that I thought I should never have done wringing his hand.

I said to him, "My dear Fortunato, you are luckily met! How remarkably well you are looking to-day! But I have received a pipe of what passes for Amontillado, and I have my doubts."

"How?" said he. "Amontillado? A pipe? Impossible! And in the middle of the carnival!"

"I have my doubts," I replied, "and I was silly enough to pay the full Amontillado price without consulting you in the matter. You were not to be found, and I was fearful of losing a bargain."

"Amontillado!"

"I have my doubts."

"Amontillado!"

"And I must satisfy them."

"Amontillado!"

"As you are engaged, I am on my way to Luchesi. If any one has a critical turn, it is he. He will tell me—"

"Luchesi cannot tell Amontillado from Sherry."

"And yet some fools will have it that his taste is a match for your own."

"Come, let us go."

"Whither?"

"To your vaults."

"My friend, no, I will not impose upon your good nature. I perceive you have an engagement. Luchesi—"

"I have no engagement,—come."

"My friend, no. It is not the engagement, but the severe cold with which I perceive you are afflicted. The vaults are insufferably damp. They are encrusted with niter."

"Let us go, nevertheless. The cold is merely nothing. Amontillado! You have been imposed upon. And, as for Luchesi, he cannot distinguish Sherry from Amontillado."

Thus speaking, Fortunato possessed himself of my arm. Putting on a mask of black silk, and drawing a roquelaure closely about my person, I suffered him to hurry me to my palazzo.

There were no attendants at home; they had absconded to make merry in honor of the time. I had told them that I should not return until the morning, and had given them explicit orders not to stir from the house. These orders were sufficient, I well knew,

to insure their immediate disappearance, one and all, as soon as my back was turned

I took from their sconces two flambeaux, and, giving one to Fortunato, bowed him through several suites of rooms to the archway that led into the vaults. I passed down a long and winding staircase, requesting him to be cautious as he followed. We came at length to the foot of the descent, and stood together on the damp ground of the catacombs of the Montresors

The gait of my friend was unsteady, and the bells upon his cap jingled as he strode

"The pipe?" said he

"It is farther on," said I, "but observe the white webwork which gleams from these cavern walls"

He turned toward me, and looked into my eyes with two filmy orbs that distilled the rheum of intoxication

"Niter?" he asked, at length

"Niter," I replied "How long have you had that cough?"

"Ugh? ugh! ugh!—ugh! ugh! ugh!—ugh! ugh! ugh!—ugh! ugh! ugh!—ugh! ugh! ugh!"

My poor friend found it impossible to reply for many minutes

"It is nothing," he said, at last

"Come," I said, with decision, "we will go back, your health is precious. You are rich, respected, admired, beloved, you are happy, as once I was. You are a man to be missed. For me it is no matter. We will go back, you will be ill, and I cannot be responsible. Besides, there is Luchesi—"

"Enough," he said, "the cough is a mere nothing, it will not kill me. I shall not die of a cough"

"True—true," I replied, "and, indeed, I had no intention of alarming you unnecessarily, but you should use all proper caution. A draught of this Medoc will defend us from the damps"

Here I knocked off the neck of a bottle which I drew from a long row of its fellows that lay upon the mould

"Drink," I said, presenting him the wine

He raised it to his lips with a leer. He paused and nodded to me familiarly, while his bells jingled

"I drink," he said, "to the buried that repose around us"

"And I to your long life."

He again took my arm, and we proceeded

"These vaults," he said, "are extensive"

"The Montresors," I replied, "were a great and numerous family"

"I forgot your arms"

"A huge human foot d'or, in a field azure, the foot crushes a serpent rampant whose fangs are imbedded in the heel"

"And the motto?"

"*Nemo me impune lacessit*"

"Good!" he said

The wine sparkled in his eyes and the bells jingled. My own fancy grew warm with the Medoc. We had passed through walls of piled bones, with casks and puncheons intermingling, into the inmost recesses of the catacombs. I paused again, and this time I made bold to seize Fortunato by an arm above the elbow

"The niter!" I said, "see, it increases. It hangs like moss upon the vaults. We are below the river's bed. The drops of moisture trickle among the bones. Come, we will go back ere it is too late. Your cough—"

"It is nothing," he said, "let us go on. But, first, another draught of the Medoc"

I broke and reached him a flagon of De Grâve. He emptied it at a breath. His eyes flashed with a fierce light. He laughed and threw the bottle upward with a gesticulation I did not understand

I looked at him in surprise. He repeated the movement—a grotesque one

"You do not comprehend?" he said

"Not I," I replied

"Then you are not of the brotherhood"

"How?"

"You are not of the masons"

"Yes, yes," I said, "yes, yes"

"You? Impossible! A mason!"

"A mason," I replied

"A sign," he said

"It is this," I answered, producing a trowel from beneath the folds of my roquelaure

"You jest," he exclaimed, recoiling a few paces. "But let us proceed to the Amontillado"

"Be it so," I said, replacing the tool beneath the cloak, and again offering him my arm. He leaned upon it heavily. We continued our route in search of the Amontillado. We passed through a range of low arches, descended, passed on, and, descending again, arrived at a deep crypt, in which the foulness

of the air caused our flambeaux rather to glow than flame

At the most remote end of the crypt there appeared another less spacious. Its walls had been lined with human remains, piled to the vault overhead, in the fashion of the great catacombs of Paris. Three sides of this interior crypt were still ornamented in this manner. From the fourth the bones had been thrown down, and lay promiscuously upon the earth, forming at one point a mound of some size. Within the wall thus exposed by the displacing of the bones, we perceived a still interior recess, in depth about four feet, in width three, in height six or seven. It seemed to have been constructed for no especial use within itself, but formed merely the interval between two of the colossal supports of the roof of the catacombs, and was backed by one of their circumscribing walls of solid granite.

It was in vain that Fortunato, uplifting his dull torch, endeavored to pry into the depth of the recess. Its termination the feeble light did not enable us to see.

"Proceed," I said, "herein is the Amontillado. As for Luchesi:—"

"He is an ignoramus," interrupted my friend, as he stepped unsteadily forward, while I followed immediately at his heels. In an instant he had reached the extremity of the niche, and finding his progress arrested by the rock, stood stupidly bewildered. A moment more and I had fettered him to the granite. In its surface were two iron staples, distant from each other about two feet, horizontally. From one of these depended a short chain, from the other a padlock. Throwing the links about his waist, it was but the work of a few seconds to secure it. He was too much astounded to resist. Withdrawing the key I stepped back from the recess.

"Pass your hand," I said, "over the wall, you cannot help feeling the niter. Indeed it is very damp. Once more let me implore you to return. No? Then I must positively leave you. But I must first render you all the little attentions in my power."

"The Amontillado!" ejaculated my friend, not yet recovered from his astonishment.

"True," I replied, "the Amontillado."

As I said these words I busied myself among the pile of bones of which I have before spoken. Throwing them aside, I soon

uncovered a quantity of building stone and mortar. With these materials and with the aid of my trowel, I began vigorously to wall up the entrance of the niche.

I had scarcely laid the first tier of the masonry when I discovered that the intoxication of Fortunato had in a great measure worn off. The earliest indication I had of this was a low moaning cry from the depth of the recess. It was *not* the cry of a drunken man. There was then a long and obstinate silence. I laid the second tier, and the third, and the fourth, and then I heard the furious vibrations of the chain. The noise lasted for several minutes, during which, that I might hearken to it with the more satisfaction, I ceased my labors and sat down upon the bones. When at last the clanking subsided, I resumed the trowel, and finished without interruption the fifth, the sixth, and the seventh tier. The wall was now nearly upon a level with my breast. I again paused, and holding the flambeaux over the mason-work, threw a few feeble rays upon the figure within.

A succession of loud and shrill screams, bursting suddenly from the throat of the chained form, seemed to thrust me violently back. For a brief moment I hesitated—I trembled. Unsheathing my rapier, I began to grope with it about the recess, but the thought of an instant reassured me. I placed my hand upon the solid fabric of the catacombs, and felt satisfied. I reapproached the wall. I replied to the yells of him who clamored. I re-echoed—I aided—I surpassed them in volume and in strength. I did this, and the clamor grew still.

It was now midnight, and my task was drawing to a close. I had completed the eighth, the ninth, and the tenth tier. I had finished a portion of the last and the eleventh, there remained but a single stone to be fitted and plastered in. I struggled with its weight, I placed it partially in its destined position. But now there came from out the niche a low laugh that erected the hairs upon my head. It was succeeded by a sad voice, which I had difficulty in recognizing as that of the noble Fortunato. The voice said:—

"Ha! ha! ha!—he! he!—a very good joke indeed—an excellent jest. We will have many a rich laugh about it at the palazzo—he! he! he!—over our wine—he! he! he!"

"The Amontillado!" I said

"He! he! he!—he! he! he,—yes, the Amontillado But is it not getting late? Will not they be awaiting us at the palazzo, the Lady Fortunato and the rest? Let us be gone"

"Yes," I said, "let us be gone"

"*For the love of God, Montresor!*"

"Yes," I said, "for the love of God!"

But to these words I hearkened in vain for a reply I grew impatient I called aloud
"Fortunato!"

No answer I called again

"Fortunato!"

No answer still I thrust a torch through the remaining aperture and let it fall within There came forth in return only a jingling of the bells My heart grew sick—on account of the dampness of the catacombs I hastened to make an end of my labor I forced the last stone into its position, I plastered it up Against the new masonry I re-erected the old rampart of bones For the half of a century no mortal has disturbed them *In pace requiescat!*

ABRAHAM LINCOLN (1809-1865)

Perseverance, inherited from his pioneer ancestors, enabled Lincoln to achieve not only political prominence but also literary distinction. At an early age he learned from reading the *Bible*, *The Pilgrim's Progress*, and Franklin's *Autobiography* the power of simple, direct expression. Whether he was pleading a case in court or debating on a national problem, he spoke clearly and concretely so that the most unlettered person in his audience could follow his arguments. He drew his illustrations from the ordinary experiences of the common people, for his own youthful struggles had given him an exceptional insight of their value. His practice was "to assume that my audience are in many things wiser than I am, and I say the most sensible thing I can to them."

By courage, determination, sacrifice, and unrelenting study Lincoln prepared himself for the position he was destined to occupy in American history. He learned from his mistakes and grew in wisdom and judgment as the sphere of his activities broadened. He did not hesitate to admit that he had been mistaken even though such an admission might impair his authority. Hostile criticism from his cabinet and from the press he met unflinchingly and answered frankly. When he had once made up his mind upon an issue, he did not waver regardless of opposition. To Horace Greeley he stated the guiding principle of his administration, the preservation of the Union. That idea directed his actions in the White House as the hatred of the evils arising from slavery had dominated his debates with Stephen A. Douglas two years before his election.

If the reader will compare these speeches and the inaugural addresses with Lincoln's earlier writings, he will notice at once how erroneous is the view that Lincoln was a natural orator. What he accomplished in this field was the result of hard work and careful thought. Untrained in the rhetorical arts of conventional nineteenth century oratory, he was not a brilliant speaker. He talked with his hearers rather than at them. His success was due to his ability to adapt himself to his audience and to the occasion. With sincerity and conciseness he ap-

pealed to the heart, demanding no effort of the intellect to extricate the thought from elaborate constructions. Whether he wrote a letter to a mother grieving for her sons killed in the war or an explanation of his policy, Lincoln perceived instinctively the right thing to say. He seemed to enter into the mood of those to whom he was writing. He always remained one of the people.

The many stories about Lincoln have made his personality familiar to all. Some have been discredited, others have been thoroughly investigated and revised, a few have been generally accepted. But all, whether based on fact or not, have contributed to his reputation for kindness and human feeling. Lincoln loved a good story not only because humor brought relief in the dark days but also because a story conveyed his meaning better than hours of discussion. Accused of being frivolous under tragic situations, he replied that only his ability to find diversion thus enabled him to bear the burdens thrust upon him. Yet no person had a clearer vision of the seriousness of the national problems.

The brief *Gettysburg Address* commemorated more fittingly and permanently those who died upon that field than Edward Everett's oration lasting nearly two hours. The crowd did not grasp the significance of the President's words and applauded him perfunctorily, for they were surprised when he sat down so soon. They felt that they had seen him but not heard him. Only after the speech had been read in the papers did its greatness impress them. This greatness is not due to originality of thought or preciseness of expression. It is based upon the powerful climax and the dignity of the phraseology. Lincoln did not prepare this address upon the train as has been so often reported. He gave to its composition considerable thought, revising it several times. He was well aware of the importance of the occasion and wished to impart an ideal to the living as well as to honor the dead. Lincoln judged his speech a failure in comparison with Everett's finished oration, but posterity has agreed with Lord Curzon that the *Gettysburg Address* is a "masterpiece of modern English eloquence."

LETTER TO HORACE GREELEY

Executive Mansion,

Washington, August 22, 1862

HON HORACE GREELEY

DEAR SIR I have just read yours of the 19th, addressed to myself through the *New York Tribune*. If there be in it any statements or assumptions of fact which I may

know to be erroneous, I do not, now and here, controvert them. If there be in it any inferences which I may believe to be falsely drawn, I do not, now and here, argue against them. If there be perceptible in it an impatient and dictatorial tone, I waive it in deference to an old friend whose heart I have always supposed to be right.

As to the policy I "seem to be pursuing,"

as you say, I have not meant to leave any one in doubt

I would save the Union I would save it the shortest way under the Constitution The sooner the national authority can be restored, the nearer the Union will be "the Union as it was" If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time save slavery, I do not agree with them If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time destroy slavery, I do not agree with them My paramount object in this struggle is to save the Union, and is not either to save or to destroy slavery If I could save the Union without freeing any slave, I would do it, and if I could save it by freeing all the slaves, I would do it, and if I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would also do that What I do about slavery and the colored race, I do because I believe it helps to save the Union, and what I forbear, I forbear because I do not believe it would help to save the Union I shall do less whenever I shall believe what I am doing hurts the cause, and I shall do more whenever I shall believe doing more will help the cause I shall try to correct errors when shown to be errors, and I shall adopt new views so fast as they shall appear to be true views

I have here stated my purpose according to my view of official duty, and I intend no modification of my oft-expressed personal wish that all men everywhere could be free

Yours,

A LINCOLN

LETTER TO MRS BIXBY

Executive Mansion,
Washington, Nov 21, 1864

To Mrs BIXBY, BOSTON, MASS

DEAR MADAM

I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the Adjutant-General of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any word of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming But I can not refrain from tendering you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the Republic they died to save I pray that our Heavenly

Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom

Yours very sincerely and respectfully,

A LINCOLN

THE GETTYSBURG ADDRESS

FOURSCORE and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure We are met on a great battle-field of that war We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this

But in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion, that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain, that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth

SECOND INAUGURAL ADDRESS

MARCH 4, 1865

FELLOW COUNTRYMEN At this second appearing to take the oath of the presidential office, there is less occasion for an extended address than there was at the first Then

a statement, somewhat in detail, of a course to be pursued, seemed very fitting and proper. Now, at the expiration of four years, during which public declarations have been constantly called forth on every point and phase of the great contest which still absorbs the attention and engrosses the energies of the nation, little that is new could be presented.

The progress of our arms, upon which all else chiefly depends, is as well known to the public as to myself, and it is, I trust, reasonably satisfactory and encouraging to all. With high hope for the future, no prediction in regard to it is ventured.

On the occasion corresponding to this four years ago, all thoughts were anxiously directed to an impending civil war. All dreaded it—all sought to avert it. While the inaugural address was being delivered from this place, devoted altogether to saving the Union without war, insurgent agents were in the city seeking to destroy it without war—seeking to dissolve the Union, and divide effects, by negotiation. Both parties deprecated war, but one of them would make war rather than let the nation survive, and the other would accept war rather than let it perish. And the war came.

One-eighth of the whole population were colored slaves, not distributed generally over the Union, but localized in the Southern part of it. These slaves constituted a peculiar and powerful interest. All knew that this interest was, somehow, the cause of the war. To strengthen, perpetuate, and extend this interest was the object for which the insurgents would rend the Union, even by war, while the government claimed no right to do more than to restrict the territorial enlargement of it.

Neither party expected for the war the magnitude or the duration which it has already attained. Neither anticipated that the cause of the conflict might cease when, or even before, the conflict itself should

cease. Each looked for an easier triumph, and a result less fundamental and astounding. Both read the same Bible, and pray to the same God, and each invokes His aid against the other. It may seem strange that any men should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men's faces, but let us judge not, that we be not judged. The prayer of both could not be answered—that of neither has been answered fully.

The Almighty has His own purposes. "Woe unto the world because of offenses!" for it must needs be that offenses come, but woe to that man by whom the offense cometh. If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of these offenses which, in the providence of God, must needs come, but which, having continued through His appointed time, He now wills to remove, and that He gives to both North and South this terrible war, as the woe due to those by whom the offense came, shall we discern therein any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to Him? Fondly do we hope—fervently do we pray—that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, "The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow, and his orphan—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations.

HENRY DAVID THOREAU (1817-1862)

Shortly after his graduation from Harvard, Thoreau adopted the transcendentalists' doctrine of self-reliance as a philosophy of life. He had manufactured pencils with his father, taught school for a short time, and done some surveying. But he refused to tie himself down to any occupation, family responsibility, or social obligations. He would learn through a study of nature how to live well. He knew thoroughly the woods, fields, ponds, and rivers about Concord, his birthplace, for he had hunted and fished there. He believed that the observation of life as he found it in these retreats would teach him more truths than the arts of civilization.

In 1845 he built a small cabin on Walden Pond and lived alone for two years. He wanted only the necessities which a little labor could provide. His food cost him twenty-seven cents a week, while other needs were generally supplied by his own hands. "A man is rich," he said, "in proportion to the number of things which he can afford to let alone." His motto was "simplicity." Thoreau, therefore, had leisure to study the habits of birds, fishes, snakes, insects, and larger animals which he encountered during his walks. He would sit patiently on a log or rock until the wild creatures became so accustomed to his presence that they would approach without fear. Birds lighted on his shoulders, and fish swam into his hands. He knew to the day when the different kinds of flowers and plants would appear in the spring. All nature revealed her secrets to this devoted worshiper.

Yet Thoreau did not regard nature only with the eye of the scientific naturalist. He was an idealist and a poet, philosophizing in a moral strain upon his discoveries. Like an enthusiastic child, he rejoiced at every discovery as though it were an entirely new phenomenon. This freshness of view and the imaginative treatment of his observations account for the charm of his writings. Thoreau was so interested in everything that he recorded in his *Journal* the minutest details. From these entries he prepared his books. Unfortunately he had little power of selection and consequently recorded trifles with considerable monotony. He was also rather fond of paradox and hyperbole. Yet such passages as the battle of the ants, the Canadian wood chopper, and the descriptions of the woods at night prove how effectively he could overcome

these faults. According to Lowell, "He was not a strong thinker, but a sensitive feeler."

Although Thoreau was an individualist and loved solitude, he frequently visited the members of the Emersonian circle. He took part in the discussions frankly contradicting the views with which he did not agree. He had little regard for the opinions of others or the accepted ideas concerning social conventions. He stood firmly for his convictions even to refusing to pay the poll tax because the government did not abolish slavery. For this refusal he was put in jail until his friends paid the tax. To Emerson's question, "Why are you here, Henry?" he answered, "Why are you *not* here?" He vindicated the action of John Brown in a lecture which even the abolitionists thought imprudent. To their remonstrance he said, "I did not send to you for advice, but to announce that I am to speak."

During his life Thoreau published only two books, *A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers* in 1849 and *Walden, or Life in the Woods* in 1854. The first describes a trip taken by row-boat with his brother in 1839 along those quiet streams. Bits of rather harsh poetry containing his philosophical speculations are inserted among passages of far more musical prose. Thoreau did not have the gift of rhythmical expression in verse despite his poetic insight. *Walden* records his attempt to experience "a life of simplicity, independence, magnanimity, and trust."

He finally left the cabin in the woods because he feared the inevitable routine of such an existence and desired more varied scenery. He went to the Maine Woods, Canada, and Cape Cod, often lodging with farmers. After his death selections from his *Journals* concerning these trips were published. Gradually, since camping and nature clubs have directed attention to the country, the interest in Thoreau's works has grown. He has been hailed as the forerunner of those who have sought to interpret the ways of nature.

His own opinions and conclusions Thoreau never wished to force upon others. He did not believe that his method was necessarily to be followed by all. Each person should find truth and goodness in whatever manner was best fitted to his temperament. Thoreau had too much common sense to become a fanatical leader of any movement. To his readers he gave this sound advice, "Let everyone mind his own business, and endeavor to be what he was made."

THE VILLAGE

AFTER hoeing, or perhaps reading and writing, in the forenoon, I usually bathed again in the pond, swimming across one of its coves for

a stunt, and washed the dust of labour from my person, or smoothed out the last wrinkle which study had made, and for the afternoon was absolutely free. Every day or two I strolled to the village to hear some of the

gossip which is incessantly going on there, circulating either from mouth to mouth, or from newspaper to newspaper, and which, taken in homœopathic doses, was really as refreshing in its way as the rustle of leaves and the peeping of frogs. As I walked in the woods to see the birds and squirrels, so I walked in the village to see the men and boys, instead of the wind among the pines I heard the carts rattle. In one direction from my house there was a colony of musk-rats in the river meadows, under the grove of elms and buttonwoods in the other horizon was a village of busy men, as curious to me as if they had been prairie dogs, each sitting at the mouth of its burrow, or running over to a neighbour's to gossip. I went there frequently to observe their habits. The village appeared to me a great news-room, and on one side, to support it, as once at Redding & Company's on State Street, they kept nuts and raisins, or salt and meal, and other groceries. Some have such a vast appetite for the former commodity—that is, the news—and such sound digestive organs, that they can sit for ever in public avenues without stirring, and let it summer and whisper through them like the Etesian winds, or as if inhaling ether, it only producing numbness and insensibility to pain,—otherwise it would often be painful to hear,—without affecting the consciousness. I hardly ever failed, when I rambled through the village, to see a row of such worthies, either sitting on a ladder sunning themselves, with their bodies inclined forward and their eyes glancing along the line this way and that, from time to time, with a voluptuous expression, or else leaning against a barn with their hands in their pockets, like caryatides, as if to prop it up. They, being commonly out of doors, heard whatever was in the wind. These are the coarsest mills, in which all gossip is first rudely digested or cracked up before it is emptied into finer and more delicate hoppers within doors. I observed that the vitals of the village were the grocery, the bar-room, the post office, and the bank; and, as a necessary part of the machinery, they kept a bell, a big gun, and a fire-engine, at convenient places, and the houses were so arranged as to make the most of mankind, in lanes and fronting one another, so that every traveller had to run the gauntlet, and every man, woman, and child might get a lick at him. Of course, those

who were stationed nearest to the head of the line, where they could most see and be seen, and have the first blow at him, paid the highest prices for their places, and the few straggling inhabitants in the outskirts, where long gaps in the line began to occur, and the traveller could get over walls or turn aside into cowpaths, and so escape, paid a very slight ground or window tax. Signs were hung out on all sides to allure him, some to catch him by the appetite, as the tavern and victualling cellar, some by the fancy, as the dry goods store and the jeweller's, and others by the hair, or the feet, or the skirts, as the barber, the shoemaker, or the tailor. Besides, there was a still more terrible standing invitation to call at every one of these houses, and company expected about these times. For the most part I escaped wonderfully from these dangers, either by proceeding at once boldly and without deliberation to the goal, as is recommended to those who run the gauntlet, or by keeping my thoughts on high things, like Orpheus, who, "loudly singing the praises of the gods to his lyre, drowned the voices of the Sirens, and kept out of danger." Sometimes I bolted suddenly, and nobody could tell my whereabouts, for I did not stand much about gracefulness, and never hesitated at a gap in a fence. I was even accustomed to make an irruption into some houses, where I was well entertained, and after learning the kernels and very last sievel of news, what had subsided, the prospects of war and peace, and whether the world was likely to hold together much longer, I was let out through the rear avenues, and so escaped to the woods again.

It was very pleasant, when I staid late in town, to launch myself into the night, especially if it was dark and tempestuous, and set sail from some bright village parlour or lecture room, with a bag of rye or Indian meal upon my shoulder, for my snug harbour in the woods, having made all tight without and withdrawn under hatches with a merry crew of thoughts, leaving only my outer man at the helm, or even tying up the helm when it was plain sailing. I had many a genial thought by the cabin fire "as I sailed." I was never cast away nor distressed in any weather, though I encountered some severe storms. It is darker in the woods, even in common nights, than most suppose. I frequently had to look up at the opening between

the trees above the path, in order to learn my route, and, where there was no cart-path, to feel with my feet the faint track which I had worn, or steer by the known relation of particular trees which I felt with my hands, passing between two pines for instance, not more than eighteen inches apart, in the midst of the woods, invariably in the darkest night. Sometimes, after coming home thus late in a dark and muggy night, when my feet felt the path which my eyes could not see, dreaming and absent-minded all the way, until I was aroused by having to raise my hand to lift the latch, I have not been able to recall a single step of my walk, and I have thought that perhaps my body would find its way home if its master should forsake it, as the hand finds its way to the mouth without assistance. Several times, when a visitor chanced to stay into evening, and it proved a dark night, I was obliged to conduct him to the cart-path in the rear of the house, and then point out to him the direction he was to pursue, and in keeping which he was to be guided rather by his feet than his eyes. One very dark night I directed thus on their way two young men who had been fishing in the pond. They lived about a mile off through the woods, and were quite used to the route. A day or two after one of them told me that they wandered about the greater part of the night, close by their own premises, and did not get home till toward morning, by which time, as there had been several heavy showers in the meanwhile, and the leaves were very wet, they were drenched to their skins. I have heard of many going astray even in the village streets, when the darkness was so thick that you could cut it with a knife, as the saying is. Some who live in the outskirts, having come to town a-shopping in their waggons, have been obliged to put up for the night, and ladies and gentlemen making a call, have gone half a mile out of their way, feeling the side-walk only with their feet, and not knowing when they turned. It is a surprising and memorable, as well as valuable experience, to be lost in the woods at any time. Often in a snow-storm, even by day, one will come out upon a well-known road and yet find it impossible to tell which way leads to the village. Though he knows that he has travelled it a thousand times, he cannot recognise a feature in it, but it is as strange to him as if it were a road in Siberia. By

night, of course, the perplexity is infinitely greater. In our most trivial walks we are constantly, though unconsciously, steering like pilots by certain well-known beacons and headlands, and if we go beyond our usual course we still carry in our minds the bearing of some neighbouring cape, and not till we are completely lost, or turned round,—for a man needs only to be turned round once with his eyes shut in this world to be lost,—do we appreciate the vastness and strangeness of Nature. Every man has to learn the points of compass again as often as he awakes, whether from sleep or any abstraction. Not till we are lost—in other words, not till we have lost the world—do we begin to find ourselves, and realise where we are, and the infinite extent of our relations.

One afternoon, near the end of the first summer, when I went to the village to get a shoe from the cobbler's, I was seized and put into jail, because, as I have elsewhere related, I did not pay a tax to, or recognise the authority of, the state which buys and sells men, women, and children, like cattle at the door of its senate-house. I had gone down to the woods for other purposes. But, wherever a man goes, men will pursue and paw him with their dirty institutions, and, if they can, constrain him to belong to their desperate odd-fellow society. It is true, I might have resisted forcibly with more or less effect, might have run "amok" against society, but I preferred that society should run "amok" against me, it being the desperate party. However, I was released the next day, obtained my mended shoe, and returned to the woods in season to get my dinner of huckleberries on Fair-Haven Hill. I was never molested by any person but those who represented the state. I had no lock nor bolt but for the desk which held my papers, not even a nail to put over my latch or windows. I never fastened my door night or day, though I was to be absent several days, not even when the next fall I spent a fortnight in the woods of Maine. And yet my house was more respected than if it had been surrounded by a file of soldiers. The tired rambler could rest and warm himself by my fire, the literary amuse himself with the few books on my table, or the curious, by opening my closet door, see what was left of my dinner, and what prospect I had of a supper. Yet, though many people of every class came this way to the pond, I suffered

no serious inconvenience from these sources, and I never missed anything but one small book, a volume of Homer, which perhaps was improperly gilded, and this I trust a soldier of our camp has found by this time. I am convinced, that if all men were to live as simply as I then did, thieving and robbery would be unknown. These take place only in communities where some have got more than is sufficient, while others have not enough. The Pope's Homers would soon get properly distributed—

"Nec bella fuerunt,
Fagus astabat dum scyphus ante dapes"
"Nor wars did men molest,
When only beechen bowls were in request"

5 "You who govern public affairs, what need have you to employ punishments? Love virtue, and the people will be virtuous. The virtues of a superior man are like the wind, the virtues of a common man are like the
10 grass, the grass, when the wind passes over it, bends"

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL
(1819-1891)

Long before the poet was born in Cambridge, the Lowell family had attained prominence in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts because of its patriotism and civic pride. The city of Lowell and the Lowell Institute of Boston owed their existence to this concern for the public welfare. Whenever a moral issue was being debated, a Lowell was sure to be found among its supporters. The poet's father preached from the pulpit of the First Church in Boston a practical religion of generosity and kindly sympathy. In his library the son read the classics of literature and laid the foundation for that genuine appreciation which distinguished the critical essays.

When Lowell went to Harvard in 1834, the students were most enthusiastically reading the romantic poets of the early nineteenth century and Tennyson and Browning, whose early poems had recently been published. This literary atmosphere was very congenial to the young poet, but it distracted his attention from the texts assigned by the faculty. As he also disregarded too frequently the rule requiring attendance at morning prayers, he was suspended during the spring of his senior year. At Concord, where he spent these weeks, he met Emerson, but he did not accept entirely the views of the elder man. In fact, Lowell ridiculed the transcendentalists in the class poem, which the faculty did not permit him to read at graduation. Later he received his degree and entered the law school.

Although he was admitted to the bar in 1840, two events of the same year occupied his mind more than his profession. He published his first volume of poems and became engaged to Maria White. She was an intelligent gifted woman greatly interested in poetry and social reform. Urged by her to bear to humanity a message, "flooding their dreary waste with organ tone," Lowell contributed to magazines poems and essays and started with Robert Carter the *Pioneer*. After three numbers this periodical failed in spite of the excellence of its contents, for the young editors lacked business experience. By 1844, however, Lowell felt that he had a sufficiently established position as a man of letters to marry. For a short time in 1845 he was an editorial writer on the *Pennsylvania Freeman*, published in Philadelphia.

The whole country then was excited about the Mexican War and its bearing upon the slavery question. In *The Present Crisis* Lowell warned his countrymen that the time had come for them to decide "In the strife of truth with falsehood, for the good or evil side." The sentiments of New England concerning this problem he expressed in the first series of *The Biglow Papers*. These poems with their introductory

letters and comments in prose appeared in the *Boston Courier*. The first one was enclosed in a letter from Ezekiel Biglow explaining to the editor why his son Hosea had written it. The Yankee dialect, the witty satire, the pastoral touches, and shrewd common sense of these poems produced an immediate effect. Later Lowell thus stated his convictions about this war "I believed our war with Mexico to be essentially a war of false pretenses, and that it would result in widening the boundaries and so prolonging the life of Slavery." The second series of *The Biglow Papers* are more serious in tone, for they were written during the stirring years of the Civil War. Both series crystallized the opinion of an influential section of the American people upon abolition.

A Fable for Critics, which humorously pointed out the virtues and faults of contemporary American writers, *The Vision of Sir Launfal*, and the lectures on *Poetry*, delivered at the Lowell Institute in 1854-55, added still further to Lowell's reputation. He studied the Romance literatures on two extended visits to Europe, and in 1856 followed Longfellow as Smith Professor of French and Spanish Languages and Literatures at Harvard after a year's study in Europe. His lectures in the classroom provided the material for some of the essays published in the *Atlantic Monthly* and *North American Review*. Later Lowell collected these under the titles, *Among My Books* and *My Study Windows*. As first editor of the *Atlantic* he set the high standard which that magazine has maintained. In 1864 Charles Eliot Norton persuaded him to become an associate editor of the *North American Review*. His sane judgment, critical ability, and diplomacy as well as his articles assured the success of these two magazines. In 1872 he resigned his professorship and travelled for two years in Europe, but he again assumed the duties of teaching upon his return.

Since Lowell was so well versed in European culture and had remarkable tact, he was appointed minister to Spain in 1877. Three years later he was transferred to London, where for five years he did a great deal to bring about a better understanding between the two English-speaking nations. A good speaker and excellent conversationalist, he was popular both on the platform and in the drawing room. *Democracy and Other Addresses* contains the eight most important addresses of his diplomatic career. The English sincerely regretted the retirement of a minister so admired and respected, but Lowell deserved a well-earned rest from such arduous duties. He did not, however, remain entirely secluded at Elmwood, his home in Cambridge, for during his last years he delivered a few addresses, pub-

lished a volume of poems and the *Political Essays*, and revised his works

Both Lowell's prose and his poetry disclose how closely the creative and the critical faculties were combined in his nature. The majority of his poems preach some moral or point the way to noble action. *Sir Launfal* illustrates the truth that "The gift without the giver is bare." The *Commemoration Ode* and the *Three Memorial Poems*, written for the hundredth anniversary of Concord Bridge, the Old Elm under which Washington assumed command of the Continental Army, and the Fourth of July, incited

patriotism by recalling the memorable deeds of the past. Even such lyrics as *The First Snow-fall* and *O Moonlight Deep and Tender* suggest truths learned from emotional experiences. On the other hand, strikingly poetic phrases and figures of speech are scattered throughout the critical essays. Lowell was a good critic because he knew how the creative writer labored with his material. He seemed able to penetrate to the aim behind the work he was discussing. He would, however, have been a greater poet had he not been so good a critic.

THE PIOUS EDITOR'S CREED

I DU believe in Freedom's cause,
Ez fur away ez Payris is,
I love to see her stick her claws
In them infarnal Phayrisees,
It's wal enough agin a king
To dror resolves an' triggers,—
But libbaty's a kind o' thing
Thet don't agree with nuggers

I du believe the people want
A tax on teas an' coffees,
Thet nothin' amt extravygunt,—
Purvidin' I'm in office,
Fer I hev loved my country sence
My eye-teeth filled their sockets,
An' Uncle Sam I reverence,
Partic'larly his pockets

I du believe in *any* plan
O' levym' the texes,
Ez long ez, like a lumberman,
I git jest wut I axes,
I go free-trade thru thick an' thin,
Because it kind o' rouses
The folks to vote,—an' keeps us in
Our quiet custom-houses

I du believe it's wise an' good
To sen' out furrin missions,
Thet is, on sartin understood
An' orthydox conditions,—
I mean nune thousan' dolls per ann,
Nine thousan' more fer outfit,
An' me to recommend a man
The place 'ould jest about fit

I du believe in special ways
O' prayin' an' convartin',
The bread comes back in many days,

An' buttered, tu, fer sartin,
I mean in preyin' till one busts
On wut the party chooses,
An' in convartin' public trusts
To very privit uses

5 I du believe hard coin the stuff
Fer 'lectioneers to spout on,
The people's ollers soft enough
To make hard money out on,
Dear Uncle Sam pervides fer his,
An' gives a good-sized junk to all,—
10 I don't care *how* hard money is,
Ez long ez mine's paid punctoal

I du believe with all my soul
In the gret Press's freedom,
15 To pint the people to the goal
An' in the traces lead 'em,
Palsied the arm thet forges yokes
At my fat contracts squuntin',
An' withered be the nose thet pokes
Inter the gov'ment printin'!

20 I du believe thet I should give
Wut's his'n unto Cæsar,
Fer it's by him I move an' live,
Frum him my bread an' cheese air,
I du believe thet all o' me
25 Doth bear his superscription,—
Will, conscience, honor, honesty,
An' things o' thet description

I du believe in prayer an' praise
30 To him thet bez the grantin'
O' jobs,—in every thin' thet pays,
But most of all in CANTIN',
This doth my cup with marcies fill,
This lays all thought o' sin to rest,
I *don't* believe in princerple,
35 But oh, I *du* in interest

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I du believe in bein' this
 Or thet, ez it may happen
 One way or 't other hendiest is
 To ketch the people nappin',
 It aint by princerples nor men
 My preudunt course is steadied,—
 I scent wich pays the best, an' then
 Go into it baldheaded

I du believe thet holdin' slaves
 Comes nat'ral to a Presidunt,
 Let 'lone the rowdedow it saves
 To hev a wal-broke precedunt,
 Fer any office, small or gret,
 I couldn't ax with no face,
 'uthout I'd ben, thru dry an' wet,
 Th' unrizzest kind o' doughface

I du believe wutever trash
 'll keep the people in blindness,
 Thet we the Mexicuns can thrash
 Right inter brotherly kindness,
 Thet bombshells, grape, an' powder 'n' ball
 Air good-will's strongest magnets,
 Thet peace, to make it stick at all,
 Must be druv in with bagnets

In short, I firmly du believe
 In 'Humbug generally,
 Fer it's a thing thet I perceive
 To hev a solid vally,
 This heth my faithful shepherd ben,
 In pasturs sweet heth led me,
 An' this'll keep the people green
 To feed ez they hev fed me

From *The Biglow Papers*, First Series

THE COURTIN'

GOD makes sech nights, all white an' still
 Fur 'z you can look or listen,
 Moonshine an' snow on field an' hill,
 All silence an' all glusten

Zekle crep' up quite unbeknown
 An' peeked in thru' the winder,
 An' there sot Huldry all alone,
 'ith no one nigh to hender

A fireplace filled the room's one side
 With half a cord o' wood in—
 There warn't no stoves (tell comfort died)
 To bake ye to a puddin'.

The wa'nut logs shot sparkles out
 Towards the pootiest, bless her,
 75 An' leetle flames danced all about
 The chuny on the dresser

Agin the chumbley crook-necks hung,
 An' in amongst 'em rusted
 80 The ole queen's-arm thet gran'ther Young
 Fetched back f'om Concord busted 20

The very room, coz she was in,
 Seemed warm f'om floor to ceilin',
 An' she looked full ez rosy agin
 85 Ez the apples she was peelin'

'T was kn' o' kingdom-come to look
 On sech a blessed cretur,
 A dogrose blushin' to a brook
 Ain't modester nor sweeter 25

He was six foot o' man, A 1,
 Clear grit an' human natur',
 90 None couldn't quicker pitch a ton
 Nor dror a furrer straighter 30

He'd sparked it with full twenty gals,
 Hed squired 'em, danced 'em, druv 'em,
 Fust this one, an' then thet, by spells—
 95 All is, he couldn't love 'em 35

But long o' her his veins 'ould run
 All crinkly like curled maple,
 The side she breshed felt full o' sun
 100 Ez a south slope in Ap'il 40

She thought no v'ice hed sech a swing
 Ez hisn in the choir,
 My' when he made Ole Hundred ring,
 She *knowed* the Lord was nigher

An' she'd blush scarlit, right in prayer,
 45 When her new meetin'-bunnet
 Felt somehow thru' its crown a pair
 O' blue eyes sot upun it

Thet night, I tell ye, she looked *some'*
 5 She seemed to 've gut a new soul,
 50 For she felt sartin-sure he'd come,
 Down to her very shoe-sole

She heered a foot, an' knowed it tu,
 A-raspin' on the scraper,—
 10 All ways to once her feelins flew
 55 Like sparks in burnt-up paper

He kn' o' l'itered on the mat, Some doubtfle o' the sekle, His heart kep' goin' pity-pat, But hern went pity Zekle		Had been heaping field and highway With a silence deep and white	
An' yit she gin her cheer a jerk Ez though she wished him funder, An' on her apples kep' to work, Parin' away like murder		60 Every pine and fir and hemlock Wore ermine too dear for an earl, And the poorest twig on the elm-tree Was ridged inch deep with pearl	5
"You want to see my Pa, I s'pose?" "Wal no I come dasignin'"— "To see my Ma? She's sprinklin' clo'es Agin to-morrer's i'nin'"	65	From sheds new-roofed with Carrara Came Chanticleer's muffled crow, The stiff rails softened to swan's-down, And still fluttered down the snow	10
To say why gals acts so or so, Or don't, 'ould be persumin', Mebby to mean yes an' say <i>no</i> Comes nateral to women	70	I stood and watched by the window The noiseless work of the sky, And the sudden flurries of snow-birds, Like brown leaves whirling by	15
He stood a spell on one foot fust, Then stood a spell on t'other, An' on which one he felt the wust He couldn't ha' told ye nuther	75	I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn Where a little headstone stood, How the flakes were folding it gently, As did robins the babes in the wood	20
Says he, "I'd better call agin," Says she, "Think likely, Mister " Thet last word pricked him like a pin, An' . Wal, he up an' kist her	80	Up spoke our own little Mabel, Saying, "Father, who makes it snow?" And I told of the good All-father Who cares for us here below	25
When Ma bimeby upon 'em slips, Huldy sot pale ez ashes, All kin' o' smily roun' the lips An' teary roun' the lashes		I remembered the gradual patience That fell from that cloud like snow, That arched o'er our first great sorrow, When that mound was heaped so high	30
For she was jes' the quiet kind Whose naturs never vary, Like streams that keep a summer-mind Snowhid in Jenooary	85	Flake by flake, healing and hiding The scar that renewed our woe	
The blood clost roun' her heart felt glued Too tight for all expressin', Tell mother see how metters stood, An' gn 'em both her blessin'	90	And again to the child I whispered, "The snow that husheth all, Darling, the merciful Father Alone can make it fall!"	35
Then her red come back like the tide Down to the Bay o' Fundy, An' all I know is they was cried In meetin' come nex' Sunday.	95	Then, with eyes that saw not, I kissed her, And she, kissing back, could not know That <i>my</i> kiss was given to her sister, Folded close under deepening snow	40

ODE RECITED AT THE HARVARD
COMMEMORATION

July 21, 1865

I

From *The Biglow Papers*, Second Series

THE FIRST SNOW-FALL

THE snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night

WEAK-WINGED is song,
Nor aims at the clear-ethered height

Whither the brave deed climbs for light

We seem to do them wrong,
Bringing our robin's-leaf to deck their hearse 5
Who in warm life-blood wrote their nobler
verse,

Our trivial song to honor those who come
With ears attuned to strenuous trump and
drum,
And shaped in squadron-strophes their de-
sire,
Live battle-odes whose lines were steel and
fire 10

Yet sometimes feathered words are strong,
A gracious memory to buoy up and save
From Lethe's dreamless ooze, the common
grave
Of the unventurous throng

II

To-day our Reverend Mother welcomes back 15
Her wisest Scholars, those who under-
stood

The deeper teaching of her mystic tome,
And offered their fresh lives to make it
good

No lore of Greece or Rome,
No science peddling with the names of
things, 20

Or reading stars to find inglorious fates,
Can lift our life with wings
Far from Death's idle gulf that for the many
waits,

And lengthen out our dates
With that clear fame whose memory sings 25
In manly hearts to come, and nerves them
and dilates

Nor such thy teaching, Mother of us all!
Not such the trumpet-call
Of thy diviner mood,

That could thy sons entice 30
From happy homes and toils, the fruitful
nest

Of those half-virtues which the world calls
best,

Into War's tumult rude,
But rather far that stern device
The sponsors chose that round thy cradle
stood 35

In the dim, unventured wood,
The VERITAS that lurks beneath
The letter's unprolific sheath,
Life of whate'er makes life worth living,
Seed-grain of high emprise, immortal food, 40

One heavenly thing whereof earth hath the
giving

III

Many loved Truth, and lavished life's best
oil

Amid the dust of books to find her,
Content at last, for guerdon of their toil,
With the cast mantle she hath left behind
her 45

Many in sad faith sought for her,
Many with crossed hands sighed for her,
But these, our brothers, fought for her,
At life's dear peril wrought for her,
So loved her that they died for her, 50
Tasting the raptured fleetness
Of her divine completeness
Their higher instinct knew

Those love her best who to themselves are
true,

And what they dare to dream of, dare to
do, 55

They followed her and found her
Where all may hope to find,
Not in the ashes of the burnt-out mind,
But beautiful, with danger's sweetness round
her

Where faith made whole with deed 60
Breathes its awakening breath
Into the lifeless creed,
They saw her plumed and mailed,
With sweet, stern face unveiled,
And all-repaying eyes, look proud on them
in death 65

IV

Our slender life runs rippling by, and glides
Into the silent hollow of the past,
What is there that abides

To make the next age better for the last?
Is earth too poor to give us 70
Something to live for here that shall out-
live us?

Some more substantial boon
Than such as flows and ebbs with Fortune's
fickle moon?

The little that we see
From doubt is never free; 75
The little that we do
Is but half-nobly true,
With our laborious hiving
What men call treasure, and the gods call
dross,

Life seems a jest of Fate's contriving, ⁸⁰
 Only secure in every one's conniving,
 A long account of nothings paid with loss,
 Where we poor puppets, jerked by unseen
 wires,

After our little hour of strut and rave,
 With all our pasteboard passions and desires, ⁸⁵
 Loves, hates, ambitions, and immortal fires,
 Are tossed pell-mell together in the grave
 But stay! no age was e'er degenerate,
 Unless men held it at too cheap a rate,
 For in our likeness still we shape our
 fate ⁹⁰

Ah, there is something here
 Unfathomed by the cynic's sneer,
 Something that gives our feeble light
 A high immunity from Night,
 Something that leaps life's narrow bars ⁹⁵
 To claim its birthright with the hosts of
 heaven,

A seed of sunshine that can leaven
 Our earthly dullness with the beams of
 stars,

And glorify our clay
 With light from fountains elder than the
 Day, ¹⁰⁰

A conscience more divine than we,
 A gladness fed with secret tears,
 A vexing, forward-reaching sense
 Of some more noble permanence,

A light across the sea, ¹⁰⁵
 Which haunts the soul and will not let it
 be,

Still beaconing from the heights of unde-
 generate years

V

Whither leads the path
 To ampler fates that leads?
 Not down through flowery meads, ¹¹⁰
 To reap an aftermath

Of youth's vainglorious weeds,
 But up the steep, amid the wrath
 And shock of deadly-hostile creeds,
 Where the world's best hope and stay ¹¹⁵
 By battle's flashes gropes a desperate way,
 And every turf the fierce foot clings to
 bleeds

Peace hath her not ignoble wreath,
 Ere yet the sharp, decisive word
 Light the black lips of cannon, and the
 sword ¹²⁰

Dreams in its easeful sheath;

But some day the live coal behind the
 thought,

Whether from Baal's stone obscene,
 Or from the shrine serene
 Of God's pure altar brought, ¹²⁵

Bursts up in flame, the war of tongue and
 pen

Learns with what deadly purpose it was
 fraught,

And, helpless in the fiery passion caught,
 Shakes all the pillared state with shock of
 men

Some day the soft Ideal that we wooed ¹³⁰
 Confronts us fiercely, foe-beset, pursued,
 And cries reproachful "Was it, then, my
 praise,

And not myself was loved? Prove now thy
 truth,

I claim of thee the promise of thy youth,
 Give me thy life, or cower in empty phrase, ¹³⁵
 The victim of thy genius, not its mate!"

Life may be given in many ways,
 And loyalty to Truth be sealed
 As bravely in the closet as the field,

So bountiful is Fate, ¹⁴⁰
 But then to stand beside her,
 When craven churls denude her,

To front a lie in arms and not to yield,
 This shows, methinks, God's plan
 And measure of a stalwart man, ¹⁴⁵
 Limbed like the old heroic breeds,
 Who stands self-poised on manhood's
 solid earth,

Not forced to frame excuses for his birth,
 Fed from within with all the strength he
 needs

VI

Such was he, our Martyr-Chief, ¹⁵⁰
 Whom late the Nation he had led,
 With ashes on her head,

Wept with the passion of an angry grief
 Forgive me, if from present things I turn
 To speak what in my heart will beat and
 burn, ¹⁵⁵

And hang my wreath on his world-honored
 urn

Nature, they say, doth dote,
 And cannot make a man
 Save on some worn-out plan,
 Repeating us by rote ¹⁶⁰

For him her Old-World moulds aside she
 threw,

And, choosing sweet clay from the breast
Of the unexhausted West,
With stuff untainted shaped a hero new,
Wise, steadfast in the strength of God, and
true 165

How beautiful to see
Once more a shepherd of mankind indeed,
Who loved his charge, but never loved to
lead,
One whose meek flock the people joyed to
be,

Not lured by any cheat of birth, 170
But by his clear-grained human worth,
And brave old wisdom of sincerity!

They knew that outward grace is dust,
They could not choose but trust
In that sure-footed mind's unfaltering skill, 175
And supple-tempered will
That bent like perfect steel to spring again
and thrust

His was no lonely mountain-peak of mind,
Thrusting to thin air o'er our cloudy bars,
A sea-mark now, now lost in vapors
blind, 180

Broad prairie rather, genial, level-lined,
Fruitful and friendly for all human kind,
Yet also nigh to heaven and loved of lofti-
est stars

Nothing of Europe here,
Or, then, of Europe fronting mornward
still, 185

Ere any names of Serf and Peer
Could Nature's equal scheme deface
And thwart her genial will,
Here was a type of the true elder race,
And one of Plutarch's men talked with us
face to face 190

I praise him not, it were too late,
And some innate weakness there must be
In him who condescends to victory
Such as the Present gives, and cannot wait,

Safe in himself as in a fate 195
So always firmly he
He knew to bide his time,
And can his fame abide,

Still patient in his simple faith sublime,
Till the wise years decide 200
Great captains, with their guns and
drums,

Disturb our judgment for the hour,
But at last silence comes,
These all are gone, and, standing like a
tower,
Our children shall behold his fame 205

The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
New birth of our new soil, the first Amer-
ican

VII

Long as man's hope insatiate can discern
Or only guess some more inspiring
goal 210

Outside of Self, enduring as the pole,
Along whose course the flying axles burn
Of spirits bravely-pitched, earth's manlier
brood,

Long as below you cannot find
The meed that stills the inexorable mind, 215
So long this faith to some ideal Good,
Under whatever mortal names it masks,
Freedom, Law, Country, this ethereal
mood

That thanks the Fates for their severer tasks,
Feeling its challenged pulses leap, 220
While others skulk in subterfuges cheap,
And, set in Danger's van, has all the boon it
asks,

Shall win man's praise and woman's love,
Shall be a wisdom that we set above
All other skills and gifts to culture dear, 225
A virtue round whose forehead we in-
wreathe,

Laurels that with a living passion breathe
When other crowns grow, while we twine
them, sear

What brings us thronging these high rites
to pay,
And seal these hours the noblest of our
year, 230
Save that our brothers found this better
way?

VIII

We sit here in the Promised Land
That flows with Freedom's honey and milk,
But 'twas they won it, sword in hand,
Making the nettle danger soft for us as silk 235
We welcome back our bravest and our
best,—

Ah me! not all! some come not with the
rest,
Who went forth brave and bright as any
here!

I strive to mix some gladness with my strain,
But the sad strings complain, 240
And will not please the ear.

I sweep them for a pæan, but they wane
 Again and yet again
 Into a dirge, and die away, in pain
 In these brave ranks I only see the gaps, ²⁴⁵
 Thinking of dear ones whom the dumb turf
 wraps,
 Dark to the triumph which they died to gain
 Fittier may others greet the living,
 For me the past is unforgiving,
 I with uncovered head ²⁵⁰
 Salute the sacred dead,
 Who went, and who return not—Say not
 so!
 'Tis not the grapes of Canaan that repay,
 But the high faith that failed not by the
 way,
 Virtue treads paths that end not in the
 grave, ²⁵⁵
 No ban of endless night exiles the brave,
 And to the saner mind
 We rather seem the dead that stayed behind
 Blow, trumpets, all your exultations blow!
 For never shall their aureoled presence
 lack ²⁶⁰
 I see them muster in a gleaming row,
 With ever-youthful brows that nobler show,
 We find in our dull road their shining track,
 In every nobler mood
 We feel the orient of their spirit glow, ²⁶⁵
 Part of our life's unalterable good,
 Of all our santlier aspiration;
 They come transfigured back,
 Secure from change in their high-hearted ways,
 Beautiful evermore, and with the rays ²⁷⁰
 Of morn on their white Shields of Expectation!

IX

But is there hope to save
 Even this ethereal essence from the grave?
 What ever 'scaped Oblivion's subtle wrong
 Save a few clarion names, or golden threads
 of song? ²⁷⁵
 Before my musing eye
 The mighty ones of old sweep by,
 Disvoiced now and insubstantial things,
 As noisy once as we, poor ghosts of kings,
 Shadows of empire wholly gone to dust, ²⁸⁰
 And many races, nameless long ago,
 To darkness driven by that imperious
 gust
 Of ever-rushing Time that here doth blow
 O visionary world, condition strange,
 Where naught abiding is but only Change, ²⁸⁵

Where the deep-bolted stars themselves still
 shift and range!
 Shall we to more continuance make pre-
 tence?
 Renown builds tombs, a life-estate is Wit,
 And, bit by bit,
 The cunning years steal all from us but
 woe, ²⁹⁰
 Leaves are we, whose decays no harvest
 sow
 But, when we vanish hence,
 Shall they lie forceless in the dark be-
 low,
 Save to make green their little length of
 sods,
 Or deepen pansies for a year or two, ²⁹⁵
 Who now to us are shining-sweet as gods?
 Was dying all they had the skill to do?
 That were not fruitless but the Soul re-
 sents
 Such short-lived service, as if blind events
 Ruled without her, or earth could so en-
 dure, ³⁰⁰
 She claims a more divine-investiture
 Of longer tenure than Fame's airy rents,
 Whate'er she touches doth her nature
 share,
 Her inspiration haunts the ennobled air,
 Gives eyes to mountains blind, ³⁰⁵
 Ears to the deaf earth, voices to the wind,
 And her clear trump sings succor every-
 where
 By lonely bivouacs to the wakeful mind,
 For soul inherits all that soul could dare
 Yea, Manhood hath a wider span ³¹⁰
 And larger privilege of life than man
 The single deed, the private sacrifice,
 So radiant now through proudly-hidden
 tears,
 Is covered up erelong from mortal eyes
 With thoughtless drift of the deciduous
 years, ³¹⁵
 But that high privilege that makes all men
 peers,
 That leap of heart whereby a people rise
 Up to a noble anger's height,
 And, flamed on by the Fates, not shrink, but
 grow more bright,
 That swift validity in noble veins, ³²⁰
 Of choosing danger and disdaining shame,
 Of being set on flame
 By the pure fire that flies all contact base
 But wraps its chosen with angelic might,
 These are imperishable gains, ³²⁵

Sure as the sun, medicinal as light,
 These hold great futures in their lusty
 reins
 And certify to earth a new imperial race

X

Who now shall sneer?
 Who dare again to say we trace 330
 Our lines to a plebeian race?
 Roundhead and Cavalier!
 Dumb are those names erewhile in battle
 loud,
 Dream-footed as the shadow of a cloud,
 They flit across the ear 335
 That is best blood that hath most iron in't,
 To edge resolve with, pouring without stint
 For what makes manhood dear
 Tell us not of Plantagenets,
 Hapsburgs, and Guelfs, whose thin bloods
 crawl 340
 Down from some victor in a border-brawl!
 How poor their outworn coronets,
 Matched with one leaf of that plain civic
 wreath
 Our brave for honor's blazon shall bequeath,
 Through whose desert a rescued Nation
 sets 345
 Her heel on treason, and the trumpet hears
 Shout victory, tingling Europe's sullen ears
 With vain resentments and more vain re-
 grets!

XI

Not in anger, not in pride,
 Pure from passion's mixture rude 350
 Ever to base earth allied,
 But with far-heard gratitude,
 Still with heart and voice renewed,
 To heroes living and dear martyrs dead,
 The strain should close that consecrates our
 brave. 355
 Lift the heart and lift the head!
 Lofty be its mood and grave,
 Not without a martial ring,
 Not without a prouder tread
 And a peal of exultation. 360
 Little right has he to sing
 Through whose heart in such an hour
 Beats no march of conscious
 power,
 Sweeps no tumult of elation!
 'Tis no Man we celebrate, 365
 By his country's victories great,

A hero half, and half the whim of Fate,
 But the pith and marrow of a Na-
 tion
 Drawing force from all her men,
 Highest, humblest, weakest, all, 370
 For her time of need, and then
 Pulsing it again through them,
 Till the basest can no longer cower,
 Feeling his soul spring up divinely tall,
 Touched but in passing by her mantle-
 hem 375
 Come back, then, noble pride, for 't is her
 dower!
 How could poet ever tower,
 If his passions, hopes, and fears,
 If his triumphs and his tears,
 Kept not measure with his peo-
 ple? 380
 Boom, cannon, boom to all the winds and
 waves!
 Clash out, glad bells, from every rocking
 steeple!
 Banners, advance with triumph, bend your
 staves!
 And from every mountain-peak
 Let beacon-fire to answering beacon
 speak, 385
 Katahdin tell Monadnock, Whiteface
 he,
 And so leap on in light from sea to sea,
 Till the glad news be sent
 Across a kindling continent,
 Making earth feel more firm and air breathe
 braver 390
 "Be proud!" for she is saved, and all have
 helped to save her!
 She that lifts up the manhood of the
 poor,
 She of the open soul and open
 door,
 With room about her hearth for all
 mankind!
 The fire is dreadful in her eyes no
 more, 395
 From her bold front the helm she
 doth unbind,
 Sends all her handmaid armies back
 to spin,
 And bids her navies, that so lately
 hurled
 Their crashing battle, hold their
 thunders in,
 Swimming like birds of calm along
 the unharmed shore 400

No challenge sends she to the elder
 world,
 That looked askance and hated, a
 light scorn
 Plays o'er her mouth, as round her
 mighty knees
 She calls her children back, and
 waits the morn
 Of nobler day, enthroned between her sub-
 ject seas " 405

XII

Bow down, dear Land, for thou hast found
 release!
 Thy God, in these distempered days,
 Hath taught thee the sure wisdom of His
 ways,
 And through thine enemies hath wrought
 thy peace!
 Bow down in prayer and praise! 410

No poorest in thy borders but may now
 Lift to the juster skies a man's enfran-
 chised brow
 O Beautiful! my Country! ours once
 more!
 Smoothing thy gold of war-dishevelled hair
 O'er such sweet brows as never other
 wore, 415
 And letting thy set lips,
 Freed from wrath's pale eclipse,
 The rosy edges of their smile lay bare,
 What words divine of lover or of poet
 Could tell our love and make thee know
 it, 420
 Among the Nations bright beyond compare?
 What were our lives without thee?
 What all our lives to save thee?
 We reck not what we gave thee,
 We will not dare to doubt thee, 425
 But ask whatever else, and we will dare!

WALT WHITMAN

(1819-1892)

With few exceptions Whitman's contemporaries condemned his poetry as crude, egotistical, and vulgar. It seemed to them unpoetical in subject matter and form. It gave foreigners the idea that Americans lacked culture and worshiped physical and material power instead of intellectual eminence. Therefore, many critics treated *Leaves of Grass* with anger and contempt, failing to see that Whitman had truly expressed the ideals of democracy. Thoreau and Emerson, however, at once perceived the significance of this new voice in American poetry. Emerson wrote to Whitman, "I find it the most extraordinary piece of wit and wisdom that America has yet contributed." Gradually others began to adopt this manner of writing poetry until in the twentieth century the unconventionality of *Leaves of Grass* came to be the characteristic for which it was most highly esteemed. From a new generation Whitman received acclaim as the forerunner of free verse and realism in modern poetry.

His intense ardor for democracy sprang from his intimate contact with the working classes. When he was thirteen years old, he left the public schools in Brooklyn to learn the printing trade. Except for intervals devoted to school teaching and publishing a paper in Huntington, where his father had owned a farm before the family moved to Brooklyn, Whitman worked at this trade until 1848. Then for a few months he was editor of the *Brooklyn Eagle*. He associated with sailors, factory workers, the pilots on the ferries to New York, and the drivers of the omnibuses. In the country he talked with people of every type, for he boarded at the homes of his pupils. Thus he knew the views and aspirations of the masses. Sometimes, however, he wandered alone on the beach at Coney Island, then a deserted stretch of shore, or along the country roads of Long Island, which he explored extensively. He discovered from the manifestations of nature a truer equality than among the haunts of men. In the *Song of Myself* he identified himself with all men and all nature as well. Throughout his life he remained the poet of the masses, who unfortunately found his poetry difficult to comprehend.

A trip through the Middle West and South broadened Whitman's perspective of American life. He went to Ohio, New Orleans, up the Mississippi to the Great Lakes and Canada, through the central part of New York, and down the Hudson. For a time he worked on a paper in New Orleans. These experiences brought to his poetry a breadth and heartiness which New York with all its cosmopolitanism could not inspire. The prairies, the magnetic South,

and the vigor of the pioneers had awakened a desire to proclaim the splendid vitality of the country. He felt that his mission was to "compose a march for the States."

Another source of inspiration for Whitman was the Civil War. In 1862 he visited the Army of the Potomac to see his brother who had been wounded. He remained to nurse the wounded soldiers in the hospitals at Washington. He cheered them, wrote letters for them, gave them fruit and tobacco, and took their last messages for their friends. The impressions of these years are recorded in *Drum Taps* and *Sequel to Drum Taps*, containing such impressive poems as *Beat! Beat! Drums!*, *By the Bivouac's Fitful Flame*, *The Wound-Dresser*, and *Over the Carnage Rose Prophetic a Voice*. The tributes to Lincoln, *O Captain! My Captain!* and *When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom'd*, were the poet's memorials to the man whom he called "the greatest, best, most characteristic, artistic, moral personality."

After the war Whitman held positions in the Department of the Interior and the Attorney-General's office. The first he lost because the Secretary of the Interior considered *Leaves of Grass* "an indecent book." W. D. O'Connor vindicated the poet in a pamphlet, which has been remembered for its title rather than its contents, for O'Connor called Whitman, "The Good Gray Poet." In 1873 a paralytic stroke terminated Whitman's employment in Washington. For the remaining years he lived in Camden, New Jersey, where his admirers flocked to pay their respects. Many have described their visits to The Good Gray Poet and have united in praising his patient acceptance of his suffering.

In his critical articles Whitman stated his theories concerning the natural simple life. He was disgusted at the artificiality and the complaints of mankind. He wanted to break through the outward appearance and discover the essential traits common to humanity. He revolted against restraint, advocating freedom in subject and form. These principles he deliberately followed when he wrote poetry. (He avoided all ornament, he abandoned rhymed verse for irregular meters with long lines and rhythm of phrase, he reveled in endless lists of names, and he repeated incessantly certain words. Seldom did he stop to select from his mass of thoughts. With the rush of a cataract he poured forth his anger at idleness or his enthusiasm for industrial advancement. As he said, he sounded his "barbaric yawp over the roofs of the world.")

Consequently, Whitman's poetry is extremely uneven, but even at its worst it has a primitive energy. It should be read aloud for the full ef-

fect of its rhythm. Then the cumulative power of the sonorous lines becomes evident. Like a composer of a great symphony Whitman wove together the themes into a dominating motive. His originality, universality, and individuality, so as-

tounding and repellent when *Leaves of Grass* was first published in 1855, are the very qualities which assure his poetry a permanent place in American literature

OUT OF THE CRADLE ENDLESSLY ROCKING

Out of the cradle endlessly rocking,
Out of the mocking-bird's throat, the musical
shuttle,
Out of the Ninth-month midnight,
Over the sterile sands and the fields beyond,
where the child leaving his bed wander'd
alone, bareheaded, barefoot,
Down from the shower'd halo, ⁵
Up from the mystic play of shadows twining
and twisting as if they were alive,
Out from the patches of briers and blackber-
ries,
From the memories of the bird that chanted
to me,
From your memories, sad brother, from the
fitful risings and fallings I heard,
From under that yellow half-moon late-risen
and swollen as if with tears, ¹⁰
From those beginning notes of yearning and
love there in the mist,
From the thousand responses of my heart
never to cease,
From the myriad thence-arous'd words,
From the word stronger and more delicious
than any,
From such as now they start the scene revis-
iting, ¹⁵
As a flock, twittering, rising, or overhead pass-
ing,
Borne hither, ere all eludes me, hurriedly,
A man, yet by these tears a little boy again,
Throwing myself on the sand, confronting the
waves,
I, chanter of pains and joys, uniter of here ²⁰
and hereafter,
Taking all hints to use them, but swiftly leap-
ing beyond them,
A reminiscence sing

Once Paumanok,
When the lilac-scent was in the air and Fifth-
month grass was growing,
Up this seashore in some briers, ²⁵
Two feather'd guests from Alabama, two to-
gether,

And their nest, and four light-green eggs
spotted with brown,
And every day the he-bird to and fro near at
hand,
And every day the she-bird crouch'd on her
nest, silent, with bright eyes,
And every day I, a curious boy, never too
close, never disturbing them, ³⁰
Cautiously peering, absorbing, translating

Shine! shine! shine!
Pour down your warmth, great sun!
While we bask, we two together

Two together! ³⁵
Winds blow south, or winds blow north,
Day come white, or night come black,
Home, or rivers and mountains from home,
Singing all time, minding no time,
While we two keep together ⁴⁰

Till of a sudden,
May-be kill'd, unknown to her mate,
One forenoon the she-bird crouch'd not on
the nest,
Nor return'd that afternoon, nor the next, ⁴⁵
Nor ever appear'd again

And thenceforward all summer in the sound
of the sea,
And at night under the full of the moon in
calmer weather,
Over the hoarse surging of the sea,
Or flitting from brier to brier by day,
I saw, I heard at intervals the remaining one, ⁵⁰
the he-bird,
The solitary guest from Alabama

Blow! blow! blow!
Blow up sea-winds along Paumanok's shore;
I wait and I wait till you blow my mate to me

Yes, when the stars glisten'd, ⁵⁵
All night long on the prong of a moss-scal-
lop'd stake,
Down almost amid the slapping waves,
Sat the lone singer wonderful causing tears

He call'd on his mate,
He pour'd forth the meanings which I of all
men know 60

Yes, my brother, I know,
The rest might not, but I have treasur'd every
note,

For more than once dimly down to the beach
gliding,

Silent, avoiding the moonbeams, blending my-
self with the shadows,

Recalling now the obscure shapes, the echoes,
the sounds and sights after their sorts, 65

The white arms out in the breakers tirelessly
tossing,

I, with bare feet, a child, the wind wafting my
hair,

Listen'd long and long

Listen'd to keep, to sing, now translating the
notes,

Following you, my brother. 70

Soothe! soothe! soothe!

*Close on its wave soothes the wave behind,
And again another behind embracing and lap-
ping, every one close,*

But my love soothes not me, not me

*Low hangs the moon, it rose late, 75
It is lagging—O I think it is heavy with love,
with love*

*O madly the sea pushes upon the land,
With love, with love*

*O night! do I not see my love fluttering out
among the breakers?*

*What is that little black thing I see there in
the white? 80*

Loud! loud! loud!

Loud I call to you, my love!

*High and clear I shoot my voice over the
waves,*

*Surely you must know who is here, is here,
You must know who I am, my love 85*

Low-hanging moon!

*What is that dusky spot in your brown yel-
low?*

O it is the shape, the shape of my mate!

*O moon, do not keep her from me any
longer.*

Land! land! O land! 90

*Whichever way I turn, O I think you could
give me my mate back again if you
only would,*

*For I am almost sure I see her dimly which-
ever way I look*

O rising stars!

*Perhaps the one I want so much will rise,
will rise with some of you*

O throat! O trembling throat! 95

Sound clearer through the atmosphere!

*Pierce the woods, the earth,
Somewhere listening to catch you must be the
one I want*

Shake out carols!

Solitary here, the night's carols! 100

Carols of lonesome love! death's carols!

*Carols under that lagging, yellow, waning
moon!*

*O under that moon where she droops almost
down into the sea!*

O reckless despairing carols

But soft! sink low! 105

*Soft! let me just murmur,
And do you wait a moment you husky-nois'd
sea,*

*For somewhere I believe I heard my mate re-
sponding to me,*

*So faint, I must be still, be still to listen,
But not altogether still, for then she might
not come immediately to me 110*

Hither my love!

Here I am! here!

*With this just-sustain'd note I announce my-
self to you,*

This gentle call is for you my love, for you.

Do not be decoy'd elsewhere, 115

*That is the whistle of the wind, it is not my
voice,*

*That is the fluttering, the fluttering of the
spray,*

Those are the shadows of leaves

O darkness! O in vain!

O I am very sick and sorrowful 120

*O brown halo in the sky near the moon,
drooping upon the sea!*

O troubled reflection in the sea!
O throat! O throbbing heart!
And I singing uselessly, uselessly all the
night

O past! O happy life! O songs of joy! 125
In the air, in the woods, over fields,
Loved! loved! loved! loved! loved!
But my mate no more, no more with me!
We two together no more

The aria sinking, 130
 All else continuing, the stars shining,
 The winds blowing, the notes of the bird continuous echoing,

With angry moans the fierce old mother incessantly moaning,
 On the sand of Paumanok's shore grey and rustling,
 The yellow half-moon enlarged, sagging down, drooping, the face of the sea almost touching, 135

The boy ecstatic, with his bare feet the waves, with his hair the atmosphere dallying,
 The love in the heart long pent, now loose, now at last tumultuously bursting,
 The aria's meaning, the ears, the soul, swiftly depositing,

The strange tears down the cheeks coursing, •
 The colloquy there, the trio, each uttering, 140
 The undertone, the savage old mother incessantly crying,

To the boy's soul's questions sullenly tuning, some drown'd secret hissing,
 To the outseting bard

Demon or bird! (said the boy's soul),
 Is it indeed toward your mate you sing? or is it really to me? 145

For I, that was a child, my tongue's use sleeping, now I have heard you,
 Now in a moment I know what I am for, I awake,

And already a thousand singers, a thousand songs, clearer, louder, and more sorrowful than yours,

A thousand warbling echoes have started to life within me, never to die

O you singer solitary, singing by yourself, projecting me, 150

O solitary me listening, never more shall I cease perpetuating you,
 Never more shall I escape, never more the reverberations,

Never more the cries of unsatisfied love be absent from me,
 Never again leave me to be the peaceful child I was before what there in the night,
 By the sea under the yellow and sagging moon, 155
 The messenger there arous'd, the fire, the sweet hell within,
 The unknown want, the destiny of me

O give me the clew! (it lurks in the night here somewhere),

O if I am to have so much, let me have more!

A word then (for I will conquer it), 160
 The word final, superior to all,
 Subtle, sent up—what is it?—I listen,
 Are you whispering it, and have been all the time, you sea-waves?
 Is that it from your liquid rims and wet sands?

Whereto answering, the sea, 165
 Delaying not, hurrying not,
 Whisper'd me through the night, and very plainly before daybreak,
 Lisp'd to me the low and delicious word death,

And again death, death, death, death,
 Hissing melodious, neither like the bird nor like my arous'd child's heart, 170
 But edging near as privately for me rustling at my feet,

Creeping thence steadily up to my ears and laving me softly all over,
 Death, death, death, death, death

Which I do not forget,
 But fuse the song of my dusky demon and brother, 175

That he sang to me in the moonlight on Paumanok's grey beach,

With the thousand responsive songs at random, My own songs awaked from that hour,
 And with them the key, the word up from the waves,

The word of the sweetest song and all songs, 180
 That strong and delicious word which, creeping to my feet,

(Or like some old crone rocking the cradle, swathed in sweet garments, bending aside),

The sea whisper'd me

I HEAR AMERICA SINGING

I HEAR America singing, the varied carols I
 hear,
 Those of mechanics, each one singing his as
 it should be blithe and strong,
 The carpenter singing his as he measures his
 plank or beam,
 The mason singing his as he makes ready for
 work, or leaves off work,
 The boatman singing what belongs to him in
 his boat, the deckhand singing on the
 steamboat deck,⁵
 The shoemaker singing as he sits on his bench,
 the hatter singing as he stands,
 The wood-cutter's song, the ploughboy's on
 his way in the morning, or at noon in-
 termission or at sundown,
 The delicious singing of the mother, or of the
 young wife at work, or of the girl sew-
 ing or washing,
 Each singing what belongs to him or her
 and to none else,
 The day what belongs to the day—at night
 the party of young fellows, robust,¹⁰
 friendly,
 Singing with open mouths their strong melo-
 dious songs

MANNAHATTA

I WAS asking for something specific and per-
 fect for my city,
 Whereupon lo! upsprang the aboriginal
 name
 Now I see what there is in a name, a word,
 liquid, sane, unruly, musical, self-
 sufficient,
 I see that the word of my city is that word
 from of old,
 Because I see that word nested in nests of
 water-bays, superb,⁵
 Rich, hemm'd thick all around with sailships
 and steamships, an island sixteen miles
 long, solid-founded,
 Numberless crowded streets, high growths of
 iron, slender, strong, light, splendidly
 uprising toward clear skies,
 Tides swift and ample, well-loved by me,
 toward sundown,
 The flowing sea-currents, the little islands,
 larger adjoining islands, the heights, the
 villas,
 The countless masts, the white shore-steamers,
 the lighters, the ferry-boats, the black
 sea-steamers well model'd,¹⁰

The down-town streets, the jobbers' houses
 of business, the houses of business of
 the ship merchants and money-brokers,
 the river-streets,
 Immigrants arriving, fifteen or twenty thou-
 sand in a week,
 The carts hauling goods, the manly race of
 drivers of horses, the brown-faced sail-
 ors,
 The summer air, the bright sun shining, and
 the sailing clouds aloft,
 The winter snows, the sleigh-bells, the broken
 ice in the river, passing along up or
 down with the flood-tide or ebb-tide,¹⁵
 The mechanics of the city, the masters, well-
 form'd, beautiful-faced, looking you
 straight in the eyes,
 Trottoirs throng'd, vehicles, Broadway, the
 women, the shops and shows,
 A million people—manners free and superb
 —open voices—hospitality—the most
 courageous and friendly young men,
 City of hurried and sparkling waters! city of
 spires and masts!
 City nested in bays! my city!²⁰

BY THE BIVOUAC'S FITFUL FLAME

By the bivouac's fitful flame,
 A procession winding around me, solemn and
 sweet and slow—but first I note,
 The tents of the sleeping army, the fields' and
 woods' dim outline,
 The darkness lit by spots of kindled fire, the
 silence,
 Like a phantom far or near an occasional figure
 moving,⁵
 The shrubs and trees (as I lift my eyes they
 seem to be stealthily watching me),
 While wind in procession thoughts, O tender
 and wondrous thoughts,
 Of life and death, of home and the past and
 loved, and of those that are far away,
 A solemn and slow procession there as I sit
 on the ground,
 By the bivouac's fitful flame¹⁰

WHEN LILACS LAST IN THE DOOR-
YARD BLOOM'D

1

WHEN lilacs last in the dooryard bloom'd,
 And the great star early droop'd in the western
 sky in the night,

I mourn'd, and yet shall mourn with ever-
returning spring

Ever-returning spring, trinity sure to me
you bring,
Lilac blooming perennial and drooping star
in the west, 5
And thought of him I love

2

O powerful western fallen star!
O shades of night—O moody, tearful night!
O great star disappear'd—O the black murk
that hides the star!
O cruel hands that hold me powerless—O
helpless soul of me! 10
O harsh surrounding cloud that will not free
my soul

3

In the dooryard fronting an old farm-house
near the white-wash'd palings,
Stands the lilac-bush tall-growing with heart-
shaped leaves of rich green,
With many a pointed blossom rising delicate,
with the perfume strong I love,
With every leaf a miracle—and from this
bush in the dooryard, 15
With delicate-color'd blossoms and heart-
shaped leaves of rich green,
A spring with its flower I break.

4

In the swamp in secluded recesses,
A shy and hidden bird is warbling a song

Solitary the thrush, 20
The hermit withdrawn to himself, avoiding the
settlements,
Sings by himself a song

Song of the bleeding throat,
Death's outlet song of life (for well, dear
brother, I know,
If thou wast not granted to sing thou would'st
surely die) 25

5

Over the breast of the spring, the land, amid
cities,
Amid lanes and through old woods, where

lately the violets peep'd from the
ground, spotting the grey debris,
Amid the grass in the fields each side of the
lanes, passing the endless grass,
Passing the yellow-spear'd wheat, every grain
from its shroud in the dark-brown fields
uprisen,
Passing the apple-tree blows of white and pink
in the orchards, 30
Carrying a corpse to where it shall rest in the
grave,
Night and day journeys a coffin

6

Coffin that passes through lanes and streets,
Through day and night with the great cloud
darkening the land,
With the pomp of the inloop'd flags with the
cities draped in black, 35
With the show of the States themselves as of
crape-veil'd women standing,
With processions long and winding and the
flambeaus of the night,
With the countless torches lit, with the silent
sea of faces and the unbared heads,
With the waiting depôt, the arriving coffin,
and the sombre faces,
With dirges through the night, with the thous-
and voices rising strong and solemn, 40
With all the mournful voices of the dirges
pour'd around the coffin,
The dim-lit churches and the shuddering organs
—where amid these you journey,
With the tolling, tolling bells' perpetual clang,
Here, coffin that slowly passes,
I give you my sprig of lilac 45

7

(Nor for you, for one alone,
Blossoms and branches green to coffins all I
bring,
For fresh as the morning, thus would I chant
a song for you, O sane and sacred
death

All over bouquets of roses,
O death, I cover you over with roses and early
lilies, 50
But mostly and now the lilac that blooms the
first,
Copious I break, I break the sprigs from the
bushes,
With loaded arms I come, pouncing for you,
For you and the coffins all of you O death)

O western orb, sailing the heaven, 55
 Now I know what you must have meant as a
 month since I walk'd,
 As I walk'd in silence the transparent shadowy
 night,
 As I saw you had something to tell as you
 bent to me night after night,
 As you droop'd from the sky low down as if
 to my side (while the other stars all
 look'd on),
 As we wander'd together the solemn night
 (for something I know not what kept
 me from sleep), 60
 As the night advanced, and I saw on the rim
 of the west how full you were of woe,
 As I stood on the rising ground in the breeze
 in the cool transparent night,
 As I watch'd where you pass'd and was lost in
 the netherward black of the night,
 As my soul in its trouble dissatisfied sank, as
 where you, sad orb,
 Concluded, dropt in the night, and was
 gone 65

Sing on there in the swamp,
 O singer, bashful and tender, I hear your
 notes, I hear your call,
 I hear, I come presently, I understand you,
 But a moment I linger, for the lustrous star
 has detain'd me,
 The star my departing comrade holds and
 detains me 70

O how shall I warble myself for the dead one
 there I loved?
 And how shall I deck my song for the large
 sweet soul that has gone?
 And what shall my perfume be for the grave
 of him I love?

Sea-winds blown from east and west,
 Blown from the Eastern sea and blown from
 the Western sea, till there on the
 prairies meeting, 75
 These and with these and the breath of my
 chant,
 I'll perfume the grave of him I love.

O what shall I hang on the chamber walls?
 And what shall the pictures be that I hang on
 the walls,
 To adorn the burial-house of him I love? 80
 Pictures of growing spring and farms and
 homes,
 With the Fourth-month eve at sundown, and
 the grey smoke lucid and bright,
 With floods of the yellow gold of the gorgeous,
 indolent, sinking sun, burning, expand-
 ing the air,
 With the fresh sweet herbage under foot, and
 the pale green leaves of the trees
 prolific,
 In the distance the flowing glaze, the breast of
 the river, with a wind-dapple here and
 there, 85
 With ranging hills on the banks, with many a
 line against the sky, and shadows,
 And the city at hand with dwellings so dense,
 and stacks of chimneys,
 And all the scenes of life and the workshops,
 and the workmen homeward returning

Lo, body and soul—this land,
 My own Manhattan with spires, and the
 sparkling and hurrying tides, and the
 ships, 90
 The varied and ample land, the South and the
 North in the light, Ohio's shores and
 flashing Missouri,
 And ever the far-spreading prairies cover'd
 with grass and corn

Lo, the most excellent sun so calm and
 haughty,
 The violet and purple morn with just-felt
 breezes,
 The gentle soft-born measureless light, 95
 The miracle spreading bathing all, the fulfill'd
 noon,
 The coming eve delicious, the welcome night
 and the stars,
 Over my cities shining all, enveloping man
 and land

Sing on, sing on, you grey-brown bird,
 Sing from the swamps, the recesses, pour your
 chant from the bushes, 100

Limitless out of the dusk, out of the cedars
and pines

Sing on, dearest brother, warble your reedy
song,
Loud human song, with voice of uttermost
woe

O liquid and free and tender!

O wild and loose to my soul—O wondrous
singer! ¹⁰⁵

You only I hear—yet the star holds me (but
will soon depart),

Yet the lilac with mastering odor holds me

14

Now while I sat in the day and look'd forth,
In the close of the day with its light and the
fields of spring, and the farmers prepar-
ing their crops,

In the large unconscious scenery of my land
with its lakes and forests, ¹¹⁰

In the heavenly aerial beauty (after the
perturb'd winds and the storms),

Under the arching heavens of the afternoon
swift passing, and the voices of children
and women,

The many-moving sea-tides, and I saw the
ships how they sail'd,

And the summer approaching with richness,
and the fields all busy with labor,

And the infinite separate houses, how they
all went on, each with its meals and
minutia of daily usages, ¹¹⁵

And the streets how their throbbings throb'd,
and the cities pent—lo, then and there,

Falling upon them all and among them all, en-
veloping me with the rest,

Appear'd the cloud, appear'd the long black
trail,

And I knew death, its thought, and the sacred
knowledge of death

Then with the knowledge of death as walking
one side of me, ¹²⁰

And the thought of death close-walking the
other side of me,

And I in the middle as with companions, and
as holding the hands of companions,

I fled forth to the hiding receiving night that
talks not,

Down to the shores of the water, the path by
the swamp in the dimness,

To the solemn shadowy cedars and ghostly
pines so still ¹²⁵

And the singer so shy to the rest receiv'd me,
The grey-brown bird I know receiv'd us
comrades three,

And he sang the carol of death, and a verse
for him I love

From deep secluded recesses,

From the fragrant cedars and the ghostly pines
so still, ¹³⁰

Came the carol of the bird

And the charm of the carol rapt me,

As I held as if by their hands my comrades
in the night,

And the voice of my spirit tallied the song
of the bird

*Come lovely and soothing death, ¹³⁵
Undulate round the world, serenely arriving,
arriving,*

*In the day, in the night, to all, to each,
Sooner or later delicate death*

*Prais'd be the fathomless universe,
For life and joy, and for objects and knowl-
edge curious, ¹⁴⁰*

*And for love, sweet love—but praise! praise!
praise!*

*For the sure-enwinding arms of cool-enfolding
death*

*Dark mother always gliding near with soft feet,
Have none chanted for thee a chant of fullest
welcome?*

*Then I chant it for thee, I glorify thee above
all, ¹⁴⁵*

*I bring thee a song that when thou must in-
deed come, come unfalteringly*

*Approach strong deliveress,
When it is so, when thou hast taken them I
joyously sing the dead,*

*Lost in the loving floating ocean of thee,
Laved in the flood of thy bliss, O death ¹⁵⁰*

*From me to thee glad serenades,
Dances for thee I propose saluting thee, adorn-
ments and feastings for thee,*

*And the sights of the open landscape and the
high-spread sky are fitting,*

*And life and the fields, and the huge and
thoughtful night*

The night in silence under many a star, ¹⁵⁵
The ocean shore and the husky whispering
wave whose voice I know,
And the soul turning to thee, O vast and well-
veil'd death,
And the body gratefully nestling close to thee

Over the tree-tops I float thee a song,
Over the rising and sinking waves, over the
myriad fields and the prairies wide, ¹⁶⁰
Over the dense-pack'd cities all and the teeming
wharves and ways,
I float this carol with joy, with joy to thee,
O death

15

To the tally of my soul,
 Loud and strong kept up the grey-brown
 bird,
 With pure deliberate notes spreading filling
 the night ¹⁶⁵

Loud in the pines and cedars dim,
 Clear in the freshness moist and the swamp-
 perfume,
 And I with my comrades there in the night
 While my sight that was bound in my eyes un-
 closed,
 As to long panoramas of visions ¹⁷⁰

And I saw askant the armies,
 I saw as in noiseless dreams hundreds of
 battle-flags,
 Borne through the smoke of the battles and
 pierc'd with missiles I saw them,
 And carried hither and yon through the smoke,
 and torn and bloody,
 And at last but a few shreds left on the staffs
 (and all in silence), ¹⁷⁵
 And the staffs all splinter'd and broken

I saw battle-corpses, myriads of them,
 And the white skeletons of young men, I saw
 them,
 I saw the débris and débris of all the slain
 soldiers of the war,
 But I saw they were not as was thought, ¹⁸⁰
 They themselves were fully at rest, they
 suffer'd not,
 The living remain'd and suffer'd, the mother
 suffer'd,
 And the wife and the child and the musing
 comrade suffer'd,
 And the armies that remain'd suffer'd

16

Passing the visions, passing the night, ¹⁸⁵
 Passing, unloosing the hold of my comrades'
 hands,
 Passing the song of the hermit bird and the
 tallying song of my soul,
 Victorious song, death's outlet song, yet vary-
 ing ever-altering song,
 As low and wailing, yet clear the notes, rising
 and falling, flooding the night,
 Sadly sinking and fainting, as warning and
 warning, and yet again bursting with
 joy, ¹⁹⁰
 Covering the earth and filling the spread of
 the heaven,
 As that powerful psalm in the night I heard
 from recesses,
 Passing, I leave thee lilac with heart-shaped
 leaves,
 I leave thee there in the dooryard, blooming,
 returning with spring

I cease from my song for thee, ¹⁹⁵
 From my gaze on thee in the west, fronting
 the west, communing with thee,
 O comrade lustrous with silver face in the
 night

Yet each to keep and all, retrievements out of
 the night,
 The song, the wondrous chant of the grey-
 brown bird,
 And the tallying chant, the echo arous'd in my
 soul, ²⁰⁰
 With the lustrous and drooping star with the
 countenance full of woe,
 With the holders holding my hand nearing the
 call of the bird,
 Comrades mine and I in the midst, and their
 memory ever to keep, for the dead I
 loved so well,
 For the sweetest, wisest soul of all my days
 and lands—and this for his dear sake,
 Lilac and star and bird twined with the chant
 of my soul, ²⁰⁵
 There in the fragrant pines and the cedars dusk
 and dim

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

O CAPTAIN! my Captain! our fearful trip is
 done,
 The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize
 we sought is won,

The port is near, the bells I hear, the people
all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel
grim and daring,

But O heart! heart! heart! 5
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain
lies,
Fallen cold and dead

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the
bells,

Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you
the bugle trills, 10
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for
you the shores a crowding,
For you they call, the swaying mass, their
eager faces turning,

Here Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the
deck, 15
You've fallen cold and dead

My Captain does not answer, his lips are
pale and still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no
pulse nor will,
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its
voyage closed and done,
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in
with object won, 20

Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells!
But I with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead

SONG OF MYSELF

1

I celebrate myself, and sing myself,
And what I assume you shall assume,
For every atom belonging to me as good be-
longs to you

I loafe and invite my soul,
I lean and loafe at my ease observing a spear
of summer grass. 5

My tongue, every atom of my blood, form'd
from this soil, this air,
Born here of parents born here from parents
the same, and their parents the same,

I, now thirty-seven years old in perfect health
begin,
Hoping to cease not till death

Creeds and schools in abeyance, 10
Retiring back a while sufficed at what they
are, but never forgotten,
I harbor for good or bad, I permit to speak
at every hazard,
Nature without check with original energy

18

With music strong I come, with my cornets
and my drums,
I play not marches for accepted victors only,
I play marches for conquer'd and slain
persons 15

Have you heard that it was good to gain the
day?
I also say it is good to fall, battles are lost in
the same spirit in which they are won

I beat and pound for the dead,
I blow through my embouchures my loudest
and gayest for them

Vivas to those who have fail'd! 20
And to those whose war-vessels sank in the
sea!
And to those themselves who sank in the sea!
And to all generals that lost engagements, and
all overcome heroes!
And the numberless unknown heroes equal to
the greatest heroes known!

21

I am the poet of the Body and I am the poet
of the Soul, 25
The pleasures of heaven are with me and the
pains of hell are with me,
The first I graft and increase upon myself,
the latter I translate into a new tongue

I am the poet of the woman the same as the
man,
And I say it is as great to be a woman as to
be a man,
And I say there is nothing greater than the
mother of men 30

I chant the chant of dilation or pride,
We have had ducking and deprecating about
enough,
I show that size is only development

Have you outstript the rest? are you the President?

It is a trifle, they will more than arrive there every one, and still pass on 35

I am he that walks with the tender and growing night,
I call to the earth and sea half-held by the night

Press close bare-bosom'd night—press close magnetic nourishing night!

Night of south winds—night of the large few stars!

Still nodding night—mad naked summer night. 40

Smile O voluptuous cool-breath'd earth!

Earth of the slumbering and liquid trees!

Earth of departed sunset—earth of the mountains misty-topt!

Earth of the vitreous pour of the full moon just tinged with blue!

Earth of shine and dark mottling the tide of the river! 45

Earth of the limpid gray of clouds brighter and clearer for my sake!

Far-swooping elbow'd earth—rich apple-blossm'd earth!

Smile, for your lover comes

Prodigal, you have given me love—therefore I to you give love!

O unspeakable passionate love 50

48

I have said that the soul is not more than the body,

And I have said that the body is not more than the soul,

And nothing, not God, is greater to one than one's self is,

And whoever walks a furlong without sympathy walks to his own funeral drest in his shroud,

And I or you pocketless of a dime may purchase the pick of the earth, 55

And to glance with an eye or show a bean in its pod confounds the learning of all times,

And there is no trade or employment but the young man following it may become a hero,

And there is no object so soft but it makes a hub for the wheel'd universe,

And I say to any man or woman, Let your soul stand cool and composed before a million universes

And I say to mankind, Be not curious about God, 60

For I who am curious about each am not curious about God,

(No array of terms can say how much I am at peace about God and about death)

I hear and behold God in every object, yet understand God not in the least,

Nor do I understand who there can be more wonderful than myself

Why should I wish to see God better than this day? 65

I see something of God each hour of the twenty-four, and each moment then,

In the faces of men and women I see God, and in my own face in the glass,

I find letters from God dropt in the street, and every one is sign'd by God's name,

And I leave them where they are, for I know that wheresoe'er I go,

Others will punctually come for ever and ever 70

49

And as to you Death, and you bitter hug of mortality, it is idle to try to alarm me

To his work without flinching the accoucheur comes,

I see the elder-hand pressing receiving supporting,

I recline by the sills of the exquisite flexible doors,

And mark the outlet, and mark the relief and escape 75

And as to you Corpse I think you are good manure, but that does not offend me,

I smell the white roses sweet-scented and growing,

I reach to the leafy lips, I reach to the polish'd breasts of melons.

And as to you Life I reckon you are the leavings of many deaths,

(No doubt I have died myself ten thousand times before) 80

I hear you whispering there O stars of heaven, O suns—O grass of graves—O perpetual transfers and promotions,

If you do not say any thing how can I say
any thing?

Of the turbid pool that lies in the autumn
forest,

Of the moon that descends the steeps of the
soughing twilight, ⁸⁵

Toss, sparkles of day and dusk—toss on the
black stems that decay in the muck,

Toss to the moaning gibberish of the dry
limbs

I ascend from the moon, I ascend from the
night,

I perceive that the ghastly glimmer is noon-
day sunbeams reflected,

And debouch to the steady and central from
the offspring great or small ⁹⁰

50

There is that in me—I do not know what it
is—but I know it is in me

Wrench'd and sweaty—calm and cool then my
body becomes,

I sleep—I sleep long

I do not know it—it is without name—it is
a word unsaid,

It is not in any dictionary, utterance,
symbol ⁹⁵

Something it swings on more than the earth
I swing on,

To it the creation is the friend whose em-
bracing awakes me.

Perhaps I might tell more Outlines! I
plead for my brothers and sisters

Do you see O my brothers and sisters?

It is not chaos or death—it is form, union,
plan—it is eternal life—it is Happi-
ness. ¹⁰⁰

51

The past and present wilt—I have fill'd them,
emptied them,

And proceed to fill my next fold of the future.

Listener up there! what have you to confide
to me?

Look in my face while I snuff the sidle of
evening,

(Talk honestly, no one else hears you, and I
stay only a minute longer) ¹⁰⁵

Do I contradict myself?

Very well then I contradict myself,
(I am large, I contain multitudes)

I concentrate toward them that are nigh, I
wait on the door-slab

Who has done his day's work? who will soon-
est be through with his supper? ¹¹⁰

Who wishes to walk with me?

Will you speak before I am gone? will you
prove already too late?

52

The spotted hawk swoops by and accuses me,
he complains of my gab and my loitering

I too am not a bit tamed, I too am untrans-
latable,

I sound my barbaric yawp over the roofs of
the world

The last scud of day holds back for me,
It flings my likeness after the rest and true as
any on the shadow'd wilds, ¹¹⁵

It coaxes me to the vapor and the dusk

I depart as air, I shake my white locks at the
runaway sun,

I effuse my flesh in eddies, and drift it in lacy
jags

I bequeath myself to the dirt to grow from
the grass I love,

If you want me again look for me under your
boot-soles ¹²⁰

You will hardly know who I am or what I
mean,

But I shall be good health to you nevertheless,
And filter and fibre your blood

Failing to fetch me at first keep encouraged,
Missing me one place search another, ¹²⁵
I stop somewhere waiting for you.¹

MARK TWAIN (1835-1910)

The first truly representative Western author, Samuel L. Clemens, was a native of Missouri. Although he lived in New York and Connecticut after his marriage, he retained the point of view which his early training on newspapers and in mining camps of the West had given him. When he was twelve years old, his father died, and young Samuel began to work as a printer on the *Missouri Courier*. He worked on several other papers until 1857 and then realized a boyhood ambition. He had always wanted to be a pilot on the steamboats navigating the turbulent Mississippi. At last his chance came, and soon he knew thoroughly not only the landmarks but also the whims of the river. Furthermore, he met on these boats every type of human nature. He was so satisfied with this profession that he probably would have remained in it all his life if the Civil War had not stopped the traffic on the river. He recalled these days in *Life on the Mississippi*.

From the Mississippi Clemens went to Nevada with his elder brother, who had recently received the appointment as secretary to the Governor. He tried his luck at mining but soon was glad to accept a position on the Virginia City *Enterprise*. In this paper first appeared the letters signed Mark Twain. He took the name from the phrases used on the steamboats to announce soundings—"By the mark, three," "mark twain." Impelled by his natural restlessness he moved on to California, where he wrote for the San Francisco *Morning Call*, the *Golden Era*, and the *Californian*, a literary weekly edited by Bret Harte. Later he acknowledged that Bret Harte had greatly aided him by constructive criticism. Another sojourn in the mining camps furnished him with the story which became the main item of his first book, *The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County and Other Sketches*.

The *Alta California* thereupon commissioned him to report in a weekly letter his impressions on a tour through France, Italy, Egypt, and the Holy Land. Mark observed his fellow travelers, noted their ridiculous affectation, commented frankly upon what he saw, and missed no opportunity to make comparisons usually unfavorable to the Old World. *The Innocents Abroad* was a new kind of travel book in that the author refused to admire any famous person, place, or work of art unless he honestly felt its worth. He was thoroughly disgusted with the sentimentality and the insincerity of the average American visitor to Europe. He similarly described later journeys in *A Tramp Abroad* (1880) and *Following the Equator* (1897), but these books do not have the youthful freshness of *The Innocents Abroad*.

After the publication of this book Mark Twain had an audience expecting to be entertained by his humor. He might expound any theory or defend any belief as long as he did so in an amusing manner. Often his readers laughed at his method but disregarded his ideas. At last he became disillusioned, for people would not take him seriously. Nevertheless, he held a very definite philosophy based upon hatred of insincerity and injustice, which he never hesitated to expose by well-directed satire. *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court* showed by contrast that the "good old days" were not so good for the ordinary folk. Feudalism with its squalid conditions made them slaves to the will of their tyrannical masters. *Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc* is an earnest defense of the martyred maid. That he was read for his jesting rather than for his views was a great disappointment to him.

Since his death, however, Mark Twain has been valued for his interpretations of the West and the South which disappeared with the coming of the machine age. *Life on the Mississippi*, *Roughing It*, and *Pudd'nhead Wilson* depict the excitement and romance of the prospecting and slave-holding days. They are veritable sources for American history during the middle years of the nineteenth century. But *Tom Sawyer* and *Huckleberry Finn* are Mark Twain's best loved books, for they glorify American boyhood. Tom cleverly concocting innumerable schemes is contrasted with the less imaginative but more logical Huck. Their escapades, genuine feelings, and relationships with their companions and elders are related naturally and animatedly. Although faulty in construction and episodic in nature, these novels contain passages of rare insight. When Mark Twain described a scene, he presented the action as vividly as though it were happening before the eyes of the reader.

This descriptive power increased the effect of his irrepressible humor. He built up the atmosphere for his stories with dramatic details. By exaggeration, understatement, and incongruous and unexpected situations he produced his most mirthful sallies. Sometimes he indulged in irreverent and coarse remarks. But his wife usually censored his writings and prevented him from sending letters which might have wounded the recipient. She also tried to curb his amazing flow of profanity. Mark's temper and high spirits would often break loose from this control so that he could not resist his impulse to retort sharply. His friends have told numerous anecdotes illustrating his amusing eccentricities and remarkable personality.

His personality endeared him to the large

audiences who listened to his lectures or his after-dinner speeches Mr Noah Brooks, one of Mark Twain's California associates, has thus described his method as a lecturer "His slow, deliberate drawl, the anxious and perturbed expression of his visage, the apparently painful effort with which he framed his sentences, the surprise that spread over his face when the audience roared with delight or rapturously applauded the finer passages of his word painting, were unlike anything of the kind they had ever known"

All admired him for his honesty and courage in meeting misfortunes When Charles L Webster & Co, a publishing firm in which he was a

partner, failed, he undertook to pay the whole debt by lecturing and writing Such action demanded respect for a noble character as did his attitude under personal afflictions, for though his heart was sad, he still remained cheerful to his friends They marveled that he could keep up his mirth In a recent book his daughter has given the explanation in her concluding sentences "His had been a life of sorrows struggles, disappointments, triumphs, joys, and once more sorrows He had fought his way on the battlefield with the fire of a soldier, but his weapons had been the wit and humor which is born of profound human understanding"

THE VENETIAN GONDOLA

The Venetian gondola is as free and graceful, in its gliding movement, as a serpent It is twenty or thirty feet long, and is narrow and deep, like a canoe, its sharp bow and stern sweep upward from the water like the horns of a crescent, with the abruptness of the curve slightly modified

The bow is ornamented with a steel comb with a battle-axe attachment, which threatens to cut passing boats in two occasionally, but never does The gondola is painted black because in the zenith of Venetian magnificence the gondolas became too gorgeous altogether, and the Senate decreed that all such display must cease, and a solemn, unembellished black be substituted If the truth were known, it would doubtless appear that rich plebeians grew too prominent in their affectation of patrician show on the Grand Canal, and required a wholesome snubbing Reverence for the hallowed Past and its traditions keeps the dismal fashion in force now that the compulsion exists no longer So let it remain It is the color of mourning Venice mourns

The stern of the boat is decked over and the gondolier stands there He uses a single oar—a long blade, of course, for he stands nearly erect A wooden peg, a foot and a half high, with two slight crooks or curves in one side of it, and one in the other, projects above the starboard gunwale Against that peg the gondolier takes a purchase with his oar, changing it at intervals to the other side of the peg, or dropping it into another of the crooks, as the steering of the craft may demand—and how in the world he can back and fill, shoot straight ahead, or flurt suddenly around a corner, and make the oar stay in those insignificant notches, is a problem to me, and

a never diminishing matter of interest I am afraid I study the gondolier's marvellous skill more than I do the sculptured palaces we glide among He cuts a corner so closely, now and then, or misses another gondola by such an imperceptible hair-breadth, that I feel myself "scrooching," as the children say, just as one does when a buggy wheel grazes his elbow But he makes all his calculations with the nicest precision, and goes darting in and out among a Broadway confusion of busy craft with the easy confidence of the educated hackman He never makes a mistake

Sometimes we go flying down the great canals at such a gait that we can get only the merest glimpses into front doors, and again, in obscure alleys in the suburbs, we put on a solemnity suited to the silence, the mildew, the stagnant waters, the clinging weeds, the deserted houses, and the general lifelessness of the place, and move to the spirit of grave meditation

The gondolier is a picturesque rascal for all he wears no satin harness, no plumed bonnet, no silken tights His attitude is stately, he is lithe and supple, all his movements are full of grace When his long canoe, and his fine figure, towering from its high perch on the stern, are cut against the evening sky, they make a picture that is very novel and striking to a foreign eye

We sit in the cushioned carriage-body of a cabin, with the curtains drawn, and smoke, or read, or look out upon the passing boats, the houses, the bridges, the people, and enjoy ourselves much more than we could in a buggy jolting over our cobble-stone pavements at home This is the gentlest, pleasantest locomotion we have ever known

But it seems queer—ever so queer—to see a boat doing duty as a private carriage We

see business men come to the front door, step into a gondola, instead of a street car, and go off down town to the counting-room

We see visiting young ladies stand on the stoop, and laugh, and kiss good-bye, and flirt their fans and say, "Come soon—now *do*—you've been just as mean as ever you can be—mother's dying to see you—and we've moved into the new house, O such a love of a place!—so convenient to the post-office and the church, and the Young Men's Christian Association, and we do have such fishing, and such carrying on, and *such* swimming-matches in the back yard—Oh, you *must* come—no distance at all, and if you go down through by St Mark's and the Bridge of Sighs, and cut through the alley and come by the church of Santa Maria dei Frari, and into the Grand Canal, there isn't a *bit* of current—now *do* come, Sally Maria—by-bye!" and then the little humbug trips down the steps, jumps into the gondola, says, under her breath, "Disagreeable old thing, I hope she *won't*!" goes skimming away, round the corner, and the other girl slams the street door, and says, "Well *that* infliction's over, any way,—but I suppose I've got to go and see her—tiresome stuck-up thing!" Human nature appears to be just the same, all over the world. We see the diffident young man, mild of moustache, affluent of hair, indigent of brain, elegant of costume, drive up to *her* father's mansion, tell his hackman to bail out and wait, start fearfully up the steps and meet "the old gentleman" right on the threshold!—hear him ask what street the new British Bank is in—as if *that* were what he came for—and then bounce into his boat and skurry away with his coward heart in his boots!—see him come sneaking round the corner again, directly, with a crack of the curtain open toward the old gentleman's disappearing gondola, and out scampers his Susan with a flock of little Italian endearments fluttering from her lips, and goes to drive with him in the watery avenues down toward the Rialto

We see the ladies go out shopping, in the most natural way, and flit from street to street and from store to store, just in the good old fashion, except that they leave the gondola, instead of a private carriage, waiting at the curb-stone a couple of hours for them,—waiting while they make the nice young clerks pull down tons and tons of silks and velvets and more antiques and those things, and then they

buy a paper of pins and go paddling away to confer the rest of their disastrous patronage on some other firm. And they always have their purchases sent home just in the good old way. Human nature is *very* much the same all over the world, and it is *so* like my dear native home to see a Venetian lady go into a store and buy ten cents' worth of blue ribbon and have it sent home in a scow. Ah, it is these little touches of nature that move one to tears in these far-off foreign lands

We see little girls and boys go out in gondolas with their nurses, for an airing. We see staid families, with prayer-book and beads, enter the gondola dressed in their Sunday best, and float away to church. And at midnight we see the theatre break up and discharge its swarm of hilarious youth and beauty, we hear the cries of the hackman gondoliers, and behold the struggling crowd jump aboard, and the black multitude of boats go skimming down the moonlit avenues, we see them separate here and there, and disappear up divergent streets, we hear the faint sounds of laughter and of shouted farewells floating up out of the distance, and then, the strange pageant being gone, we have lonely stretches of glittering water—of stately buildings—of blotting shadows—of weird stone faces creeping into the moonlight—of deserted bridges—of motionless boats at anchor. And over all broods that mysterious stillness, that stealthy quiet, that befits so well this old dreaming Venice

We have been pretty much everywhere in our gondola. We have bought beads and photographs in the stores, and wax matches in the Great Square of St Mark. The last remark suggests a digression. Everybody goes to this vast square in the evening. The military bands play in the centre of it, and countless couples of ladies and gentlemen promenade up and down on either side, and platoons of them are constantly drifting away toward the old Cathedral, and by the venerable column with the Winged Lion of St Mark on its top, and out to where the boats lie moored, and other platoons are as constantly arriving from the gondolas and joining the great throng. Between the promenaders and the side-walks are seated hundreds and hundreds of people at small tables, smoking and taking *granita* (a first cousin to ice-cream), on the side-walks are more employing themselves in the same way. The shops in the

ground floor of the tall rows of buildings that wall in three sides of the square are brilliantly lighted, the air is filled with music and merry voices, and altogether the scene is as bright and spirited and full of cheerfulness as any man could desire. We enjoy it thoroughly. Very many of the young women are exceedingly pretty, and dress with rare good taste. We are gradually and laboriously learning the ill-manners of staring them unflinchingly in the face—not because such conduct is agreeable to us, but because it is the custom of the country, and they say the girls like it. We wish to learn all the curious, outlandish ways of all the different countries, so that we can “show off” and astonish people when we get home. We wish to excite the envy of our untravelled friends with our strange foreign fashions which we can’t shake off. All our passengers are paying strict attention to this thing, with the end in view which I have mentioned. The gentle reader will never, never know what a consummate ass he can become, until he goes abroad. I speak now, of course, in the supposition that the gentle reader has not been abroad, and therefore is not already a consummate ass. If the case be otherwise, I beg his pardon, and extend to him the cordial hand of fellowship and call him brother. I shall always delight to meet an ass after my own heart, when I shall have finished my travels.

On this subject let me remark that there are Americans abroad in Italy who have actually forgotten their mother tongue in three months—forgot it in France. They cannot even write their address in English in a hotel register. I append these evidences, which I copied *verbatim* from the register of a hotel in a certain Italian city.

“John P. Whitcomb, *Etats Unis*

“Wm. L. Ainsworth, *travailleuse* (he meant traveller, I suppose), *Etats Unis*

“George P. Morton *et fils, d’Amerique*

“Lloyd B. Williams, *et trois amis, ville de Boston, Amerique*

“J. Ellsworth Baker, *tout de suite de France, place de naissance Amerique, destination la Grand Bretagne*”

I love this sort of people. A lady passenger of ours tells of a fellow-citizen of hers who

spent eight weeks in Paris and then returned home and addressed his dearest old bosom friend Herbert as “Mr. Er-bare!” He apologized, though, and said, “’Pon my soul it is aggravating, but I can’t help it—I have got so used to speaking nothing but French, my dear Erbare—damme there it goes again!—got so used to French pronunciation that I can’t get rid of it—it is positively annoying, I assure you.” This entertaining idiot, whose name was Gordon, allowed himself to be hailed three times in the street before he paid any attention, and then begged a thousand pardons and said he had grown so accustomed to hearing himself addressed as “M’sieu Gor-r-dong,” with a roll to the r, that he had forgotten the legitimate sound of his name! He wore a rose in his button-hole, he gave the French salutation—two flips of the hand in front of the face, he called Paris *Paurree* in ordinary English conversation, he carried envelopes bearing foreign postmarks protruding from his breast-pocket, he cultivated a moustache and imperial, and did what else he could to suggest to the beholder his pet fancy that he resembled Louis Napoleon—and in a spirit of thankfulness which is entirely unaccountable, considering the slim foundation there was for it, he praised his Maker that he was *as he was*, and went on enjoying his little life just the same as if he really *had* been deliberately designed and erected by the great Architect of the Universe.

Think of our Whitcombs, and our Ainsworths, and our Williamses writing themselves down in dilapidated French in foreign hotel registers! We laugh at Englishmen, when we are at home, for sticking so sturdily to their national ways and customs, but we look back upon it from abroad very forgivingly. It is not pleasant to see an American thrusting his nationality forward *obtrusively* in a foreign land, but Oh, it is pitiable to see him making of himself a thing that is neither male nor female, neither fish, flesh, nor fowl—a poor, miserable, hermaphrodite Frenchman!

From Chapter XXIII of *The Innocents Abroad*

FRANCIS BRET HARTE

(1839-1902)

Before he had reached his fifteenth year, Bret Harte had lived in Albany, Philadelphia, New York, and several other Eastern cities. He was not strong enough to attend school regularly or to take part in any strenuous games. He, therefore, entertained himself by watching the life on the city streets and by reading the books in his father's excellent library. Irving's tales of the Dutch Settlers along the Hudson and Dickens' descriptions of the lower classes in London particularly fascinated him. He also tried to write poetry, which resembled that of the older American poets.

With such a background it is no wonder that Bret Harte adjusted himself with difficulty to the unconventional ways of California, where his mother in 1854 took her two younger children to join their elder brother. He taught school, worked as a drug clerk, tutored private pupils, became a messenger for an express company, and set type for country papers. Finally he settled in San Francisco, but he always remained an Easterner viewing California as an observer without any genuine comprehension of her problems. He edited and wrote for the *Golden Era*, the *Californian*, and the *Overland Monthly*. In this last magazine appeared *The Luck of Roaring Camp* and the humorous poem, *Plain Language from Truthful James*, better known as *The Heathen Chinee*.

Since these contributions became more popular with the Easterners than the Californians, Bret Harte resolved to return to New York in 1871. Unfortunately literature at that period did not offer a very substantial income, and so seven years later he accepted an appointment as consul to Crefeld, Germany. From 1880 to 1885 he held the same post at Glasgow. His letters to his family complain about his financial difficulties and his irritation at the routine duties, for the work was undoubtedly most uncongenial. After his retirement from government service he lived in London, where he was at one time an honored figure in literary circles. He never considered apparently even a visit to his native country. English culture accorded more closely with the notions he had formed from his early reading. He died at Cambridge in Surrey and was buried in Farnley Churchyard.

When Bret Harte first began to write about California, he followed Irving's *Skeetch Book* as a model. He would preserve the "dying glow of Spanish glory" by describing the romantic California of the three centuries before the pioneers from the East had come to seek gold. *The Legend of Monte del Diablo*, *The Adventure of Padre Vientio*, *A Convert of the Mission*, *Gabriel Conroy*, and similar sketches

delineate a semi-feudal type of Old World civilization which the Spaniards had established in their colonial possessions and which was rapidly being replaced by the more energetic methods of the pioneers. With considerable regret Bret Harte saw the passing of the Mission as the dominant influence.

His readers, however, cared little for the romantic past. They had heard exciting tales of the mining camps and wanted details concerning the events in such a community. Many persons in the sixties would have liked to try their luck in an adventure offering the possibility of a fortune. If they could not go, they were curious to learn about those who had gone. Bret Harte satisfied this curiosity with such stories as *The Luck of Roaring Camp*, *The Outcasts of Poker Flat*, *Tennessee's Partner*, and *How Santa Claus Came to Simpson's Bar*.

The men in the mining camps came from all professions and all classes. Some were well educated, others were fugitives from justice. But all were released from the restraint of organized communities. They made their own laws and administered them as they saw fit. Ever present danger both from natural accidents and from human impulses surrounded them. If they escaped storms and floods, they might succumb to the cunning or fiery temper of their fellows. Here Bret Harte discovered incidents and characters similar to those which Charles Dickens had observed among the lower classes in London. That he followed in the footsteps of Dickens was most fortunate, for the English novelist had been idolized by his American audiences. They accepted enthusiastically stories about odd types living under melodramatic conditions. This fact explains Bret Harte's immediate success and later neglect.

The melodramatic incidents of these stories and the sentimental treatment of the characters with names reminiscent of Dickens' novels, such as Miggles, Starbottle, Mother Shipton, Stubbs, and Oakhurst disturbed greatly the Californians. They justly claimed that Bret Harte had presented only one phase of their life. This phase he had implied was typical. He had taken essentially immoral characters and made them heroes by emphasizing some exceptional act. This heroic deed seemed to compensate for their natural depravity because it indicated that no matter how rough they might be, they had true hearts. No experiences ever developed or changed Bret Harte's characters. He revealed a theatrical moment in their lives and then dismissed them. But the backgrounds, against which these characters enacted their parts, were entirely realistic. With humorous touches he painted simply his

panoramas of Western life. The camps, the trails, the mountains, and the snowstorms were described vividly and accurately. The stories preserved truly the atmosphere of the period.

The method which Bret Harte developed influenced Kipling and other modern writers. He concentrated upon a single idea and omitted all

unnecessary detail. He had no philosophy to expound or moral lesson to inculcate. As directly as possible the story progressed to the conclusion showing the noble action for which the preceding events had been a preparation. Bret Harte has been aptly called "the painter of single burning moments."

THE OUTCASTS OF POKER FLAT

As Mr. John Oakhurst, gambler, stepped into the main street of Poker Flat on the morning of the twenty-third of November, 1850,⁵ he was conscious of a change in its moral atmosphere since the preceding night. Two or three men, conversing earnestly together, ceased as he approached, and exchanged significant glances. There was a Sabbath lull in the air, which, in a settlement unused to Sabbath influences, looked ominous.

Mr. Oakhurst's calm, handsome face betrayed small concern in these indications. Whether he was conscious of any predisposing cause, was another question. "I reckon they're after somebody," he reflected, "likely it's me." He returned to his pocket the handkerchief with which he had been whipping away the red dust of Poker Flat from his neat boots,²⁰ and quietly discharged his mind of any further conjecture.

In point of fact, Poker Flat was "after somebody." It had lately suffered the loss of several thousand dollars, two valuable horses,²⁵ and a prominent citizen. It was experiencing a spasm of virtuous reaction, quite as lawless and ungovernable as any of the acts that had provoked it. A secret committee had determined to rid the town of all improper persons.³⁰ This was done permanently in regard of two men who were then hanging from the boughs of a sycamore in the gulch, and temporarily in the banishment of certain other objectionable characters. I regret to say that some of these were ladies. It is but due to the sex, however, to state that their impropriety was professional, and it was only in such easily established standards of evil that Poker Flat ventured to sit in judgment.⁴⁰

Mr. Oakhurst was right in supposing that he was included in this category. A few of the committee had urged hanging him as a possible example, and a sure method of reimbursing themselves from his pockets of the sums he had won from them. "It's agin justice," said Jim Wheeler, "to let this yer young man from Roaring Camp—an entire

stranger—carry away our money." But a crude sentiment of equity residing in the breasts of those who had been fortunate enough to win from Mr. Oakhurst overruled this narrower local prejudice.

Mr. Oakhurst received his sentence with philosophic calmness, none the less coolly that he was aware of the hesitation of his judges. He was too much of a gambler not to accept fate. With him life was at best an uncertain game, and he recognized the usual percentage in favor of the dealer.

A body of armed men accompanied the deported wickedness of Poker Flat to the outskirts of the settlement. Besides Mr. Oakhurst, who was known to be a coolly desperate man, and for whose intimidation the armed escort was intended, the expatriated party consisted of a young woman familiarly known as "The Duchess", another, who had won the title of "Mother Shipton", and "Uncle Billy," a suspected sluice-robber and confirmed drunkard. The cavalcade provoked no comments from the spectators, nor was any word uttered by the escort. Only when the gulch which marked the uttermost limit of Poker Flat was reached, the leader spoke briefly and to the point. The exiles were forbidden to return at the peril of their lives.

As the escort disappeared, their pent-up feelings found vent in a few hysterical tears from the Duchess, some bad language from Mother Shipton, and a Parthian volley of expletives from Uncle Billy. The philosophic Oakhurst alone remained silent. He listened calmly to Mother Shipton's desire to cut somebody's heart out, to the repeated statements of the Duchess that she would die in the road, and to the alarming oaths that seemed to be bumped out of Uncle Billy as he rode forward. With the easy good humor characteristic of his class, he insisted upon exchanging his own riding-horse, "Five Spot," for the sorry mule which the Duchess rode. But even this act did not draw the party into any closer sympathy. The young woman readjusted her somewhat dragged plumes with a feeble, faded coquetry, Mother Shipton

eyed the possessor of "Five Spot" with malevolence, and Uncle Billy included the whole party in one sweeping anathema.

The road to Sandy Bar—a camp that, not having as yet experienced the regenerating influences of Poker Flat, consequently seemed to offer some invitation to the emigrants—lay over a steep mountain range. It was distant a day's severe travel. In that advanced season, the party soon passed out of the moist, temperate regions of the foot-hills into the dry, cold, bracing air of the Sierras. The trail was narrow and difficult. At noon the Duchess, rolling out of her saddle upon the ground, declared her intention of going no farther, and the party halted.

The spot was singularly wild and impressive. A wooded amphitheatre, surrounded on three sides by precipitous cliffs of naked granite, sloped gently toward the crest of another precipice that overlooked the valley. It was, undoubtedly, the most suitable spot for a camp, had camping been advisable. But Mr Oakhurst knew that scarcely half the journey to Sandy Bar was accomplished, and the party were not equipped or provisioned for delay. This fact he pointed out to his companions curtly, with a philosophic commentary on the folly of "throwing up their hand before the game was played out." But they were furnished with liquor, which in this emergency stood them in place of food, fuel, rest, and prescience. In spite of his remonstrances, it was not long before they were more or less under its influence. Uncle Billy passed rapidly from a bellicose state into one of stupor, the Duchess became maudlin, and Mother Shipton snored. Mr. Oakhurst alone remained erect, leaning against a rock, calmly surveying them.

Mr Oakhurst did not drink. It interfered with a profession which required coolness, impassiveness, and presence of mind, and, in his own language, he "couldn't afford it." As he gazed at his recumbent fellow-exiles, the loneliness begotten of his pariah-trade, his habits of life, his very vices, for the first time seriously oppressed him. He bestirred himself in dusting his black clothes, washing his hands and face, and other acts characteristic of his studiously neat habits, and for a moment forgot his annoyance. The thought of deserting his weaker and more pitiable companions never perhaps occurred to him. Yet he could not help feeling the want of that excitement which, singularly enough, was most conducive to that

calm equanimity for which he was notorious. He looked at the gloomy walls that rose a thousand feet sheer above the circling pines around him, at the sky, ominously clouded, at the valley below, already deepening into shadow. And, doing so, suddenly he heard his own name called.

A horseman slowly ascended the trail. In the fresh, open face of the new-comer Mr Oakhurst recognized Tom Simson, otherwise known as "The Innocent" of Sandy Bar. He had met him some months before over a "little game," and had, with perfect equanimity, won the entire fortune—amounting to some forty dollars—of that guileless youth. After the game was finished, Mr Oakhurst drew the youthful speculator behind the door, and thus addressed him: "Tommy, you're a good little man, but you can't gamble worth a cent. Don't try it over again." He then handed him his money back, pushed him gently from the room, and so made a devoted slave of Tom Simson.

There was a remembrance of this in his boyish and enthusiastic greeting of Mr Oakhurst. He had started, he said, to go to Poker Flat to seek his fortune "Alone?" No, not exactly alone, in fact (a giggle), he had run away with Piney Woods. Didn't Mr Oakhurst remember Piney? She that used to wait on the table at the Temperance House? They had been engaged a long time, but old Jake Woods had objected, and so they had run away, and were going to Poker Flat to be married, and here they were. And they were tired out, and how lucky it was they had found a place to camp and company! All this the Innocent delivered rapidly, while Piney, a stout, comely damsel of fifteen, emerged from behind the pine-tree, where she had been blushing unseen, and rode to the side of her lover.

Mr Oakhurst seldom troubled himself with sentiment, still less with propriety, but he had a vague idea that the situation was not fortunate. He retained, however, his presence of mind sufficiently to kick Uncle Billy, who was about to say something, and Uncle Billy was sober enough to recognize in Mr Oakhurst's kick a superior power that would not bear trifling. He then endeavoured to dissuade Tom Simson from delaying further, but in vain. He even pointed out the fact that there was no provision, nor means of making a camp. But, unluckily, the Innocent met this objection by assuring the party that he was provided with an extra mule loaded with provisions, and by

the discovery of a rude attempt at a log-house near the trail "Piney can stay with Mrs Oakhurst," said the Innocent, pointing to the Duchess, "and I can shift for myself"

Nothing but Mr Oakhurst's admonishing 5 foot saved Uncle Billy from bursting into a roar of laughter As it was, he felt compelled to retire up the cañon until he could recover his gravity There he confided the joke to the tall pine-trees, with many slaps of his leg, 10 contortions of his face, and the usual profanity But when he returned to the party, he found them seated by a fire—for the air had grown strangely chill and the sky overcast—in apparently amicable conversation Piney was 15 actually talking in an impulsive, girlish fashion to the Duchess, who was listening with an interest and animation she had not shown for many days The Innocent was holding forth, apparently with equal effect, to Mr Oakhurst 20 and Mother Shipton, who was actually relaxing into amiability "Is this yer a d—d picnic?" said Uncle Billy, with inward scorn, as he surveyed the sylvan group, the glancing fire-light, and the tethered animals in the fore- 25 ground Suddenly an idea mingled with the alcoholic fumes that disturbed his brain It was apparently of a jocular nature, for he felt impelled to slap his leg again and cram his fist into his mouth

As the shadows crept slowly up the mountain, a slight breeze rocked the tops of the pine-trees, and moaned through their long and gloomy aisles The ruined cabin, patched and covered with pine-boughs, was set apart for 35 the ladies As the lovers parted, they unaffectedly exchanged a kiss, so honest and sincere that it might have been heard above the swaying pines The frail Duchess and the malevolent Mother Shipton were probably 40 too stunned to remark upon this last evidence of simplicity, and so turned without a word to the hut The fire was replenished, the men lay down before the door, and in a few minutes were asleep

Mr Oakhurst was a light sleeper Toward morning he awoke benumbed and cold As he stirred the dying fire, the wind, which was now blowing strongly, brought to his cheek that which caused the blood to leave it,—snow! 50

He started to his feet with the intention of awakening the sleepers, for there was no time to lose But turning to where Uncle Billy had been lying, he found him gone A suspicion leaped to his brain and a curse to his 55

lips He ran to the spot where the mules had been tethered, they were no longer there The tracks were already rapidly disappearing in the snow

The momentary excitement brought Mr Oakhurst back to the fire with his usual calm He did not waken the sleepers The Innocent slumbered peacefully, with a smile on his good-humored, freckled face, the virgin Piney 10 slept beside her frailer sisters as sweetly as though attended by celestial guardians, and Mr Oakhurst, drawing his blanket over his shoulders, stroked his mustaches and waited for the dawn It came slowly in a whirling 15 mist of snow-flakes, that dazzled and confused the eye What could be seen of the landscape appeared magically changed He looked over the valley, and summed up the present and future in two words—"snowed in!"

A careful inventory of the provisions, which, 20 fortunately for the party, had been stored within the hut, and so escaped the felonious fingers of Uncle Billy, disclosed the fact that with care and prudence they might last ten days longer "That is," said Mr Oakhurst, 25 *sotto voce* to the Innocent, "if you're willing to board us If you ain't—and perhaps you'd better not—you can wait till Uncle Billy gets back with provisions" For some occult reason, 30 Mr Oakhurst could not bring himself to disclose Uncle Billy's rascality, and so offered the hypothesis that he had wandered from the camp and had accidentally stampeded the animals He dropped a warning to the Duchess 35 and Mother Shipton, who of course knew the facts of their associate's defection "They'll find out the truth about us *all* when they find out anything," he added significantly, "and there's no good frightening them now"

Tom Simson not only put all his worldly 40 store at the disposal of Mr Oakhurst, but seemed to enjoy the prospect of their enforced seclusion "We'll have a good camp for a week, and then the snow'll melt, and we'll 45 all go back together" The cheerful, gayety of the young man and Mr Oakhurst's calm infected the others The Innocent, with the aid of pine-boughs, extemporized a thatch for the roofless cabin, and the Duchess directed 50 Piney in the rearrangement of the interior with a taste and tact that opened the blue eyes of that provincial maiden to their fullest extent "I reckon now you're used to fine things at Poker Flat," said Piney The Duchess turned away sharply to conceal some-

thing that reddened her cheeks through their professional tint, and Mother Shipton requested Piney not to "chatter." But when Mr Oakhurst returned from a weary search for the trail, he heard the sound of happy laughter echoed from the rocks. He stopped in some alarm, and his thoughts first naturally reverted to the whisky, which he had prudently *cachéd*. "And yet it don't somehow sound like whisky," said the gambler. It was not until he caught sight of the blazing fire through the still blinding storm and the group around it, that he settled to the conviction that it was "square fun."

Whether Mr Oakhurst had *cachéd* his cards with the whisky as something debarred the free access of the community, I cannot say. It was certain that, in Mother Shipton's words, he "didn't say cards once" during that evening. Haply the time was beguiled by an accordion, produced somewhat ostentatiously by Tom Simson from his pack. Notwithstanding some difficulties attending the manipulation of this instrument, Piney Woods managed to pluck several reluctant melodies from its keys, to an accompaniment by the Innocent on a pair of bone castanets. But the crowning festivity of the evening was reached in a rude camp-meeting hymn, which the lovers, joining hands, sang with great earnestness and vociferation. I fear that a certain defiant tone and Covenanters' swing to its chorus, rather than any devotional quality, caused it speedily to infect the others, who at last joined in the refrain —

"I'm proud to live in the service of the Lord,
And I'm bound to die in His army."

The pines rocked, the storm eddied and whirled above the miserable group, and the flames of their altar leaped heavenward, as if in token of the vow.

At midnight the storm abated, the rolling clouds parted, and the stars glittered keenly above the sleeping camp. Mr Oakhurst, whose professional habits had enabled him to live on the smallest possible amount of sleep, in dividing the watch with Tom Simson, somehow managed to take upon himself the greater part of that duty. He excused himself to the Innocent by saying that he had "often been a week without sleep." "Doing what?" asked Tom. "Poker!" replied Oakhurst, sententiously; "when a man gets a streak of luck—nigger-luck—he don't get tired. The luck gives in first. Luck," continued the gambler reflectively, "is a mighty queer thing. All you know about it for certain is that it's bound to change. And it's finding out when it's going to change that makes you. We've had a streak of bad luck since we left Poker Flat—you come along, and slap you get into it, too. If you can hold your cards right along you're all right. For," added the gambler, with cheerful irrelevance—

"I'm proud to live in the service of the Lord,
And I'm bound to die in His army."

The third day came, and the sun, looking through the white-curtained valley, saw the outcasts divide their slowly decreasing store of provisions for the morning meal. It was one of the peculiarities of that mountain climate that its rays diffused a kindly warmth over the wintry landscape, as if in regretful commiseration of the past. But it revealed drift on drift of snow piled high around the hut—a hopeless, uncharted, trackless sea of white lying below the rocky shores to which the castaways still clung. Through the marvelously clear air the smoke of the pastoral village of Poker Flat rose miles away. Mother Shipton saw it, and from a remote pinnacle of her rocky fastness hurled in that direction a final malediction. It was her last vituperative attempt, and perhaps for that reason was invested with a certain degree of sublimity. It did her good, she privately informed the Duchess. "Just you go out there and cuss, and see." She then set herself to the task of amusing "the child," as she and the Duchess were pleased to call Piney. Piney was no chicken, but it was a soothing and original theory of the pair thus to account for the fact that she didn't swear and wasn't improper.

When night crept up again through the gorges, the reedy notes of the accordion rose and fell in fitful spasms and long-drawn gasps by the flickering campfire. But music failed to fill entirely the aching void left by insufficient food, and a new diversion was proposed by Piney—story-telling. Neither Mr Oakhurst nor his female companions caring to relate their personal experiences, this plan would have failed, too, but for the Innocent. Some months before he had chanced upon a stray copy of Mr Pope's ingenious translation of the *Iliad*. He now proposed to narrate the principal incidents of that poem—having thoroughly mastered the argument and fairly

forgotten the words—in the current vernacular of Sandy Bar. And so for the rest of that night the Homeric demigods again walked the earth. Trojan bully and wily Greek wrestled in the winds, and the great pines in the cañon seemed to bow to the wrath of the son of Peleus. Mr Oakhurst listened with quiet satisfaction. Most especially was he interested in the fate of "Ash-heels," as the Innocent persisted in denominating the "swift-footed Achilles."

So with small food and much of Homer and the accordion, a week passed over the heads of the outcasts. The sun again forsook them, and again from leaden skies the snowflakes were sifted over the land. Day by day closer around them drew the snowy circle, until at last they looked from their prison over drifted walls of dazzling white, that towered twenty feet above their heads. It became more and more difficult to replenish their fires, even from the fallen trees beside them, now half hidden in the drifts. And yet no one complained. The lovers turned from the dreary prospect and looked into each other's eyes, and were happy. Mr Oakhurst settled himself coolly to the losing game before him. The Duchess, more cheerful than she had been, assumed the care of Piney. Only Mother Shipton—once the strongest of the party—seemed to sicken and fade. At midnight on the tenth day she called Oakhurst to her side. "I'm going," she said, in a voice of querulous weakness, "but don't say anything about it. Don't waken the kids. Take the bundle from under my head and open it." Mr Oakhurst did so. It contained Mother Shipton's rations for the last week, untouched. "Give 'em to the child," she said, pointing to the sleeping Piney. "You've starved yourself," said the gambler. "That's what they call it," said the woman, querulously, as she lay down again, and, turning her face to the wall, passed quietly away.

The accordion and the bones were put aside that day, and Homer was forgotten. When the body of Mother Shipton had been committed to the snow, Mr Oakhurst took the Innocent aside, and showed him a pair of snowshoes, which he had fashioned from the old pack-saddle. "There's one chance in a hundred to save her yet," he said, pointing to Piney, "but it's there," he added, pointing towards Poker Flat. "If you can reach there in two days she's safe." "And you?"

asked Tom Simson. "I'll stay here," was the curt reply.

The lovers parted with a long embrace. "You are not going, too?" said the Duchess, as she saw Mr Oakhurst apparently waiting to accompany him. "As far as the cañon," he replied. He turned suddenly, and kissed the Duchess, leaving her pallid face aflame, and her trembling limbs rigid with amazement.

Night came, but not Mr Oakhurst. It brought the storm again and the whirling snow. Then the Duchess, feeding the fire, found that someone had quietly piled beside the hut enough fuel to last a few days longer. The tears rose to her eyes, but she hid them from Piney.

The women slept but little. In the morning, looking into each other's faces, they read their fate. Neither spoke, but Piney, accepting the position of the stronger, drew near and placed her arm around the Duchess's waist. They kept this attitude for the rest of the day. That night the storm reached its greatest fury, and, rending asunder the protecting pines, invaded the very hut.

Toward morning they found themselves unable to feed the fire, which gradually died away. As the embers slowly blackened, the Duchess crept closer to Piney, and broke the silence of many hours. "Piney, can you pray?" "No, dear," said Piney, simply. The Duchess, without knowing exactly why, felt relieved, and, putting her head upon Piney's shoulder, spoke no more. And so reclining, the younger and purer pillowing the head of her soiled sister upon her virgin breast, they fell asleep.

The wind lulled as if it feared to waken them. Feathery drifts of snow, shaken from the long pine-boughs, flew like white-winged birds, and settled about them as they slept. The moon through the rifted clouds looked down upon what had been the camp. But all human stain, all trace of earthly travail, was hidden beneath the spotless mantle mercifully flung from above.

They slept all that day and the next, nor did they waken when voices and footsteps broke the silence of the camp. And when pitying fingers brushed the snow from their wan faces, you could scarcely have told, from the equal peace that dwelt upon them, which was she that had sinned. Even the law of Poker Flat recognized this, and turned away,

leaving them still locked in each other's arms

But at the head of the gulch, on one of the largest pine-trees, they found the deuce of clubs pinned to the bark with a bowie-knife. It bore the following, written in pencil, in a firm hand

†
BENEATH THIS TREE
LIES THE BODY
OF
JOHN OAKHURST,

WHO STRUCK A STREAK OF BAD LUCK
ON THE 23RD OF NOVEMBER, 1850,

AND

HANCED IN HIS CHECKS
ON THE 7TH DECEMBER, 1850

†

And pulseless and cold, with a Derringer by his side and a bullet in his heart, though still calm as in life, beneath the snow lay he who was at once the strongest and yet the weakest of the outcasts of Poker Flat

HENRY JAMES (1843-1916)

The father of Henry James personally directed his sons' education under the guidance of tutors because he distrusted the American system of education. He had a large income, which enabled him to study philosophy, to write books on religious topics, and to travel in Europe. His New York home was filled with books and periodicals from England. Consequently Henry grew up in a European atmosphere. From his twelfth to his sixteenth year he continued his education abroad. This training so intensified his dislike of the commercial bustle in his own country that after 1870 he lived chiefly in London and Paris. London society offered him the refined culture which his father's philosophy had taught to be so desirable. Finally his admiration and sympathy for the British during the World War caused him to become an English citizen.

Although James attended the Harvard Law School for a short time, he never seriously considered a professional career. He wished to be a novelist and prepared for that occupation by reading extensively. His guides were George Eliot and the writers of the French school, especially Flaubert and Maupassant. He regarded the novel as a psychological laboratory where the motives and actions of people were analyzed. It should, however, give a "personal and direct impression of life." James tried to explain why people think as they do and how they feel in unusual situations. Like his brother William, the Harvard psychologist, he sought the reasons for human behavior. He noted specific details as a scientist does and from his notes created his characters. He was a specialist pondering upon some significant observation. Hence his novels have been called "clinical studies."

His earlier novels dealt with Americans in Europe, contrasting their attitude toward life with that of the Europeans. Often these Americans were wealthy youths traveling from one capital to another and indulging their impulses regardless of conventions. *The American*, *The Europeans*, and *Daisy Miller* aroused protests from his countrymen because they stressed the lack of refinement, the embarrassment, and the enthusiastic amazement of these tourists. James did not know these visitors personally, he had merely observed them in the hotels and resorts. He had no real sympathy with the characters in these books or in the later studies of London society. He recorded only what had directly

impressed him. Therefore, his characters are not truly rounded personalities. When they converse, they seem particularly unnatural because they talk too brilliantly and too intellectually. They discuss in polished phrases any subject with the air of an authority. They are speaking for Henry James not for themselves.

This brilliant style James carefully cultivated. He was ever concerned with the manner of composition, striving to remove all crudeness. With classical restraint he consciously planned his sentences, for he never allowed himself to be carried away by any emotional force. He was fond of explanatory parentheses and minute examinations of circumstances. At times he delayed the movement of his plot unnecessarily to supply all the details. He might use pages for analysis or philosophizing until the reader almost forgets the purpose of the scene. His style is frequently involved but rarely obscure. It demands strict attention from the reader, and consequently Henry James has had a limited number of admirers.

Another reason for his failure to gain popular approval is his neglect of plot. The narrative is very slight even in his short stories. Many incidents throw light on the characters but do not advance the story. Coyle's interview with Owen Wingrave's friend Lechmere accomplishes nothing except to make the problem more inexplicable. Lack of understanding is responsible for Wingrave's attitude rather than any definite action. In many of James' stories a mysterious influence directs the course of events. Suggestion plays an important part. The reader must exert some effort to comprehend the implications. Then he realizes how cleverly James has constructed the story and revealed the characters.

Purposely Henry James narrowed his field to exceptional types and unusual themes. They attracted him because he had always lived out of touch with ordinary persons. His critical essays further demonstrate his tendency to study the writers who had investigated mental problems. He was principally concerned with their methods of presenting these difficulties. An intellectual adventure provided far more excitement for him than a physical one. Restricted in scope but artistically finished, his work will continue to please the few who prefer method to extended development of theme.

OWEN WINGRAVE

I

man, with a white face, stood there panting a little and repeating "Really, I've quite decided," and "I assure you I've thought it all out." They were both pale, but Owen Wingrave smiled in a manner exasperating to his interlocutor, who however still discriminated

"Upon my honour you must be off your head!" cried Spencer Coyle, as the young

sufficiently to see that his grimace (it was like an irrelevant leer) was the result of extreme and conceivable nervousness

"It was certainly a mistake to have gone so far, but that is exactly why I feel I mustn't go further," poor Owen said, waiting mechanically, almost humbly (he wished not to swagger, and indeed he had nothing to swagger about) and carrying through the window to the stupid opposite houses the dry glitter of his eyes

"I'm unspeakably disgusted. You've made me dreadfully ill," Mr Coyle went on, looking thoroughly upset

"I'm very sorry. It was the fear of the effect on you that kept me from speaking sooner"

"You should have spoken three months ago. Don't you know your mind from one day to the other?"

The young man for a moment said nothing. Then he replied with a little tremor. "You're very angry with me, and I expected it. I'm awfully obliged to you for all you've done for me. I'll do anything else for you in return, but I can't do that. Everyone else will let me have it, of course. I'm prepared for it—I'm prepared for everything. That's what has taken the time to be sure I was prepared. I think it's your displeasure I feel most and regret most. But little by little you'll get over it"

"You'll get over it rather faster, I suppose!" Spencer Coyle satirically exclaimed. He was quite as agitated as his young friend, and they were evidently in no condition to prolong an encounter in which they each drew blood. Mr Coyle was a professional "coach", he prepared young men for the army, taking only three or four at a time, to whom he applied the irresistible stimulus of which the possession was both his secret and his fortune. He had not a great establishment, he would have said himself that it was not a wholesale business. Neither his system, his health, nor his temper could have accommodated itself to numbers, so he weighed and measured his pupils and turned away more applicants than he passed. He was an artist in his line, caring only for picked subjects and capable of sacrifices almost passionate for the individual. He liked ardent young men (there were kinds of capacity to which he was indifferent) and he had taken a particular fancy to Owen Wingrave. This young man's facility really fas-

inated him. His candidates usually did wonders, and he might have sent up a multitude. He was a person of exactly the stature of the great Napoleon, with a certain flicker of genius in his light blue eye. It had been said of him that he looked like a pianist. The tone of his favourite pupil now expressed, without intention indeed, a superior wisdom which irritated him. He had not especially suffered before from Wingrave's high opinion of himself, which had seemed justified by remarkable parts, but to-day it struck him as intolerable. He cut short the discussion, declining absolutely to regard their relations as terminated, and remarked to his pupil that he had better go off somewhere (down to Eastbourne, say, the sea would bring him round) and take a few days to find his feet and come to his senses. He could afford the time, he was so well up. When Spencer Coyle remembered how well up he was he could have boxed his ears. The tall, athletic young man was not physically a subject for simplified reasoning, but there was a troubled gentleness in his handsome face, the index of compunction mixed with pertinacity, which signified that if it could have done any good he would have turned both cheeks. He evidently didn't pretend that his wisdom was superior, he only presented it as his own. It was his own career after all that was in question. He couldn't refuse to go through the form of trying Eastbourne or at least of holding his tongue, though there was that in his manner which implied that if he should do so it would be really to give Mr Coyle a chance to recuperate. He didn't feel a bit overworked, but there was nothing more natural than that with their tremendous pressure Mr Coyle should be. Mr Coyle's own intellect would derive an advantage from his pupil's holiday. Mr Coyle saw what he meant, but he controlled himself, he only demanded, as his right, a truce of three days. Owen Wingrave granted it, though as fostering sad illusions this went visibly against his conscience, but before they separated the famous crammer remarked:

"All the same I feel as if I ought to see someone. I think you mentioned to me that your aunt had come to town?"

"Oh yes, she's in Baker Street. Do go and see her," the boy said comfortingly.

Mr Coyle looked at him an instant. "Have you broached this folly to her?"

"Not yet—to no one I thought it right to speak to you first"

"Oh, what you 'think right'!" cried Spencer Coyle, outraged by his young friend's standards. He added that he would probably call on Miss Wingrave, after which the recreant youth got out of the house

Owen Wingrave didn't however start punctually for Eastbourne, he only directed his steps to Kensington Gardens, from which Mr Coyle's desirable residence (he was terribly expensive and had a big house) was not far removed. The famous coach "put up" his pupils, and Owen had mentioned to the butler that he would be back to dinner. The spring day was warm to his young blood, and he had a book in his pocket which, when he had passed into the gardens and, after a short stroll, dropped into a chair, he took out with the slow, soft sigh that finally ushers in a pleasure postponed. He stretched his long legs and began to read it, it was a volume of Goethe's poems. He had been for days in a state of the highest tension, and now that the cord had snapped the relief was proportionate, only it was characteristic of him that this deliverance should take the form of an intellectual pleasure. If he had thrown up the probability of a magnificent career it was not to dawdle along Bond Street nor parade his indifference in the window of a club. At any rate he had in a few moments forgotten everything—the tremendous pressure, Mr Coyle's disappointment, and even his formidable aunt in Baker Street. If these watchers had overtaken him, there would surely have been some excuse for their exasperation. There was no doubt he was perverse, for his very choice of a pastime only showed how he had got up his German.

"What the devil's the matter with him, do you know?" Spencer Coyle asked that afternoon of young Lechmere, who had never before observed the head of the establishment to set a fellow such an example of bad language. Young Lechmere was not only Wingrave's fellow-pupil, he was supposed to be his intimate, indeed quite his best friend, and had unconsciously performed for Mr Coyle the office of making the promise of his great gifts more vivid by contrast. He was short and sturdy and as a general thing uninspired, and Mr. Coyle, who found no amusement in believing in him, had never thought him less exciting than as he stared now out of a face

from which you could never guess whether he had caught an idea. Young Lechmere concealed such achievements as if they had been youthful indiscretions. At any rate he could evidently conceive no reason why it should be thought there was anything more than usual the matter with the companion of his studies, so Mr Coyle had to continue.

"He declines to go up. He chucks the whole thing!"

The first thing that struck young Lechmere in the case was the freshness it had imparted to the governor's vocabulary.

"He doesn't want to go to Sandhurst?"

"He doesn't want to go anywhere. He gives up the army altogether. He objects," said Mr Coyle, in a tone that made young Lechmere almost hold his breath, "to the military profession."

"Why, it has been the profession of all his family!"

"Their profession? It has been their religion! Do you know Miss Wingrave?"

"Oh, yes. Isn't she awful?" young Lechmere candidly ejaculated.

His instructor demurred.

"She's formidable, if you mean that, and it's right she should be, because somehow in her very person, good maiden lady as she is, she represents the might, she represents the traditions and the exploits of the British army. She represents the expansive property of the English name. I think his family can be trusted to come down on him, but every influence should be set in motion. I want to know what yours is. Can you do anything in the matter?"

"I can try a couple of rounds with him," said young Lechmere reflectively. "But he knows a fearful lot. He has the most extraordinary ideas."

"Then he has told you some of them—he has taken you into his confidence?"

"I've heard him jaw by the yard," smiled the honest youth. "He has told me he despises it."

"What is it he despises? I can't make out."

The most consecutive of Mr Coyle's nurslings considered a moment, as if he were conscious of a responsibility.

"Why, I think, military glory. He says we take the wrong view of it."

"He oughtn't to talk to you that way. It's corrupting the youth of Athens. It's sowing sedition."

"Oh, I'm all right!" said young Lechmere. "And he never told me he meant to chuck it. I always thought he meant to see it through, simply because he had to. He'll argue on any side you like. It's a tremendous pity—I'm sure he'd have a big career."

"Tell him so, then, plead with him, struggle with him—for God's sake!"

"I'll do what I can—I'll tell him it's a regular shame!"

"Yes, strike *that* note—insist on the disgrace of it!"

The young man gave Mr Coyle a more perceptive glance. "I'm sure he wouldn't do anything dishonourable."

"Well—it won't look right. He must be made to feel *that*—work it up. Give him a comrade's point of view—that of a brother-in-arms."

"That's what I thought we were going to be!" young Lechmere mused romantically, much uplifted by the nature of the mission imposed on him. "He's an awfully good sort."

"No one will think so if he backs out!" said Spencer Coyle.

"They mustn't say it to *me*!" his pupil rejoined with a flush.

Mr Coyle hesitated a moment, noting his tone and aware that in the perversity of things, though this young man was a born soldier, no excitement would ever attach to *his* alternatives save perhaps on the part of the nice girl to whom at an early day he was sure to be placidly united. "Do you like him very much—do you believe in him?"

Young Lechmere's life in these days was spent in answering terrible questions, but he had never been subjected to so queer an interrogation as this. "Believe in him? Rather!"

"Then *save* him!"

The poor boy was puzzled, as if it were forced upon him by this intensity that there was more in such an appeal than could appear on the surface, and he doubtless felt that he was only entering into a complex situation when after another moment, with his hands in his pockets, he replied hopefully but not pompously, "I daresay I can bring him round!"

II

Before seeing young Lechmere Mr Coyle had determined to telegraph an inquiry to

Miss Wingrave. He had prepaid the answer, which, being promptly put into his hand, brought the interview we have just related to a close. He immediately drove off to Baker Street, where the lady had said she awaited him, and five minutes after he got there, as he sat with Owen Wingrave's remarkable aunt, he repeated over several times, in his angry sadness and with the infallibility of his experience, "He's so intelligent—he's so intelligent!" He had declared it had been a luxury to put such a fellow through.

"Of course he's intelligent, what else could he be? We've never, that I know of, had but *one* idiot in the family!" said Jane Wingrave. This was an allusion that Mr Coyle could understand, and it brought home to him another of the reasons for the disappointment, the humiliation, as it were, of the good people at Paramore, at the same time that it gave an example of the conscientious coarseness he had on former occasions observed in his interlocutress. Poor Philip Wingrave, her late brother's eldest son, was literally imbecile and banished from view, deformed, unsocial, irretrievable, he had been relegated to a private asylum and had become among the friends of the family only a little hushed lugubrious legend. All the hopes of the house, picturesque Paramore, now unintermittently old Sir Philip's rather melancholy home (his infirmities would keep him there to the last), were therefore collected on the second boy's head, which nature, as if in compunction for her previous botch, had, in addition to making it strikingly handsome, filled with marked originalities and talents. These two had been the only children of the old man's only son, who, like so many of his ancestors, had given up a gallant young life to the service of his country. Owen Wingrave the elder had received his death-cut, in close-quarters, from an Afghan sabre, the blow had come crashing across his skull. His wife, at that time in India, was about to give birth to her third child, and when the event took place, in darkness and anguish, the baby came lifeless into the world and the mother sank under the multiplication of her woes. The second of the little boys in England, who was at Paramore with his grandfather, became the peculiar charge of his aunt, the only unmarried one, and during the interesting Sunday that, by urgent invitation, Spencer Coyle, busy as he was, had, after consenting to put Owen

through, spent under that roof, the celebrated crammer received a vivid impression of the influence exerted at least in intention by Miss Wingrave. Indeed the picture of this short visit remained with the observant little man, a curious one—the vision of an impoverished Jacobean house, shabby and remarkably “creepy,” but full of character still and full of felicity as a setting for the distinguished figure of the peaceful old soldier. Sir Philip Wingrave, a relic rather than a celebrity, was a small brown, erect octogenarian, with smouldering eyes and a studied courtesy. He liked to do the diminished honours of his house, but even when with a shaky hand he lighted a bedroom candle for a deprecating guest it was impossible not to feel that beneath the surface he was a merciless old warrior. The eye of the imagination could glance back into his crowded Eastern past—back at episodes in which his scrupulous forms would only have made him more terrible.

Mr Coyle remembered also two other figures—a faded inoffensive Mrs Julian, domesticated there by a system of frequent visits as the widow of an officer and a particular friend of Miss Wingrave, and a remarkably clever little girl of eighteen, who was this lady's daughter and who struck the speculative visitor as already formed for other relations. She was very impertinent to Owen, and in the course of a long walk that he had taken with the young man and the effect of which, in much talk, had been to clinch his high opinion of him, he had learned (for Owen chattered confidentially) that Mrs Julian was the sister of a very gallant gentleman, Captain Hume-Walker, of the Artillery, who had fallen in the Indian Mutiny and between whom and Miss Wingrave (it had been that lady's one known concession) a passage of some delicacy, taking a tragic turn, was believed to have been enacted. They had been engaged to be married, but she had given way to the jealousy of her nature—had broken with him and sent him off to his fate, which had been horrible. A passionate sense of having wronged him, a hard eternal remorse had thereupon taken possession of her, and when his poor sister, linked also to a soldier, had by a still heavier blow been left almost without resources, she had devoted herself charitably to a long expiation. She had sought comfort in taking Mrs Julian to live much of the time at Paramore, where

she became an unremunerated though not uncriticized housekeeper, and Spencer Coyle suspected that it was a part of this comfort that she could at her leisure trample on her. The impression of Jane Wingrave was not the faintest he had gathered on that intensifying Sunday—an occasion singularly tinged for him with the sense of bereavement and mourning and memory, of names never mentioned, of the far-away plaint of widows and the echoes of battles and bad news. It was all military indeed, and Mr Coyle was made to shudder a little at the profession of which he helped to open the door to harmless young men. Miss Wingrave moreover might have made such a bad conscience worse—so cold and clear a good one looked at him out of her hard, fine eyes and trumpeted in her sonorous voice.

She was a high, distinguished person, angular but not awkward, with a large forehead and abundant black hair, arranged like that of a woman conceiving perhaps excusably of her head as “noble,” and irregularly streaked to-day with white. If however she represented for Spencer Coyle the genius of a military race, it was not that she had the step of a grenadier or the vocabulary of a camp-follower, it was only that such sympathies were vividly implied in the general fact to which her very presence and each of her actions and glances and tones were a constant and direct allusion—the paramount valour of her family. If she was military, it was because she sprang from a military house and because she wouldn't for the world have been anything but what the Wingraves had been. She was almost vulgar about her ancestors, and if one had been tempted to quarrel with her, one would have found a fair pretext in her defective sense of proportion. This temptation however said nothing to Spencer Coyle, for whom as a strong character revealing itself in colour and sound she was a spectacle and who was glad to regard her as a force exerted on his own side. He wished her nephew had more of her narrowness instead of being almost cursed with the tendency to look at things in their relations. He wondered why when she came up to town she always resorted to Baker Street for lodgings. He had never known nor heard of Baker Street as a residence—he associated it only with bazaars and photographers. He divined in her a rigid indifference to everything that was

not the passion of her life. Nothing really mattered to her but that, and she would have occupied apartments in Whitechapel if they had been a feature in her tactics. She had received her visitor in a large cold, faded room, furnished with slippery seats and decorated with alabaster vases and wax-flowers. The only little personal comfort for which she appeared to have looked out was a fat catalogue of the Army and Navy Stores, which reposed on a vast, desolate table-cover of false blue. Her clear forehead—it was like a porcelaine slate, a receptacle for addresses and sums—had flushed when her nephew's crammer told her the extraordinary news, but he saw she was fortunately more angry than frightened. She had essentially, she would always have, too little imagination for fear, and the healthy habit moreover of facing everything had taught her that the occasion usually found her a quantity to reckon with. Mr Coyle saw that her only fear at present could have been that of not being able to prevent her nephew from being absurd and that to such an apprehension as this she was in fact inaccessible. Practically too she was not troubled by surprise, she recognized none of the futile, none of the subtle sentiments. If Owen had for an hour made a fool of himself she was angry, disconcerted as she would have been on learning that he had confessed to debts or fallen in love with a low girl. But there remained in any annoyance the saving fact that no one could make a fool of her.

"I don't know when I've taken such an interest in a young man—I think I never have, since I began to handle them," Mr Coyle said. "I like him, I believe in him—it's been a delight to see how he was going."

"Oh, I know how they go!" Miss Wingrave threw back her head with a familiar briskness, as if a rapid procession of the generations had flashed before her, rattling their scabbards and spurs. Spencer Coyle recognized the intimation that she had nothing to learn from anybody about the natural carriage of a Wingrave, and he even felt convicted by her next words of being, in her eyes, with the troubled story of his check, his weak complaint of his pupil, rather a poor creature. "If you like him," she exclaimed, "for mercy's sake keep him quiet!"

Mr Coyle began to explain to her that this was less easy than she appeared to imagine,

but he perceived that she understood very little of what he said. The more he insisted that the boy had a kind of intellectual independence, the more this struck her as a conclusive proof that her nephew was a Wingrave and a soldier. It was not till he mentioned to her that Owen had spoken of the profession of arms as of something that would be "beneath" him, it was not till her attention was arrested by this intenser light on the complexity of the problem that Miss Wingrave broke out after a moment's stupefied reflection: "Send him to see me immediately!"

"That's exactly what I wanted to ask you leave to do. But I wanted also to prepare you for the worst, to make you understand that he strikes me as really obstinate and to suggest to you that the most powerful arguments at your command—especially if you should be able to put your hand on some intensely practical one—will be none too effective."

"I think I've got a powerful argument," Miss Wingrave looked very hard at her visitor. He didn't know in the least what it was, but he begged her to put it forward without delay. He promised that their young man should come to Baker Street that evening, mentioning however that he had already urged him to spend without delay a couple of days at Eastbourne. This led Jane Wingrave to inquire with surprise what virtue there might be in *that* expensive remedy, and to reply with decision when Mr Coyle had said "The virtue of a little rest, a little change, a little relief to overwrought nerves," "Ah, don't coddle him—he's costing us a great deal of money! I'll talk to him and I'll take him down to Paramore, then I'll send him back to you straightened out."

Spencer Coyle hailed this pledge superficially with satisfaction, but before he quitted Miss Wingrave he became conscious that he had really taken on a new anxiety—a restlessness that made him say to himself, groaning inwardly "Oh, she is a grenadier at bottom, and she'll have no tact. I don't know what her powerful argument is, I'm only afraid she'll be stupid and make him worse. The old man's better—he's capable of tact, though he's not quite an extinct volcano. Owen will probably put him in a rage. In short the difficulty is that the boy's the best of them."

Spencer Cole felt afresh that evening at dinner that the boy was the best of them.

Young Wingrave (who, he was pleased to observe, had not yet proceeded to the seaside) appeared at the repast as usual, looking inevitably a little self-conscious, but not too original for Bayswater. He talked very naturally to Mrs. Coyle, who had thought him from the first the most beautiful young man they had ever received, so that the person most ill at ease was poor Lechmere, who took great trouble, as if from the deepest delicacy, not to meet the eye of his misguided mate Spencer Coyle. However paid the penalty of his own profundity in feeling more and more worried, he could so easily see that there were all sorts of things in his young friend that the people of Paramore wouldn't understand. He began even already to react against the notion of his being harassed—to reflect that after all he had a right to his ideas—to remember that he was of a substance too fine to be in fairness roughly used. It was in this way that the ardent little crammer, with his whimsical perceptions and complicated sympathies, was generally condemned not to settle down comfortably either into his displeasures or into his enthusiasms. His love of the real truth never gave him a chance to enjoy them. He mentioned to Wingrave after dinner the propriety of an immediate visit to Baker Street, and the young man, looking "queer," as he thought—that is smiling again with the exaggerated glory he had shown in their recent interview—went off to face the ordeal. Spencer Coyle noted that he was scared—he was afraid of his aunt, but somehow this didn't strike him as a sign of pusillanimity. He should have been scared, he was well aware, in the poor boy's place, and the sight of his pupil marching up to the battery in spite of his terrors was a positive suggestion of the temperament of the soldier. Many a plucky youth would have shirked this particular peril.

"He *has* got ideas!" young Lechmere broke out to his instructor after his comrade had quitted the house. He was evidently bewildered and agitated—he had an emotion to work off. He had before dinner gone straight at his friend, as Mr. Coyle had requested, and had elicited from him that his scruples were founded on an overwhelming conviction of the stupidity—the "crass barbarism" he called it—of war. His great complaint was that people hadn't invented anything cleverer, and he was determined to show, the

only way he could, that *he* wasn't such an ass.

"And he thinks all the great generals ought to have been shot, and that Napoleon Bonaparte in particular, the greatest, was a criminal, a monster for whom language has no adequate name!" Mr. Coyle rejoined, completing young Lechmere's picture. "He favoured you, I see, with exactly the same pearls of wisdom that he produced for me. But I want to know what *you* said."

"I said they were awful rot!" Young Lechmere spoke with emphasis, and he was slightly surprised to hear Mr. Coyle laugh incongruously at this just declaration and then after a moment continue.

"It's all very curious—I daresay there's something in it. But it's a pity!"

"He told me when it was that the question began to strike him in that light. Four or five years ago, when he did a lot of reading about all the great swells and their campaigns—Hannibal and Julius Cæsar, Marlborough and Frederick and Bonaparte. He *has* done a lot of reading, and he says it opened his eyes. He says that a wave of disgust rolled over him. He talked about the 'immeasurable misery' of wars, and asked me why nations don't tear to pieces the governments, the rulers that go in for them. He hates poor old Bonaparte worst of all."

"Well, poor old Bonaparte *was* a brute. He was a frightful ruffian," Mr. Coyle unexpectedly declared. "But I suppose you didn't admit that."

"Oh, I daresay he was objectionable, and I'm very glad we laid him on his back. But the point I made to Wingrave was that his own behaviour would excite no end of remark." Young Lechmere hesitated an instant, then he added "I told him he must be prepared for the worst."

"Of course he asked you what you meant by the 'worst,'" said Spencer Coyle.

"Yes, he asked me that, and do you know what I said? I said people would say that his conscientious scruples and his wave of disgust are only a pretext. Then he asked 'A pretext for what?'"

"Ah, he rather had you there!" Mr. Coyle exclaimed with a little laugh that was mystifying to his pupil.

"Not a bit—for I told him."

"What did you tell him?"

Once more, for a few seconds, with his

conscious eyes on his instructor's, the young man hung fire

"Why, what we spoke of a few hours ago The appearance he'd present of not having—" The honest youth faltered a moment, then brought it out "The military temperament, don't you know? But do you know what he said to that?" young Lechmere went on

"Damn the military temperament!" the crammer promptly replied

Young Lechmere stared Mr Coyle's tone left him uncertain if he were attributing the phrase to Wingrave or uttering his own opinion, but he exclaimed

"Those were exactly his words!"

"He doesn't care," said Mr Coyle

"Perhaps not But it isn't fair for him to abuse us fellows I told him it's the finest temperament in the world, and that there's nothing so splendid as pluck and heroism"

"Ah! there you had him"

"I told him it was unworthy of him to abuse a gallant, a magnificent profession I told him there's no type so fine as that of the soldier doing his duty"

"That's essentially *your* type, my dear boy" Young Lechmere blushed, he couldn't make out (and the danger was naturally unexpected to him) whether at that moment he didn't exist mainly for the recreation of his friend But he was partly reassured by the genial way his friend continued, laying a hand on his shoulder "Keep at him that way! we may do something I'm extremely obliged to you" Another doubt however remained unassuaged—a doubt which led him to exclaim to Mr Coyle before they dropped the painful subject

"He *doesn't* care! But it's awfully odd he shouldn't!"

"So it is, but remember what you said this afternoon—I mean about your not advising people to make insinuations to *you*"

"I believe I should knock a fellow down!" said young Lechmere Mr Coyle had got up; the conversation had taken place while they sat together after Mrs Coyle's withdrawal from the dinner-table and the head of the establishment administered to his disciple, on principles that were a part of his thoroughness, a glass of excellent claret The disciple, also on his feet, lingered an instant, not for another "go," as he would have called it, at the decanter, but to wipe his microscopic

moustache with prolonged and unusual care His companion saw he had something to bring out which required a final effort, and waited for him an instant with a hand on the knob of the door Then as young Lechmere approached him, Spencer Coyle grew conscious of an unwonted intensity in the round and ingenuous face The boy was nervous, but he tried to behave like a man of the world "Of course, it's between ourselves," he stammered, "and I wouldn't breathe such a word to any one who wasn't interested in poor Wingrave as you are But do you think he funks it?"

Mr Coyle looked at him so hard for an instant that he was visibly frightened at what he had said

"Funks it! Funks what?"

"Why, what we're talking about—the service" Young Lechmere gave a little gulp and added with a *naïveté* almost pathetic to Spencer Coyle "The dangers, you know!"

"Do you mean he's thinking of his skin?"

Young Lechmere's eyes expanded appealingly, and what his instructor saw in his pink face—he even thought he saw a tear—was the dread of a disappointment shocking in the degree in which the loyalty of admiration had been great

"Is he—is he *afraid*?" repeated the honest lad, with a quaver of suspense

"Dear no!" said Spencer Coyle, turning his back

Young Lechmere felt a little snubbed and even a little ashamed, but he felt still more relieved

III

Less than a week after this Spencer Coyle received a note from Miss Wingrave, who had immediately quitted London with her nephew She proposed that he should come down to Paramore for the following Sunday—Owen was really so tiresome On the spot, in that house of examples and memories and in combination with her poor dear father, who was "dreadfully annoyed," it might be worth their while to make a last stand Mr Coyle read between the lines of this letter that the party at Paramore had got over a good deal of ground since Miss Wingrave, in Baker Street, had treated his despair as superficial She was not an insinuating woman, but she went so far as to put the question on the ground

of his conferring a particular favour on an afflicted family, and she expressed the pleasure it would give them if he should be accompanied by Mrs Coyle, for whom she inclosed a separate invitation. She mentioned that she was also writing, subject to Mr Coyle's approval, to young Lechmere. She thought such a nice manly boy might do her wretched nephew some good. The celebrated crammer determined to embrace this opportunity, and now it was the case not so much that he was angry as that he was anxious. As he directed his answer to Miss Wingrave's letter he caught himself smiling at the thought that at bottom he was going to defend his young friend rather than to attack him. He said to his wife, who was a fair, fresh, slow woman—a person of much more presence than himself—that she had better take Miss Wingrave at her word: it was such an extraordinary, such a fascinating specimen of an old English home. This last allusion was amicably sarcastic—he had already accused the good lady more than once of being in love with Owen Wingrave. She admitted that she was, she even gloried in her passion, which shows that the subject, between them, was treated in a liberal spirit. She carried out the joke by accepting the invitation with eagerness. Young Lechmere was delighted to do the same, his instructor had good-naturedly taken the view that the little break would freshen him up for his last spurt.

It was the fact that the occupants of Paramore did indeed take their trouble hard that struck Spencer Coyle after he had been an hour or two in that fine old house. This very short second visit, beginning on the Saturday evening, was to constitute the strangest episode of his life. As soon as he found himself in private with his wife—they had retired to dress for dinner—they called each other's attention with effusion and almost with alarm to the sinister gloom that was stamped on the place. The house was admirable with its old grey front which came forward in wings so as to form three sides of a square, but Mrs Coyle made no scruple to declare that if she had known in advance the sort of impression she was going to receive she would never have put her foot in it. She characterized it as "uncanny," she accused her husband of not having warned her properly. He had mentioned to her in advance certain facts, but while she almost feverishly dressed she had innumerable questions to ask. He hadn't

told her about the girl, the extraordinary girl, Miss Julian—that is, he hadn't told her that this young lady, who in plain terms was a mere dependent, would be in effect, and as a consequence of the way she carried herself, the most important person in the house. Mrs Coyle was already prepared to announce that she hated Miss Julian's affectations. Her husband, above all, hadn't told her that they should find their young charge looking five years older.

"I couldn't imagine that," said Mr Coyle, "nor that the character of the crisis here would be quite so perceptible. But I suggested to Miss Wingrave the other day that they should press her nephew in real earnest, and she has taken me at my word. They've cut off his supplies—they're trying to starve him out. That's not what I meant—but indeed I don't quite *know* to-day what I meant. Owen feels the pressure, but he won't yield." The strange thing was that, now that he was there, the versatile little coach felt still more that his own spirit had been caught up by a wave of reaction. If he was there it was because he was on poor Owen's side. His whole impression, his whole apprehension, had on the spot become much deeper. There was something in the dear boy's very resistance that began to charm him. When his wife, in the intimacy of the conference I have mentioned, threw off the mask and commended even with extravagance the stand his pupil had taken (he was too good to be a horrid soldier and it was noble of him to suffer for his convictions—wasn't he as upright as a young hero, even though as pale as a Christian martyr?) the good lady only expressed the sympathy which, under cover of regarding his young friend as a rare exception, he had already recognized in his own soul.

For, half an hour ago, after they had had superficial tea in the brown old hall of the house, his young friend had proposed to him, before going to dress, to take a turn outside, and had even, on the terrace, as they walked together to one of the far ends of it, passed his hand entreatingly into his companion's arm, permitting himself thus a familiarity unusual between pupil and master and calculated to show that he had guessed whom he could most depend on to be kind to him. Spencer Coyle, on his own side, had guessed something, so that he was not surprised at the boy's having a particular confidence to

make He had felt on arriving that each member of the party had wished to get hold of him first, and he knew that at that moment Jane Wingrave was peering through the ancient blur of one of the windows (the house had been modernized so little that the thick dim panes were three centuries old) to see if her nephew looked as if he were poisoning the visitor's mind Mr Coyle lost no time therefore in reminding the youth (and he took care to laugh as he did so) that he had not come down to Paramore to be corrupted He had come down to make, face to face, a last appeal to him—he hoped it wouldn't be utterly vain Owen smiled sadly as they went, asking him if he thought he had the general air of a fellow who was going to knock under

"I think you look strange—I think you look ill," Spencer Coyle said very honestly They had paused at the end of the terrace

"I've had to exercise a great power of resistance, and it rather takes it out of one"

"Ah, my dear boy, I wish your great power—for you evidently possess it—were exerted in a better cause!"

Owen Wingrave smiled down at his small instructor "I don't believe that!" Then he added, to explain why "Isn't what you want, if you're so good as to think well of my character, to see me exert *most* power, in whatever direction? Well, *this* is the way I exert most" Owen Wingrave went on to relate that he had had some terrible hours with his grandfather, who had denounced him in a way to make one's hair stand up on one's head He had expected them not to like it, not a bit, but he had had no idea they would make such a row His aunt was different, but she was equally insulting Oh, they had made him feel they were ashamed of him, they accused him of putting a public dishonour on their name He was the only one who had ever backed out—he was the first for three hundred years Every one had known he was to go up, and now every one would know he was a young hypocrite who suddenly pretended to have scruples They talked of his scruples as you wouldn't talk of a cannibal's god His grandfather had called him outrageous names "He called me—he called me——" Here the young man faltered, his voice failed him He looked as haggard as was possible to a young man in such magnificent health

"I probably know!" said Spencer Coyle, with a nervous laugh

Owen Wingrave's clouded eyes, as if they were following the far-off consequences of things, rested for an instant on a distant object Then they met his companion's and for another moment sounded them deeply "It isn't true No, it isn't It's not *that*!"

"I don't suppose it is! But what *do* you propose instead of it?"

"Instead of what?"

"Instead of the stupid solution of war If you take that away, you should suggest at least a substitute"

"That's for the people in charge, for governments and cabinets," said Owen Wingrave "They'll arrive soon enough at a substitute, in the particular case, if they're made to understand that they'll be hung if they don't find one Make it a capital crime—that'll quicken the wits of ministers!" His eyes brightened as he spoke, and he looked assured and exalted Mr Coyle gave a sigh of perplexed resignation—it was a monomania He fancied after this for a moment that Owen was going to ask him if he too thought he was a coward, but he was relieved to observe that he either didn't suspect him of it or shrank uncomfortably from putting the question to the test Spencer Coyle wished to show confidence, but somehow a direct assurance that he didn't doubt of his courage appeared too gross a compliment—it would be like saying he didn't doubt of his honesty The difficulty was presently averted by Owen's continuing "My grandfather can't break the entail, but I shall have nothing but this place, which, as you know, is small and, with the way rents are going, has quite ceased to yield an income He has some money—not much, but such as it is he cuts me off My aunt does the same—she has let me know her intentions She was to have left me her six hundred a year It was all settled, but now what's settled is that I don't get a penny of it if I give up the army I must add in fairness that I have from my mother three hundred a year of my own And I tell you the simple truth when I say that I don't care a rap for the loss of the money" The young man drew a long, slow breath, like a creature in pain, then he subjoined "That's not what worries me!"

"What are you going to do?" asked Spencer Coyle.

"I don't know, perhaps nothing. Nothing great, at all events. Only something peaceful!"

Owen gave a weary smile, as if, worried as he was, he could yet appreciate the humorous effect of such a declaration from a Wingrave, but what it suggested to his companion, who looked up at him with a sense that he was after all not a Wingrave for nothing and had a military steadiness under fire, was the exasperation that such a programme, uttered in such a way and striking them as the last word of the inglorious, might well have engendered on the part of his grandfather and his aunt. "Perhaps nothing"—when he might carry on the great tradition! Yes, he wasn't weak, and he was interesting, but there *was* a point of view from which he was provoking. "What *is* it then that worries you?" Mr Coyle demanded.

"Oh, the house—the very air and feeling of it. There are strange voices in it that seem to mutter at me—to say dreadful things as I pass. I mean the general consciousness and responsibility of what I'm doing. Of course it hasn't been easy for me—not a bit. I assure you I don't enjoy it." With a light in them that was like a longing for justice Owen again bent his eyes on those of the little coach, then he pursued. "I've started up all the old ghosts. The very portraits glower at me on the walls. There's one of my great-grandfather (the one the extraordinary story you know is about—the old fellow who hangs on the second landing of the big staircase) that fairly stirs on the canvas—just heaves a little—when I come near it. I have to go up and down stairs—it's rather awkward! It's what my aunt calls the family circle. It's all constituted here, it's a kind of indestructible presence, it stretches away into the past, and when I came back with her the other day Miss Wingrave told me I wouldn't have the impudence to stand in the midst of it and say such things. I *had* to say them to my grandfather, but now that I've said them it seems to me that the question's ended. I want to go away—I don't care if I never come back again."

"Oh, you *are* a soldier; you must fight it out!" Mr Coyle laughed.

The young man seemed discouraged at his levity, but as they turned round, strolling back in the direction from which they had

come, he himself smiled faintly after an instant and replied.

"Ah, we're tainted—all!"

They walked in silence part of the way to the old portico, then Spencer Coyle, stopping short after having assured himself that he was at a sufficient distance from the house not to be heard, suddenly put the question. "What does Miss Julian say?"

"Miss Julian?" Owen had perceptibly coloured.

"I'm sure *she* hasn't concealed her opinion."

"Oh, it's the opinion of the family-circle, for she's a member of it, of course. And then she has her own as well."

"Her own opinion?"

"Her own family-circle."

"Do you mean her mother—that patient lady?"

"I mean more particularly her father, who fell in battle. And her grandfather, and *his* father, and her uncles and great-uncles—they all fell in battle."

"Hasn't the sacrifice of so many lives been sufficient? Why should she sacrifice *you*?"

"Oh, she *hates* me!" Owen declared, as they resumed their walk.

"Ah, the hatred of pretty girls for fine young men!" exclaimed Spencer Coyle.

He didn't believe in it, but his wife did, it appeared, perfectly, when he mentioned this conversation while, in the fashion that has been described, the visitors dressed for dinner. Mrs Coyle had already discovered that nothing could have been nastier than Miss Julian's manner to the disgraced youth during the half-hour the party had spent in the hall, and it was this lady's judgement that one must have had no eyes in one's head not to see that she was already trying outrageously to flirt with young Lechmere. It was a pity they had brought that silly boy he was down in the hall with her at that moment. Spencer Coyle's version was different, he thought there were finer elements involved. The girl's footing in the house was inexplicable on any ground save that of her being predestined to Miss Wingrave's nephew. As the niece of Miss Wingrave's own unhappy intended she had been dedicated early by this lady to the office of healing by a union with Owen the tragic breach that had separated their elders; and if in reply to this it was to be said that a girl of spirit couldn't enjoy

in such a matter having her duty cut out for her, Owen's enlightened friend was ready with the argument that a young person in Miss Julian's position would never be such a fool as really to quarrel with a capital chance. She was familiar at Paramore and she felt safe, therefore she might trust herself to the amusement of pretending that she had her option. But it was all innocent coquetry. She had a curious charm, and it was vain to pretend that the heir of that house wouldn't seem good enough to a girl, clever as she might be, of eighteen. Mrs Coyle reminded her husband that the poor young man was precisely now *not* of that house: this problem was among the questions that exercised their wits after the two men had taken the turn on the terrace. Spencer Coyle told his wife that Owen was afraid of the portrait of his great-great-grandfather. He would show it to her, since she hadn't noticed it, on their way downstairs.

"Why of his great-great-grandfather more than of any of the others?"

"Oh, because he's the most formidable. He's the one who's sometimes seen."

"Seen where?" Mrs Coyle had turned round with a jerk.

"In the room he was found dead in—the White Room they've always called it."

"Do you mean to say the house has a ghost?" Mrs Coyle almost shrieked. "You brought me here without telling me?"

"Didn't I mention it after my other visit?"

"Not a word. You only talked about Miss Wingrave."

"Oh, I was full of the story—you have simply forgotten."

"Then you should have reminded me!"

"If I had thought of it, I would have held my peace, for you wouldn't have come."

"I wish, indeed, I hadn't!" cried Mrs Coyle. "What is the story?"

"Oh, a deed of violence that took place here ages ago. I think it was in George the First's time. Colonel Wingrave, one of their ancestors, struck in a fit of passion one of his children, a lad just growing up, a blow on the head of which the unhappy child died. The matter was hushed up for the hour—some other explanation was put about. The poor boy was laid out in one of those rooms on the other side of the house, and amid strange smothered rumours the funeral was hurried on. The next morning, when the

household assembled, Colonel Wingrave was missing, he was looked for vainly, and at last it occurred to some one that he might perhaps be in the room from which his child had been carried to burial. The seeker knocked without an answer—then opened the door. Colonel Wingrave lay dead on the floor, in his clothes, as if he had reeled and fallen back, without a wound, without a mark, without anything in his appearance to indicate that he had either struggled or suffered. He was a strong, sound man—there was nothing to account for such a catastrophe. He is supposed to have gone to the room during the night, just before going to bed, in some fit of compunction or some fascination of dread. It was only after this that the truth about the boy came out. But no one ever sleeps in the room."

Mrs Coyle had fairly turned pale. "I hope not! Thank heaven they haven't put us there!"

"We're at a comfortable distance, but I've seen the gruesome chamber."

"Do you mean you've been in it?"

"For a few moments. They're rather proud of it and my young friend showed it to me when I was here before."

Mrs Coyle stared. "And what is it like?"

"Simply like an empty, dull, old-fashioned bedroom, rather big, with the things of the 'period' in it. It's panelled from floor to ceiling, and the panels evidently, years and years ago, were painted white. But the paint has darkened with time and there are three or four quaint little ancient 'samplers,' framed and glazed, hung on the walls."

Mrs Coyle looked round with a shudder. "I'm glad there are no samplers here! I never heard anything so jumpy! Come down to dinner."

On the staircase as they went down her husband showed her the portrait of Colonel Wingrave—rather a vigorous representation, for the place and period, of a gentleman with a hard, handsome face, in a red coat and a peruke. Mrs Coyle declared that his descendant Sir Philip was wonderfully like him, and her husband could fancy, though he kept it to himself, that if one should have the courage to walk about the old corridors of Paramore at night one might meet a figure that resembled him roaming, with the restlessness of a ghost, hand in hand with the figure of a tall boy. As he proceeded to the drawing-

room with his wife he found himself suddenly wishing that he had made more of a point of his pupil's going to Eastbourne. The evening however seemed to have taken upon itself to dissipate any such whimsical forebodings, for the grumness of the family-circle, as Spencer Coyle had preconceived its composition, was mitigated by an infusion of the "neighbourhood." The company at dinner was recruited by two cheerful couples—one of them the vicar and his wife—and by a silent young man who had come down to fish. This was a relief to Mr Coyle, who had begun to wonder what was after all expected of him and why he had been such a fool as to come, and who now felt that for the first hours at least the situation would not have directly to be dealt with. Indeed he found, as he had found before, sufficient occupation for his ingenuity in reading the various symptoms of which the picture before him was an expression. He should probably have an irritating day on the morrow: he foresaw the difficulty of the long decorous Sunday and how dry Jane Wingrave's ideas, elicited in a strenuous conference, would taste. She and her father would make him feel that they depended upon him for the impossible, and if they should try to associate him with a merely stupid policy he might end by telling them what he thought of it—an accident not required to make his visit a sensible mistake. The old man's actual design was evidently to let their friends see in it a positive mark of their being all right. The presence of the great London coach was tantamount to a profession of faith in the results of the impending examination. It had clearly been obtained from Owen, rather to Spencer Coyle's surprise, that he would do nothing to interfere with the apparent harmony. He let the allusions to his hard work pass, and, holding his tongue about his affairs, talked to the ladies as amicably as if he had not been "cut off." When Spencer Coyle looked at him once or twice across the table, catching his eye, which showed an indefinable passion, he saw a puzzling pathos in his laughing face: one couldn't resist a pang for a young lamb so visibly marked for sacrifice. "Hang him—what a pity he's such a fighter!" he privately sighed, with a want of logic that was only superficial.

This idea however would have absorbed him more if so much of his attention had

not been given to Kate Julian, who, now that he had her well before him, struck him as a remarkable and even as a possibly fascinating young woman. The fascination resided not in any extraordinary prettiness, for if she was handsome, with her long Eastern eyes, her magnificent hair and her general unabashed originality, he had seen complexions rosier and features that pleased him more. It resided in a strange impression that she gave of being exactly the sort of person whom, in her position, common considerations, those of prudence and perhaps even a little those of decorum, would have enjoined on her not to be. She was what was vulgarly termed a dependent—penniless, patronized, tolerated, but something in her aspect and manner signified that if her situation was inferior, her spirit, to make up for it, was above precautions or submissions. It was not in the least that she was aggressive, she was too indifferent for that, it was only as if, having nothing either to gain or to lose, she could afford to do as she liked. It occurred to Spencer Coyle that she might really have had more at stake than her imagination appeared to take account of, whatever it was, at any rate he had never seen a young woman at less pains to be on the safe side. He wondered inevitably how the peace was kept between Jane Wingrave and such an inmate as this, but those questions of course were unfathomable depths. Perhaps Kate Julian lorded it even over her protectress. The other time he was at Paramore he had received an impression that, with Sir Philip beside her, the girl could fight with her back to the wall. She amused Sir Philip, she charmed him, and he liked people who weren't afraid, between him and his daughter: moreover there was no doubt which was the higher in command. Miss Wingrave took many things for granted, and most of all the rigour of discipline and the fate of the vanquished and the captive.

But between their clever boy and so original a companion of his childhood what odd relation would have grown up? It couldn't be indifference, and yet on the part of happy, handsome, youthful creatures it was still less likely to be aversion. They weren't Paul and Virginia, but they must have had their common summer and their idyll: no nice girl could have disliked such a nice fellow for anything but not liking *her*, and no nice fellow could have resisted such propinquity. Mr Coyle

remembered indeed that Mrs Julian had spoken to him as if the propinquity had been by no means constant, owing to her daughter's absences at school, to say nothing of Owen's, her visits to a few friends who were so kind as to "take her" from time to time, her sojourns in London—so difficult to manage, but still managed by God's help—for "advantages," for drawing and singing, especially drawing or rather painting, in oils, in which she had had immense success. But the good lady had also mentioned that the young people were quite brother and sister, which was a little, after all, like Paul and Virginia. Mrs Coyle had been right, and it was apparent that Virginia was doing her best to make the time pass agreeably for young Lechmere. There was no such whirl of conversation as to render it an effort for Mr Coyle to reflect on these things, for the tone of the occasion, thanks principally to the other guests, was not disposed to stray—it tended to the repetition of anecdote and the discussion of rents, topics that huddled together like uneasy animals. He could judge how intensely his hosts wished the evening to pass off as if nothing had happened, and this gave him the measure of their private resentment. Before dinner was over he found himself fidgety about his second pupil. Young Lechmere, since he began to cram, had done all that might have been expected of him, but this couldn't blind his instructor to a present perception of his being in moments of relaxation as innocent as a babe. Mr Coyle had considered that the amusements of Paramore would probably give him a fillip, and the poor fellow's manner testified to the soundness of the forecast. The fillip had been unmistakably administered, it had come in the form of a revelation. The light on young Lechmere's brow announced with a candour that was almost an appeal for compassion, or at least a deprecation of ridicule, that he had never seen anything like Miss Julian.

IV

In the drawing-room after dinner the girl found an occasion to approach Spencer Coyle. She stood before him a moment, smiling while she opened and shut her fan, and then she said abruptly, raising her strange eyes. "I know what you've come for, but it isn't any use"

"I've come to look after *you* a little. Isn't *that* any use?"

"It's very kind. But I'm not the question of the hour. You won't do anything with Owen."

Spencer Coyle hesitated a moment. "What will *you* do with his young friend?"

She stared, looked round her.

"Mr Lechmere? Oh, poor little lad! We've been talking about Owen. He admires him so."

"So do I. I should tell you that."

"So do we all. That's why we're in such despair."

"Personally then you'd *like* him to be a soldier?" Spencer Coyle inquired.

"I've quite set my heart on it. I adore the army and I'm awfully fond of my old playmate," said Miss Julian.

Her interlocutor remembered the young man's own different version of her attitude, but he judged it loyal not to challenge the girl.

"It's not conceivable that your own playmate shouldn't be fond of you. He must therefore wish to please you, and I don't see why—between you—you don't set the matter right."

"Wish to please me!" Miss Julian exclaimed. "I'm sorry to say he shows no such desire. He thinks me an impudent wretch. I've told him what I think of *him*, and he simply hates me."

"But you think so highly! You just told me you admire him."

"His talents, his possibilities, yes; even his appearance, if I may allude to such a matter. But I don't admire his present behaviour."

"Have you had the question out with him?" Spencer Coyle asked.

"Oh, yes, I've ventured to be frank—the occasion seemed to excuse it. He couldn't like what I said."

"What did you say?"

Miss Julian, thinking a moment, opened and shut her fan again.

"Why, that such conduct isn't that of a gentleman!"

After she had spoken her eyes met Spencer Coyle's, who looked into their charming depths.

"Do you want then so much to send him off to be killed?"

"How odd for *you* to ask that—in such a way!" she replied with a laugh. "I don't understand your position. But I thought your line was to *make* soldiers!"

"You should take my little joke. But, as regards Owen Wingrave, there's no 'making' needed," Mr Coyle added. "To my sense"—the little crammer paused a moment, as if with a consciousness of responsibility for his paradox—"to my sense he *is*, in a high sense of the term, a fighting man."

"Ah, let him prove it!" the girl exclaimed, turning away.

Spencer Coyle let her go, there was something in her tone that annoyed and even a little shocked him. There had evidently been a violent passage between these young people, and the reflection that such a matter was after all none of his business only made him more sore. It was indeed a military house, and she was at any rate a person who placed her ideal of manhood (young persons doubtless always had their ideals of manhood) in the type of the belted warrior. It was a taste like another, but, even a quarter of an hour later, finding himself near young Lechmere, in whom this type was embodied, Spencer Coyle was still so ruffled that he addressed the innocent lad with a certain magisterial dryness. "You're not to sit up late, you know. That's not what I brought you down for." The dinner-guests were taking leave and the bedroom candles twinkled in a monitory row. Young Lechmere however was too agreeably agitated to be accessible to a snub, he had a happy preoccupation which almost engendered a grin.

"I'm only too eager for bedtime. Do you know there's an awfully jolly room?"

"Surely they haven't put you there?"

"No indeed, no one has passed a night in it for ages. But that's exactly what I want to do—it would be tremendous fun."

"And have you been trying to get Miss Julian's permission?"

"Oh, *she* can't give leave, she says. But she believes in it, and she maintains that no man dare."

"No man *shall*! A man in your critical position in particular must have a quiet night," said Spencer Coyle.

Young Lechmere gave a disappointed but reasonable sigh.

"Oh, all right. But mayn't I sit up for a little go at Wingrave? I haven't had any yet."

Mr Coyle looked at his watch.

"You may smoke *one* cigarette."

He felt a hand on his shoulder, and he turned round to see his wife tilting candle-

grease upon his coat. The ladies were going to bed and it was Sir Philip's inveterate hour; but Mrs Coyle confided to her husband that after the dreadful things he had told her she positively declined to be left alone, for no matter how short an interval, in any part of the house. He promised to follow her in three minutes, and after the orthodox handshakes the ladies rustled away. The forms were kept up at Paramore as bravely as if the old house had no present heartache. The only one of which Spencer Coyle noticed the omission was some salutation to himself from Kate Julian. She gave him neither a word nor a glance, but he saw her look hard at Owen Wingrave. Her mother, timid and pitying, was apparently the only person from whom this young man caught an inclination of the head. Miss Wingrave marshalled the three ladies—her little procession of twinkling tapers—up the wide oaken stairs and past the watching portrait of her ill-fated ancestor. Sir Philip's servant appeared and offered his arm to the old man, who turned a perpendicular back on poor Owen when the boy made a vague movement to anticipate this office. Spencer Coyle learned afterwards that before Owen had forfeited favour it had always, when he was at home, been his privilege at bedtime to conduct his grandfather ceremoniously to rest. Sir Philip's habits were contemptuously different now. His apartments were on the lower floor, and he shuffled stiffly off to them with his valet's help, after fixing for a moment significantly on the most responsible of his visitors the thick red ray, like the glow of stirred embers, that always made his eyes conflict oddly with his mild manners. They seemed to say to Spencer Coyle, "We'll let the young scoundrel have it to-morrow!" One might have gathered from them that the young scoundrel, who had now strode to the other end of the hall, had at least forged a cheque. Mr Coyle watched him an instant, saw him drop nervously into a chair and then with a restless movement get up. The same movement brought him back to where his late instructor stood addressing a last injunction to young Lechmere.

"I'm going to bed and I should like you particularly to conform to what I said to you a short time ago. Smoke a single cigarette with your friend here and then go to your room. You'll have me down on you if I hear of your having, during the night, tried any

preposterous games" Young Lechmere, looking down with his hands in his pockets, said nothing—he only poked at the corner of a rug with his toe, so that Spencer Coyle, dissatisfied with so tacit a pledge, presently went on, to Owen "I must request you, Wingrave, not to keep this sensitive subject sitting up—and indeed to put him to bed and turn his key in the door." As Owen stared an instant, apparently not understanding the motive of so much solicitude, he added "Lechmere has a morbid curiosity about one of your legends—of your historic rooms Nip it in the bud"

"Oh, the legend's rather good but I'm afraid the room's an awful sell!" Owen laughed

"You know you don't *believe* that, my boy!" young Lechmere exclaimed

"I don't think he does," said Mr Coyle, noticing Owen's mottled flush

"He wouldn't try a night there himself!" young Lechmere pursued

"I know who told you that," rejoined Owen, lighting a cigarette in an embarrassed way at the candle, without offering one to either of his companions

"Well, what if she did?" asked the younger of these gentlemen, rather red "Do you want them *all* yourself?" he continued facetiously, fumbling in the cigarette box

Owen Wingrave only smoked quietly, then he exclaimed

"Yes—what if she did? But she doesn't know," he added

"She doesn't know what?"

"She doesn't know anything!—I'll tuck him in!" Owen went on gaily to Mr Coyle, who saw that his presence, now that a certain note had been struck, made the young men uncomfortable He was curious, but there was a kind of discretion, with his pupils, that he had always pretended to practise, a discretion that however didn't prevent him as he took his way upstairs from recommending them not to be donkeys

At the top of the staircase, to his surprise, he met Miss Julian, who was apparently going down again She had not begun to undress, nor was she perceptibly disconcerted at seeing him She nevertheless in a manner slightly at variance with the rigour with which she had overlooked him ten minutes before, dropped the words. "I'm going down to look for something I've lost a jewel."

"A jewel?"

"A rather good turquoise, out of my locket As it's the only ornament I have the honour to possess——!" And she passed down

"Shall I go with you and help you?" asked Spencer Coyle

The girl paused a few steps below him, looking back with her Oriental eyes

"Don't I hear voices in the hall?"

"Those remarkable young men are there"

"*They'll* help me" And Kate Julian descended

Spencer Coyle was tempted to follow her, but remembering his standard of tact he rejoined his wife in their apartment He delayed however to go to bed, and though he went into his dressing-room, he couldn't bring himself even to take off his coat He pretended for half an hour to read a novel, after which, quietly, or perhaps I should say agitatedly, he passed from the dressing-room into the corridor He followed this passage to the door of the room which he knew to have been assigned to young Lechmere and was comforted to see that it was closed Half an hour earlier he had seen it standing open, therefore he could take for granted that the bewildered boy had come to bed It was of this he had wished to assure himself, and having done so he was on the point of retreating But at the same instant he heard a sound in the room—the occupant was doing, at the window, something which showed him that he might knock without the reproach of waking his pupil up Young Lechmere came in fact to the door in his shirt and trousers He admitted his visitor in some surprise, and when the door was closed again Spencer Coyle said

"I don't want to make your life a burden to you, but I had it on my conscience to see for myself that you're not exposed to undue excitement"

"Oh, there's plenty of that!" said the ingenuous youth "Miss Julian came down again"

"To look for a turquoise?"

"So she said"

"Did she find it?"

"I don't know I came up I left her with poor Wingrave"

"Quite the right thing," said Spencer Coyle

"I don't know," young Lechmere repeated uneasily "I left them quarrelling"

"What about?"

"I don't understand They're a quaint pair!"

Spencer Coyle hesitated. He had, fundamentally, principles and scruples, but what he had in particular just now was a curiosity, or rather, to recognize it for what it was, a sympathy, which brushed them away.

"Does it strike you that *she's* down on him?" he permitted himself to inquire.

"Rather!—when she tells him he lies!"

"What do you mean?"

"Why, before *me*. It made me leave them, it was getting too hot. I stupidly brought up the question of the haunted room again, and said how sorry I was that I had had to promise you not to try my luck with it."

"You can't pry about in that gross way in other people's houses—you can't take such liberties, you know!" Mr. Coyle interjected.

"I'm all right—see how good I am. I don't want to go *near* the place!" said young Lechmere, confidently. "Miss Julian said to me 'Oh I daresay *you'd* risk it, but'—and she turned and laughed at poor Owen—that's more than we can expect of a gentleman who has taken *his* extraordinary line.' I could see that something had already passed between them on the subject—some teasing or challenging of hers. It may have been only chaff, but his chucking the profession had evidently brought up the question of his pluck."

"And what did Owen say?"

"Nothing at first, but presently he brought out very quietly 'I spent all last night in the confounded place.' We both stared and cried out at this and I asked him what he had seen there. He said he had seen nothing, and Miss Julian replied that he ought to tell his story better than that—he ought to make something good of it. 'It's not a story—it's a simple fact,' said he, on which she jeered at him and wanted to know why, if he had done it, he hadn't told her in the morning, since he knew what she thought of him. 'I know, but I don't care,' said Wingrave. This made her angry, and she asked him quite seriously whether he would care if he should know she believed him to be trying to deceive us."

"Ah, what a brute!" cried Spencer Coyle.

"She's a most extraordinary girl—I don't know what she's up to."

"Extraordinary indeed—to be romping and bandying words at that hour of the night with fast young men!"

Young Lechmere reflected a moment. "I mean because I think she likes him."

Spencer Coyle was so struck with this unwanted symptom of subtlety that he flashed out "And do you think he likes *her*?"

But his interlocutor only replied with a puzzled smile and a plaintive "I don't know—I give it up! I'm sure he *did* see something or hear something," young Lechmere added. "In that ridiculous place? What makes you sure?"

"I don't know—he looks as if he had. He behaves as if he had."

"Why then shouldn't he mention it?"

Young Lechmere thought a moment. "Perhaps it's too gruesome!"

Spencer Coyle gave a laugh. "Aren't you glad then *you're* not in it?"

"Uncommonly!"

"Go to bed, you goose," said Spencer Coyle, with another laugh. "But before you go tell me what he said when she told him he was trying to deceive you."

"Take me there yourself, then, and lock me in!"

"And *did* she take him?"

"I don't know—I came up."

Spencer Coyle exchanged a long look with his pupil.

"I don't think they're in the hall now. Where's Owen's own room?"

"I haven't the least idea."

Mr. Coyle was perplexed, he was in equal ignorance, and he couldn't go about trying doors. He bade young Lechmere sink to slumber, and came out into the passage. He asked himself if he should be able to find his way to the room Owen had formerly shown him, remembering that in common with many of the others it had its ancient name painted upon it. But the corridors of Paramore were intricate, moreover some of the servants would still be up, and he didn't wish to have the appearance of roaming over the house. He went back to his own quarters, where Mrs. Coyle soon perceived that his inability to rest had not subsided. As she confessed for her own part, in the dreadful place, to an increased sense of "creepiness," they spent the early part of the night in conversation, so that a portion of their vigil was inevitably beguiled by her husband's account of his colloquy with little Lechmere and by their exchange of opinions upon it. Toward two o'clock Mrs. Coyle became so nervous about their persecuted young friend, and so possessed by the fear that that wicked girl had availed herself of his invitation to

put him to an abominable test, that she begged her husband to go and look into the matter at whatever cost to his own equilibrium. But Spencer Coyle, perversely, had ended, as the perfect stillness of the night settled upon them, by charming himself into a tremulous acquiescence in Owen's readiness to face a formidable ordeal—an ordeal the more formidable to an excited imagination as the poor boy now knew from the experience of the previous night how resolute an effort he should have to make. "I hope he is there," he said to his wife. "it puts them all so in the wrong!" At any rate he couldn't take upon himself to explore a house he knew so little. He was inconsequent—he didn't prepare for bed. He sat in the dressing-room with his light and his novel, waiting to find himself nodding. At last however Mrs. Coyle turned over and ceased to talk, and at last he too fell asleep in his chair. How long he slept he only knew afterwards by computation, what he knew to begin with was that he had started up, in confusion, with the sense of a sudden appalling sound. His sense cleared itself quickly, helped doubtless by a confirmatory cry of horror from his wife's room. But he gave no heed to his wife, he had already bounded into the passage. There the sound was repeated—it was the "Help! help!" of a woman in agonized terror. It came from a distant quarter of the house, but the quarter was sufficiently indicated. Spencer Coyle rushed straight before him, with the sound of opening doors and alarmed voices in his ears and the faintness of the early dawn in his eyes. At a turn of one of the passages he came upon the white figure of a girl in a swoon on a bench, and in the vividness of the revelation he read as he went that Kate Julian, stricken in her pride too late with a chill of compunction for what she had mockingly done, had, after coming to release the victim of her derision, reeled away, overwhelmed, from the catastrophe that was her work—the catastrophe that the next moment he found himself aghast at on the threshold of an open door. Owen Wingrave, dressed as he had last seen him, lay dead on the spot on which his ancestor had been found. He looked like a young soldier on a battle-field.

NOTES

CHAUCER

The Prologue

- 8 5 *Zepherus*—West wind
- 8 8 *Ram*—The zodiacal sign, Aries The sun passed from this sign to Taurus (the Bull) on April 11 Therefore, the date was probably April 15 or 16, for the sun had already passed from the Ram As the year began in March, the sun is called young
- 8 17 *martur*—Thomas a Becket, the Archbishop of Canterbury, who was killed by the knights of Henry II in 1170
- 8 20 *Tabard*—An inn so named from its sign, a herald's coat
- 8 51 *Alsaudre*—Alexandria, captured by the King of Cyprus in 1365
- 8 57 *Algezir*—A city in Spain taken from the Moors in 1344
- 8 57 *Belmarye*—A Moorish kingdom in Africa
- 8 58 *Lyeys*—A city in Armenia, which was captured from the Turks in 1367
- 8 58 *Satalye*—A city in Asia Minor
- 8 59 *Grete See*—Mediterranean
- 8 62 *Tramissene*—A Moorish kingdom in Africa
- 8 65 *Palatye*—Palathia in Asia Minor, which was held by Christians
- 9 80 *bachelor*—A young man desiring to prove himself worthy to be a knight
- 9 87 *as of so litel space*—In view of the short time he had been in military service
- 9 115 *Cristofre*—A brooch of St Christopher, worn as a protection against unforeseen danger
- 9 120 *Loy*—St Elgius, patron of the goldsmiths He was master of the mint for the early kings of France According to a legend he refused to swear upon the holy relics when King Dagobert requested such an oath Therefore, an oath by Saint Loy was a very mild kind of swearing
- 9 125 *Stratford-atte-Bowe*—The Prioress had learned French at the Benedictine convent at Stratford Hence, she did not speak Parisian French but the Anglo-French used at court
- 10 159 *gauded al with grene*—The large beads (gauds), which indicated a Paternoster, were green
- 10 162 *Amor vincit omnia*—Love conquers all
- 10 166 *out-rydere*—A monk who supervised the farms belonging to the monastery
- 10 172 *celle*—A small monastery under the general supervision of a large abbey
- 10 173 *seint Maure or of seint Benet*—The rule of St Benedict, the founder of the Benedictine order, placed great emphasis upon labor and obedience St Maur brought the order to France
- 10 187 *Austin*—St Augustine
- 10 210 *ordres fourre*—The Franciscans, the Augustines, the Dominicans, and the Carmelites
- 11 254 *In principio*—In the beginning, the opening phrase of the gospel of St John
- 11 258 *love-dayes*—Days on which an umpire, usually a member of the clergy, settled disputes to save the disputants the trouble of legal proceedings
- 11 277 *Middelburgh*—A seaport in the Netherlands
- 11 277 *Orewelle*—Harwich, where the river Orwell flowed into the channel opposite Middelburgh
- 11 297 *philosopfre*—Alchemists in Chaucer's time often called themselves philosophers
- 11 310 *parvyys*—The porch of St Paul's church, which was a meeting place for lawyers
- 12 340 *Senti Iuhan*—St Julian provided his worshippers with good things
- 12 353 *table dormant*—Permanent table Usually the tables were easy to remove because they were constructed by placing boards over saw-horses
- 12 377 *vigilyes*—Evening meetings held at the church on the night before a festival
- 13 400 *By water he sente hem hoom*—He forced them to walk the plank
- 13 408 *Gootland*—An island in the Baltic Sea
- 13 415f *kepte his pacient*—According to medieval practice medicine was given to the patient at the proper astrological hour Also the physician had to be able to foretell the favorable time for making images, which he treated by magic to work his cure
- 13 421 *humour*—The manner in which the four elements (hot, cold, dry, moist) were mingled in the body was thought to affect a man's temperament so that he was sanguine, phlegmatic, choleric, or melancholy Disease resulted from a lack of proper proportion of these humours
- 13 429ff *Esculapius*, etc.—Æsculapius, Dioscorides, Rufus, Hippocrates, and Galen were Greek physicians Haly, Serapion, Rhasis, Avicenna, and Damascenus were Arabian physicians of the ninth to eleventh centuries Averroes was a Moorish philosopher of the twelfth century Constantinus Afer, a monk of Monte Cassino, was among the founders of the school at Salerno Bernard, a French physician, was professor at Montpellier in the fourteenth century Gatesden of Oxford was physician to Edward II Gilbertyn was perhaps Gilbertus Anglicus, an English writer of the thirteenth century
- 13 442 *pestilence*—The black death of 1348-9 and lesser plagues which occurred later

- 13 465 *Boloigne*—Pilgrimages were made to the image of the Virgin Mary at Boulogne
- 13 466 *Galice*—At Galicia in Spain was the shrine of St. James of Compostella
- 13 466 *Cologne*—The bones of the Three Wise Men, who brought gifts to the Christ Child, were according to legend preserved at Cologne
- 14 486 *cursen for his tythes*—Excommunicate those who did not pay
- 14 510 *chaunterie*—An endowment for the purpose of having a priest sing masses for the soul
- 14 542 *Reve*—Bailiff
- 14 543 *Maunciple*—An officer who purchased supplies for a college or a similar institution
- 14 562 *tollen thryes*—Take three times as much toll as he was allowed
- 14 563 *thombe of gold*—Chaucer refers to the proverb, "An honest miller has a golden thumb." His miller was as honest as the majority even though he did steal and cheat
- 15 621 *Tukked about*—The Reve's long coat was tucked up about his waist like a friar's by means of a girdle.
- 15 646 'Questio quid juris'—The question is what is the law
- 16 652 *finch*—To pull a finch was a slang phrase meaning to cheat an innocent person
- 16 662 *significavit*—Writ of excommunication
- 16 667 *gerland*—On a pole before an alehouse was often placed a garland of three hoops hung with ribbons as well as the usual bush of ivy leaves
- 16 670 *Rouncivale*—A London hospital dedicated to the Blessed Mary of Roncevaux
- 16 685 *vernicle*—A copy of the face of Christ as it was miraculously printed upon St. Veronica's handkerchief when she wiped the perspiration from His face on the day of the Crucifixion
- 18 826 *watering of Sent Thomas*—A brook two miles from London
- 18 830 *If even-song*, etc.—If you are this morning of the same mind as last night

The Tale of the Wyf of Bathe

- 21 271 *Dantes tale*—Chaucer gives a free translation of lines 121–124 of the seventh canto of the *Purgatorio*
- 22 309 *Valerius*—Valerius Maximus, who in the reign of Tiberius compiled nine books of historical anecdotes, entitled *Books of Memorable Deeds and Sayings*. He grouped these stories under various headings suggesting some virtue or fault. The reference to Tullius Hostilius, one of the legendary kings of Rome, is in the section "Concerning Humble Birth"
- 22 312 *Senek, Boece*—Seneca's *Moral Epistles* and Boethius' *Consolation of Philosophy* were highly esteemed in the Middle Ages as authoritative guides to correct conduct

THE BALLADS

The Wife of Usher's Well

- 26 17 *Martinmass*—The feast of St. Martin of Tours celebrated on November 11

SPENSER

The Faerie Queene, Book I, Canto I

- 41 2 *Shepherds weeds*—Spenser refers to his early work, *The Shepherd's Calendar*
- 41 10 *O holy virgin*—Clo, the Muse of History
- 41 14 *Tanaquill*—Gloriana, Queen Elizabeth
- 41 15 *Briton Prince*—King Arthur
- 46 318 *Morpheus*—God of sleep
- 47 328 *Dame*—Proserpine, the wife of Pluto, who was ruler of Hades
- 47 332 *Gorgon*—Demogorgon, wicked divinity invoked by magicians
- 47 333 *Cocytus and Styx*—The rivers of wailing and of fate in the underworld
- 47 348 *Tethys*—The wife of Oceanus
- 47 349 *Cynthia*—Artemis, goddess of the moon
- 47 376 *dryer brane*—According to medieval belief if the brain lacked moisture, a person would be a light sleeper and therefore likely to be troubled with dreams
- 48 381 *Hecate*—The goddess of ghosts, witches, and spirits devoted to magic
- 48 430 *Graces*—The three daughters of Zeus, who were goddesses of beauty
- 48 431 *Hymen*—The bridal hymn
- 48 432 *Flora*—Goddess of flowers

Amoretti

- 50 10 *Helce*—A huntress whom Hera changed into the constellation of the Great Bear when she was loved by Zeus

BACON

Of Friendship

- 51 a 3 *him*—Aristotle in the *Politics*
- 51 a 16 *Epimenides, the Candian*—A poet of Crete (Candia) in the sixth century B.C. Pliny declared he slept for fifty-seven years
- 51 a 17 *Numa*—The second of the early Roman kings, who sought instruction in the Arcian Grove from the Nymph, Egeria
- 51 a 17 *Empedocles*—A philosopher of the fifth century B.C., who according to legend disappeared miraculously from the world
- 51 a 18 *Apollonius*—A Pythagorean philosopher of the first century. His miracles and prophecies made him so famous that a temple was erected to him at Tyana after his death
- 51 b 7 *Magna civitas*, etc.—A great city is a great solitude
- 52 a 30 *participes curarum*—Sharers of cares
- 52 a 40 *L. Sylla*—Lucius Sulla, who was in power from 82 to 79 B.C.
- 52 b 20 *Hæc pro*, etc.—On account of our friendship I have not concealed these things
- 52 b 25 *Plautianus*—Commander of the prætorian guard in the reign of Septimius Severus 193–211. In the year 203 the Emperor's son was able through an intrigue to deprive him of the power he had so arrogantly abused
- 52 b 45 *Commeneus*—Philippe de Comines, a French historian of the fifteenth century, who was councillor to Charles the Bold of Burgundy and later to Louis XI and Charles VIII at the French court. His *Memoirs* deal with the events of the last years of the century, especially Charles VIII's expedition to Italy

- 53 *a* 2 *Pythagoras*—A Greek philosopher of the sixth century B.C., whose teaching was based on the principle of number
- 53 *a* 46 *Themistocles*—After Themistocles was banished from Athens, which he had previously saved from the Persian invasion by his naval policy, he sought refuge at the court of Artaxerxes, king of Persia
- 53 *b* 11 *Heracutus*—A Greek philosopher of the sixth century B.C., who taught the doctrine of eternal change
- 54 *a* 37 that a friend, etc.—A quotation from Cicero's *On Friendship*

Of Riches

- 54 *b* 49 *In studio rei*, etc.—In his zeal to increase his possessions, it was apparent that not the profit of avarice was sought but the means of benevolence
- 54 *b* 53 *Qui festinat*, etc.—He who hastens to riches will not be guiltless
- 55 *a* 32 *prime of markets*—The man who has sufficient capital need not sell his products until prices are high
- 55 *a* 53 *in sudore vultus alieni*—In the sweat of another's brow
- 55 *b* 26 *testamenta et orbos*, etc.—Wills and orphans were caught as though by legacy hunting

Of Studies

- 56 *b* 12 *Abeunt studia in mores*—Studies are changed into habits
- 56 *b* 25 *cymini sectores*—Splitters of cummin-seeds

MILTON

Lycidas

Milton wrote this poem for a memorial volume dedicated to Edward King, a learned friend, who had been drowned in the summer of 1637. King had been a student preparing for the ministry at Christ's College, Cambridge, with Milton.

- 63 *1 Yet once more*—Milton had written nothing since *Comus*, finished three years previously
- 63 *8 Lycidas*—A name frequently used in classical pastoral poetry
- 63 *15 Sisters of the sacred well*—The Muses, who were born at the Pierian spring under Mount Olympus
- 63 *23 self-same hill*—Cambridge University
- 63 *29 battenning*—Feeding
- 63 *36 Dametas*—Probably one of the tutors at Cambridge
- 64 *54 Mona*—The island of Anglesey.
- 64 *55 Deva*—The river Dee
- 64 *58 Muse*—Calliope, the mother of Orpheus
- 64 *62 His gory visage*—When Orpheus, mourning for his lost wife Eurydice, angered the Thracian women by his continued grief, the Mænads tore him to pieces. The Muses buried the pieces of his body, but his head floated down the river Hebrus to the sea and finally landed on the island of Lesbos
- 64 *65 Shepherd's trade*—The art of poetry
- 64 *68-9 Amaryllas Neæra*—Names of shepherdesses in the classical pastorals
- 64 *75 blind Fury*—Atropos, who cuts the thread

of life. She was one of the three Fates and not one of the Furies

- 64 *77 Phæbus*—God of poetry and music
- 64 *79 glistering foil*—Gold leaf
- 64 *85 Arethuse*—A fountain in Sicily, mentioned in the pastorals of Theocritus
- 64 *86 Mincius*—A stream in northern Italy near Virgil's birthplace
- 64 *89 the Herald of the Sea*—Triton, the son of Neptune. He comes as a messenger from Neptune to investigate the causes of King's death
- 64 *96 Hippotades*—Æolus, son of Hippotes. He was god of the winds
- 64 *99 Panope*—One of the fifty daughters of Nereus, who were the sea nymphs
- 64 *103 Camus*—Personification of river Cam, upon which Cambridge is situated
- 64 *104 sedge*—The coarse grass on the river banks
- 64 *106 sanguine flower*—The hyacinth, which according to a Greek legend sprang from the blood of Hyacinthus, a Spartan youth, slain by a jealous god. Its leaves were supposed to be marked with the Greek word meaning alas
- 64 *109 Pilot of the Galilean Lake*—St Peter, to whom Christ said the keys of the kingdom of heaven should be given
- 65 *126 wind and rank mist*—False teaching
- 65 *128 Wolf*—Roman Catholic Church
- 65 *130 two-handed engine*—Some means of punishing the clergy. Commentators have suggested the two-edged sword mentioned in Revelation or the two Houses of Parliament
- 65 *132 Alpheus*—A river god. Milton is resuming his elegy after the condemnation of the greedy and spiritually blind clergy
- 65 *138 swart star*—Sirius, the dog-star
- 65 *142 rathe*—Early
- 65 *149 amaranthus*—A flower used as a symbol of immortality
- 65 *151 laureate hearse*—Tomb covered with laurel
- 65 *160 fable of Bellerus*—Milton invented this name from Bellerum, which the Romans gave to Land's End in Cornwall
- 65 *161 Vision of the guarded mount*—St Michael's Mount in Cornwall. The Archangel was said to have appeared there sitting on a rocky crag, called St Michael's Chair
- 65 *162 Namancos and Bayona*—Towns on the coast of Spain
- 65 *163 ruth*—Pity
- 65 *176 unexpressive*—Inexpressible
- 65 *183 Gennus*—Guardian spirit
- 65 *186 uncouth*—Unknown
- 65 *189 Doric lay*—Pastoral poetry

Paradise Lost, Book I

- 66 *6 Heavenly Muse*—Urania, the muse of astronomy. Milton calls upon her as the muse of sacred poetry
- 66 *8 Shepherd*—Moses, to whom the Lord spoke from the burning bush on Mount Horeb. On Mount Sinai Moses received the Ten Commandments and the laws
- 66 *10 Son*—Here David received the inspiration for his *Psalms*
- 66 *11 Siloa's brook*—The pool near the temple at Jerusalem
- 66 *15 Aonian Mount*—Mount Helicon in Bœotia, which was the home of the Muses

- 67 29 *grand Parents*—Adam and Eve
 67 74 *centre pole*—From the Earth to the Primum Mobile
 67 82 *Satan*—In Hebrew "Satan" means "enemy"
 68 152 *gloomy Deep*—Chaos
 68 198 *Titanian or Earth-born*—The Titans were the offspring of Heaven and Earth and ruled the universe before the Olympian gods. The Earth-born were the Giants, who sprang from the earth (Gaea) when the blood of Uranus fell upon it
 68 199 *Briareos or Typhon*—Briareos, a Titan having a hundred hands, at first aided Zeus in his struggle against the Giants. Typhon, one of the Giants, had one hundred heads and such a frightful aspect that he terrified even the gods. His den was in Cilicia near Tarsus
 69 204 *night-founded*—Prevented from proceeding because of the coming of night
 69 232 *Pelorus*—A promontory in Sicily
 69 235 *Sublimed*—Changed from solid matter to vapor by the heat
 69 257 *all but less than*—Almost equal to
 70 288 *Tuscan artist*—Galileo.
 70 289 *Fesole*—A hill near Florence
 70 290 *Valdarno*—The valley of the Arno, the river on which Florence is situated
 70 294 *Ammiral*—Flag-ship of an admiral
 70 303 *Vallombrosa*—A valley about twenty miles from Florence. The name means "the shady valley"
 70 305 *Orion*—A mighty hunter, whom Zeus changed into a constellation with sword and belt
 70 307 *Busiris*—A king of Egypt, whom Milton assumed to be the Pharaoh of the Exodus and the persecutor of the Israelites when they dwelt in the land of Goshen
 70 339 *Amram's son*—Moses
 70 353 *Rhene or the Danaw*—Rhine or the Danube
 71 381 *The chief were those who*, etc.—The gods and goddesses mentioned in the following passage (381-505) were worshipped by the nations who were neighbors of the Israelites. The Bible tells us that frequently the Jews strayed after these strange gods
 71 397 *Rabba*—Chief city of the Ammonites
 71 398 *Argob and in Basan*—The fertile country east of the Jordan
 71 399 *Arnon*—A river which was the boundary between the Moabites and the Amorites
 71 403 *opprobrious hill*—Mount of Olives
 71 409 *Seon*—King of the Amorites. The places mentioned in this passage were in the neighborhood of the Dead Sea, called the "Asphaltick Pool" because of the asphalt in it
 71 446 *Thammuz*—A god of the Phœnicians. According to legend a wild boar killed him in Lebanon. It was supposed that every spring his blood flowed again from the wounds into the river Adonis, whose waters were red at that time of the year with the mud stirred up by the rains. At his festivals women lamented his death and rejoiced at his revival
 72 471 *leper*—Naaman, whose story is told in II Kings. v
 72 484 *rebel king*—Jeroboam had two calves of gold set up for worship.
 72 508 *Javan*—Son of Japheth, who according to Genesis (x 2-5) was the father of the Gentiles. Milton includes among the followers of Satan the gods of classical mythology
 72 520 *Hesperian fields*—Italy and Spain
 72 534 *Azazel*—The scape-goat, upon whose head Aaron put the sins of the Israelites and then sent into the wilderness
 72 550 *Dorian mood*—The Doric type of music, considered grave
 73 568 *traverse*—Across
 73 577 *Phlegra*—The place in Macedonia where the gods and giants fought
 73 580 *Uther's son*—King Arthur
 73 581 *Armoric*—From Brittany
 73 583 *Aspramont*, etc.—Scenes of famous combats described in medieval romances of chivalry
 74 674 *sulphur*—This substance was believed in the seventeenth century to be a generative element
 74 686 *Centre*—Earth
 74 694 *works of Memphian kings*—The Pyramids
 75 737 *hierarchy*—The medieval schoolmen divided the celestial beings into three hierarchies, composed of three orders. The lowest were the Angels, Archangels, and Principalities, the second the Powers, Virtues, and Dominions, the highest the Thrones, Cherubim, and Seraphim
 75 739 *Ausonian land*—Italy
 75 740 *Mulciber*—Vulcan or Hephestus as he was called in Greece. He was the god of fire
 75 769 *Taurus*—The sun was in this zodiacal sign from the middle of April to the middle of May
 75 790 *were at large*—Had enough space
 75 797 *frequent*—Numerous
- Paradise Lost, Book II*
- 75 2 *Ormus*—Hormuz, an island in the Persian Gulf
 76 9 *success*—Result or outcome
 76 69 *Tartarean*—Tartarus was the lowest hell where the most wicked evil-doers were punished
 76 76-77 *descent and fall to us adverse*—The medieval schoolmen believed that angels were not subject to natural laws. Therefore, the law of gravitation had no effect upon them. Their nature was to go upward
 77 106 *denounced*—Threatened
 79 278 *sensible*—Sense
 79 306 *Atlantean shoulders*—The shoulders of Atlas upheld the heavens
 79 329 *What*—To what purpose
 79 330 *determined*—Ended
 80 407 *uncouth*—Unknown
 81 512 *globe*—A solid mass of angels, in the form of a sphere
 81 513 *horrent*—Bristling
 81 517 *alchemy*—Trumpets made of this substance, which is like gold
 82 530 *Pythian fields*—The Pythian games were held at Delphi in honor of Apollo
 82 539 *Typhaean rage*—Typhon hurled great boulders and trees in his warfare against Zeus
 82 542 *Alcides*—Hercules. His wife Deianira sent him a poisoned robe because she was jealous of Iole

- 82 545 *Lichas*—The friend by whom Deianira sent the poisoned robe to Hercules
- 82 575 *four infernal rivers*—According to classical mythology the rivers of Hades possessed the characteristics Milton gives
- 82 592 *Serboman bog*—Lake Serbonis in the northern part of Egypt
- 82 593 *Damata*—A town near one of the mouths of the Nile Mount Casus was situated farther east on the coast
- 82 595 *frore*—Frozen
- 82 596 *Furies*—The three goddesses of vengeance, who pursued the guilty throughout life and tormented them in Hades after death
- 82 611 *Medusa*—A Gorgon whose horrible head with its hair of serpents turned the beholder to stone
- 82 614 *Tantalus*—The punishment of Tantalus was to stand in water, which disappeared when he bent over to drink, and to be unable to reach the fruit hanging over his head
- 83 639 *Ternate and Tidore*—Two islands of the Molucca group
- 83 641 *Ethiopian to the Cape*—Indian Ocean to the Cape of Good Hope
- 83 660 *Scylla*—This nymph was first transformed by Circe into barking dogs below the waist and then into a whirlpool
- 83 661 *Trinacrian shore*—Sicily
- 84 709 *Ophiuchus*—A constellation of the northern heavens
- 86 889 *redounding*—Rolling
- 86 904 *Barca or Cyrene*—Cities in the northern part of Africa
- 86 922 *Bellona*—Goddess of war
- 86 927 *vans*—Wings
- 86 939 *Syrtis*—Quicksands along the coast of Africa
- 87 945 *Arimaspan*, etc.—The Arimaspians, one-eyed people of Scythia, fought the griffins to steal the gold under their guardianship
- 87 964 *Orcus and Aides*—Names of Pluto, god of the underworld
- 87 965 *Demogorgon*—A monster possessing magical powers
- 87 1017 *Argo*—The ship in which Jason sailed to Colchis to obtain the golden fleece
- 87 1018 *justling rocks*—The Symplegades, which came together as boats passed through them
- 87 1020 *Whirlpool*—Scylla
- 87 1029 *utmost Orb*—The last of the ten spheres
- 88 1052 *World*—The entire Universe.
- opening lines to defend Charles II, who had numerous mistresses and several illegitimate children
- 96 7 *Israel's monarch*—The King of England, Charles II
- 96 11 *Michal*—Queen Catherine, the wife of Charles
- 96 18 *Absalom*—James Scott, the Duke of Monmouth and Buccleugh, was the son of Charles II and Lucy Walters His handsome features, pleasant personality, and notable bravery in both the French and Dutch armies won him the favor of his royal father and general popularity with the English people During the excitement over the Popish Plot, so named because its leaders were said to favor the restoration of Roman Catholicism in England, the enemies of the Duke of York, the legal heir to the throne, believed that Charles II would accept Monmouth as his successor They failed in their intrigues as Dryden explains, and Monmouth went to Holland As soon as James II came to the throne, the Duke returned to lead a rebellion but was defeated and executed in 1685
- 96 34 *Annabel*—Anne Scott, the Countess of Buccleugh, who was a wealthy heiress
- 96 39 *Amnon's murder*—Perhaps Dryden is alluding to the attack upon Sir John Coventry This member of the House of Commons was not murdered by Monmouth's followers but was severely beaten because he had spoken sarcastically about the King's notorious affairs
- 96 42 *Sion*—London
- 96 45 *The Jews*—The English people
- 96 57 *Saul*—Oliver Cromwell
- 96 58 *Ishbosheth*—Richard Cromwell, Oliver's son
- 96 59 *Hebron*—Scotland
- 97 82 *Good Old Cause*—The rebellion against Charles I and the establishment of the Commonwealth
- 97 85 *Jerusalem*—London
- 97 86 *Jebusites*—Catholics
- 97 88 *the chosen people*—Protestants
- 97 108 *that Plot*—The Popish Plot, by which according to popular belief the Duke of York with the aid of the French was to be made king after Charles had been murdered
- 97 118 *Egyptian*—French
- 97 128 *Hebrew priests*—Clergy of the Church of England
- 97 150 *the false Achitophel*—Anthony Ashley Cooper, the Earl of Shaftesbury At first he had supported Charles I, but in 1644 he joined the Parliamentary Party Later he again changed his politics and became an important member of the government under Charles II In 1672-3 he was Lord Chancellor. After his retirement from this office he took an active part in the agitation against the Catholic Party, working zealously for the Exclusion Bill, which was designed to prevent the succession of the Duke of York to the throne In 1681 he was arrested and accused of high treason but was acquitted because the Whigs were in power in London When the Tories secured control, he was forced to flee to Holland, where he died in 1683. Apparently

BUNYAN

The Pilgrim's Progress The Sixth Stage

- 91 a 1 *the ware of Rome*—The doctrines of the Catholic Church, which England and Germany discarded after the Reformation
- 91 a 22 *cheapen*—Purchase
- 91 a 40 *bedlams*—Patients of Bethlehem Hospital for the insane
- 91 b 29 *let*—Hinder

DRYDEN

Absalom and Achitophel

- 96 1 *In pious times*, etc.—For the Biblical story see II Samuel iii-xix Dryden attempts in these

- Shaftesbury's aim was to insure parliamentary government against the domination of too powerful sovereigns
- 98 175 *the triple bond*—England's alliance with Sweden and the Dutch Republic against France
- 98 188 *Abbethdm*—An officer of the Jewish high court of justice Dryden refers to Shaftesbury's position as Lord Chancellor
- 99 264 *Gath*—A Philistine city Dryden refers to the places where Charles II spent his years of exile
- 99 270 *Jordan's sand*—Dover
- 99 281 *Pharoak's doubtful succor*—The alliance with Louis XIV
- 99 283 *Egypt*—France
- 100 353 *His brother*—James, Duke of York
- 100 390 *Sanhedrin*—Parliament
- 100 417 *Saul*—Cromwell Before he was chosen Lord Protector in 1653, England was governed by the Council of State of the Commonwealth
- 102 513 *Solyman rout*—London populace
- 102 517 *Ethnic plot*—Popish Plot of the Catholics
- 102 519 *Hot Levites*—The Presbyterian ministers, whom the Act of Uniformity had deprived of the benefits they had held during the Commonwealth
- 102 525 *Aaron's race*—The clergy
- 102 529 *dreaming saints*—Puritans
- 102 541 *Hydra*—A monster with nine heads, which according to classical mythology lived in the Lernæan Marsh until Hercules killed it
- 102 544 *Zimri*—George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham He was one of the most ardent members of the Opposition Party
- 102 574 *Balaam*—Theophilus Hastings, Earl of Huntingdon
- 102 574 *Caleb*—Lord Grey
- 102 575 *Nadab*—Lord Howard of Eserick He had been in Cromwell's time a preacher among the Antibaptists, but after the Restoration he acquired a reputation for licentious living
- 102 581 *Jonas*—Sir William Jones As Attorney General he had prosecuted those concerned in the Popish Plot He was also supposed to have drawn up the Exclusion Bill
- 102 585 *Shumer*—Shingsby Bethel, who was a sheriff of London
- 103 614 *writing*—Bethel had published a tract entitled *The Interest of Princes and States*
- 103 617 *Rechabite*—"The words of Jonadab, the son of Rechab, that he commanded his sons not to drink wine, are performed" Jeremiah xxxv 14
- 103 632 *Corah*—Titus Oates, who claimed to have learned of plots formed by the Catholics against England
- 103 644 *Levite*—Oates had been a clergyman in the Church of England until he was dismissed for misconduct
- 103 649 *church vermilion*—Ruddy face of a churchman
- 103 658 *rabbinical degree*—After he returned from Spain, Oates pretended to have received a degree from the University of Salamanca
- 103 676 *Agag's murither*—Sir Edmund Godfrey,
- the magistrate before whom Oates told his story of the Popish Plot, was found dead Whether he was murdered or committed suicide has never been determined
- 103 677 *Samuel* *Saul*—I Samuel xv
- 104 697 *Hybla-drops*—Hybla on the southern slope of Mt Etna in Sicily was famous for its honey
- 104 705 *Egypt and Tyrus*—France and Holland
- 104 710 *Bathsheba*—Louise de Kéroualle, Duchess of Portsmouth, mistress of Charles II
- 104 738 *Issachar*—Thomas Thynne, who had entertained Monmouth at his country estate in Wiltshire
- 104 750 *a brother and a wife*—Queen Catherine as well as the Duke of York was supposed to favor the Popish Plot
- 105 817 *Barzillai*—James Butler, Duke of Ormond, who was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland He had always been a staunch supporter of the Royalist Party and had gone with Charles II into exile
- 105 829 *issue*—Six of Ormond's eight sons had died
- 105 831 *eldest hope*—Thomas, Earl of Ossory He had died in 1680 at the age of 46 The honor to which Dryden refers was his bravery in the Dutch wars against France
- 105 842 *Tyrans*—Dutch
- 105 843 *Pharaoh*—Louis XIV
- 106 864 *Zadoc*—William Sancroft, Archbishop of Canterbury
- 106 866 *Sagan of Jerusalem*—Henry Compton, Bishop of London The Earl of Northampton was his father
- 106 867 *Him of western dome*—John Dolben, Dean of Westminster
- 106 870 *prophets' sons*—The students at the Westminster School
- 106 877 *Adriel*—John Sheffield, the Earl of Mulgrave, who in 1703 became the Duke of Buckingham He was not only a patron of literary men but also an author of essays Charles II had given him offices formerly held by the Duke of Monmouth
- 106 882 *Jotham*—George Savile, Marquis of Halifax At first he had supported the policies of the Whigs, but later he spoke effectively in the House of Lords against the Exclusion Bill
- 106 888 *Hushai*—Lawrence Hyde, who was First Lord of the Treasury in 1679
- 106 899 *Amiel*—Edward Seymour, Speaker of the House of Commons from 1673 to 1679
- 106 910 *unequal ruler*—Phaethon obtained from his father, Helios, the god of the sun, his request to drive the horses of the sun for a day He was unable to control these steeds, who set the earth on fire in their unguided course
- 107 971 *old instructor*—Shaftesbury had lost his place as Chancellor in 1673 and as Lord President of the Council in 1679

Alexander's Feast

- 107 *St Cecilia's Day*—Dryden wrote this ode to be sung on November 22, 1697, when the Feast of St Cecilia was celebrated She was the patron of music

- 107 9 *Thais*—An Athenian courtesan, whom Alexander took with him to Persia
 108 20 *Timotheus*—This man was not the famous Athenian poet but one of the flute players
 108 30 *Olympia*—Olympias, the mother of Alexander According to one legend Alexander was the son of Jove
 108 75 *Darius*—Alexander conquered this Persian monarch in 330 B C
 108 97 *Lydian measures*—Among the Greeks soft, light music was designated as the Lydian style
 109 148 *Thais led the way*—Plutarch tells us that Thais suggested the burning of the palace in Persepolis as a revenge for the sufferings caused the Greeks during the invasion of Xerxes

PEPYS

The Great Fire

- 111 a 39 *steeple*—The church of St Lawrence Poultney
 111 b 1 *Duke of York*—As Lord High Admiral he was the commanding Officer of the Navy
 111 b 6 *Creed*—John Creed, to whom Pepys refers numerous times throughout the *Diary* A monument erected to him in Tichmarsh Church in Northamptonshire states that he served King Charles II "in divers honourable employments at home and abroad"
 112 a 26 *Three Cranes*—This tavern was in Upper Thames Street
 112 a 35 *pair of Virginals*—A virginal was a musical instrument with keys somewhat like a piano It was probably so named because to play upon it was an esteemed accomplishment of young ladies
 112 b 14 *Hater*—Pepys engaged him as a clerk in 1660
 113 a 15 *Mercer*—Mrs Pepys' maid Pepys was particularly pleased with her because she progressed so well in the singing lessons he gave her
 113 a 18 *W Hewer*—Pepys' Chief Clerk, who later was a commissioner of the Navy Pepys died in his house at Clapham
 113 a 36 *Iron gate*—Irongate Stairs at Lower Thames Street
 113 b 7 *Sir W Coventry*—A commissioner of the Navy and a Privy Counsellor Sir William Batten and Sir William Pen were also commissioners of the Navy
 113 b 45 *Old Bayly*—Old Bailey, the site of Newgate Prison
 113 b 46 *Paul's*—St Paul's Cathedral
 114 a 1 *our lane*—Seething Lane
 114 a 41 *eaten nothing*—Pepys seems to have forgotten that he had had a shoulder of mutton from the cook's on the previous day
 114 a 50 *Sir Thomas Gresham*—The founder of the Royal Exchange See Addison's essay, p 168.
 114 b 7 *Anthony Joyce*—A cousin of Pepys He was the proprietor of the Three Stags at Holborn Conduit
 114 b 10 *buckled*—Bent
 114 b 29 *Mr Gauden*—Dennis Gauden, who was victualler of the Navy and later sheriff of London

- 115 a 18 *Sir G Carteret*—Treasurer of the Navy.
 115 b 11 *General*—George Monk, the Duke of Albermarle, who was Lieutenant-General of all forces under the Duke of York
 115 b 20 *Gresham College*—The Royal Society

DEFOE

The Apparition of Mrs Veal

- 118 b 55 "*Drelnincourt upon Death*"—Charles Drelnincourt (1595–1669), a French Calvinist pastor, wrote many works against Roman Catholic doctrines His *Consolations against the Fear of Death* was widely read by English dissenters
 119 b 18 *Dr Sherlock*—William Sherlock (1641–1707), Dean of St Paul's, was the author of *Practical Discourse concerning Death*
 119 b 52 *Dr Horneck's "Ascetic"*—Anthony Horneck (1641–1697) was a very popular preacher at the Savoy In addition to *The Happy Ascetic or the Best Exercise* he wrote several volumes of religious tracts and sermons
 120 a 12 *Mr Norris*—John Norris (1656–1711), a clergyman and philosopher, whose chief work was his criticism of Locke's *Essay on the Human Understanding* A *Collection of Miscellanies*, containing his poems, became so popular that nine editions were published A follower of Plato, he advised the striving for perfection and harmony in life
 121 a 17 *escutcheons*—The arms of the family of a deceased person were inscribed on a panel hung on his house to inform the public of his death

SWIFT

Gulliver's Travels, Part IV

- 134 b 42 *revolution*—In 1688 William of Orange, the husband of Mary, the Protestant daughter of James II, was asked to save England from that overbearing sovereign With the aid of a Dutch army and the discontented English, he drove James II from the country.
 134 b 43 *war with France*—Under William's command many of the European powers were allied against Louis XIV in this conflict (1688–1697) Shortly after the succession of Queen Anne in 1702 the Grand Alliance opposed Louis XIV's plans to gain the Spanish throne for a member of his family in the War of Spanish Succession (1702–1713) The English feared the power of France and welcomed every occasion to destroy it
 135 a 9 *whether flesh be bread*, etc—Swift refers to the opposing views of Catholics and Protestants concerning the doctrine of transubstantiation, church music, the cross, and vestments of the clergy
 139 b 4 *Act of Indemnity*—Such an act granted pardons or remitted penalties for disobedience of law
 152 a 8 *Herman Moll*—A Dutch geographer, who settled in London about 1698 Among his works were a *System of Geography*, a *History of English Wars*, and numerous maps

STEELE

Prospectus of the "Tatler"

- 155 a 3 *Quuncquid agunt*, etc—Whatever men do shall be the medley of our book Juvenal, *Satires*, I 86
- 156 a 41 *White's Chocolate-house*—This famous gambling place was frequented by fashionable society
- 156 a 42 *Will's Coffee-house*—The proprietor was Will Urwin Literary men were the principal patrons
- 156 a 43 *Grecian*—So named because the proprietor, Constantine, was a Greek Lawyers were accustomed to meet here
- 156 a 44 *St James's Coffee-house*—Here the politicians of the Whig Party gathered to discuss their policies Many men of fashion in sympathy with the party met the leaders at this coffee-house.
- 156 a 53 *plain Spanish*—Wine
- 156 a 55 *Kidney*—A waiter at St James'

The Club

- 156 b 21 *Ast alii*, etc—But six others and more shout together with one voice Juvenal, *Satires*, VII 166
- 156 b 47 *Lord Rochester*—A courtier of the Restoration Period, who wrote some rather witty poetry.
- 156 b 47 *Sir George Etherege*—A dramatist at the court of Charles II
- 156 b 49 *Bully Dawson*—A notorious sharper of the day
- 157 a 21 *justice of the quorum*—Justice of the peace
- 157 a 36 *Longinus*—A Greek philosopher of the third century, whose treatise *On the Sublime* was considered in the eighteenth century to be an authoritative text on style
- 157 a 37 *Littleton*—Sir Thomas Littleton, a judge of the fifteenth century, was the author of a treatise on Land Tenures
- 157 a 37 *Coke*—In the sixteenth century Lord Chief Justice Coke wrote a commentary on Littleton's work
- 157 a 46 *Tully*—Marcus Tullius Cicero
- 157 b 5 *time of play*—Plays usually began shortly after five o'clock in the eighteenth century
- 157 b 11 *the Rose*—A tavern near Drury Lane Theatre
- 158 a 44 *humourists*—Persons acting according to their whims or moods
- 158 b 16 *Duke of Monmouth*—The illegitimate son of Charles II, who was executed by James II after his rebellion was repressed
- 158 b 27 *Tom Mirabell*—Steele uses this name to indicate any fashionable rake such as was Mirabell in Congreve's *The Way of the World*

Sir Roger and the Widow

- 159 a 14 *Hærent*, etc—His looks remain firmly fixed in her heart Virgil, *Æneid*, IV 4
- 160 b 36 *sphinx*—After the sphinx had destroyed many who attempted in vain to answer her riddle, Œdipus finally solved it She then killed herself
- 160 b 53 *tansy*—A kind of cream pudding.

- 161 a 18 *Dum tacet*, etc—Even while he is silent, he speaks of her

A Voyage in London

- 161 a 39 *Sine me*, etc—Leave me so that I may devote the leisure time to myself Terence, *Heauton Timorumenos*, II 38
- 163 a 39 *Robin's*—A coffee-house in Exchange Alley
- 163 b 7 *link*—A torch

• *Alexander Selkirk*

- 163 b 30 *Taha*, etc—Such things he pointed out retracing backward his wanderings Virgil, *Æneid*, III 690
- 163 b 38 *Alexander Selkirk*—His adventures were the basis of Defoe's *Robinson Crusoe*, published anonymously in 1719

ADDISON

True Humour

- 166 a 3 *Risu*, etc—Nothing is more silly than a senseless laugh Martial
- 167 a 8 *Bedlam*—Bethlehem Hospital for the insane
- 167 a 24 *Shadwell*—A dramatist of the Restoration Period He was poet laureate from 1688 to 1692 Dryden's satirical verses about him in *MacFlecknoe* have given him more fame than his own works
- 167 a 38 *Cowley*—In 1708 a new edition of the works of Abraham Cowley (1618–1667) had been published In the *Ode to Wit*, Cowley first tells what wit is not and then defines it thus
- "In a true piece of wit all things must be,
Yet all things there agree"

The Royal Exchange

- 168 a 50 *Hic segestes*, etc—Here corn, there grapes grow more abundantly, at another place fruit trees and grass unbidden flourish Do you not see how Tmolus sends saffron odors, India ivory, the soft Sabæans their own incense, the unclothed Chalybes iron, Pontus the strong smelling castor, Epirus the victorious Elean mares? Nature has always imposed these laws and eternal regulations on certain places Virgil, *Georgics*, I 54–61
- 168 b 2 *Royal Exchange*—The building where merchants gathered daily to transact business Along the galleries above the court were a large number of shops
- 169 a 39 *hips and haws*—The fruit of the rose and the hawthorn
- 169 b 40 *represented in effigy*—Statues of the rulers of England were placed above the pillars in the court

Sir Roger at Home

- 170 a 8 *Hinc tibi*, etc—Here plenty, rich with rural honors, shall flow for you abundantly with her liberal horn Horace, *Odes*, Book I. XVII 14–16.
- 171 a 34 *bishop of St Asaph*—The clergymen mentioned in this passage were all prominent and popular preachers of the day Sir Roger's

vicar has chosen from their published sermons for his discourses

First Vision of Mirza

- 171 *b* 11 Omnem, etc.—Every cloud, which now, obscuring the view, dulls your mortal sight and surrounds you with mists I shall snatch away Virgil, *Æneid*, II 604–606

POPE

The Rape of the Lock

In the dedication of *The Rape of the Lock* to Mrs Arabella Fermor, Pope wrote, "As to the following cantos, all the passages of them are as fabulous as the Vision at the beginning, or the Transformation at the end (except the loss of your hair, which I always mention with reverence) The human persons are as fictitious as the airy ones, and the character of Belinda, as it is now managed, resembles you in nothing but in beauty"

Canto I

- 175 3 *Caryl*—At the suggestion of John Caryl, who was a member of the same social circle as the principal persons of the incident, Pope wrote the poem to smooth over the threatening quarrel by a light treatment of it
175 4 *Belinda*—Arabella Fermor
175 8 *Lord*—Lord Petre, called later the Baron
175 23 *Birth-night Beau*—A gentleman attending at court the celebration of the birthday of a member of the royal family
175 44 *Box*—Opera box
175 44 *Ring*—Hyde Park Circus
175 56 *Ombre*—A card game from Spain, usually for three players

Canto II

- 177 35 *Phæbus*—Apollo, god of the sun
177 105 *Diana's law*—The virgin goddess of the hunt decreed the laws of chastity
178 133 *Ixion*—In punishment for daring to love Hera, the queen of the gods, Ixion was bound in Hades to an ever revolving wheel of fire

Canto III

- 178 3 *structure*—Hampton Court Palace
178 7 *three realms*—By the Act of Union in 1707 Scotland and England were united under one government Hence Queen Anne ruled directly England, Scotland, and Ireland
178 30 *sacred Nine*—Each player in ombre held nine cards
178 33 *Matadore*—The three high trumps were called matadores The best card was the spadillo, ace of spades, the second the manillo, the deuce when a black suit was trumps or the seven when a red, the third the basto, ace of clubs
179 61 *Pam*—The knave of clubs, the best card in loo, another popular game in the eighteenth century
179 92 *Codille*—When either of the opponents took more tricks than the ombre, the maker of the trump, it was "codille" Hence the

ombre was defeated and had to place the stake for the next hand

- 179 107 *altars of Japan*—Tables varnished with japan
179 122 *Scylla's Fate*—When King Minos of Crete besieged Megara, the city of King Nissus, Scylla cut off a lock of her father's hair Since this magic lock assured the safety of the city, Minos captured Megara, and Nissus killed himself Scylla was transformed into a lark after she had thrown herself into the sea
180 165 *Atalantis*—Mrs Manley's *The New Atalantis*, which entertained its readers with scandalous stories about "persons of quality"

Canto IV

- 180 24 *Megrim*—The "megrimms" and the "vapours" were terms used to describe a state of melancholy and lassitude, or of nervous irritability
181 51 *Homer's Tripod*—In the *Iliad*, XVIII, 372–381 these tripods are described as having "beneath the base of each golden wheels, that of their own motion they might enter the assembly of the gods and again return to his house, a marvel to look upon"
181 82 *Ulysses held the winds*—When Ulysses left the island of Æolus, king of the winds, on his way home, Æolus gave him a bag containing the stormy winds While Ulysses was asleep, the sailors opened the bag, and the ships were driven back by the storm
181 89 *Thalestris*—Mrs Morley
182 118 *in the sound of Bow*—Where the bells of St Mary le Bow may be heard Tradesmen and hack writers lived in this section
182 121 *Sr Plume*—Sir George Brown, the brother of Mrs Morley According to Warburton he was greatly disturbed by his portrayal
182 156 *Bohea*—Tea

Canto V

- 182 5 *Trojan*, etc.—The parting of Æneas from Dido and her sister Anna as described in Virgil's *Æneid*, IV 296–583
183 45 *Homer*—The dissension of the gods is described in the *Iliad*, XX 1–74
183 62 *Dapperwit*—A character in Wycherley's *Love in a Wood*
183 63 *Sr Fopling*—The principal character in Etherege's *The Man of Mode* is Sir Fopling Flutter
183 65 *Mæander*—A river in Asia Minor
184 125 *Rome's great founder*—Romulus
184 126 *Proculus*—A Roman senator, who claimed that Romulus appeared to him from heaven and gave him a message for the Romans alarmed by the sudden disappearance of their ruler
184 129 *Berenice's locks*—When Berenice's husband, the Egyptian king Ptolemy Euergetes, was at war with Syria, she placed her hair in the temple of Venus as an offering for his safe return A court mathematician explained the disappearance of the hair by stating that it had been transferred to the heavens as a constellation.

- 184 133 *Mall*—A promenade in St James's Park
 184 136 *Rosamonda's lake*—A lake in St James's Park
 184 137 *Partridge*—In his almanacs John Partridge foretold from his study of the stars the fate of Louis XIV of France and the downfall of the Pope as well as other astounding events Swift ridiculed these predictions in the *Bickerstaff Almanac*, prophesying Partridge's death
 184 138 *Galileo's eyes*—A telescope

An Essay on Man

- 184 1 *St John*—Henry St John, who became Lord Bolingbroke in 1714, was one of Pope's intimate friends
 186 156 *Borgia*—Cesare Borgia (1478–1507), an Italian prince, notorious for his cruelty, boldness, and treacherous dealings
 186 156 *Catiline*—Lucius Sergius Catiline, who conspired against the Roman Republic Cicero discovered his plans and denounced him to the Senate
 186 160 *Ammon*—Alexander the Great

CHESTERFIELD

Friendship

- 190 b 10 *beau monde*—Fashionable world

The Art of Pleasing

- 191 b 4 *bon-mots*—Witty sayings
 191 b 38 *Cardinal Richelieu*—As first minister under Louis XIII, Richelieu determined the policies of France from 1624 to 1642. He employed five poets to write dramas based upon his ideas and to be published under his name. Thus he tried to gain recognition for a poetic talent he did not possess
 191 b 43 *Cid*—Corneille's most important drama. Jealous of Corneille's success, Richelieu ordered the French Academy to condemn the work. Several authors criticized harshly both the dramatic construction and the versification of the *Cid*
 191 b 45 *en passant*—By the way
 191 b 49 *bel esprit*—A wit
 192 a 2 *Sir Robert Walpole*—Prime minister of England from 1721 to 1742
 192 a 24 *a je ne sçais quoi*—A quality impossible to describe
 192 b 17 *arcana*—Secrets

A Sample Conversation

- 192 b 55 *ruelles*—Private circles
 193 a 9 *Mr Harte*—The son's tutor
 193 a 26 *spectacles*—Theatrical performances
 193 b 36 *take orders*—Become a clergyman
 194 a 30 *Cardinal Albani*—Alessandro Albani (1692–1779), the nephew of Pope Clement XI, was a patron of the arts
 194 b 51 *d'un honnête homme*—Of an honest man
 195 a 2 *Jus Publicum Imperii*—Public Law of the Empire. This law was composed of the decrees of the emperors
 195 a 4 *Sir Charles Williams*—Minister to Dresden in 1746 and to Berlin in 1749

JOHNSON

To the Right Honourable the Earl of Chesterfield

- 199 a 48 *Le vainqueur*, etc.—The conqueror of the conqueror of the world
 199 b 15 *shepherd in Virgil*—The shepherd in Virgil's eighth *Eclogue* found that love was relentless and cruel

Art of Advertising

- 200 a 51 *Dieskau*—Ludwig August Dieskau, commander of the French forces at Crown Point on Lake Champlain. On September 8, 1755 he was captured by the British under the command of General William Johnson when he attacked the British camp at the head of Lake George

WALPOLE

Herculeanum

- 202 a 3 *Richard West*—Son of the Lord Chancellor of Ireland. At Eton he became an intimate friend of Gray and Walpole because of his literary tendencies. He died in 1742 at the age of 26
 202 b 1 *Titus's time*—The eruption of Vesuvius occurred in A.D. 79
 203 a 49 *nothing of the kind*—Pompeii was not discovered until later
 203 b 10 *Status*—A Latin poet of the first century. His *Silvæ* were occasional poems written to commemorate some event or to describe some familiar scene. He also wrote an epic poem, the *Thebais*, in twelve books
 203 b 13 *Hæc ego*, etc.—These songs I sang to thee, Marcellus, on the Chalcidic shores, where Vesuvius poured forth its broken fury, exhaling fires envious of the Trinacrian flames. Wonderful truth! Will the future offspring of men believe when the crops grow again and when these now deserted places flourish that cities and peoples are buried below

The Housebreaker

- 203 b 25 *George Montagu*—One of Walpole's school friends at Eton. Later he received several political appointments. His political views caused an estrangement from Walpole after a friendship of over thirty years
 203 b 35 *White's*—White's Chocolate-house, where fashionable society gathered to play cards
 204 a 42 *Jael*—By driving a nail into his temples while he slept Jael killed Sisera. Judges V 17–22
 204 a 43 *opima spolia*—The spoils which the victorious general placed in the temple of Jupiter on the Capitoline Hill
 204 a 52 *Poyang*—The pond for gold-fish at Strawberry Hill
 204 b 6 *Bentley*—Richard Bentley, whose talents as a writer and artist Walpole overestimated. Bentley's drawings for Gray's poems are his most noted work
 204 b 9 *au reste*—Besides.
 204 b 11 *Cu of Hatticuleo*—Earl of Halifax

An Explosion

- 204 *b* 18 *Hon H S Conway*—First cousin to Walpole. He entered the army in 1741 and rose to the position of Field Marshal in 1793. He was also a member of Parliament and a government official at various times.
- 204 *b* 24 *Guy Fawkes*—A group of disappointed Catholics conspired to blow up King James I and Parliament when the session opened on November 5, 1605. Fawkes was to set fire to gunpowder which had been placed in the cellars under the House of Lords. The Gunpowder Plot was discovered, and Fawkes was arrested on November 4.
- 204 *b* 26 *nine thousand*—Actually three

Execution of Louis XVI

- 205 *a* 14 *Hannah More*—Her amiability and wit gained for Hannah More great popularity among the literary society of the eighteenth century. Although she wrote several dramas and some poetry, her principal works are the moral and religious books of her later years. She did much to relieve the unfortunate and to reform the conditions in which they lived.
- 205 *a* 27 *10th of August*—A Parisian mob attacked the palace of the Tuileries on this day. Their success forced the Assembly to imprison Louis XVI.
- 205 *a* 27 *2nd of September*—The day when the mob stormed the prisons and murdered the royalists who had been arrested since the imprisonment of the king.
- 205 *b* 33 *Faro, a card game*—The players bet as to the order of certain cards in the deal.
- 205 *b* 35 *Assignats*—The promissory notes issued by the French National Assembly from 1789–1796.
- 205 *b* 46 *Miss Gunning*—During 1790 and 1791 the probability of Elizabeth Gunning's marriage to either the Marquis of Lorne or the Marquis of Bradford was a topic of considerable general interest. Pronouncements, demials, and forged letters added zest to the affair. When neither marriage materialized, Miss Gunning went to France.
- 206 *a* 20 *poissardes*—Fishwives, low women.
- 206 *b* 3 *"Voula," etc*—There is that bitch, that Austrian.
- 206 *b* 5 *"Ce n'est," etc*—She is not the Queen, she is—
- 206 *b* 6 *"Ah! Mon Dieu!" etc*—Ah! My God! do not deceive them.
- 206 *b* 14 *"Montez" etc*—Ascend, worthy son of St. Louis. Heaven is open for you.

GOLDSMITH

The Deserted Village

- 210 209 *terms and tides*—The sessions of the courts and the seasons.
- 210 210 *gauge*—Estimate the capacity of a barrel.
- 211 232 *twelve good rules*—Maxims of conduct supposed to have been written by Charles I. They were "1 Urge no healths 2 Profane no divine ordinances, 3 Touch no state matters 4 Reveal no secrets 5 Pick no quarrels 6. Make no comparisons 7 Maintain

no ill opinions 8 Keep no bad company 9 Encourage no vice 10 Make no long meals 11 Repeat no grievances 12 Lay no wagers."

- 211 248 *mantling bliss*—Cup of ale.
- 212 316 *artist*—Artisan.
- 212 330 *thorn*—The hawthorn.
- 212 344 *Altama*—The Altamaha River in Georgia.
- 213 418 *Torno's cliffs*—The cliffs on Lake Tornea in Sweden.
- 213 418 *Pambamarca*—A mountain in Ecuador.
- 213 427–430 Boswell states that Dr Johnson wrote these lines.

*Citizen of World**Letter LXX*

- 214 *a* 41 *stood for a child*—Was godfather to a child.

Letter LXXVII

- 215 *a* 46 *bungees*—Probably used in error for pongees.
- 215 *b* 13 *birthnight*—The celebration of the birthday of a member of the royal family.
- 215 *b* 21 *Cheapside*—The London street where many of the best shops were located.

BURKE

The Impeachment of Hastings

- 217 *b* 3 *East India Company*—In 1600 this company received from Queen Elizabeth a charter authorizing it to establish trading settlements in India. By 1780 the company had acquired so much wealth and power that it ruled a large empire in India. The India Act of 1784, therefore, created a Board of Control to direct the political activities of the East India Company. Warren Hastings had been appointed the first governor-general and had for the most part governed well though somewhat autocratically. His impeachment was a political move on the part of the Whigs, who were unable to prove their accusations. The company was finally dissolved by the India Bill of 1858.

GIBBON

The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire
Chapter IX

- 221 *a* 12 *Tacitus*—From AD 89 to 93 this Roman historian was probably a governor in Gaul. He described what he had observed among these peoples in his *Germania*.
- 222 *b* 31 *Japhet*—One of Noah's sons. His descendants divided among them the "isles of the Gentiles" according to Genesis X.5.
- 223 *a* 3–6 *Atlantis of Plato* *Elysian Fields*—In classical literature these places were described as most pleasant regions, where the inhabitants lived in ideal surroundings without labor or discord. They were located in the far West or in the North.
- 229 *b* 17 *truce of God*—A proclamation by a bishop prohibiting any feudal warfare from

Thursday night until Monday morning
The church also required the barons to keep the peace on fast days

- 230 *a* 38 *defeat of Varus*—Under the leadership of Hermann, the German tribes destroyed the legions of Varus, the Roman governor of the province, in the Teutoburger forest in AD 9 Varus committed suicide
- 230 *a* 38 *reign of Decius*—248–251 This emperor was killed in a battle against the Moesians, who inhabited an eastern province of the Empire
- 231 *a* 10 *Sertorius*—The military successes and the administrative ability of Sertorius in Spain during the Civil Wars between Marius and Sulla at Rome caused his followers to call him the “new Hannibal” Undoubtedly he had some of the military genius of that great Carthaginian general

BOSWELL

Boswell's Meeting with Johnson

- 234 *b* 26 *Miss Wilkams*—A poor blind gentlewoman for whom Johnson provided Garrick gave at least one other benefit performance for her
- 234 *b* 40 *pupil*—David Garrick and his brother George were pupils at the private school which Johnson conducted at Edial near Lichfield in 1736

Conversation with the King

- 235 *b* 48 *his Majesty*—George III
- 236 *a* 42 *Polybius*—The Greek historian of the second century BC His works dealt with the Punic Wars and the conquest of Greece by Rome
- 236 *b* 32 *Dr Warburton*—Bishop of Gloucester, whose opinions have generally been discredited He wrote in a bold, paradoxical style sacrificing logic to brilliance His controversy with Robert Lowth, Bishop of London, was on the book of Job
- 237 *a* 19 *Dr Hill*—Sir John Hill (1716–1775), whose voluminous works on natural history were rather superficial Disappointed because he was not elected to the Royal Society, he wrote a satirical review of its publications He assumed the title of Sir after he received a decoration from the King of Sweden

Trip to Oxford

- 238 *b* 29 *Dempster*—George Dempster, a Scotchman, was an ardent admirer of Johnson When Boswell complained about sitting up late with Johnson, Dempster said “One had better be palsied at eighteen than not keep company with such a man”
- 238 *b* 39 *Mr Langton*—A member of the Literary Club and one of Johnson's intimate friends
- 238 *b* 40 *The Journey to London*—A comedy by John Vanbrugh about a country gentleman who is elected to parliament It contains some amusing scenes based on the political and social fashions of the time
- 239 *a* 22 *learned Hebrew*—Dr Benjamin Ken-

nicott collected and collated a large number of Hebrew manuscripts of the Old Testament He was a Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford and held a living in Oxfordshire

Character of Samuel Johnson

- 239 *b* 9 *vivida vis*—Force of life.

BURNS

Address to the Deil

- 243 101 *man of Uzz*—Job, whom the Devil tormented with boils and other misfortunes
- 243 111 *Michael*—The Archangel Michael was the leader of the heavenly hosts sent against Satan and the other fallen angels to drive them from Heaven

Of A' the Airts

- 245 Burns wrote, “the song I composed out of compliment to Mrs Burns, NB It was during the honeymoon”

Willie Brewed a Peck o' Maut

- 245 5 *Willie*—William Nicol, a teacher of the classics in the High School of Edinburgh The song was written to celebrate a joyous meeting at his house at Moffat in 1789.
- 245 6 *Rob*—Burns
- 245 6 *Allan*—Allan Masterton, writing-master at the school

WORDSWORTH

Simon Lee

The old huntsman's cottage was near the entrance to Alfoxden Park

Lmes

Wordsworth wrote concerning this poem, “I began it upon leaving Tintern, after crossing the Wye, and concluded it just as I was entering Bristol in the evening, after a ramble of four or five days with my sister”

Strange Fits of Passion

This poem and the six following ones were written in 1799 while Wordsworth was travelling in Germany They were based on recollections of the English country-side or on stories told to Wordsworth about the rural inhabitants

To a Sky-Lark

The first poem was written in 1805, and the second in 1825 A comparison of the two poems shows how Wordsworth's spontaneous joy in nature was later replaced by moralistic interpretation

The World is too much with us

- 260 13 *Proteus*—The old man of the sea who changed his form in rapid succession whenever any one tried to hold him in order to benefit by his prophetic wisdom
- 260 14 *Triton*—A minor sea deity A conchshell was his horn

*Thought of a Bruton on the Subjugation
of Switzerland*

- 262 5 *Tyrant*—Napoleon, who subjugated Switzerland in 1802 When Wordsworth wrote this sonnet in 1807, Napoleon was preparing for an invasion of England

COLERIDGE

Characteristics of Shakespeare's Dramas

- 273 a 40 *The Countess's beautiful precepts—All's Well that Ends Well*, I, 1, 70-80
273 b 21 hic labor, etc—This is the labor, this is the work
273 b 24 *Dogberry*—The comic constable in *Much Ado About Nothing*
273 b 30-31 *Beaumont and Fletcher*—These contemporaries of Shakespeare wrote singly and in collaboration a considerable number of somewhat sentimental and melodramatic plays
273 b 31 *Kotzebues*—The German dramatist, August Friedrich Ferdinand von Kotzebue (1761-1819) wrote more than 100 plays, which depend for their effect upon melodramatic situations rather than upon characterization
274 a 49 *Metastasio*—Pietro Antonio Domenico Bonaventura Trapassi (1698-1782), who received the name of Metastasio from his patron, the lawyer Gravina, wrote opera librettos and lyrical dramas for the Italian composers of his day Many of them had classical themes

LAMB

The South-Sea House

- 275 a 6 *Flower Pot*—An inn from which started the state coaches for the suburbs North of London
276 a 5 *Balclutha's*—"I passed by the walls of Balclutha, and they were desolate," Ossian Balclutha was a town on the Clyde.
276 a 37 *Bubble*—The South-Sea Bubble The South-Sea Company gained trade advantages by promising to reduce the public debt Many who speculated lost heavily when the bubble burst A governmental investigation revealed that some of the high officials had accepted bribes As a result Robert Walpole became Prime Minister in 1721.
276 b 8 *Vaux's super-human plot*—The famous gunpowder plot of 1605. See note on page 653 concerning *Guy Fawkes*
277 a 28 *Maccaronies*—The English dandies of the preceding century They felt themselves to be superior to their countrymen because they had travelled. Hence they assumed foreign manners
277 a 52 *Pennant*—Thomas Pennant (1726-1798) was a naturalist and antiquary. His *Account of London* describes many interesting relics of the past
277 b. 4 *Hogarth*—In several series of engravings William Hogarth (1697-1764) depicted in a satirical vein the life of his day The most

famous are *A Harlot's Progress* and *A Rake's Progress* "Noon" is the second engraving in the series entitled *The Four Times of the Day* It depicts a scene in Hog Lane as people are coming from Church on Sunday
277 b 52 Decus et solamen—Honor and comfort
278 a 20 *Lord Midas*—When Midas judged Pan to be a better performer than Apollo in a musical contest, Apollo transformed his ears into those of an ass

- 278 b 15 *Fortinbras, Hamlet*, IV, 4, 26—This phrase was Hamlet's reply to the captain who informed him about the expedition to Norway against Poland
278 b 28 *Henry Man*—In 1802 was published posthumously his *Miscellaneous Works in Verse and Prose* The light verse and humorous essays of this collection had first appeared in various newspapers As they contained chiefly witticisms about the public men of the day, they soon became out-of-date The names which Lamb gives were those of prime ministers during the reign of George III, generals in the American Revolution, and political figures of the opposition
279 a 23 *pastoral M*—Mr T Maynard, chief clerk of old Ammities and three per cents Maynard committed suicide
279 a 26 *song sung by Amiens—As You Like It*, II, 7, 174-190

Dream Children

- 281 b 19 *Lethe*—The river of forgetfulness in Hades
281 b 24 *Bridget*—Mary Lamb
281 b 24 *John L*—The essay was written during Lamb's depression after his brother's death

HAZLITT

On Familiar Style

- 283 b 16 *mother-tongue*—Hazlitt added this note "I have heard of such a thing as an author, who makes it a rule never to admit a monosyllable into his vapid verse Yet the charm and sweetness of Marlow's lines depended often on their being made up almost entirely of monosyllables."
283 b 47 *cum grano salis*—With a grain of salt
284 a 51 *Cobbett*—William Cobbett (1762-1835) wrote principally for the *Weekly Political Register*, which he published He was also the author of a very popular *English Grammar*
284 b 16 *Spanish pieces of eight*—Spanish dollars.
284 b 47 *Burton*, etc—These authors of the seventeenth century were Lamb's favorites. Burton's *The Anatomy of Melancholy*, Fuller's *Worthies of England*, Coryate's *Cruces*, and Browne's *Religio Medici* are their most representative works
284 b 54 *Ela*—The first essay published under this pseudonym in the *London Magazine* for August, 1820 was *Recollections of the South-Sea House Mrs Batille's Opinions on Whist* appeared in the February 1821 number
285 a 6 "*A well of native English undefiled*"—

- Spenser in *The Faerie Queene*, IV, ii, 32, thus referred to Chaucer
- 285 a 11 *Erasmus's Colloques*—These dialogues by Erasmus (1467–1536) discussed the life of his time
- 285 a 20 "What do you read?" etc—*Hamlet*, II, 2, 193–197
- 285 a 45 *Sermo humi obrepens*—Language creeping on the ground. In *Epistles* II, 1, 250–51 Horace wrote, "Nor would I rather compose such tracts as these creeping on the ground than record deeds of arms"
- 285 b 7 *Ancient Pistol*—One of Falstaff's companions in *Merry Wives of Windsor*, *Henry IV*, and *Henry V*
- 285 b 12 *fantoccini beings*—Puppets
- 285 b 14 "That strut," etc—*Macbeth*, V, 5, 25
- 285 b 21 "And on their pens," etc—*Paradise Lost*, IV, 988–89
- 285 b 31 "nature's own sweet," etc—*Twelfth Night*, I, 5, 258
- 285 b 34 *Golconda's mines*—The diamonds from this city in India were much prized throughout Europe during the Renaissance
- 286 a 34 *Cowper's description*—*The Task*, V, 173–6

The Fight

- 286 a 42 "The fight," etc—*Hamlet*, II, 2, 633–4
- 286 b 11 *Fancy*—Sport, in this case prize-fighting
- 287 a 3 alter idem—a second self
- 287 a 17 "What more felicity," etc—Spenser's *Muopotmos* or *The Fate of the Butterflie*, 209–10
- 287 a 29 *mails*—Mail coaches
- 287 a 36 "Well, we meet at Philappi"—*Julius Caesar*, IV, 3, 282–287
- 287 b 43 *Brentford Jehu*—Jehu was noted for his furious driving 2 Kings IX 20
- 288 a 43 *Gas-man*, *Tom Huckman*—Another prize-fighter
- 288 b 12 "Follows so the ever-running sun," etc—*Henry V*, IV, 1, 293
- 288 b 53 *d'un beau jour*—Of a fine day
- 289 a 28 *Gulpin*—The hero of Cowper's humorous poem, *John Gulpin*, "lov'd a timely joke"
- 289 b 8 "A lusty man," etc—Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, "Prologue," 167
- 289 b 24 "standing like gray-hounds," etc—*Henry V*, III, 1, 31–2
- 289 b 29 *oaken towel*—Staff.
- 289 b 34 *Bardolph's*—One of Falstaff's companions in *Henry IV*. His red nose was the subject of several witty remarks
- 289 b 53 *Hogarth*—See note on page 667.
- 290 a 3 *Cobbett*—See note on page 667
- 290 a 53 *Gully*—A famous pugilist who had retired in 1808
- 290 b 16 "Alas! the Bristol Man," etc—Cowper's *The Task*, II, 322
- 290 b 43 *the Game Chicken*—Henry Pearce, another famous pugilist
- 291 a 6 "That man was made to mourn"—A poem by Burns
- 291 a 53 "Between the acting," etc—*Julius Caesar*, II, 1, 63–5
- 291 b 31 *Ajax*—One of the mightiest and bravest of the Greeks in the war against Troy.
- 291 b 35 "with Atlantean shoulders," etc—*Paradise Lost*, II, 306
- 291 b 38 *Diomed*—Another brave but crafty Greek warrior at the siege of Troy
- 292 a 32 "grinned horrible," etc—*Paradise Lost*, II, 846
- 292 a 51 *petit-maitreship*—Foppishness
- 292 b 10 "like two clouds," etc—*Paradise Lost*, II, 714–16
- 293 a 14 *Mais au revoir*—But good-by
- 293 a 14 *Sw Fopping Flutter*—The principal character in the Restoration comedy, *The Man of Mode*, by Etherege
- 293 b 15 *O procul este profani*—Keep away, ye profane ones, *Æneid*, VI, 258
- 293 b 24 *sans intermission*—Without intermission
- 293 b 30 *New Eloise*—Rousseau's sentimental romance

DE QUINCEY

Life in London

- 296 a 43 *officiā diplomatum*—Office of documents
- 299 a 3 *Cromwell*—According to some stories Cromwell adopted this plan because he feared assassination by the royalists. These stories were probably circulated by his enemies, for Cromwell gave little attention to such attempts on his life
- 299 a 47 *Tartarus*—A dark abyss far below Hades, where the worst sinners were punished in eternal torment
- 300 a 7 "The world was all before us"—From the concluding lines of *Paradise Lost* (XII, 646–7)
- 300 b 7 "sine Cerere et Baccho"—The proverb is "sine Cerere et Baccho friget Venus." Without Ceres (food) and Bacchus (wine) Venus (love) becomes cold
- 300 b 26 *more Socratico*—According to the custom of Socrates. In conversations on abstract subjects Socrates caused his pupils by a series of questions to determine for themselves the truth concerning the subject of discussion
- 302 a 5 *late Majesty*—George III died in 1820.
- 303 a 2 *D*—In a long note concerning this man, De Quincey tells us his name was Dell and that "he was frank and honourable in his mode of conducting business"

Levana and Our Ladies of Sorrow

- The sub-title of the *Suspria de Profundis* is *Being a Sequel to the Confessions of an English Opium-Eater*. The essays composing these sighs from the depths were published in *Blackwood's Magazine* in 1845
- 305 a 5 *on the foundation*—Having a scholarship.
- 305 a 21 *Parcae*—The Fates
- 305 b 33 *Rama*—"A voice was heard in Ramah, lamentation and bitter weeping, Rachel weeping for her children refused to be comforted for her children, because they were not" Jeremiah XXXI 15
- 306 a 15 *Czar*—Princess Alexandra, the daughter of Nicholas I, died in 1844 at the age of 19.

- 306 *a* 53 *Norfolk Island*—On this island in the Pacific Ocean there was a penal colony
 306 *b* 29 *Shem*—One of Noah's sons. He was the ancestor of the wandering Jews, who went from place to place with their flocks
 306 *b* 41 *Cybele*—The mother of the gods of Olympus. In classical art she was pictured as wearing a towered crown
 307 *a* 14 *Eumenides*—The Furies. These three goddesses pursued the wicked relentlessly. They were called Eumenides, 'the kind,' because by their avenging of crime they protected the good

BYRON

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, Canto III

- 308 "*Afin que*," etc.—"In order that this application may compel you to think of something else, there is in truth no remedy except the former and the time" *Letter of the King of Prussia to D'Alembert*, September 7, 1776
 308 2 *Ada*—Augusta Ada Byron had been born in the December before this canto was published
 311 145 *Empire's dust*—The field of Waterloo, where Napoleon was defeated on June 18, 1815. Byron was there in May 1816
 311 160 *banded nations*—England, Holland, and Germany
 312 180 *Harmodius*—When Athens was dominated by the tyrants Hippias and Hipparchus, the sons of Pisistratus, Harmodius and Aristogiton formed a conspiracy to murder these tyrants
 312 181 *sound of revelry*—The ball given by the Duchess of Richmond on June 15
 312 200 *Brunswick's fated chieftain*—The Duke of Brunswick was killed at Quatre Bras. His father had been fatally wounded at Auerstadt in 1806
 313 234 *Evan's, Donald's*—Sir Evan Cameron and his grandson Donald Cameron were noted for bravery among the Scotch.
 313 235 *Ardennes*—Byron assumed the wood of Soignes to be a "remnant of the forest of Ardennes" in the northeastern part of France
 313 261 *Howard*—Major Frederick Howard, whose father, the Earl of Carlisle, had been satirized in *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*. Byron referred to his work as "the paralytic puling of Carlisle"
 315 366 *Philip's son*—Alexander the Great
 315 368 *Diogenes*—This Cynic philosopher is said to have requested Alexander not to stand between him and the sun when the king desired to grant him a favor
 316 450 *Lethe*—The river of forgetfulness in Hades
 317 476 *One fond breast*—Byron refers to his half-sister, Augusta Leigh
 318 537 *pyramid*—The monument to General Marceau, who was killed at Alterkirchen in 1796
 318 554 *Ehrenbreitstein*—The French captured this fortress in 1799 and destroyed it in 1801.
 319 601 *Morat*—The scene of the defeat of

- Charles the Bold, the Duke of Burgundy, by the Swiss in 1476
 319 608 *Cannae's carnage*—The overwhelming defeat of the Romans by Hannibal's Carthaginian army in 216 B.C.
 319 609 *Marathon*—The battle in which the Greeks in 490 B.C. defeated the invading Persian Army. Both the Greeks and the Swiss fought to preserve their freedom. Napoleon and Hannibal were seeking personal glory
 319 616 *Dracom*—According to tradition the code of Draco, the Athenian legislator of the seventh century B.C., contained particularly severe penalties
 319 625 *Aventicum*—The Roman capital of Helvetia
 319 627 *Julia*—According to an inscription forged in the sixteenth century, she was an Aventian priestess, who died shortly after she had failed to save her father from execution as a traitor
 321 725 *Rousseau*—Geneva was the birthplace of Rousseau (1712-1778)
 321 743 *Julie*—The heroine of Rousseau's *La Nouvelle Héloïse*
 321 745 *memorable kiss*—In his *Confessions*, Rousseau tells of his passion for Comtesse d'Houdetot
 321 762 *Pythian's mystic cave*—The oracle of Apollo at Delphi
 321 763 *set the world in flame*—Rousseau's doctrines of social inequality influenced the French Revolutionists
 323 848 *Cytherea's zone*—Aphrodite's girdle
 325 972 *Psyche*—The beautiful princess of whom Venus was so jealous that she sent Cupid to make her fall in love with a person far beneath her. Cupid himself, however, became her lover and finally through the aid of Jupiter obtained his mother's sanction to his marriage with Psyche
 325 978 *names*—Gibbon and Voltaire
 325 982 *Titan-like*—The Titans piled Mount Pelion on Mount Ossa in their war against the Olympian gods
 325 991 *Proteus*—The prophetic old man of the sea who assumed various shapes when a person tried to catch him
 326 1024 *Carthaginian*—Hannibal

Don Juan, Canto III

- 328 63 *Laura*—Petrarch was inspired to write over 350 poems by his love for Laura, the wife of another, whom he first saw in church at Avignon on April 6, 1327
 329 121 *Cape Matapan*—The southernmost point of the Manna Peninsula in Greece
 330 184 *Argus*—Ulysses' dog, which recognized him and welcomed him when he returned disguised as a beggar after his years of wandering
 330 198 *Hymen*—God of marriage
 331 243 *Pilau*—A mixture of rice, raisins, spice, and meat boiled together
 333 360 *For none likes more to hear himself converse*—As a note to this stanza Byron cited in Italian the 151st stanza of Canto XVIII of Luigi Pulci's *Morgante Maggiore*, a humor-

- ous epic of the fifteenth century The subject matter of the poem deals with the adventure of Charlemagne and his knights Byron has paraphrased part of the glutton Margutte's praise of good living
- 333 376 *Guelf*—A member of the political party which opposed the rule of the imperial party, the Ghibellines, in medieval Italy The name is the Italian form of Welf, a German family, of which the Hanoverian sovereigns of England were descendants
- 334 436 *His predecessors in the Colchian days*—Jason's successful Argonautic Expedition to Colchus for the Golden Fleece.
- 334 456 *Cyclops*—Ulysses gouged out the eye of Polyphemus, the strongest of the one-eyed Cyclops, so that he and his companions might escape Polyphemus bellowed with rage and hurled rocks at the ship of the escaping Greeks
- 335 493 *Sybarite's*—The Greek city of Sybaris in southern Italy was noted for its wealth and luxury during the sixth century B.C.
- 335 517 *Belshazzar*—The words of warning were "Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin" Daniel interpreted them as a prophecy foretelling the destruction of Belshazzar's kingdom Daniel V
- 336 554 *jehcks*—Bodices
- 336 559 *baracan*—A cloak of camel's hair.
- 336 570 *gold bar*—"The bar of gold above the instep is a mark of sovereign rank in the women of the families of the days, and is worn as such by their female relatives" Byron's note
- 336 580 *Her person*—"This is no exaggeration there were four women whom I remember to have seen, who possessed their hair in this profusion, of these, three were English, the other was a Levantine Their hair was of that length and quantity, that, when let down, it almost entirely shaded the person, so as nearly to render dress a superfluity Of these, only one had dark hair, the Oriental's had, perhaps, the lightest colour of the four"—Byron's note
- 337 608 "To gild refined gold," etc.—*King John*, IV, 2, 11.
- 337 624 "inditing a good matter"—Psalms, 45, 1.
- 337 627 *anti-Jacobin*—The Jacobins composed the extreme wing of the French Revolutionary Party Their activities brought the Reign of Terror in 1793
- 337 632 *Southey*—Robert Southey became Poet Laureate in 1813 His long narrative poems on eastern and medieval subjects are didactic and dull Byron welcomed every opportunity to satirize Southey's moral tone.
- 337 632 *Crashaw*—Richard Crashaw, one of the metaphysical poets of the seventeenth century Their verse was characterized by mysticism and fanciful expressions
- 337 642 "Vates irritable"—Enraged prophet
- 338 676 "Ca ira"—A popular song of the French Revolution
- 338 679 *Pindar*—The odes of Pindar (522-443 B.C.) celebrate the victories won in the famous Grecian contests at Olympus, Delphi, Nemea, and Corinth.
- 338 685 *Pegasus*—The winged horse sacred to the Muses because three springs of poetic inspiration sprang from places where his hoof had struck
- 338 686 *De Staël—On Germany*, the principal work by Mme De Staël (1766-1817), contains a critical estimate of the German romantic movement
- 338 687 "Trecentisti"—Poets of the fourteenth century, among whom were Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio
- 338 692 *Delos*—Phœbus Apollo was born on this island
- 338 695 *Scaen and the Teian muse*—Scio was one of the islands designated as the birthplace of Homer Teos was the native place of Anacreon (530 B.C.) whose lyrics praise the pleasures of wine and love
- 338 700 "Islands of the Blest"—"The νῆσοι μακάριον of the Greek poets were supposed to have been the Cape de Verd Islands or the Canaries"—Byron's note
- 338 708 *Salamis*—Xerxes watched the battle between the Greek fleet commanded by Themistocles and the Persian fleet from a high hill in Attica opposite the island of Salamis
- 339 743 *Pyrrhic dance*—A military dance
- 339 744 *Pyrrhic phalanx*—A massed formation of soldiers used successfully by Pyrrhus, King of Epirus, in the third century B.C.
- 339 747 *Cadmus*—The legendary founder of Thebes, who was believed to have presented the alphabet to mankind as well as other aids to culture
- 339 752 *Polycrates*—The tyrant of Samos, who was the patron of the lyric poet Anacreon
- 339 757 *Miltiades*—Leader of the Greeks at the Battle of Marathon.
- 339 763 *Suk's rock and Parga's shore*—Districts in Albania celebrated for their sturdy and brave inhabitants
- 339 766 *Heraclidan*—Belonging to Hercules
- 339 779 *Sunium's marbled steep*—Site of a ruined temple
- 340 813 *Hoyle*—Edmund Hoyle's (1672-1769) *Short Treatise on Whist* appeared in 1742
- 340 816 *Archdeacon Coxe*—His *Memoirs of John, Duke of Marlborough* was published in 1817-1819
- 340 828 *Doctor Currie*—His edition of Burns published in 1800 contained an account of the poet's life
- 340 834 "Pantisocracy"—Southey and Coleridge planned to establish an ideal community with this name on the Susquehanna River in Pennsylvania
- 340 835 *Wordsworth unexcised*—Byron refers to Wordsworth's appointment in 1813 as Distributor of Stamps for Westmoreland.
- 340 840 *millners of Bath*—Sarah and Edith Fricker, whom the poets married as a first step toward their scheme of Pantisocracy
- 340 842 *Botany Bay*—The site of a penal settlement in New South Wales
- 340 852 *Joanna Southcote's Shiloh*—This lady claimed in 1813 that she was to become the mother of another Shiloh (Messiah) She was a religious fanatic prophesying calamities and interpreting dreams. Two physicians

testified that she suffered from dropsy Just before her death in 1814 she had numerous followers among religious enthusiasts

- 341 864 *Ariosto*—In each of the four editions of his epic poem, *Orlando Furioso*, first published in 1516, Ariosto added numerous episodes unconnected with the main theme
 341 865 "longueurs"—Prolixities
 341 871 epopee—epic poem
 341 879 "a little boat"—The first stanza of Wordsworth's *Peter Bell* reads

"There's something in a flying horse,
 There's something in a huge balloon,
 But through the clouds I'll never float
 Until I have a little Boat,
 Shaped like the crescent-moon"

- 341 883 *Charles's Wain*—The constellation usually called the Great Bear
 341 893 *Jack Cades*—John Cade was the leader of one of the peasant uprisings in the fifteenth century
 341 896 "*Achitophel*"—In the "Preface" to the edition of his poems published in 1815 Wordsworth refers to Dryden's *Absalom and Achitophel* thus, "the verses of Dryden, once so highly celebrated, are forgotten"
 342 932 *Adrian wave*—The Adriatic Sea was named from the town Adria
 342 935 *Dryden's lay*—Dryden's *Theodore and Honora*, which was taken from Boccaccio's *Decameron*
 342 941 *Onesti's hme*—The meeting of Nastagio degli Onesti and the spectre huntsman, who pursued with dogs and killed the lady who refused his love during their lives, is the theme of the eighth story of the fifth day in Boccaccio's *Decameron* Onesti, similarly rejected, invited his lady and her friends to a banquet at the place where the scene was enacted each Friday She thereupon relented and married him
 342 945 *Oh, Hesperus!*, etc.—A free translation of a fragment of Sappho's poetry
 342 961 *Nero persh'd*—When the Senate proclaimed Galba Emperor, Nero committed suicide
 342 975 *Cantabs*—Graduates of Cambridge
 342 984 *passim*—In various passages
 342 984 ποιητικῆς—*The Poetics*, Aristotle's treatise on the art of writing poetry

The Destruction of Sennacherib

The biblical account of Sennacherib's invasion of Judah and the miraculous destruction of his army in the reign of Hezekiah about 700 B.C. is to be found in II Kings XVIII-XIX Sennacherib ruled Assyria from 750 until 681 B.C., when he was murdered by his sons

- 344 21 *Ashur*—The original capital of the Assyrians on the Tigris.
 344 22 *Baal*—The principal god of the Assyrians, who worshipped him as the productive power of the sun

Sonnet on Chillon

- 344 13 Bonnivard—François de Bonnivard (1496-1570), the prior of Saint-Victor near Geneva

When the Duke of Savoy tried to oppress the Genevese, Bonnivard courageously defended the republican principles In 1519 the duke imprisoned him for two years Later robbers, who had seized him on a journey, handed him over again to the duke From 1530 to 1536 Bonnivard was confined in the Castle of Chillon on the Lake of Geneva After his liberation he was held in honor and rewarded by the Genevese for his patriotism

SHELLEY

Adonais

Shelley wrote *Adonais* probably in July 1821 as an elegy on the death of Keats, which had occurred in the preceding February at Rome He had never been a close friend of the younger poet but had admired his verses Shelley referred to this poem as "a highly wrought piece of art, and perhaps better in point of composition than anything I have written"

- 346 12 *Urania*—The Muse of Astronomy Shelley addresses her as the heavenly muse
 346 30 *Sire of an immortal strain*—Milton
 346 36 the third—Shelley considered Homer and Dante the other two great epic poets
 346 55 *Capital*—Rome, where Keats was buried in the Protestant cemetery
 347 127 *Echo*—The nymph, who pined away until only her voice was left when Narcissus refused her love
 348 140 *Hyacinth*—The son of the king of Sparta He was loved by both Phæbus Apollo and Zephyrus, who, jealous of Apollo, caused Hyacinth's death by blowing a quail from its course so that it struck the youth in the head From his blood came the flower bearing his name
 348 141 *Narcissus*—A handsome youth who fell in love with his own reflection in a pool
 348 152 *Light on his head*—It was generally believed that the death of Keats was due in large measure to the harsh reviews of his poetry
 350 244ff *herded wolves . . . ravens vultures*—The critics of the *Edinburgh Review* and the *Quarterly Review*.
 350 250 *Pythian*—Byron, who satirized the critics in his *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*
 350 264 *Pilgrim of Eternity*—Byron.
 350 268 *Ierne*—Ireland.
 350 269 *sweetest lyrist*—Thomas Moore.
 350 271 *one frail Form*—Shelley
 350 276 *Actæon-like*—When Actæon was out hunting, he happened to see Diana and her nymphs bathing She turned him into a stag, and he was killed by his own dogs.
 350 301 *unknown land*—England.
 351 308 *What softer voice*—Leigh Hunt.
 351 325 *Live thou*—The author of a very scathing article on Keats in the *Quarterly Review*
 352 399 *Chatterton*—Disappointed by his failure to make a living by writing poetry in London, Thomas Chatterton committed suicide in his eighteenth year.
 352 401 *Sidney*—Sir Philip Sidney was killed at the battle of Zutphen in 1586, when he was

thirty-two years of age He was considered the perfect gentleman of the Elizabethan Age

- 352 404 *Lucan*—By the order of Nero this Latin poet committed suicide at the age of twenty-six His unfinished epic *Pharsalia* recounts the events of the Civil War during the last days of the Roman Republic
- 353 439 *slope of green access*—The Protestant cemetery in Rome

Ode to the West Wind

- 354 21 *Maenad*—One of the female attendants of Dionysus

The Indian Serenade

- 355 11 *Champak*—The buchampaca, an Indian tree, whose flowers bloom only for a few hours during the morning and then fade

JOHN KEATS

The Eve of St Agnes

- 359 1 *St Agnes' Eve*—The twentieth of January St Agnes was a Roman virgin, who suffered martyrdom in 306 On this eve maidens fasted and prayed to her that they might see their future husbands in their dreams
- 361 70 *amort*—Deadened
- 361 116 *secret sisterhood*—The nuns wove the wool from the lambs given to the church on St Agnes' day
- 362 171 *Merlin*—The magician of Arthur's court He was supposed to be the son of a demon
- 364 257 *Morphean amulet*—Morpheus was the god of dreams
- 364 292 "*La belle dame sans merci*"—The beautiful lady without pity Keats took the title from a poem by Alain Chartier, a French poet of the fifteenth century.

Ode to Nightingale

- 366 4 *Lethe-wards*—Lethe was the river of forgetfulness in Hades
- 366 7 *Dryad*—According to Greek mythology a wood nymph inhabited each tree
- 367 16 *Hippocrene*—The fountain of the Muses on Mount Helicon

Sonnets

- 369 12 *Lycid*—Milton's *Lycidas*.
- 369 13 *Laura*—The lady who was the inspiration for Petrarch's sonnets
- 369 10 *Philomel*—The nightingale According to a Greek myth Philomela, the daughter of the King of Athens, was changed into a nightingale
- 369 *Elgin Marbles*—The sculptures from the Parthenon in Athens. They are in the British Museum, where they were placed when the Earl of Elgin brought them to London between 1801 and 1803.

CARLYLE

The Flight of the King

- 371 a 7 *carrosse de remise*—Livery-coach
- 371 a 16 *hooded Dame*—Duchesse de Tourzel, who was the governess of Louis XVI's children
- 371 a 31 *thicket Individual*—Louis XVI
- 371 a 41 *Gouvion*—A young officer, who later became a marshal of France and minister of war
- 371 a 44 *Lafayette*—In 1791 Lafayette was in command of the Parisian militia
- 371 b 1 *Lady*—The Queen, Marie Antoinette
- 371 b 13 *Argus' vigilance*—Argus was ever watchful because his hundred eyes were never all closed in sleep at one time
- 371 b 25 *ci-devant*—Former
- 372 a 1 *Count Fersen*—Colonel of the royal regiment of Swedes During Louis XVI's imprisonment he was a loyal friend of the royal family
- 372 a 28 *Berline*—Traveling carriage
- 372 b 42 *Insurrection of Women*—During the first days of October 1789 an angry crowd composed largely of women marched from Paris to Versailles After considerable rioting before the gates of the palace, they were calmed by Lafayette, who promised that the King and the Assembly should go to Paris The mob escorted the royal family to the Tuileries shouting insults and threats
- 372 b 45 *Rubicon*—Caesar's crossing of the Rubicon plunged Rome into Civil War in 49 B.C.
- 372 b 52 *Childeric*—Childeric II was murdered in 675 while he was hunting
- 373 a 1 *D'Orléans*—Louis Philippe, Joseph (1747–1793), known as Philippe Egalité Louis XVI and the court suspected him of lending financial aid to the Revolutionists in 1789 He was a member of the Assembly and later of the Convention, where he voted for the death of the King During the Reign of Terror he was guillotined

Charlotte Corday

- 373 a 28 *Barbaroux*—Deputy-extraordinary from Marseilles
- 373 a 33 *Duperret*—One of the Girondists, who had drawn his sword once during a heated discussion in the Assembly
- 373 a 47 *Cimmerian Coalitions*—Coalitions made under cover of darkness According to classical mythology the Cimmerians were a race living in a land of cloudy twilight in the far west
- 373 b 8 *Mountain*—The political party under the leadership of Marat, who was the chief opponent of the Girondists
- 374 a 19 *Washerwoman*—Simonne Evard This young woman gave Marat a home and cared for him during his illness Since he had promised to marry her, his family publicly recognized her as their sister after his death
- 374 a 32 *mon enfant*—My child
- 374 a 49 *Stylites*—St Simeon Stylites stood on a pillar sixty feet high for nearly fifty years

during the fifth century. He acquired a reputation for holiness and wisdom, and his advice was eagerly sought by the peasants in the neighborhood.

- 374 *a* 53 *Chabot*—A member of the extreme left party in the Assembly. He was executed in 1794 after being convicted of plotting to bribe some members of the Convention.
- 374 *b* 11 *David*—Jacques Louis David, whose "Marat Assassinated" was painted while he was a member of the Convention. After the Revolution he became painter to Napoleon.
- 374 *b* 36 *Fauchet*—The bishop of Calvados, who was secretary to the Convention. Because he was said to have taken Charlotte Corday to a sitting of the Convention, he was accused of being her accomplice. He was guillotined in October 1793.
- 374 *b* 47 *Tinville*—Fouquier-Tinville, the public prosecutor, who preferred the charge of murder against Charlotte Corday.
- 375 *a* 24 *Adam Lux*—A young physician who had been sent to Paris by the people of Mainz with a request to the convention that they might become French citizens. An idealist, he was sorely disillusioned by the events in Paris and thought of committing suicide. He expressed his admiration for Charlotte Corday in a pamphlet indicting the Mountain, which caused his arrest. When he was guillotined, he cried, "I die for Charlotte!"
- 375 *a* 50 *Codrus'-sacrifices*—When the Dorians invaded Attica, Codrus, the Athenian king, sacrificed himself to save his people. The oracle had promised the Dorians success if Codrus were spared. Hearing of this prophecy, Codrus disguised himself, went over to the enemy's camp, and was killed in a quarrel with two Dorian soldiers. Thereupon the invaders retreated.

Labour

- 376 *a* 13 *Potter's wheel*—The prophet Jeremiah was sent by the Lord to see the potter at work. As the clay was fashioned by the potter on his wheel, so the Lord controlled Israel. Carlyle connects the incident with Ezekiel rather than with Jeremiah.
- 376 *b* 15 *Sir Christopher*—Christopher Wren (1632-1723), the English architect, who rebuilt St Paul's Cathedral when it was burned in 1666.
- 376 *b* 18 *Nell-Gwyn*—One of the mistresses of Charles II, part of whose official title as King of England was Defender of the Faith.
- 377 *a* 4 *Gideon*—Gideon, desiring a sign that the Lord would save Israel under his leadership, asked that the fleece should be wet with dew while the earth remained dry.
- 377 *b* 2 *Ursa Major*—The constellation, the Great Bear.

MACAULAY

London in 1685

- 379 *a* 18 *the City*—The part of London, which was originally surrounded by the City Wall.

- 379 *a* 50 *Wren*—Sir Christopher Wren (1632-1723), the architect of St Paul's. He also designed plans for the rebuilding of many churches and public buildings after the great fire of London in 1666.
- 379 *b* 22 *Lombard Street and Threadneedle Street*—The financial district.
- 380 *b* 5 *mumper*—Beggar.
- 381 *b* 23 *Michaelmas to Lady Day*—September 29 to March 25.
- 381 *b* 27 *La Hogue and Blenheim*—The celebrations for the defeat of the French fleet by the English in 1692 and for the victory of Marlborough at Blenheim in 1704.
- 381 *b* 38 *Archimedes*—A Greek mathematician and inventor of Syracuse in the third century B.C. Among his inventions were machines of war and the water-screw. He wrote several treatises on geometry.
- 382 *a* 41 *Somers*—John Somers, author of *History of the Succession of the Crown of England*. He played an important part in the Convention Parliament of 1688. During the reign of William III he was successively solicitor-general, attorney-general, and lord chancellor.
- 382 *a* 43 *Tillotson*—John Tillotson, popular preacher at Lincoln's Inn. In 1672 he became Dean of Canterbury and Archbishop in 1691.
- 382 *a*, 48 *two cities*—The City within the Walls and Westminster.
- 382 *b* 17 *Walpole*—Sir Robert Walpole, Prime Minister from 1721 to 1742. George I died in 1727.
- 382 *b* 17 *Pelham*—Henry Pelham, Prime Minister from 1743 to 1754.
- 383 *a* 34 *Marvel*—The poet Andrew Marvel wrote satires and pamphlets against the policies and practices of Charles II. Before the Restoration he had for a time assisted Milton as Latin Secretary of the Council of State of the Commonwealth.
- 383 *a* 52 *John Sobiesky*—The King of Poland, who drove the Turks from Vienna in 1683.
- 383 *b* 9 *Monmouth*—The illegitimate son of Charles II. His attempt to usurp the throne from James II led to his execution in 1685.
- 384 *a* 1 *Danby's administration*—From 1673 to 1678 Sir Thomas Osborne, Earl of Danby, was lord treasurer.
- 384 *a* 35 *Lord Foppington*—A character in Sir John Vanbrugh's Restoration comedy, *The Relapse*. He was concerned chiefly with his dress and the rules of fashionable society.
- 384 *b* 3 *Perrault*—Charles Perrault, the most noted French author of fairy tales. A remark in one of his addresses is said to have started the literary dispute between the ancients and the moderns.
- 384 *b*, 4 *Boileau*—Nicholas Boileau, a French poet, who expounded the classical rules of poetry in his *Ars Poetica*.
- 384 *b* 8 *Venue Preserved*—A Restoration tragedy by Thomas Otway.
- 384 *b* 19 *Bossu*—René le Bossu, a French critic, whose *Traté du Poème Epique*, published in 1675, discussed the importance of choice of subject for the epic.

- 384 *b* 39 *another great fire*—Popular rumor blamed the Catholics for the devastating London fire of 1666 See selection from Pepy's *Diary*, p 110
- 385 *a* 18 *sore from the cart's tail*—One method of punishment was to whip the law-breaker as he was dragged through the streets at the tail of a cart

NEWMAN

Knowledge Viewed in Relation to Learning

- 388 *a* 41 *like the Egyptians*—An allusion to the account in Genesis of the seven years of plenty, during which Joseph gathered up the corn for the coming seven years of famine
- 390 *a* 5 *"the world is all before it where to choose"*—The concluding lines of Milton's *Paradise Lost* are
"The world was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide
They, hand in hand, with wandering steps
and slow,
, Through Eden took their solitary way"
- 390 *a* 17 *judgment-stricken king*—Pentheus, king of Thebes, in *Bacchæ*, a tragedy by Euripides Dressed as a woman he observed from the branches of a tree the rites of the *Bacchæ*, the priestess of Bacchus, who were led by his mother She thought that he was a wild animal and with her frenzied companions tore him to pieces
- 390 *b* 28 *St Thomas*—Thomas Aquinas, a theologian and philosopher of the thirteenth century
- 391 *a* 45 *Pompey's Pillar*—A column erected in Alexandria as a monument to the Emperor Diocletian
- 392 *a* 28 *Τετραγώνος*—Foursquare The peripatetic school of philosophy was composed of the followers of Aristotle, who used to talk to his disciples as he wandered about the paths of the Lyceum at Athens They taught that the perfect mind was developed on all sides
- 392 *a* 29 *"nil admirari"*—To wonder at nothing The stoics taught that a person should never be disturbed by any experiences regardless of their nature Man should be entirely superior to his surroundings
- 392 *a* 32 *Felix qui*, etc—Virgil's *Georgics* II, 492–495 Happy is he who has been able to learn the causes of things and has placed under foot all fears, and inexorable fate, and the roaring of greedy Acheron
- 392 *b* 49 *Salmasius*—Claudius Salmasius, a French classical scholar of the seventeenth century. His defense of Charles I of England brought him into controversy with Milton His comments on classical authors were more valuable than his original treatises.
- 392 *b* 49 *Burman*—Pieter Burman (1668–1741), a Dutch classical scholar, who held professorships at Utrecht and Leyden. His nephew,

Pieter the younger (1714–1778) also gained a reputation for studies of the classics

- 392 *b* 51 *"Imperat aut servit"*—It is either the master or the servant
- 392 *b* 54 *Vis consilii*, etc—Horace, *Odes* III, 4, 65 Force without wisdom falls by its own weight
- 393 *a* 1 *Tarpeia*—The daughter of the commander of the Roman citadel She betrayed the citadel to the Sabines upon the promise that they would give her what they wore upon their left arms (golden bracelets) But they flung their shields upon her and so crushed her
- 393 *a* 14 *Mosheim*—Johann Lorenz von Mosheim, professor of theology at Helmstadt and Göttingen in the eighteenth century He wrote a history of the church from an impartial point of view
- 393 *a* 14 *Du Pu*—Louis Ellis Dupin, whose unconventional treatment of church history caused his work to be suppressed by the Archbishop of Paris in 1693
- 395 *b* 19 *genius loci*—Spirit of the place
- 396 *b* 28 *exiled Prince*—The Duke in Shakespeare's *As You Like It*, who points out to his companions in exile the advantages of that life II, 1, 1–18

TENNYSON

Locksley Hall

- 400 *75 the poet sings*—When Dante asked Francesca to tell her story, she replied, "There is no greater grief than to remember in misery the time of happiness" *Inferno* V, 121–123
- 401 *155 Mahratta-battle*—The Mahrattas, a Hindu race inhabiting central India, frequently opposed the British rule
- 402 *180 Joshua's moon*—When the Israelites were pursuing the Amorites, Joshua commanded the sun and moon to stand still for a day Joshua X, 12–13
- 402 *182 ringing grooves of changes*—About this line Tennyson said "When I went by the first train from Liverpool to Manchester (1830), I thought that the wheels ran in a groove It was black night, and there was such a vast crowd round the train at the station that we could not see the wheels Then I made this line"
- 402 *184 Cathay*—China

The Passing of Arthur

The text is that of the 1869 edition In a later edition Tennyson added about thirty lines The source for the poem is the fourth and fifth chapters of the twenty-first book of Malory's *Le Morte d'Arthur*

- 404 *57 Lyonesse*—The legendary country west of Cornwall
- 407 *283 streamer of the northern morn*—Aurora Borealis
- 407 *284 moving isles*—Icebergs
- 408 *377 holy Elders*—The three wise men from the East who brought gifts to the infant Christ.

Merlin and the Gleam

According to his son, Tennyson wrote this poem as a literary biography for friends who wished to know about his poetic development. Merlin signifies the spirit of poetry, and the gleam signifies "the higher poetic imagination."

Ulysses

411 10 *Hyades*—A cluster of stars in the constellation Taurus. The Greeks and Romans believed that storms occurred at their setting.

In Memoriam A H H

Tennyson wrote the 131 sections of this poem during a period of seventeen years in memory of Arthur Henry Hallam, who died in 1833 at the age of twenty-two. Four years previously Tennyson had met him at Cambridge, where Hallam soon earned a reputation as a brilliant student and excellent orator. According to Tennyson the poem was based on their friendship and the engagement of Hallam to the poet's sister. The introduction, given in the text, expresses the main theme and the conclusions reached by Tennyson after years of meditation on man's relationship to "immortal Love." This introduction was written in 1849, the year before the publication of the poem.

FITZGERALD

Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám

- 413 15 *White Hand of Moses*—One of the miracles to persuade Moses that he would be able to deliver the Israelites from Egypt was the turning of his hand as leprous as snow when he placed it in his bosom at the command of the Lord. Exodus IV, 6. The poet refers to the blossoming of flowers.
- 413 17 *Iram*—A former garden in Persia.
- 413 18 *Jamshyd's Sev'n-ring'd Cup*—This cup of a legendary king was a symbol of the cosmography of the Persians, which was based on the mystic number seven. There were seven heavens, seven planets, and seven seas.
- 413 19 *Pehlevi*—The ancient literary language.
- 413 29 *Naishápúr*—The native city of Omar. In the eleventh century, when he lived there, it was one of the important cities of Persia.
- 414 36 *Kakobád*—A legendary king of Persia. With the aid of Rustum he defeated the Turks, who had invaded his kingdom.
- 414 38 *Kaikhosrú*—Cyrus the Great, who founded the Ancient Persian Empire in the sixth century B.C.
- 414 39 *Zál*—The father of Rustum, a mighty warrior of Persian legend. See Arnold's *Sohrab and Rustum*.
- 414 40 *Hátim*—A wealthy man noted for his generosity.
- 414 44 *Mahmúd*—The Sultan.
- 414 65 *Caravansera*—An inn; the world.
- 414 71 *Bahrám*—An oriental sovereign who possessed seven castles, each containing a royal mistress. Bahrám sank in a swamp while hunting the wild ass.

- 415 99 *Muezzin*—The crier who calls the faithful Mohammedans to prayer from the minaret of a mosque.
- 415 122 *Saturn*—Lord of the seventh heaven.
- 415 127 *Me and Thee*—Individual personality.
- 415 131 *Sigms*—The Zodiac.
- 416 179 *Ferrásh*—Servant.
- 416 183 *Sáki*—Wine bearer.
- 416 198 *Akh*—The letter A.
- 417 203 *Mah to Máhu*—Fish to moon.
- 417 225 *my Computations*—Omar refers to his work as a mathematician and astronomer in amending the calendar.
- 418 271 *Lantern*—In a note to this passage Fitzgerald refers to a "Magic-Lantern still used in India, the cylindrical Interior being painted with various Figures, and so lightly poised and ventilated as to revolve round the lighted candle within."
- 418 277 *The Ball*, etc.—The metaphor in these lines is derived from the game of polo.
- 418 299 *Parwin and Mushtar*—The Pleiades and Jupiter.
- 418 302 *Dervish*—A Mohammedan religious fanatic.
- 419 326 *Ramázan*—The ninth month in the Mohammedan calendar. It was the month of fasting.
- 419 346 *Súfi*—A member of the Mohammedan sect whose chief doctrine is that God manifests himself in all things. They are essentially mystics.
- 419 358 *The little Moon*—The new moon bringing the next month.
- 420 *Taman*—The end.

THACKERAY

On Unversity Snobs

- 422 a 31 *allied monarchs*—In 1814 England, Prussia, Russia, and Austria had formed an alliance against Napoleon.
- 422 a 35 *pas*—Precedence.
- 422 a 37 *Heiman*—The title of a general of the Cossack army.
- 422 a 45 *Grand Llama*—The supreme ruler of the Buddhists in Tibet.
- 423 a 22 *jeu-d'esprit*—play of wit.
- 423 a 43 *fancy*—The followers of prize-fighting.
- 423 b 28 *Cornelia*—The mother of the Gracchi, who according to legend presented her sons to a lady who wished to see her jewels. Her devotion to her children was commemorated by the monument erected to her after her death.
- 423 b 41 *"Whole Duty of Man"*—A guide for the practice of the Christian graces and for private devotions. This moral treatise was written by Richard Allestree but published anonymously in 1658. During the eighteenth century it was one of the most widely read religious books.
- 423 b 50 *Puseyism*—A religious movement under the leadership of Edward Bouverie Pusey, who with Newman revived the teachings of the early Fathers of the Catholic Church and advocated reforms in the Church of England.

- 423 *b* 51 *Dissenters*—Adherents of sects which held different doctrines from those of the Church of England
 424 *a* 33 *Pelham's time*—Henry Pelham, prime minister from 1743 to 1754
 424 *a* 36 *highlows and no straps*—laced shoes and no straps from the trousers under the insteps
 424 *b* 22 *Gyp*—Servant
 424 *b*, 26 *recherché*—Exclusive

DICKENS

The Bagman's Story

- 429 *a* 13 *knee-cords, and tops*—Corduroy breeches and high boots

BROWNING

My Last Duchess

- 435 3 *Frá Pandolf* and *Claus of Innsbruck* (156) are imaginary artists of the Renaissance period

In a Gondola

- 435 22 *the Three*—Probably her husband, referred to in the poem as "himself," and her brothers, Paul and Gian, who seek vengeance
 437 113 *Lido's wet accursed graves*—The tombs of the Jews at Lido across the lagoon from Venice
 437 127 *Grudecca*—One of the canals in Venice
 437 186 *Schidone's eager Duke*—An imaginary portrait by Bartolommeo Schidone (1560-1616)
 437 188 *Haste-thee-Luke*—Luca Giordano (1632-1705) was nicknamed Luca-fa-presto because his avaricious father insisted that he make haste to finish his paintings
 437 190 *Castelfranco's Magdalen*—Another imaginary picture by Giorgione (1478-1511), who was so named from his birthplace
 437 193 *the Tizian*—This picture by the Venetian painter Titian (1477-1516) is also an imaginary one, but Browning's description suggests the painter's method

Andrea del Sarto

Mrs Browning's cousin, John Kenyon requested Browning to send him a copy of the picture of Andrea and his wife, which was in the Pitti Palace in Florence. Since Browning could not procure a copy, he wrote the poem to describe the picture. Because his father was a tailor, the painter (1486-1531) was called del Sarto.

- 438 2 *Lucrezia*—The flirtatious young wife of a cap-maker. After her husband's death, she became Andrea's wife
 439 15 *Fiesole*—A town in the hills west of Florence
 439 57 *cartoon*—Sketch
 439 93 *Morello*—A peak of the Apennines north of Florence
 440 105 *Urbinate*—Raphael Santi (1483-1520), who was born in Urbino

- 440 106 *George Vasari*—The author of the *Lives of the Most Excellent Italian Painters*, which contains many anecdotes of the painters of the Italian Renaissance

- 440 130 *Agnolo*—Michael Angelo (1475-1564)
 440 149 *That Francis*—For a time Andrea was at the Court of Francis I at Fontainebleau. Vasari tells us that upon the request of his wife Andrea returned to Italy, where he spent for presents for his wife and her family the money which Francis had given him to purchase pictures and statues. Although his parents were in dire want, he did nothing for them
 441 220 *That Cousin*—Lucrezia's lover
 441 241 *scudi*—Coins. A scudo was worth about a dollar
 441 263 *Leonard*—Leonardo da Vinci (1452-1519)

One Word More

This poem was the dedication of Browning's *Men and Women* to his wife.

- 442 5 *century of sonnets*—Browning surmised that Raphael had written sonnets on the back of the drawings in Guido Reni's books mentioned in stanza IV. The painter did write four love sonnets on the back of the sketches for one of his paintings
 442 32 *Dante*—In the *Vita Nuova* Dante wrote of this incident, "On that day on which the year was complete since my lady had been made one of the citizens of eternal life, remembering of her as I sat alone, I was drawing the resemblance of an angel upon certain tablets." When he became aware that some people were watching him, he stopped his drawing to do them honor
 442 36 *hot ink*, etc.—Dante vented his wrath upon his enemies in Cantos 32 and 33 of the *Inferno*
 443 74 *He who smites the rock*—Like Moses, who smote the rock to give water to the Israelites in the wilderness. Exodus XVII, 1-6
 443 97 *Sinai-forehead's cloven brilliance*—The Lord spoke to Moses from a thick cloud amid thunder and lightning on Mount Sinai. Exodus XIX, 16-20
 443 101 *Jethro's daughter*—Zipporah, the wife of Moses
 444 150 *Sammimato*—San Mimato, a church in Florence
 444 163 *Zoroaster*—According to tradition the founder of the Persian religion based on the doctrine of an eternal conflict between Light and Darkness
 444 164 *Galileo*—From his turret Galileo surveyed the heavens through his telescope and discovered that the earth was a planet
 444 165 *Keats*—The subject of his poem *Endymion* is the love of the moon for a man

Rabbi Ben Ezra

Ben Ezra was a Jewish philosopher of the twelfth century, who travelled extensively in Africa, Europe, and Asia. He wrote many volumes on theology and science.

Prospect

The title means "Look forward"

The Lost Leader

Browning acknowledged that Wordsworth had been the model for this poem but insisted that it was not a portrait of Wordsworth, for one or two characteristics of the elder poet had merely served as a starting point for his fancy. When he wrote his early poems, Wordsworth had been a liberal in his political views. In later life he became more and more conservative until he opposed several measures for reform.

A Toccata of Galuppi's

- 448 1 *Galuppi, Baldassaro*—An Italian musician of the eighteenth century, who composed numerous operas and instrumental works. He spent several years in London and St. Petersburg but returned to Venice in 1768 to resume his position as organist of St. Mark's Cathedral.
- 448 6 *Doges*—The chief magistrates of Venice. Browning refers to the annual ceremony in medieval times when the Doges cast a ring into the Adriatic to commemorate a victory of the Venetian fleet.
- 449 8 *Shylock's bridge*—The Rialto, where the business center of Venice was located.
- 449 18 *Toccatas*—Instrumental compositions of brilliant passages in a rather free style. The name comes from the Italian verb "toccare" (touch).

RUSKIN

Sunrise on the Alps

- 451 a 16 *Atlantis*—A mythical island supposed to have been situated in the Atlantic Ocean off the coast of Brazil.
- 451 a 23 *Claude*—Claude Lorraine (1600-1682), who took the name Lorraine from the French department where he was born. He studied the effects of nature before he painted his landscapes. But according to Ruskin his observation was superficial.
- 452 a 21 *who has best delivered*—Turner.

St. Mark's

- 453 a 45 "*Vendita Frittiole e Liquori*"—Fritters and liquors for sale.
- 453 a 52 "*Vino Nostrum a Soldi 28.32*"—Wine of local vintage at 28 to 32 soldi. A soldo was worth about one cent.
- 454 a 15 *Cleopatra-like*—Shakespeare's *Anthony and Cleopatra*, II, 5, 29.
- 454 b 7 "*of them that sell doves*"—Matthew XXI, 12 and John II, 16.
- 454 b 28 *centesimi*—Copper coins.

The Function of a Merchant

- 455 b 44 *Excursion*—A poem in which Wordsworth described the spiritual experiences of a recluse.
- 455 b. 44 *Autolycus*—A pedlar and rogue in Shakespeare's *The Winter's Tale*.

ARNOLD

Literature and Science

- 459 b 10 *ideas of men like Plato*—The three classes in Plato's ideal state, described in his *Republic*, are the Guardians or rulers, the Auxiliaries or defenders, and the Producers or workers. The dialogue discusses in detail the education and training of the Guardians.
- 460 a 52 *phrase of mine*—Arnold discussed the value of culture in *The Function of Criticism* and in *Culture and Anarchy*.
- 460 b 4 *Professor Huxley*, etc.—This address was included in *Science and Culture and Other Essays*, published in 1881.
- 461 a 1 *M. Renan*—Joseph Ernest Renan (1823-1892), a French scholar of the Oriental literatures. His best known book is *The Life of Jesus*.
- 461 a 18 *Wolf*—Friedrich August Wolf (1759-1824), a German scholar and teacher of the classics at the University of Halle. His special contribution to scholarship was the science of philology, which he defined as "knowledge of human nature as exhibited in antiquity."
- 461 b 10 *Euclid's Elements*—A geometry by the Greek mathematician, who lived in Alexandria in the third century B.C.
- 461 b 11 *Newton's Principia*—The *Philosophiæ Naturalis Principia Mathematica*, published by Sir Isaac Newton in 1687. The book explained his theories of light and gravitation in relation to his views of natural philosophy.
- 464 a 6 *Professor Sylvester*—James Sylvester (1814-1897), an English mathematician, who taught at Johns Hopkins and Oxford.
- 464 b 30 *lost not very long ago*—Darwin died in 1882. The lecture was one of those given during Arnold's American tour of 1883-1884.
- 464 b 49 *Faraday*—Michael Faraday (1791-1867), professor of chemistry in the Royal Institution. His most important researches were in the field of electricity.
- 464 b 49 *Sandemanian*—A member of the religious body also called Glasites from their founder John Glass. Robert Sandeman (1718-71), his son-in-law, promoted the teachings in England and America. The principal doctrine of the Sandemanians was salvation through grace.
- 465 b 25 "*Though a man,*" etc.—Ecclesiastes VIII, 17.
- 465 b 32 *Homer—Iliad*, XXIV, 49.
- 465 b 38 *Spinoza*—Baruch Spinoza (1632-1677), a Jewish philosopher born in Holland. His philosophical views concerning the unity of the will of God and the laws of nature were expounded in *The Ethics*.
- 467 a 49 *Lady Jane Grey*—A description of her studies is given by Roger Ascham (1515-1568), an ardent advocate of classical studies. He wrote *The Scholemaster* for the training of young people of noble families.
- 467 b 5 *Leonardo da Vinci*—The most versatile figure of the Italian Renaissance. His interests included painting, architecture, sculpture, engineering, and science.

- 467 *b* 16 *symmetria prisca*—Symmetry of former times

The Scholar-Gipsy

- 480 31 *Glanvil's book*—*Vanity of Dogmatizing*, published in 1661 The following passage is the "oft-read tale"

"There was very lately a lad in the University of Oxford, who was by his poverty forced to leave his studies there, at last to join himself to a company of vagabond gipsies. Among these extravagant people, by the insinuating subtilty of his carnage, he quickly got so much of their love and esteem as that they discovered to him their mystery. After he had been a pretty while exercised in the trade, there chanced to ride by a couple of scholars, who had formerly been of his acquaintance. They quickly spied out their old friend among the gipsies, and he gave them an account of the necessity which drove him to that kind of life and told them that the people he went with were not such impostors as they were taken for, but that they had a traditional kind of learning among them, and could do wonders by the power of imagination, their fancy binding that of others, that himself had learned much of their art, and when he had compassed the whole secret, he intended, he said, to leave their company, and give the world an account of what he had learned"

- 482 208 *Dido did with, gesture stern*—When Æneas met the shade of Dido in Hades, he explained why he had deserted her and regretted that he had been the cause of her death. She turned from him without reply and fled.

HUXLEY

A Liberal Education and Where to Find It

This selection is the first part of an address delivered to the South London Working Men's College in 1868. Later the address was published in *Lay Sermons, Addresses, and Reviews*

- 485 *a* 16 *Ichabod!*—The wife of Phineas, the son of the high priest of Israel, named her newborn son Ichabod, "saying, The glory is departed from Israel because the ark of God was taken, and because of her father-in-law and husband," who had been killed by the Philistines. I Samuel IV, 19-22
- 485 *b* 35 *senior wranglership*—The highest honors in mathematics at Cambridge
- 485 *b* 36 *double-first*—The highest honors in both mathematics and the classics
- 486 *b* 30 *Retzsch*—Friedrich August Moritz Retzsch (1779-1857), a painter and professor at the Academy in Dresden. His masterpiece is "The Chess-players," in which is depicted a game between Man and Satan
- 487 *a* 42 *Test-Acts*—The Test Act of 1673 required that all office holders receive the sacrament according to the manner of the Church of England. The purpose was to debar Catholics from office. It was not re-

pealed until 1848 although it had not been enforced for a century

- 487 *a* 48 "Poll"—A slang term used by the students at Cambridge to indicate those who receive a degree without honors. To fail was to be plucked

SWINBURNE

Atalanta in Calydon

- 496 6 *Itylus*—The son of Zethus and Aëdon. His mother killed him by mistake when she intended to kill the eldest son of Niobe. She was changed into a nightingale
- 496 8 *The tongueless virgins*—After violating his sister-in-law Philomela, Tereus cut out her tongue. She wove the story into a piece of cloth. Later she was changed into a nightingale
- 496 10 *Maiden most perfect*—Artemis, goddess of the moon and of chastity
- 496 38 *the oat*—Shepherd's pipe
- 496 41 *Pan*—God of the shepherds and huntsmen
- 496 41 *Bacchus*—God of wine
- 496 44 *Mænads, Bassarad*—Female followers of Bacchus. They took part with the Bacchantes in frenzied dances in honor of the god

The Garden of Proserpine

- 497 *Proserpine*—The wife of Pluto and Queen of the lower world. She was the goddess of death
- 497 59 *earth her mother*—Demeter, the goddess of agriculture. At the command of Zeus, Pluto restored to her mother Proserpine whom he had stolen. She was, however, forced to return to the lower world for a third of each year. Hence her return became symbolical of the death of vegetation in the winter

Hertha

Hertha was a goddess of the ancient German tribes. As she presided over the fertility of the fields, Tacitus in his *Germania* designated her as the Earth-Mother

HARDY

The Three Strangers

- 502 *a* 22 *Timon*—An Athenian of the fifth century B.C. He lived in isolation because of his disgust at the selfishness and ingratitude of mankind
- 502 *a* 22 *Nebuchadnezzar*—The Babylonian king who according to the account in the Book of Daniel (Ch. 4) was driven from men to dwell with the beasts of the field
- 502 *b* 26 *Senlac*—The battle of Hastings, where William the Conqueror defeated the English under King Harold in 1066
- 502 *b* 27 *Crécy*—The battle in which Edward III won an important victory over the French in 1346
- 503 *a* 42 *pourparlers*—Conferences
- 503 *b* 2 *bonhomie*—Good nature.

- 504 *a* 10 *apogee to perigee*—Highest point to lowest
 506 *b* 45 *metheglin*—Spiced mead
 508 *a* 38 *Belshazzar's Feast*—Belshazzar, the successor of Nebuchadnezzar, was warned of the destruction of his kingdom by mysterious handwriting on the wall during a banquet
 509 *a* 40 "*circulus, cuius centrum diabolus*"—The circle, of which the center is the devil According to medieval belief the devil drew about himself a magic circle when threatened by his enemies

STEVENSON

Leaves from the Notebook of an Emigrant

- 516 *a* 7 *Aurora*—Goddess of dawn, whose dwelling was in the far east
 516 *b* 54 *Christy Minstrels*—This famous troupe of American comedians visited England during Stevenson's childhood
 517 *a* 13 *fag*—In the English public schools a student who was a servant for a boy in a higher class
 517 *a* 14 *Poins and Falstaff*—Leaders of the rogues with whom Prince Hal, afterwards Henry V, associated at the Boar's Head Tavern This association is the theme of Shakespeare's *Henry IV*
 517 *a* 49 *Cassell's Family Paper*—A periodical started in 1853 by John Cassel The purpose of the paper was to furnish good reading matter to the laboring classes
 518 *a* 38 *fire*—In 1871 over 17,000 buildings were destroyed and about 100,000 persons made homeless by this catastrophe English donors gave \$500,000 to the relief fund
 518 *b* 41 *diner fin*—An excellent dinner

FRANKLIN

Early Experiences in Philadelphia

- 522 *b* 53 *French prophets*—the Camisards, originally a sect of French protestants, who in their religious ecstasy uttered remarkable prophecies Their followers in England were hence called French Prophets
 525 *a* 51 *Burnet*—William Burnet, colonial Governor of New York 1720-1728 His father, Gilbert Burnet, staunchly defended the English Church by his historical works and his attitude towards the Stuart sovereigns William III made him Bishop of Salisbury
 526 *b* 54 "Thou shalt not mar," etc—Leviticus XIX, 27.

IRVING

Legend of the Moor's Legacy

- 530 *a* 39 *maravedies*—Copper coins worth about two-fifths of a cent
 530 *b* 5 *puchero*—A stew of meat and vegetables
 530 *b* 54 *Inquisition*—An organization of the Roman Catholic Church in Medieval Spain for the discovery and trial of heretics or other enemies of the church The inquisitors

devised horrible tortures to exact confessions from their victims

- 531 *a* 41 *alguazils*—Constables
 531 *b* 5 *Barber of Seville*—Figaro, the hero of *Le Barbier de Seville*, a comedy by Beaumarchais Figaro's vocation enabled him to gather all the gossip and to engineer many intrigues
 531 *b* 39 *Alcalde*—Chief magistrate of the town
 533 *a* 28 *King Chuco*—Little King The Spaniards so referred to Boabdil, the last king of Granada, who tried to usurp the power of his father, Abul Hassan, called thereafter *The Old King*.

BRYANT

Thanatopsis

- 539 51 *Barcan wilderness*—A sandy plateau in North Africa

EMERSON

Compensation

- 547 *b* 21 "*How secret art thou,*" etc—St Augustine, *Confessions*, Bk I
 547 *b* 34 *Prometheus*—A Titan who stole fire from Olympus for mankind For this act Zeus (Jupiter) caused him to be chained to a rock on Mt Caucasus and to have his liver eaten daily by a vulture The secret he knew was that Jupiter would be overthrown by a son of Thetis The god promised to release Prometheus from the rock if he would reveal the secret
 547 *b* 36 *Minerva*—The goddess of wisdom and invention She controlled the thunder and lightning
 547 *b* 48 *Aurora*—The goddess of dawn. She fell in love with the handsome Tithonus and took him in her chariot to her palace in the east Zeus endowed him with immortality but not with youth When Tithonus became so old that he was merely a voice, he was changed into a grasshopper
 547 *b* 50 *Achilles*—His mother, Thetis, a sea-goddess, wished to make her son immortal Unfortunately she neglected to dip the heel in the Styx, and so he was killed by a poisoned arrow during the Trojan war
 547 *b* 53 *Siegfried*—When the hero of the *Nibelungenlied* killed the dragon Fafner, he sucked the hot blood from his finger Thereupon he understood the language of the forest bird, which instructed him to bathe in the blood of the slain dragon to make himself immortal As he was bathing, a leaf fell upon his shoulder Later his enemy Hagen pierced this spot with a spear during a hunting party
 548 *a* 12 *Nemesis*—Goddess of fate, who punished those excessively proud of their position
 548 *a* 14 *Furies*—The three goddesses of vengeance They pursued the guilty unceasingly even to Hades
 548 *a* 24 *Ajax fell*—Ajax killed himself in rage when he failed to obtain the arms of Achilles

after he had aided Odysseus in regaining the body of that warrior

548 a 26 *Theagenes*—A famous athlete from Thasos Pausanias credits him with 1400 victories and relates the story of the statue in the eleventh section of the sixth book of the *Tour of Greece*

548 a 41 *Phidias*—The most famous Greek sculptor and architect, whom Pericles commissioned to carry out his plans to beautify Athens

549 a 39 *Polycrates*—The tyrant of Samos in the sixth century B.C. A few days after he had thrown his ring into the sea as a sacrifice to the gods, he found it inside a fish given to him His ally, Amasis of Egypt, then deserted him because such an event meant undoubtedly a reversal of fortune

552 a 31 *St. Bernard*—A French monk of Clairvaux (1091–1153) His advice was sought by princes of church and state, for his eloquent sermons contained much practical wisdom

Gifts

554 a 54 *Timon*—An Athenian of the fifth century, who lived in solitude because he was so greatly disturbed by the ingratitude of men

The Humble Bee

555 16 *Epicurean*—A follower of the philosophy taught by Epicurus (341–270 B.C.) His chief doctrine was that pleasure is the supreme good

The Sphinx

Concerning the meaning of this poem Emerson wrote "I have often been asked the meaning of the 'Sphinx' It is this The perception of identity unites all things and explains one by another, and the most rare and strange is equally facile as the most common But if the mind live only in particulars, and see only differences (wanting the power to see the whole—all in each), then the world addresses to this mind a question it cannot answer, and each new fact tears it in pieces and it is vanquished by the distracting variety"

557 77 *Lethe*—Stream of forgetfulness in Hades

Brahma

558 12 *Brahmin*—A member of the highest caste in India Brahma was the Supreme Creator in the Hindu mythology

HAWTHORNE

Mr. Higginbotham's Catastrophe

560 a 6 *Shaker settlement*—The United Society of True Believers in Christ's Second Appearing were first called Shakers because of the emotional nature of their worship in the early days They have established several communistic settlements, where they regulate their lives according to their peculiar beliefs

LONGFELLOW

The Skeleton in Armor

567 19 *Skald*—A minstrel who celebrated the deeds of heroes at the feasts

568 53 *Berserk's tale*—The hero Berserk in Scandinavian mythology was a furious warrior who fought without armor Any particularly fierce warrior later came to be designated as a Berserker

568 110 *Skaw*—A cape in Denmark

569 159 *Skoal*—"In Scandinavia this is the customary salutation when drinking a health I have slightly changed the orthography of the word, in order to preserve the correct pronunciation"—Longfellow

The Bridge

In his *Journal* Longfellow referred to this poem as "The Bridge over the Charles" The Charles is the river dividing Cambridge and Boston

The Ladder of St. Augustine

570 1 *St. Augustine*—Longfellow refers to a passage in Sermon III, *On the Ascension* The passage reads, "Of our vices we make a ladder for ourselves, if we tread the vices themselves under foot"

WHITTIER

Ichabod

The title was taken from I Samuel IV, 21 "And she named the child Ichabod, saying, The glory is departed from Israel"

Of his attitude toward Webster, the poet wrote, "No partisan or personal enmity dictated it On the contrary my admiration of the splendid personality and intellectual power of the great senator was never stronger than when I laid down his speech, and, in one of the saddest moments of my life, penned my protest"

Barbara Frietche

Concerning the facts related in the poem Whittier wrote, "It is admitted by all that Barbara Frietche was no myth, but a worthy and highly esteemed gentlewoman, intensely loyal and a hater of the Slavery Rebellion, holding her Union flag sacred and keeping it with her Bible, that when the Confederates halted before her house, and entered her dooryard, she denounced them in vigorous language, shook her cane in their faces, and drove them out, and when General Burnside's troops followed close upon Jackson's, she waved her flag and cheered them It is stated that May Quantrell, a brave and loyal lady in another part of the city, did wave her flag in sight of the Confederates It is possible that there has been a blending of the two incidents"

HOLMES

The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table Chapter XI

580 a 17 *distinguished moralist*—Dr Samuel Johnson

- 580 *a* 18 *illustrious historian*—Macaulay
 580 *a* 19 *former occasion*—The first section of the *Autocrat*
 580 *b* 16 *Thomas Sanchez*—A Spanish Jesuit who died at Granada in 1619 His comprehensive work, *Disputationes de sancti matrimonii sacramento* (*Discussions concerning the Sacrament of Holy Matrimony*), was considered in the eighteenth century the standard work on marriage
 580 *b* 42 *Braddock's army*—In an expedition against Fort Duquesne in 1755 this army was put to rout by the French and Indians
 582 *a* 43 *Mr Verdant Green*—The hero of *The Adventures of Mr Verdant Green an Oxford Freshman* by Cuthbert Bede (Rev Edward Bradley) A picture of this youth in the American edition showed him leaning on an urn
 582 *b* 12 *omnivorous*—Devouring all words greedily
 582 *b* 41 *Astyanax*—The small son of Hector He was frightened by his father's helmet, when Hector wished to take him from the nurse
 582 *b* 42 *the Duke*—Arthur Wellesley, the Duke of Wellington, the victor over Napoleon at Waterloo
 582 *b* 46 *Brummel*—George Bryan Brummel (1778-1840), who for nearly two decades set the fashion in London He died in France impoverished by gambling debts
 582 *b* 46 *D'Orsay*—Alfred Guillaume Gabriel D'Orsay (1801-1852), a most accomplished French count, who lived in London for twenty years among the fashionable society about Lady Blessington
 582 *b* 48 "*la main*," etc.—The iron hand in the velvet glove
 582 *b* 52 *scarabæus criticus*—Critical beetle
 583 *a* 3 *Alcibiades*—An able and handsome but unprincipled Athenian general, who during his youth had enjoyed all the dissipations of the Periclean Age
 583 *a* 17 *Sir Humphrey Davy*—Professor of chemistry at the Royal Institution in London from 1802-1812 He conducted experiments in electro-chemistry and invented a safety lamp for miners
 583 *a* 17 *Lord Palmerston*—Foreign secretary and later prime minister of England His self confidence brought him frequently into conflict with his colleagues and Queen Victoria
 583 *a* 26 *Elegans*, etc.—A dandy is born, not made
 583 *a* 30 *Willis*—Nathaniel Parker Willis, editor of the *New York Mirror* and author of travel sketches, plays, and poems
 583 *a* 32 *tournures*—Figures or shapes
 583 *a* 38 *gratia*—*Dei*—By the grace of God
 583 *a* 39 *jure-divino*—By divine law
 583 *a* 39 *de-facto*—According to fact
 583 *b* 52 "*Proverbial Philosophy*"—The most popular work of Martin Farquhar Tupper The book was composed of moralistic admonitions in blank verse and was published in parts from 1838 to 1876.
 584 *a* 41 *Optime dictum*—Very well said
 584 *b* 15 *candent*—Glowing
 584 *b* 16 *foles*—Leaves
 584 *b* 16 *pend*—Hang
 584 *b* 16 *rames*—Branches
 584 *b* 17 *cive*—Citizen
 584 *b* 17 *anhelung*—Panting
 584 *b* 18 *erring*—Wandering
 584 *b* 18 *ventiferous ripes*—Windy banks
 584 *b* 20 *dulce to vive*—Pleasant to live
 584 *b* 21 *Dorm*—Sleep
 584 *b* 22 *Carp*—Pick
 584 *b* 22 *crescent*—Growing
 584 *b* 23 *longicaudate kme*—Long tailed cows
 584 *b* 26 *exiguus*—Small
 584 *b* 26 *conferva-scum*—A water plant
 584 *b* 30 *curr so quercine shades*—Hasten to shade of oak leaves
 584 *b* 31 *Effund your albid hausts*—Pour forth your white draughts
 584 *b* 31 *lactiferous*—Milk-carrying
 584 *b* 32 *vole*—Fly
 584 *b* 33 *excede*—Go away
 584 *b* 33 *erump*—Break away
 584 *b* 41 *feræ naturæ*—Of a wild nature
 585 *b* 10 "*The Stars and the Earth*"—A popular treatise issued anonymously by President Thomas Hill of Harvard
 585 *b* 14 *Kant*—Immanuel Kant, a German physicist and philosopher of the eighteenth century His *Critique of Pure Reason* explains his ideas of space and time.
 586 21 *Plenipo*—Plenipotentiary
 586 22 *St James*—The Court of England.
 586 59 *Stradivarius*—Violin made by Antonio Stradivari (d 1737), whose violins are considered the finest in tone
 586 60 *Meerschautms*—Expensive German pipes so named from the mineral of which they are made Usually they are beautifully carved
 587 68 *Midas*—The King of Phrygia, to whom Dionysus gave the power to turn to gold whatever he should touch The gift proved so disastrous that Midas prayed to be released
 587 *b* 24 *Tupperian wisdom*—Tupper's *Proverbial Philosophy*
 588 *b* 51 *Ruth*—Impressed by the attitude of Ruth, Boaz ordered his servants to leave some wheat for her. Ruth II, 5-17

POE

To Helen

- 591 8 *Naiad ars*—The Naiads, daughters of Zeus, were the happy nymphs of the springs and streams
 591 14 *Psyche*—A beautiful princess whom Cupid loved He came to her at night but forbade her to look at him Her curiosity was so great that she held a lamp over him while he slept Awakened by a drop of hot oil from the lamp, he vanished

Israfel

Poe indicated the source of the poem in a quotation from the *Koran*. "And the angel

Israfel, whose heart-strings are a lute and who has the sweetest voice of all God's creatures "

- 591 13 *Pleïads*—The seven daughters of Atlas, who were put in the heavens by Zeus that they might escape from the pursuit of Orion
 591 26 *Hour*—One of the beautiful black-eyed maidens of the Mohammedan Paradise

Ulahume

- 592 37 *Astarte*—The Phenician goddess of love
 Poe refers to the brilliancy of the planet Venus
 592 39 *Dian*—Goddess of the moon and of chastity
 592 44 *Lion*—The constellation Leo
 592 46 *Lethian peace*—Peace of forgetfulness

The Cask of Amontillado

- 593 b 47 *roquelaure*—A short cloak
 594 b 9 *Nemo me impune lacessit*—No one assails me with impunity
 596 b 12 *In pace requiescat*—May he rest in peace.

LINCOLN

Second Inaugural

- 599 b 12 "*Woe unto the world,*" etc—Matthew XVIII, 7
 599 b 35 "*The judgments of the Lord,*" etc—Psalm XIX, 9

THOREAU

The Village

- 601 a 20 *Redding and Company*—Booksellers and dealers in tea
 601 a 28 *Etesian winds*—The classical name of the winds blowing in summer over the eastern Mediterranean
 601 b 24 *Orpheus*—When the Argonauts were returning with the golden fleece, they were nearly lured by the Sirens, but Orpheus sang more effectively about their homeland His father, Apollo, had taught him to play so beautifully that even the trees and stones were moved
 603 b 1 "*Nec bella,*" etc—Tibullus, Book I, *Elegy* X, 7-8
 603 b 5 "*You who govern,*" etc—*Analects of Confucius*, Book XII, chap. 19

LOWELL

The Pious Editor's Creed

- 605 2 *Payris*—By the Revolution of 1848 Louis Philippe was dethroned and the Second French Republic established

The Courtin'

- 606 19 *queen's-arm*—Musket
 607 94 *Bay o' Fundy*—The tide in the Bay of Fundy on the coast of Nova Scotia rises forty feet.

The First Snow-Fall

- 607 17 *Auburn*—Mount Auburn Cemetery in Cambridge

Commemoration Ode

- 608 13 *Lethe*—The river of forgetfulness in Hades
 608 37 *Veritas*—Truth, the word engraved on the seal of Harvard University
 609 123 *Baal's stone obscene*—"They have built also the high places of Baal to burn their sons with fire for burnt offerings unto Baal" (Jeremiah XIX, 5) Elijah challenged the priests of Baal to prove that their god was mightier than the Lord by calling down fire from heaven to consume the offerings I Kings XVIII, 17-40
 609 150 *Martyr-Chief*—"The passage about Lincoln was not in the Ode as originally recited, but added immediately after"—Lowell
 611 253 *grapes of Canaan*—The spies whom Moses sent to search the land of Canaan returned with a cluster of grapes and other fruit but reported that the cities were strongly fortified Only Joshua and Caleb had faith in the ability of the Israelites to possess this desirable land Numbers XIII-XIV
 612 332 *Roundhead and Cavalier*—Popular names for the Parliamentarians and the Royalists in the time of Cromwell
 612 339 *Plantagenets*—The English royal family from 1154 to 1485 The sovereigns of the house of Anjou were so named because their ancestor Geoffrey wore a sprig of broom (*planta gemsta*)
 612 340 *Hapsburgs*—The Austrian royal family
 612 340 *Guelfs*—The present royal family of England

WHITMAN

Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking

- 615 23 *Paumanok*—Indian name of Long Island

MARK TWAIN

The Venetian Gondola

- 628 a 16 *Bridge of Sighs*—The bridge which joins the Ducal Palace to the State Prison Over this bridge the condemned prisoners went to the dungeons or to execution
 629 a 42 *travailleur*—Laborer
 629 a 43 *et fils*, etc—And son from America
 629 a 44 *et trois amis*, etc—And three friends, city of Boston, America
 629 a 46 *tout de suite*, etc—Just from France, place of birth America, destination Great Britain

BRET HARTE

The Outcasts of Poker Flat

- 631 b 33 *Parthian volley*—The Parthian horsemen surrounded the enemy and showered them with arrows Before the enemy could recover from this assault and attack, the Parthians would turn in rapid flight, still shooting backwards

- 633 *b* 26 sotto voce—In an undertone
 634 *a* 9 cached—Hidden
 634 *a* 32 *Covenanter's swing*—The Scotch Presbyterians were called Covenanters because they had declared in the *National Covenant* that they would resist all attempts to establish episcopal rule in Scotland
 635 *a* 7 *son of Peleus*—Achilles
 636 *b* 8 *Derringer*—Revolver

HENRY JAMES

Owen Wingrave

- 639 *b* 14 *Sandhurst*—The English military school comparable to West Point

- 639 *b* 54 *corrupting the youth of Athens*—This accusation was one of the charges brought against Socrates because he forced young men to think for themselves.
 641 *a* 39 *Indian Mutiny*—A rebellion of the native troops in Northern and central India in 1857
 643 *a* 5 *Bayswater*—A residential district north of Kensington Gardens in London.
 649 *b* 50 *Paul and Virginia*—The principal characters of a French romance of the eighteenth century by St Pierre From childhood they loved each other so devotedly that Paul died from grief two months after Virginia had been drowned in a shipwreck

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